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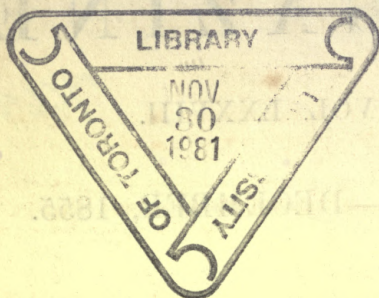


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# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCCCLXXVII.

JULY, 1855.

VOL. LXXVIII.

## THE IMPERIAL POLICY OF RUSSIA.

### PART I.

WE read a short time ago among the town and country talk of a weekly paper, "An eminent house-breaker, having completed the term of his imprisonment, applied to the Grimsby magistrates to have his skeleton keys and other professional tools given up to him." After laughing at the title of eminence as applied to a burglar, being a character not famed for the possession of the cardinal virtues, the thought struck us that, comparing great things with small, the demand of Russia to keep up an undiminished force in the Black Sea after the conclusion of peace, which occasioned the breaking up of the Vienna conferences, was very much of the same description. Supposing a peace to have been patched up, Russia might have been said to have completed the term of her imprisonment, her ships of war and offensive stores at Sebastopol being considered as her professional tools, her cannon and mortars as the skeleton keys which she would use to pick the lock of the Ottoman Porte; and which, honest in a sense at last when brought to bay, she naïvely declares

her determination to use with greater precaution and better luck next time. The difference in the cases is, and that not altogether an unimportant one, that the Grimsby magistrates had got possession of the tools of their *eminent* practitioner; while we have shut up ours, tools and all, and are even now employing efforts the most forcible, with some doubtfulness of issue, to get his tools from him; for he clings to them like grim Death, and will cling to them to all appearance until he is fairly caught by the throat and choked off.

Now, supposing that our Grimsby friend wanted to prove himself, in Jack Sheppard phrase, as innocent as the babe unborn after his false imprisonment, what do we suppose that he would say? He would probably say that he had been drinking with some friend, name unknown; had slightly exceeded, and in consequence lost his way; strayed upon a gentleman's lawn, and tumbled up against his library shutters, when he was caught by Lion and the butler; and he would account for the possession of the queer things found in his

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SCHLOSSER'S *Geschichte des 18ten und des 19ten Jahrhunderts.*  
KARAMSIN. *Histoire de Russie.*  
*Histoire de Russie. Bibliothèque de Lille.*  
TOURGUENEFF. *La Russie et les Russes.*  
VOLTAIRE. *Pierre le Grand.*

pocket, by supposing that the anonymous friend had put them there without his knowledge, finding their possession tended to compromise his own character. He would surely not claim them as his property, far less to have them restored, thus owning himself not only guilty in reference to the past, but impenitent in reference to the future.

And suppose that Russia had wished to prove herself innocent, through her mouthpiece Prince Gortchakoff, of burglarious intentions with respect to Turkey, what would she have said to the wisecracks of Vienna? She would have said something of this kind—Gentlemen, you do me cruel wrong by suspecting that I am actuated by any selfish motives of aggrandisement against Turkey, by imputing any other motive to me in recent transactions than a laudable desire to rescue oppressed Christianity from the delirious grip of the sick man—sick even unto death—who, notwithstanding his weakness, seems to possess some unaccountable and probably supernatural power of wrong-doing; but notwithstanding that you do me cruel wrong in suspecting my motives, I am willing to prove the purity of my intentions, if not by quite allowing you to draw my teeth and cut off my claws, at all events by promising to keep the former to myself and not allowing the latter to grow any longer, abstaining at the same time from sharpening them as heretofore against the nearest tree. In plain terms, I will not build any more ships of war than are just enough to patrol the Black Sea as a protection against pirates, to keep up military communications with Caucasus and Georgia, and to defend Odessa against any sudden freak of the said sick man, who appears, notwithstanding his weakness, to be in a normal state of dangerous delirium. By refusing all concession to this just demand of the Allies to give up the tools of her burglarious trade, or even to abstain from increasing their number, she at once proclaims definitely and distinctly that her object is to have Constantinople by fair means or foul; and in pursuance of this object, with the spirit of Hamlet, to “make a ghost of him that lets” her. For what else

should Russia want with a great fleet in the Black Sea, or with the fortifications of Sebastopol? It is plain that, if she had not looked to enlarging her territory to the south, even when the first stone of Sebastopol was laid, she would have made of it not a military so much as a commercial port.

There would have been some sense in building an impregnable Gibraltar near the heart of her territory, or as, in the case of our own Mediterranean fortresses, on the high-road to outlying possessions; but there is only one evident purpose for which Sebastopol was built—namely, the shelter of an aggressive fleet. Its place on the map is enough to condemn it. It is just placed so that from it a blow could be struck most quickly and effectively on the vital parts of Turkey, and the fleet that had struck the blow most quickly and readily withdraw into shelter before the avenger came. Such a blow was struck at Sinope—might have been struck at Stamboul instead, if the allied fleet had lingered a little longer outside the Bosphorus. It was the recognition, on a large scale, of a principle applied on a small one in the art of self-defence, to spring quickly to the guard after having struck the punishing blow, and not to overbalance the body by the effort, so as to open it to the blow of the adversary in return. It is a wonder that there ever was any mistake about the meaning of Sebastopol. Russia might have found a better excuse for Bomarsund. She might have said that Bomarsund was an outwork of Cronstadt, and that she was strengthening it against some contingent coalition of the three nations of maritime Scandinavia; a coalition not altogether improbable at any time, and which we should think at present highly desirable.

But how could she be menaced through the Crimea? Any force invading her, and making for St Petersburg, would surely not begin there, nor would any nation build a first-class fortification to protect a pretty little district of summer residence and sea-bathing. We should not think it worth while to build a Sebastopol at the Needles, even though Majesty herself honours the Isle of Wight by



making it a temporary residence. It was always plain enough that Sebastopol was built against Constantinople, just as much as Decelea was built against Athens in the Peloponnesian War. It is singular how little, for a long time—how little, in fact, till this war broke out—Europe seemed aware of this fact. That word, now in everybody's mouth, full of hope and fear and anxiety to all, to some of triumph or of life-long sorrow, was a word hardly ever heard before, even among educated people. How many of us knew of the existence of Sebastopol at all? Probably some of us just knew so much about it, that, had they been asked where it was, they would have said it was a place somewhere in Southern Russia.

The Black Sea being sealed to our fleets in time of peace, it fell under the cognisance of none but chance travellers. Our fighting sailors—a thinking and reading set of men, who commit their observations on both hemispheres to paper in so interesting a manner—never went near it; and our commercial sailors went no nearer than Odessa; and when they went there, their time was probably too much taken up with business to allow of their feeling much curiosity about Sebastopol. So this place, being well out of the way, was generally forgotten, until, by the attack on Sinope, it reminded the world of its presence in a manner so peculiarly disagreeable.

The case of Corfu, or Corcyra, on the outskirts of Greece, growing in darkness into a power dangerous to its neighbours, and overlooked till its misdoings precipitated the Peloponnesian War, was precisely similar in ancient times. It was of this nest of pirates that the Corinthian envoy said in his speech before the Athenian assembly: "The independent position of their city, in case of their wronging any one, enables them to be the judges of their own case, and precludes fair arbitration, since they, least of any, sail out to visit their neighbours, and more than all others are made the unsought hosts of strangers, who are driven to them by stress of some kind. And this being their habit, they make a specious pretence of objecting to alliances, on the ground that they do not wish to join

others in wrong, but really object that they may have the wrong-doing all to themselves,—that they may carry matters with a high hand where they are strong enough; and where they are not, but can escape notice, take advantage of others in other ways; and also that they may the more easily brazen out the matter, when they have been successful in any annexation. And yet, if they had really been honest people, as they say they are, just in proportion as they were less subject to the attacks of their neighbours, had they an opportunity of displaying a more conspicuous example of virtue, by giving and taking what was just and right." The sense of these words, if not the words themselves, would exactly apply in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries to the undermining and encroaching policy of Russia, and especially those encroachments carried on in that corner of the Black Sea which was always reputed by the ancients as one of the most out-of-the-way places in the world. Now, although this encroaching policy of Russia has been evident all along to far-sighted men, she has endeavoured until now, by various means, to keep it out of sight. If, at the Vienna conferences, she had consented to the limitation of the number of her ships of war, this would have been scarcely a guarantee for her good behaviour, for she might have augmented them in secret at the first opportunity, and taken the chance of Europe finding it out or not. However, whether encouraged by the defence of Sebastopol, by the self-disparagement of the English press, or by the chance of the alliance being broken by the assassination of Louis Napoleon, the attempt at which certainly took place under circumstances of great mystery, she has chosen to throw off the mask, and, by refusing to keep her means of defence within bounds, she has declared, in a manner intelligible to the most obtuse, the nature of her intentions.

We propose in these papers to select certain points in Russian history which illustrate this now unconcealed policy of encroachment and aggression, at the same time endeavouring to fix the blame on the right party, by showing in what element of the constitution the spirit of aggrandisement may be

supposed chiefly to reside, which will naturally lead to our attempting, though we confess the task a bold one, to show what limits must be fixed, and what guarantees taken, to make any treaty sincere, and any peace durable. We have spoken of the Russian constitution, not unadvisedly. A constitution may exist in fact though not in theory. Though the theory of the Russian government is a pure autocracy, yet a French writer has said that it is limited by assassination; and if so, there must be a person or persons to assassinate, and he or they must be considered a fact in the constitution; and if a monarch be never so absolute, it must be remembered that he is relative to those he rules, and that he rules because they choose quietly to submit themselves; and in doing so, they exercise an act of private judgment, as those Protestants who bow their necks to the Church of Rome, of the most emphatic description. Where the physical force of society is stronger than the individual slave, as in America, the slave cannot be taken as an element in the constitution; but where slaves possess the full power to be slaves or not as they please, as must be the case where they are sixty millions, and the master is only one, it would be treating them with great disrespect not to consider them as exercising one at least most powerful act of free will, and as being in fact, if not in theory, a most important element in the constitution of a country. We may thus then, in fact, consider the present constitution of Russia, quite as much as that of this country, as three-fold. We have the monarch who rules, the courtiers who assassinate, and the serfs who obey. But the constitution of Russia has been what it is for little more than a century and a half, since the time that Peter the Great effected his so-called reforms. Before that time, the nobles and landed proprietors were a strong body in the state, and the military organisation was in a great measure feudal. In many cases, certainly, the monarch was practically absolute, and occasionally able to exercise a tyranny of the worst description; but this state of things depended on the character of the individual monarch: there was not, as now, a fixed state-machinery

which perpetuated a pure despotism, and forced a rod of iron into the hands of every ruler, whatever his inclination to wield it. It is right, however, to state, that the establishment of the autocracy in Russia is originally ascribed by Karamsin, a native historian, to the temporary subjugation of that country by the hordes of Genghis Khan and the Tartar princes—a visitation which was attended with every kind of calamity, the effects of which were permanently felt, and from which Russia rose again, indeed, but no longer with the same face or features as before. Her old civilisation was gone, her freedom and self-respect had passed away with it; her spirit was broken; her religion, indeed, adopted from Greek Constantinople, remained, but debased into bigotry, and ready for use as a corrupt instrument of dynastic corruption. She had ceased to be European, and had become Asiatic, which she has remained, in great part, in spite of Peter, ever since. If it was not yet true that autocracy was established as a principle, the people were at all events ready to receive it, and a nation of slaves called out with impatience for a tyrant to put his foot on their necks. Their prayer was granted to the full in that incarnation of superhuman evil, Ivan IV., or the Terrible. From him and his successors they were handed over into the abler hands of Peter, the son of Alexis, who, not satisfied, like Ivan, with reposing in simple wickedness, thought that he saw in the ultra-submissive dispositions of his subjects the instruments of achieving world-wide dominion. On the other side of this dark cloud of Tartar dominion, we look back, according to the native historians, on a sunny distance of peace, and wealth, and light, and happiness—a Slavonian golden age—such as we read of in story and fable as existing when King Arthur ruled England, and Ireland was still the Isle of Saints. “There was a time,” say they, “when Russia, formed and elevated by the singleness of the sovereign authority, yielded not in strength or civilisation to any of the first-rate powers formed by the Germanic tribes on the ruins of the Western Empire. Having the same character, the same laws, the same customs, the same

political institutions as those which had their origin with the early Varégués or Normans, she naturally took up her position in the new-born European system with real titles to a high consideration, and with the rare advantage of having undergone the influence of Greece, the only power which, though occasionally shaken, was never overturned by the waves of barbarism which swept over Europe in those days. The happiest part of this period was the reign of Jaroslav the Great. Russia then, never in the possession of pure religion and public order, had schools, laws, an important commerce, a numerous army, a fleet, singleness of administration, yet civil liberty. And this was at the beginning of the eleventh century, when Europe was the scene of feudal tyranny, of the weakness of sovereigns, the insolence of barons, the slavery of the many, and, with these, of utter superstition and ignorance. In that darkness the genius of an Alfred and a Charlemagne shone out, but soon disappeared. They passed away with their beneficent institutions and benevolent intentions, leaving their names alone. Alas for us! The dark shadow of barbarism, as it drew a veil over the horizon of Russia, took from us the light of Europe, just at the time when intelligence began to spread itself abroad, when the peoples began to emancipate themselves from slavery, when the towns began to contract mutual alliances as a guarantee against oppression, when the discovery of the compass extended commerce and navigation, when universities began to be founded, and men's manners to soften and to sweeten. What was our fate then? Russia, oppressed and torn to pieces by the Mongols, was obliged to strain every nerve to prevent her life from becoming extinct. It was not for Russia a question of civilisation, or barbarism, but of existence or annihilation.\* Such is the melancholy and somewhat apologetic tone in which native historians speak of the Tartarisation of Russia. We may easily believe them as to the dismal fact and its effects, of which we see abundant evidence even now; we may be more sceptical as to the sunny

golden age said to have preceded the irruptions of the barbarians. Such a national calamity, like the great fire at Wolf's Crag, may be a convenient way of accounting for the disappearance of a splendour that never existed at all. However, there is every reason to believe that these Tartar invasions had a very great influence in altering for the worse the character of the Russians. We may judge of this by reference to old notices of the wild races from whom the mass of them descended. It is with nations as with streams; when the river has flowed for some distance, its identity is easy enough to prove, at every step; its character and course is determined; but when you go up to the spring-heads, it is hard to say which little source, out of so many, has a right to bear the high-sounding name of the great Rhone, or Rhine, or Danube, to which it contributes. Some of the little tributaries have no visible origin but damp moss and grass, from which the collected moisture trickles when it reaches a slope; some of them come out mysteriously from under the caverns of glaciers, and thus will not allow the nakedness of their birth to be beheld. So it is with nearly all of those mighty nations which now hold in their hands the destinies of Europe and of the world. When the fountains have been ascertained from which we spring, it is hard to say which best deserves to bear the national name; but in most cases the fountains are hard of access as those of the Nile and Niger, and the wondrous perseverance of the antiquarian is tasked in the one case as much as the heroic fortitude of the discoverer in the other. To judge from the accounts of historians, the European world was visited at the decline of the Roman Empire by troops of spectres, each more horrible than the last, who crowded one upon another, innumerable as the shadows which passed before the eyes of the mortal adventurer in the Hades of Homer or the Inferno of Dante, coming and going in such guise as to leave doubts as to their reality, though none as to their hideousness—doubts which may have remained as of the reality of the figures

\* TOURGUENEFF, *La Russie et les Russes.*

of nightmare, but for the unmistakable signs they left of their unhallowed presence; for, like the locusts of Scripture in their passage, the land may have been as the garden of Eden before them, while behind them was nothing left but expiring embers, expiring lives, a howling wilderness of misery and desolation. These spectres were called Goths, Huns, Alans, Avars, Bulgarians, Sclavonians, and by many other names. On nearer insight, some of the horror attached to them passed off. They were men, after all, some of them of ancient nobility and rude virtues, some not entirely destitute of gentleness, but all fiercely hungry. When their hunger was sated—when they became men of property, as would happen to many of our own outcasts, if they had the same opportunity—they became not unfrequently what we should call respectable members of society. They married and were given in marriage with Greeks and Romans, and these degenerate peoples ended with considering the barbarians their betters, and themselves rather honoured than otherwise by such alliances. For one thing only was wanted to show which were the nobler races, and this was soon acquired from the conquered—Christianity. A mawkish and effete civilisation the conquerors would not take from them, and they preferred becoming civil by degrees much in their own way. Now, although many races must have contributed to the population of Muscovy, or Russia Proper, by the concurrent testimony of her principal writers, the base of the Russian nation is Sclavonic. This name, said to be derived from “*Sclava*,” “*Glory*,” would indicate the self-chosen appellation of a conquering tribe, to distinguish themselves from the conquered; just as the German tribes, which overran Gaul, called themselves the Franks—noble or free men—in opposition to the subjected, who bore a less ostentatious name. These ancient Sclaves had, it appears, a chivalry of their own, as almost all conquering races have, but, as we may gather from the records, not the exquisite sense of honour or knightly instincts which distinguished the old Goths and Germans. They were chiefly deficient in gallantry towards women, whom, except in the matter of polygamy, they

seem to have esteemed much as the Turks, a nation in many other respects eminently chivalrous. This deficiency would in itself point to Tartar affinities, were it not that the Greeks altogether, and Romans in part, with all their refinement, were as great barbarians in this matter as the Tartars themselves. It is difficult to say whence the Sclaves originally came, but at one time their sway extended from the Baltic and the Elbe to the Theiss and the Black Sea. Their descendants still remain in Russia, Poland, Bohemia, Moravia, Croatia, Sclavonia Proper, Turkey, and Greece. We should suppose, on the whole, that the Pole or the Croat, rather than the Russian, is to be taken as the type of the Sclavonic character. Contemporary historians say of the ancient Sclaves, says Karamsin, that, strangers to falsehood, they preserved in their manners the innocence of the first age of man, a thing unknown to the Greeks. Their hospitality was such that every traveller was a sacred being to them. Every Slave, when he left home, left his door open, to invite in the wayfarer or the casual poor, and he was by law or custom bound to leave a supper out for them. There was no nation to which, on account of their honesty, travelling merchants resorted with greater pleasure than to the Sclaves. If they ever were dishonest, it was from excess of hospitality, for a poor man, who had not the wherewithal to entertain a friend on the road, was allowed to steal what he wanted for that exceptional purpose. Nor are the Sclaves praised only as honest men, but as the husbands of honest women in every sense of the word. Indeed, so completely are the wives devoted to their husbands, that, like the Indian widows, they were accustomed to burn themselves on their funeral piles. The Russian historian uncharitably supposed this custom to have had its origin in the wish to provide a check on wives getting rid of their husbands by unfair means. But the women, in spite of their devotion, were regarded as slaves, which circumstance is supposed to have arisen from the custom of buying them practised in those barbarous tribes, a custom still observed among the Illyrians. And we

may further suspect that this custom arose from the scarcity and dearth of women, infanticide being a domestic institution of the Slavonians as regarded the girls, as it is now in China, in the case of families becoming too numerous. A still stranger and more unnatural custom is hinted at—that of legal parricide, when the parents became burdensome—a custom which derives some corroboration from certain later passages of Russian history. And here, again, we are reminded of the customs of the Hindoos. Thus we see that the Slaves were in many points inferior to the old Germans; but in no point is the contrast stronger than in the matter of cleanliness. The Germans, says Tacitus, were always bathing, while the Slaves performed ablutions, or had ablutions performed on them, but thrice in their lives; viz. at birth, at marriage, and after death. But this last statement may have been a libel of the Byzantine historians, who bore them no good-will. If true, it must have gone far to nullify their vaunted hospitality. There is a strange story quoted to show how far advanced in the arts of peace the Slaves of the Baltic provinces had become, that at some early period the Khan of the Avars, who then happened to have a claim of conquest over them, having sent for a military contingent, three ambassadors came from that distant region, bearing lutes and other instruments, excusing their countrymen on the plea that they knew nothing of war, having never seen or heard of an enemy, and that they were accustomed to pass their lives even so far north in the style of the gods of Epicurus, living in every sense in perfect harmony. Whether the Khan of the Avars admitted the excuse, or insisted in impressing those primeval members of the Peace Society, we are not informed.

From these early notices may be inferred, with probability, that the Slaves were another swarm from that hive of nations in the neighbourhood of the Caucasus, which sent out the Celts and Teutons; their suttees, and legalised infanticide and parricide, connect them with the present inhabitants of the Indian peninsula; their dirt connects them with many branches of the human family. We should

think, from all accounts, that the Russians had most religiously observed this tradition. We heard, many years ago, of a gentleman who went on board a Russian man-of-war, driven into our narrow seas by stress of weather, who saw the crew breakfasting by dipping lumps of sea-biscuit into a pot of rancid train-oil, which served for all at once. Ethnologically, however, little stress can be laid on such a generalisation, as cleanliness is certainly an artificial and not a natural virtue, and as such perhaps the rarest result of over-civilised civilisation. That the Russians have no right to identify themselves with the Slaves so much as the Poles or Croats seems very evident, as their features have a strong Mongolian cast in general, and their manners and customs, till the time of Peter the Great, were entirely Asiatic, and have remained so to a great degree till this day. Doubtless the gaps in the population which were made by the Mongolian inroads were filled in by the Tartar element,—not necessarily from the conquering tribes, but more probably from those who followed in their wake, and squatted wherever they found a village without inhabitants. This would account for our finding the European power in the hands of a native and not a foreign dynasty, when the Tartar storm had blown over. We may here observe, that although the policy of the Romanoffs, which is much the same as that of Imperial Russia, has little to do with her early history, yet it is necessary to touch on the events of those ancient times, in order to show how the country became ripe to receive the grafted system of Peter the Great. Those Tartar invasions, which must be compared to the periodical visitations of the Danes before their final establishment in our country, must have produced a very appreciable change in the population of Russia. From the time of Vassili Jaroslavitch to that of Ivan Kalita, says the historian, our country was more like a bleak forest than a state. There was murder and robbery everywhere, and society was completely out of joint. When that terrible anarchy began to disappear, when the benumbing influence of terror had ceased and the law was re-established, it was neces-

sary for the government to have recourse to a severity unknown to the ancient Russians.

After this period of Tartar devastation, the Russian princes seem for a long time to have reigned by the sufferance of the Mongol tribe which happened to have the upper hand in their neighbourhood: they were tributaries and vassals of the Tartar leaders, though still powerful with their own people. This period was not without its importance politically; the different appanages were absorbed into one great principality, and Moscow was fixed as the residence of the prince, who not yet, however, seems to have been usually called by the title of Tsar—a name, it must be observed, of Asiatic origin, and quite distinct from that of Cæsar or Emperor, assumed by Peter and his successors to assimilate them to the monarchs of the Germanic empire. About the year 1326 the metropolitan of Vladimir transferred his see to Moscow, which town being thus made the ecclesiastical as well as the civil capital, began from that time forth to grow in importance, and to be considered more and more as the centre of power. The first stone of the Kremlin, that gigantic bastille of a despotism as colossal as itself, was laid by Dmitri IV. in 1367—curiously enough, after a fire which burned Moscow down to the ground, the whole of its houses, and even fortifications, being then of wood. Its especial, or at least its avowed object, was to serve as a citadel against the Tartars; it may also have had a view to internal arrangements, like the fortresses built to bridle Paris by Louis Philippe. The close of the reign of Vassili III. was marked by the taking of Constantinople by the Turks. This event made a great sensation in Russia. "Greece," says Karamsin, "was a second mother-country to us; the Russians always recollected with gratitude that they owed her Christianity, the rudiments of the arts, and many amenities of social life. In the town of Moscow, people spoke of Constantinople as in modern Europe they spoke of Paris under Louis XIV." It is amongst the annalists of that epoch that a remarkable prophecy was found, on the strength of which

modern aggression on Turkey appears justifiable both to the church and state of Russia. The annalist, after mourning over the misfortunes of Constantinople, adds: "There remains now no orthodox empire but that of the Russians; we see how the predictions of Saint Methodius and Saint Leon the sage are accomplished, who long ago announced that the sons of Ishmael should conquer Byzantium. Perhaps we are destined also to see the accomplishment of that prophecy, which promises the Russians that they shall triumph over the children of Ishmael, and reign over the seven hills of Constantinople." It is worth while for us to consider, now that this prophecy, since the taking of Byzantium by the Turks, has become a fixed and ruling idea with the Russian people, quite as much as that of restoration to Judea is to the Jews. The priests and popes have taken good care to keep it up for their own purposes, as well as those of their masters the Tsars; and when we take the superstition of this people into consideration, it is easily seen what a powerful lever the real or feigned existence of such a prophecy must put into the hands of those whose object it is to move the Muscovite masses. It will be well to keep this in mind when we come to speak more especially of the sources of aggressive movement to be found in the Russian state. As Russian history advances, we come to a man of mark in Ivan III., the son of Vassili, named the Superb: he enforced respect to his prerogative on the turbulent boyards, was strict as to etiquette, and demanded of the German emperor that he should be treated as an equal. He seems to have been the first of the monarchs who gave a foreign importance to Russia, and attracted to his court the ambassadors of different nations, thus paving the way, in his long and glorious reign of forty-three years, which ended 1505, for the still more ambitious designs of his successors. After him in course of time appeared the first genuine Tsar and autocrat of all the Russias, Ivan IV., surnamed the Terrible. It is an appalling fact, that the reign of this monster lasted from 1533 to 1584, or fifty-one years. However, like Nero and many others of that

kind, he began well—perhaps sincerely. Probably his head was turned by the possession of power. Men are not born demons, though they may become really worse than any demons imagined by good men like Milton, by giving way to their evil passions. The deeds of Ivan are so spoken of by historians, that those of Tiberius, Nero, and Christian of Denmark seem the freaks of froward children in comparison. Having been ill-used when a child by the council of nobles into whose power he had fallen in the first years of his reign, he seemed determined in after years to have his full swing of vengeance on mankind. Nor was the retribution entirely undeserved by some of those who felt it, for they had encouraged the evil propensities of the young prince with a view of keeping him longer in a state of tutelage. Notwithstanding this, when he first vindicated his own power, he achieved from the strength of his will, not yet perverted, much that was great and useful. It was at the age of sixteen that he assumed, with the Asiatic title of Tsar, which may have sometimes been borne by his predecessors, but not by authority, a crown which had once been sent to Vladimir Monomachus by the Emperor of Constantinople. He was crowned by the metropolitan, and saluted by the Byzantine title of Autocrat. Thus it seems that he wished to be recognised as the heir of the defunct Greek sovereignty, and the master *de jure*, if not *de facto*, of Byzantium. These are important facts, because they show that the idea of the acquisition of Turkey does not merely date from the time of Peter, but has been a fixed principle of action with Russian sovereigns ever since the fall of the Lower Empire. We cannot help considering the other encroachments of Russia on the map of Europe as in a measure incidental, brought about often by an unforeseen concurrence of circumstances, at the same time eagerly caught at by the nation as a means to this one great end, the possession of Constantinople, and the centralisation of all the Russias and their dependencies in the great capital on the Bosphorus. This has been and is the one definite and distinct

object of the ambition of the Tsars, the avarice of the courtiers, and the fanaticism of the people. That Russia or her sovereigns ever had any distinct design of conquering and absorbing the West of Europe we can hardly believe, although such would doubtless be to her a consummation devoutly to be wished. For instance, Germany was divided, bribed, and overawed, not with a view to immediate conquest, but with a view to silencing her protest against Russian aggression; and here Russia has fully gained her point. Only one thing was wanted, the revival of the old antagonism between England and France—a thing which seemed the easiest of all, but turned out, contrary to all expectation, the most difficult—that Constantinople should be once again the capital of the Eastern world.

“Ibi omnis

Effusus labor.”

The last link in the chain was wanting. As for Russia's views upon Asia, of course aggrandisement to any extent or in any direction would have suited her, but her actual conquests seemed always to bear a primary reference to the absorption of Turkey. Turkey absorbed, all the rest would follow, and we must soon have been obliged to keep a sharp look-out for British India. As it was, Russia was getting all round Constantinople in the Danubian principalities, by protection and occupation; in Greece, by intrigue; in Asia, by conquest. Could England and France but have been kept quiet, or bribed into disunion, the city of the Golden Horn would have dropt into Russia's open mouth, as the bird is said to drop from the bough into the mouth of the serpent who watches and fascinates it.

We should be going wide of the mark here, were we to dwell at any length on the misdeeds of Ivan the Terrible. His character seems to have changed for the worse on the death of his first wife Anastasia, who, while she lived, had the singular merit of keeping quiet, by an enchantment which had the contrary effect to those of Circe, who changed men into brutes, the evil propensities of this human tiger. When she died, his madness—or badness, for the two words differ by a letter only, and are often convertible—

broke loose. He is said to have married seven wives. An English lady, nearly allied to Queen Elizabeth, the Lady Mary Hastings, had a narrow escape from being the eighth; for Elizabeth, in her admiration of power in a sovereign, had formed a friendship with Ivan, and actually proposed to send her friend to the den of this Bluebeard. His death saved her. But Ivan, not contented with putting his wives to death, used to pretend that they were murdered, and made every new bereavement of his own an excuse for numberless executions. One thing that strikes us most among the horrors of his reign, is the extreme ingenuity with which he devised the machinery of his wickedness. To do evil as well as he did, one of those Old Bailey physiognomies, with low forehead, wide mouth, and bull-neck, the type of Caracalla, would never have sufficed. Ivan was a genius. His words and letters are as clever, as cutting, and insulting, as if the tongue and the pen had been his only weapons. Nothing delighted him more than making butts of those who suffered impalement, or some other horrible torture, before his eyes. He was not born a demon, but became more emphatically one by education than if he had been. Nor was he without his fits of ferocious tenderness. He loved his wife Anastasia, and because her Maker called her away, he revenged himself on the human race, more especially on those of the same sex as his first wife. He loved the son that she bore him as he did her, and he slew him in a fit of fury. For this alone of his deeds he was inconsolable, and remorse for it hunted him to the grave. Strange to say, he died in his bed. The reign of Ivan the Terrible is historically most valuable as illustrating that quality in the character of the Russians which makes them so formidable as enemies. Nero and Domitian became the more unpopular the more they slew their subjects; and the latter, although he was enabled to butcher the nobles with impunity (not that that proved their love for him, but only their pusillanimity), "*cecidit, postquam cerdonibus esse timendus incipit*"—"fell when the cobblers began to fear him." The Romans were ever and anon revolt-

ing against their chains. Their servility was always hypocritical; not so that of the Russians. We cannot sympathise with them in their maltreatment, for they love it. They love Ivan the Terrible because he decapitates, impales, and breaks them on the wheel. One poor wretch that he fixed on a stake in the presence of his wife and children, is said to have exclaimed nothing but "God bless the Tsar" through his twenty-four hours' agony; and that very son Ivan, whom he slew, died with prayers and blessings in his mouth for his father—a conduct we should think heroic and Christian did we not suspect that its source was an innate and fanatical servility. But the Russians were not content with showing their servility to the sacred Tsar himself. For this Ivan was not satisfied with tyrannising in his own person, but he must organise a body of guards, called the Opritchini (the Elect or Covenanted), selected sometimes from the lowest of the people, and on account of their vices, which made them the readier instruments of despotism. These swore implicit obedience to the Tsar, and in return were not only chartered libertines, but chartered robbers and assassins. Each of them exercised a despotism (and they were a thousand at first, and became several thousands afterwards) as odious as that of the Tsar, though not in all cases so ingenious; and so effectually, that things accounted generally the good things of this life—rank, virtue, riches, beauty—became a terror to the possessors of them. These Elect were the nucleus of a new kind of nobility, the nobility of function and government employ, which has now nearly, if not quite, superseded the hereditary nobility of Russia for all practical purposes, and thus extinguished the last remnant of her at first imperfect chivalry. That their requisitions were submitted to almost without a murmur, and that the monarch who let loose such a pack of wolves and such a Pandora's box of misfortunes on his subjects should have been worshipped as a god in his life, and revered like a saint after his death, would tend to shake our belief in the cessation of the age of miracles. It appears the more wonderful when we



consider that there was scarcely any set-off of national glory to the tyranny of Ivan. The military successes of the early part of his life were clouded by the reverses and disgraces of his latter years, brought on in a measure by the misconduct and cowardice of the Tsar himself, who on one occasion fled from Moscow before an army of Tartars, and left it to perish in the flames without attempting a blow to save the scene of his pride and his enormities. It is this monomania for submission in the Russian character that makes them so formidable in war. If a dog, the most submissive of animals to legitimate power, is cruelly and unjustly beaten, he will turn sometimes on his master; not so a Russian—he will kiss the knout that flays him. If acting in obedience to orders, he is much more dangerous than a wild beast.

The Spanish bull in the arena may be diverted from his mark, by his attention being turned away to some other source of persecution; an Arctic voyager or sportsman, when he sees a wounded bear bearing down on him, may throw down his weapon or his glove to save himself from hugging; but woe be to him against whom a mass of Russians is impelled. They are as passive and as merciless as a locomotive. On they go, one over another, like the buffaloes in the Western prairies. If the foremost perish, the hindmost will not turn back, but make a bridge of their bodies, and thus the buffaloes get over the rivers and the chasms, and the Russians over the obstacles in their campaigns. It is, certainly, a serious thing to fight with a nation with whom men are of no more account than gabions and fascines; and it is well for us that it is not so much by loss of men as by loss of money that the fortunes of the war will be decided.

As for expecting that such a people would listen to reason, or give up an inch of ground from which they were not driven by positive pounding, such an idea could only have entered into the heads of those who sent Lord John Russell to waste his own and the nation's time and money at the Vienna conferences. The Russian nation we should not suppose very much changed since the time of Ivan the Terrible, if

it is true that the Grand-duke Constantine could, to show off the submissiveness of the Russian soldier to a stranger, while standing at a review, pass his sword through the foot of an officer and withdraw it, without exciting remonstrance or cry of pain, or even, as is said, without his victim flinching. This is reported to have happened at Warsaw in the nineteenth century, and in the reign of the mild Alexander. The reign of Ivan, however, in most respects humiliating to Russia, was still the beginning of her greatness as a nation. In this reign she ceased to act on the defensive, and assumed the offensive; from this time forth she begins a course of advantages over her old enemies and oppressors, the Tartars, which ends at a later date in the submission of their most powerful tribes. It was in this reign, too, that Siberia, that vast and dreary state-prison, was annexed to Russia by accident. A Cossack chief, of the name of Jermak, having committed robberies about the Volga, was hunted out of Russia by the troops of Ivan into Siberia. Here, with a handful of his followers, he succeeded in doing what Pizarro did in South America: he laid the foundation of the subjugation of the country, and then solicited pardon of the Czar on the strength of what he had done, laying at his feet the new acquisition. Of course his offer was not refused, and Siberia became Russian.

It was by Ivan that the Strelitz, a kind of militia or national guard who existed from old times, were organised into bands of a more prætorian character, so as to be available for the personal service of the sovereign. They were used, no doubt, originally against the nobles, but in after time became, probably from their local sympathies, unmanageable, and Peter the Great was obliged to disband them, and substitute an army even less of a feudal character. However, no standing army of any kind seems to have existed before the time of Ivan, and without this it would be difficult in most nations, whatever may have been the case in Russia, to perpetuate a pure absolutism in the person of the sovereign. Although as yet the Tsars of Russia for some time to come do not seem to have pursued the definite

and distinct policy which we call the imperial policy of Russia, yet about this time the one condition which made the steady pursuit of that policy possible—namely, the centralisation of power in the person of the monarch—appears to have been substantially obtained. Unless this had been the case, the sceptre which was held with so firm a grasp by Ivan would have slipped out of the weak hands of his son, Fedor I., the last sovereign of the old kingly race of Rurik. As he could not hold the sceptre himself, it was held for him by Boris Godounof, the brother of his wife Irene. This man secured the crown for himself, which he did not think worth taking during the life of Fedor, as he already held the sceptre, by having the young brother of Fedor, Dmitri Ivanovitch, assassinated. In this weak reign of Fedor an important change took place. The Bishop of Rostof, by name Job, was made metropolitan. He was a far-sighted and aspiring man, and saw what favour he might curry with the ambitious regent by uniting the Russian church to the state, and separating it from its Greek head. Jeremiah, patriarch of Constantinople, having some object to gain with the Russian government, bribed it to his purposes in the following manner. He represented that the church had once five chiefs—the Bishop of Rome, and the Patriarchs of Alexandria, Antioch, Constantinople, and Jerusalem—but that the Pope of Rome, having forfeited his claim to the dignity by his heresies, deserved to be superseded. No country more than Russia merited to possess a fifth head of the church. Jeremiah would have liked to combine that dignity with that he already possessed, but Boris Godounof caught at his notion, and without much persuasion procured the consecration of Job. Henceforward Russia had her own patriarch, independent of him of Constantinople, and therefore entirely dependent on his own Tsar, a position which Peter the Great chose to turn to his own purposes, as we shall see hereafter.

Boris Godounof, a Tartar by extraction, having thus violently broken the line of succession, proved the strength of the sovereignty which could exist in spite of that interruption. He was

succeeded by an impostor who assumed the name of the assassinated Dmitri, and whose fate forms one of the most romantic passages in Russian history. Then the monarchy becomes elective. The Poles are mixed up with the elections. Some of the pretenders to the crown fight with others. There is an interregnum. At last the Russians are determined to allow foreign intervention no longer. They choose by a large majority of voices as their Tsar, Mikhail Fedorovitch Romanoff, son of Fedor Nikita Romanoff, who had been forced into the church by Boris, and nephew of the Tsarina Anastasia, both members of the family of Roman Jourévitch, the ancestor of Peter the Great, and of the great house of Romanoff.

The reign of the first of the Romanoffs was ushered in by disaster. To pacify Sweden, he was obliged to give up to her Carelia, Ingria, Livonia, and Esthonia; to pacify Poland, he lost Smolensk, Tchernigoff, and a large tract of country. Notwithstanding this, we find his son Alexis, while Tsar of Russia, a candidate for the throne of Poland, for which Jean Casimir was the successful competitor. In the son of Alexis, Fedor II., we recognise a prince of great spirit and wisdom, though bodily weak. He managed to achieve the independence of the Cossacks—at least, if taking the Ukraine from the Grand Seigneur, and placing it under the protection of Russia, could be so called. But this was unimportant in comparison with a step which he took to render the power of the Tsar, even more widely than before, the basis of the Russian constitution. *Coup-d'états* were known even in those days, and this Tsar seems to have accomplished at once, by one of these, what was done in a more tedious and tragical manner by the wars of the Roses in England—viz., the diminution of the power of the nobles. His ostensible object was to put a stop to the interminable quarrels of the great lords about precedence at his court and in the army. He called a general meeting, ordering them to bring their charters and certificates of privilege with them; having laid hands on these, and taken advice, to divide the responsibility, of the patriarch, the

bishops, and the boyards, he caused all these documents to be burnt the 12th January 1682, just about the era of a political change in England of an opposite kind; declaring, at the same time, that in future all privilege should be founded, not on hereditary title, but personal merit—by which he no doubt understood attachment to the person of the Tsar. Thus effectually did his eldest brother lay the finishing touch to that basis of despotism, on which Peter the Great was able at once to begin to build up his ambitious schemes. The next in succession to Fedor, if the hereditary principle had been strictly observed, was Ivan, his younger brother; but Ivan was of weak health, weak nerves, and weak mind. Peter, their half-brother, was judged by the majority of the grandees and clergy assembled in the month of June 1682, the fitter to fill the throne. This arrangement did not please Sophia, a sister of the former family, and accordingly she endeavoured to move the Strelitz, by telling them that the prince Ivan had been strangled by the Narischkin, or family of the Tsarina Natalie, the mother of Peter. These worthies, who seemed to have combined the unreasoning fury of a mob with the unity of action of an army, marched to the Kremlin twenty thousand strong, ordering the murderers of Ivan to be put into their hands. Peter, his mother, his brother, and the ministers, showed themselves at the vestibule, and Ivan himself came to speak to them; but they did not choose to be turned from their purpose of vengeance, even by the appearance in the flesh of him whose death they came to avenge.

They storm the palace, immolate the Tsarina's brother, then go out into the town and massacre the proscribed till nightfall. Next day they begin again, and nothing less will satisfy them but that Cyril Narischkin the father, and John the brother of the Tsarina, should be handed over to them. Young Narischkin is cut to pieces before his father's eyes, and Cyril is buried in a convent. Stained with the blood of these assassinations, they become masters of the state, and proclaim as joint sovereigns Ivan and Peter, making Sophia regent, but leaving in the hands of that princess

all real power. She favoured Ivan, as was to have been expected, and made him marry reputably; whilst, though she did not dare to depose Peter, she handed him over to the company and evil habits of a loose set of foreigners who hung about the court. These associates, though they corrupted Peter's morals, did not, as his half-sister intended, unfit him for governing, but they put notions into his head as to the manners and customs of other countries, which furnished the first stimulus to the wonderful career of his after life. Whilst appearing to be simply wasting his time without thought or object, he was secretly maturing plans, whose execution astonished the world. He had a reckoning to settle with the Strelitz, but he was able to bide his time. He must have seen early in life that their destruction was a necessity of state. One dangerous revolt of this turbulent militia was quelled by a speech of the patriarch, when, strange to say, a superstitious fear overcame them, so that they presented themselves at the convent of the Trinity, with cords round their necks, carrying blocks and axes, and crying with one accord, "The Tsars are our masters; we offer our heads to them!" The patriarch obtained pardon for all but the ringleaders.

It seems that Sophia had not been uninfluenced by the popular dream of the recovery of Byzantium. She had engaged to join in a crusade against the Turks, in common with other Christian powers; Russia, of course, in such engagement having an eye to her own interests. But now the Tartars in the Crimea were too strong for her this time, and Prince Galitzin, the minister who commanded the expedition, was rewarded as for success when he returned defeated; probably having, in the present Russian fashion, cooked his bulletins. Peter would not stand this, but expressed his surprise and indignation unmistakably. Sophia found that her young half-brother had broken his leading-strings, and took measures to play off the Strelitz against him. But Peter had been quietly organising a body of troops, armed and drilled in the German style, and commanded by foreign officers. Relying on these,

he gave out that, being now seventeen, he was of age to govern. He was generally obeyed. Galitzin was banished for life, and Sophia immured in a convent, where she passed the rest of her days, — some historians say in an honourable imprisonment; if so, it was only honourable until the last revolt of the Strelitz, when she was condemned to live in sight of their impaled heads till she died.

Having disposed of the strong-minded Sophia, he had little trouble with his weak-minded brother Ivan. We must here remark that those princes called weak in history, such as our own Richard II., are often no more than very amiable men, who would have filled well enough most other positions, but were unfitted for one requiring extraordinary nerve and energy, such as royalty must, in an unsettled state of society. Ivan died in peace January 26, 1696, leaving three daughters, the first of whom, Catharine, married Charles Leopold, Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and from them descended Ivan the Tsar, of the House of Wolfenbuttel. From the marriage of Peter's daughter, Anna, springs that half-German line of Holstein-Gottorp, now reigning in Russia. The present Tsars are thus by the mother's side Romanoffs, by the father's Holstein-Gottorps.

By the death of Ivan, Peter was left the one unquestioned master of Russia. No body in the State had power to offer any serious resistance to his plans. The nobles were cowed, the priests were his, and the people were the priests'. The great idea with which Peter started in life seems to have been the aggrandisement of Russia and of her Tsars in every direction, and by every possible means; this included the popular dream of a restoration of the Greek empire, which, according to circumstances, might become a means or an end. The first thing that struck him was, that Russia, though an ambitious and conquering power, was not quite a military power in the European sense of the word. He overturned all her military institutions, to organise her armies on the European model; and so earnest was he in this

work, that he would not let his reviews or sham-fights pass off without real killed and wounded. This of course he could have managed with no other nation than the Russians. The second thing that struck him was, that Russia, though she thought of possessing Constantinople, was not a naval power at all. He at once determined to make her so. But here his barbarian genius was at fault. Sailors, like poets, are born, not made. He went to Holland and England, and worked as a common ship-carpenter. He learned how to build ships undoubtedly, but he appointed as his first admiral Le Fort, a pure soldier. His fleet is a failure to this day. The sailors are artillerymen afloat, and they seem most at home when they have sunk their ships and are manning guns ashore. Their ships are encumbrances to them. Whether Peter acted on a preconceived plan or not in declaring war against Charles XII., despising his youth, is uncertain; but he most probably longed for Finland as a nursery for his sailors; and when he obtained the Baltic provinces of Sweden as the result of the war with that power, he seems to have considered the building of St Petersburg, in a situation otherwise most untempting for a capital, a measure of vital importance to secure the maritime preponderance of Russia. It is hard to say whether he looked forward to St Petersburg as a permanent or only as a provisional capital, until such time as Constantinople should fall into the hands of the power that coveted it. It appears that he thought it worth wasting the lives of a hundred thousand men upon—as many, probably, as forgotten kings of Egypt wasted on the imperishable monuments of their empty names.

Peter seems to have postponed the conquest of Constantinople to a more convenient season, for it was the Turks who declared war against him, and at the instigation of Charles XII. The war with Turkey was one which crossed his projects, and interfered with the consolidation of his power; and as he entered upon it with reluctance, he came out of it with disaster, having been saved from the humiliation of having to surrender at discretion on the banks of the Pruth solely

by the address of his wife Catharine. When he made peace, he was obliged to give up Azof, and some of his conquests on the shores of the Black Sea. But he indemnified himself by getting Livonia, Esthonia, and part of Finland and Carelia, by a treaty of peace, from Sweden, and by his brilliant successes in the campaign with Persia. When he died, on the 28th January 1725, of an inflammatory attack brought on by exposure to the cold at the ceremony of blessing the waters of the Neva, he left Russia entirely a new country. For this he has been immoderately praised by Voltaire and his school, and their praises have become stereotyped in history. Doubts may arise at this day whether what he did for Russia was even for her good. It was certainly not for the good of mankind. Civilisation, like religion, to be good for anything, must be part of the constitution of a nation or an individual; it must grow up in the common natural atmosphere, not be forced in a hothouse. What is the consequence of Peter's so-called reforms to Russia? Russia is like a sturdy boor who has become a millionaire by gold-digging, who bedizens his outward man with pins, and chains, and rings, and is all barbarism and brutality within. Yet he expects to be treated like a gentleman, and is in consequence a great nuisance to society. There was something grand in old Russia—her enormous cities and palaces, especially her town-like Kremlin; the colossal men who stalked within them, the barbaric state and luxury that reigned in them; the flowing robes and Asiatic costumes, so rich and picturesque; the gorgeous religion, an offshoot from that of Greece, not yet secularised or schismatised, but commanding in its own right, venerable and magnificent. All this was to count for nothing in the reforms of Peter. Beards and gowns were changed for perukes and coatees, Asiatic state for Parisian etiquette. A Moscow of hoar antiquity, golden and rainbow coloured, splendid with a thousand minarets and cupolas of gigantic grotesqueness, was to yield the palm to the gimcrack would-be Grecian city on the Neva, sadly out of place among the ice and darkness about the Polar circle. Peter only acted

in the spirit of his age in seeing no difference between an old and a new country. The intense bad taste of that age penetrated all Europe, and even in our own country overlaid the carved oak, which had lasted from the Crusades, with the same coat of leveling paint with which it daubed the vulgar deal.

Peter seems to have destroyed the last remnants of national morality in Russia in destroying her antiquity. We are not accustomed to look upon Russia now as one of the old countries of the world; she seems as much of yesterday as the United States. Like her nobles, who gave up their papers to be burnt by Fedor II., she has burnt her Past, or rather Peter has done it for her, more recklessly than France did for herself at the first Revolution. And, indeed, the first Revolution in France and the reforms of Peter are exactly of the same moral character; they spring from a common source. For the sake of convenience, we may take the date of the battle of Narva, the year 1700, as the era of the beginning of Peter's system. Now, we know that, at the end of the seventeenth century and the beginning of the eighteenth, a system began in France, which spread through Europe, of ignoring the interests of the governed, and sacrificing all national good to the maintenance of showy and trivial courts. Ceremonial and stiffness, frivolity and extravagance, ruled in these courts; while principles were followed and avowed, in confidential circles, which would necessarily be fatal to the privileges of castes and classes, as soon as they had passed out and spread themselves among the people. It was not likely that the people would respect those who had ceased to respect themselves. Louis XIV. ruled as a military monarch; he suppressed the remains of chivalry, because it did not suit the modern system of war. He made religion an instrument of despotism. Under the Regency and Louis XV., all knightly principles—in fact, all principles whatever—were scoffed at in the court, and nothing was believed but the gospel according to Voltaire. The Reign of Terror was a fit retribution for all this. The grandees of that time would, no doubt, have wish-

ed to keep Voltaire from the people as religiously as the priests kept the Bible; but his religion suited their inclinations, and they would have him. One of Voltaire's chiefest apostles was Frederick II. of Prussia, one of his chief heroes and prophets was Peter the Great.

But Peter was far from avowing a contempt for religion, as Frederick did; he was much too politic for that. He knew that attachment to the source of their church was strongly connected with the desire of the Russians to obtain Constantinople, and he knew that the possession of Constantinople was the keystone of the arch of Russian dominion, which, once secured, it would become impregnable, and as permanent as anything earthly could be. Yet he managed in the most skilful manner, without scandal and almost without offence, to get the religion of the country into his hands in the persons of her priesthood. The way had been before partially cleared for him by the establishment of the separate independence of the Russian patriarch. When the patriarch died in his reign, he declined to elect a successor, and ended with making the Tsar the head of the church in a much more full and complete sense than Henry VIII. did in making the King of England. In fact, so far has this been carried out since, that we may doubt whether the Virgin Mary holds a higher rank in the worship of the most bigoted Romanist than the Czar does in that of the ordinary Muscovite, or other Russian subject. Only the other day we heard of a body of Bashkirs breaking out in mutiny, because on a march by St Petersburg they were not allowed to see the Tsar; and when he showed himself to them, they evinced frantic joy, kissed his stirrups, and hung round his horse's legs with a sort of animal devotion. That Peter, however, was an egotist like Frederick, does not appear: his religion was the aggrandisement of Russia; it was a religion which he bequeathed, whether formally or not is not quite certain, as a solemn legacy to his successors; and to show his sincerity, inaugurated by the judicial murder of his son Alexis, the heir to the throne, merely on the grounds that he was not able to re-

ceive its impressions. Peter enlisted in this service alike the craft of the Jesuit and the boldness of the Crusader; personally he seems to have preferred intrigue to force, and his most effective strokes were dealt bloodlessly. One of these, among many, was his prompt recognition of the Elector of Brandenburg as King of Prussia, which a short-sighted statesman might have thought rather inimical than otherwise to the extension of Russia westward. Peter well knew of what advantage it would be hereafter to Russia to make Germany a house divided against itself, by raising a new power antagonistic to the original German empire. Of course, Prussia herself had no objection to this. Saxony, Poland, and Denmark had sold their souls to Peter, and England and Holland said nothing against it, as they *wanted to hire Prussian troops* at the time, the former power having as usual neglected the maintenance of her native army. In his latter days so little awe did the German emperor inspire in Peter, that he had the audacity to assume the august title of Emperor or Kaiser himself officially, having been before called so sometimes as a compliment, especially by England. This was a kind of claim of admission into the temple of European civilisation, like that of Philip of Macedon to be admitted into the Amphictyonic Council of Greece. Another most sagacious move of Peter's was the marriage of his niece to the reigning Duke of Mecklenburg, thus affording a German family an opportunity of one day filling his own throne, and forming the first of many such links that bind Russia with Germany, or at least her princes, so closely, that it seems if one is pushed over a precipice the other must go with it. The effect of these two strokes of policy, which were the beginning of many others, is seen now in the neutralisation of a nation of thinkers, whose opinion is on our side, and the paralysis as against Russia of more than half a million of the finest soldiers in Christendom.

Although we have seen, in the early history of Russia, strong indications of the aggrandising spirit, and found the design on Constantinople existing

as a religious principle in her people since the taking of that city by the Turks, yet Peter was the first to reduce these tendencies and aspirations to a system; and as Ivan the Terrible was the first Tsar, marking the establishment of absolute power and national independence, so was Peter Alexiévitch the first Emperor, marking the beginning of the militant and aggressive era for Russia, in which she seems to have thrown away the scabbard in her fight with the world, determined to conquer all, or to die as a great nation. Thus we have seen that the aggressive movement of Russia is twofold, depending, in part, on the superstition of the people, and their traditional notion of a crusade against Byzantium, and in part on the policy of her monarchs, brought into shape by Peter, and left to his successors. The courtiers are of course with the autocrat when they have nothing to get by assassinating him, and they have been found to keep up to the mark and standard of ambition the less aspiring monarchs. Being the creatures of government employment, they look upon conquest as good for creating new offices, and rendering existing ones more lucrative. Thus we have to contend against, in Russia, the Crown, the Court, and the People in this movement, united as one man, though on separate grounds—a view which, if true, will make all hopes of the war coming to an end through internal disaffection illusory. This matters not much, as England and France may be esteemed together quite equal to the three elements of the Russian constitution. But a nation so very large on the map, acting as a great animal with a single will, is a matter to make us serious; and it is to be hoped we are so. The great struggle lies upon us, and if we come out victorious, and know how to use the victory, there will be joy and peace for the world for many an age to come. Ever since the time of Peter, the imperial policy of Russia has come upon Western Europe like the unhealthy breath of an east wind; even like the very east wind which has cheated us out of our spring this year, as adverse circumstances cheat a man

out of his youth. Whether that wind blew hot or cold, its effect was the same; it blighted, it nipped, it withered, it blasted. The seed-leaves came out, and then were curled up and dried away; the young shoots were burnt at the edges. By-and-by clouds gathered in the horizon of the far West. They grew up and up, and combined with some difficulty. They were very deliberate in coming on, but they did come on slowly but surely, and now from many quarters they came on, *against* the wind. Sometimes their meaning was revealed in bright flashes and distant thunder-growls. At last they broke in torrents of life-giving, health-giving rain. The imprisoned powers of nature at once broke loose, the flowers sprung into seed-leaf, leaf and blossom, and all, as it were, at once; every perfume of the garden came out more delicious for having been so long sealed up, and the songs of love-making birds were heard far and wide among the dropping trees. Nature seemed to make a great holiday because the east wind had been discomfited. Thus may it be now in the political world. Europe is thoroughly aroused to the pestilent nature of the breath of Russia. The thunder-clouds are gathering in the West; they are travelling to the North and South; they are even now bursting in the South. When the salutary storm has blown over, we may hope for a season of gladness—a season when the voices of despotism and democracy, those twin tyrants of the earth, will be hushed, and rational Liberty will find its way into courts, castles, and cottages; and Improvement, which is the will of the Eternal, will no more be considered to imply political change, but rather the perfecting of the “powers that be” in every land, investing the monarchies with justice, the aristocracies with philanthropy, and the democracies with reverence; arranging all time-honoured institutions in the spirit of method and order, and yet more spiritualising that method and order, as far as man’s wisdom is capable, into some similitude of the everlasting beauty which underlies and permeates the structure of God’s own universe.

## ZAIDEE: A ROMANCE.

## PART VIII.—BOOK II.

## CHAPTER XXVII.—MRS WILLIAMS'S ROOM.

Mrs Burtonshaw was still more rejoiced and exultant next morning to find that she had wrought a complete cure, and that, emerged from the purgatory of gruel, bathed feet, and double coverings, her young patient took especial care not to look pale in her presence again. "You must take care, my dear, and wear this shawl to-day. What a pleasure to think you are so much better!" said Mrs Burtonshaw. When she was gone, Zaidee, conscientiously carrying the shawl with her, hurried to seek admittance at the little door, three or four steps up in a corner of the wall, which belonged to the private apartment of Jane Williams. In this great house, where there were so many rooms, this little one was merely intended for a linen closet; but pragmatical Jane was very Welsh and very positive. She liked this small corner, which put her in mind of her limited accommodation at home, and had it crowded with her belongings, with true rural pride. A few things in a great room looked "poor," as Jane thought. The true sign of wealth was to pack your apartment till you had barely room to move in it. Accordingly, a very narrow winding pathway over Jane's central carpet, and a clear space by the side of her little green porcelain stove, large enough to hold herself, her elbow-chair, and small round table, was all the available space in the private room of Mrs Williams. One window, close into the corner of the wall, gave a one-sided aspect to the little apartment; and this window looked into a great elm tree, which, in summer, with its multitudinous leaves, and at present with a forest of bare branches, was the whole visible world to the inmate here. A spider-legged table, with numerous drawers, stood in the window, and upon it were ranged various ornamental matters—a stuffed parrot in a case, a grotto of shells, an elaborate workbox, with its lid open, disclosing all its treasures. By

dint of pertinacity, Jane had managed to have these favourite articles of hers carried among the family baggage wherever they wandered; and the old woman took pleasure in the neat cover of her table, and in the careful arrangement of these treasured ornaments. Her little mantel-shelf, too, was rich with china shepherds and shepherdesses, and supported her library of three books—an aged Welsh Bible, a collection of hymns, and one of ballads, in the same antique language—for the newspapers were the only things which Jane would submit to read in English. She was a worldly-minded old woman, but she had a national regard for "religion," and was reverent of the name, and of its symbols, as Mary Cumberland was. Jane's religion consisted in conning a few verses in her Welsh bible on the afternoon of Sunday, which she observed with great decorum by means of a long sleep and a grave face. Mr Cumberland and his wife were liberal, to the broadest extent of liberalism, and never interfered with the "opinions" of their servants. The "opinions" of various of these respectable domestics were in favour of coffee and music at the Rosenau, and were not against a concluding dance. Save Mrs Burtonshaw and Zaidee, whose ignorance was aghast at this, the family were extremely indifferent. Only Mrs Williams took the place of censor upon her—she who herself was virtuously conscious of spending the day as her father spent it in the recesses of religious Wales. This town of Ulm, though it was Lutheran, was no less addicted to its Rosenau and its Sunday holiday than if mass had still been said in its Domkirch; and though Sylvo Burtonshaw concluded it "very poor fun" to sit by the long tables, on the damp soil of these gardens, sipping coffee, neither Sylvo nor his kindred knew very well how to spend the day better. They yawned through it, for propriety's sake. Sabbath was a



dead letter, and Sabbath-keeping unknown to them. They were the best examples in the world to a foreign apprehension of the dulness of the English Sunday. It was neither the day of God nor the day of home; "the fruit of this, the next world's bud," to those hapless rich people who had only "opinions," and no faith.

But while we digress, *Zaidee* stands waiting at the door of Mrs Williams's room, and is very glad to see Mrs Williams herself sitting by the stove in her little sanctum, mending her laces, when she is invited to enter. A great many pieces of furniture, wardrobes, and boxes, fill up the small space within these four white walls, and *Zaidee* winds her way carefully towards the little throne of the Welshwoman. Looking into the elm tree is like looking into a forest. Only those bare branches and a morsel of sky are visible, of the world without; but all the world of its inmate is within this small enclosure. Out of it she is foreign and unintelligible, even to her fellow-servants. Here she hears the "sweet Welsh," from her own lips at least, and in her own fancy lives her life over again. The hills of Wales and the grand house of Powisland rise once more before her, as she goes on with her silent occupations. Poor old Jane Williams! she is solitary, and a stranger down-stairs, with all her self-importance; but here she is at home.

"Well then, child, shut the door. I will not have them foreigners looking in on me," said the old woman. "Did you come for the collars? Yes, sure, them ladies that never took up a needle, they think poor folk's fingers is made of iron. I do be busy with them; they'll be done in time."

"I did not come for the collars, Jane," said *Zaidee*, with a slight return of her former trembling. "But you said you would let me see some papers. Will you? and I will try to help you if I can."

"And what do you want with my papers, child?" said Jane, fixing upon *Zaidee* her little twinkling scrutinising eyes.

"I like to see about the people you tell us of. I like to hear your stories, Jane," said *Zaidee*, with unconscious flattery; "and the old gentleman—

the old Squire. You said you would let me see his name."

"Well, I know a deal of stories. Yes, indeed—that is the truth," said Jane. "Miss Mary has her own things to mind; for certain sure she never would listen to me. I like an open-hearted child. I do, then; and I am good to learn any one experience of the world. Yes, sure, I've seen a deal myself—and my father, and my sister, and my brother—and all among great families too, and nothing common; and I've a deal of papers. There's all about Rhys Llewellyn that married the pretty lady; and Miss Evelyn that runned away, and more than I can tell. They'd get me money, you take my word, if a scholar was to see them; but I'm no scholar myself. Sit you down, child. I'll get my keys when I'm done."

*Zaidee* sat down patiently on the stool by Jane's feet. The old woman was very busy, holding the lace between her small brown shrivelled hands, and working with great speed. The sounds of the household life below were lost in the distance; the long wide passages and staircase consumed them before they came so far, and in a strange isolation the little Welshwoman pursued her labours. The wind rustled in the branches of the elm, and the rushing of the Danube interposed faintly; these natural voices were all the sounds that came here. *Zaidee* was struck with the loneliness—she wondered what moving cause there could be to bring this old woman here.

"Jane, could you not stay at home? Why did you come here?" asked *Zaidee* in a half whisper.

"Could I not stay at home? You don't know what you are saying, child," cried the old woman, indignantly. "They'd be glad to see me home—ay, and rejoice this day. I came for my own will; yes, I did, then. I had a mind to see foreign parts. And to see the great house at Powisland stripped and bare, and every one dead and gone—it broke my heart. I'm far off now, child, over lands and seas; but I can see sweet Powisland, and my beautiful Wales between me and that tree—for certain I can. And I think upon all my old tales; and an old woman

wants no more. I'm like none of you young creatures, striving for change and new faces. I'm doing my duty. The Williamses always was known for it, and I'm content. Once I was young, and tripped upon the hills; now I'm old, and the fire is my garden. Will you husht, you child! The like of you is no judge. I please myself."

"And did nothing ever happen to you?" asked Zaidee. "You always speak of other people. When you were young, did nothing ever come to you?"

"Husht, I say," cried the old woman, pushing Zaidee aside, as she rose in great haste, and threw down her work. "You will be talking—you will be talking. Come and see those papers now."

With her curiosity so much roused by this, that she had almost forgotten the prior interest that brought her here, Zaidee watched the old woman open one of the drawers in her table. There were a great many bundles of letters and papers in it, tied up in a very primitive way, and at the back one or two books, rich with tarnished gilding. Jane lifted a few of these yellow parcels out, and cleared a space for them upon the ornament-encumbered table.

"Was it the old Squire's name? You child, you keep your fingers off my shells and my birds. If you don't do no harm, you shall come back again, and see them again. I'm not good at reading—my eyesight fails; but I don't mind you looking at them, if you are a good child. Hark, now, there is Miss Mary. You're not to meddle nothing but the letters, and stay till I come back, and don't let nobody in but me. Hark, now, how

she calls me! It's nothing but Jane, Jane, from one day to another. Now I'm going—mind the fire, and don't meddle with nothing, and you can look at my papers till I come back."

So saying, Jane disappeared, shutting the door carefully behind her, and Zaidee was left in full possession of this sacred apartment, and all its treasures. A bird stirred in the elm before her, and the burning wood sank down with a little stir within the stove. These sounds, as they broke the stillness, oppressed Zaidee with returning awe. She drew the first pile towards her with a thrill of fear, expecting to see Grandfather Vivian's well-known handwriting at her first glance. But this faded handwriting is a woman's, and all these letters are about Rhys Llewellyn, and Evelyn Powis, and others of the house of Powisland. In other circumstances, these papers, full of family story, would have been very interesting to Zaidee, who had an unlimited appetite for story-telling; but her eagerness after the sole object of her search was quickened into excitement by terror and a superstitious awe. That bird in the elm-tree branches fascinated poor Zaidee, as her trembling fingers undid these fastenings; and the crackle of the wood, and the strange hushed sounds she seemed to hear about her, wound her up to nervous resolution, and oppressed her with imaginative fear. "God will not let you harm them any more," said Zaidee aloud. She thought Grandfather Vivian was watching while she examined this pile to which he had conducted her, to find the instrument of evil which he had hidden there.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.—GRANDFATHER VIVIAN.

But pile after pile brought nothing to the nervous search of Zaidee. Household bills and memoranda of housekeeping, scribbled receipts of Welsh tradesmen, and rural recipes for cooking and for physic, were mingled with the letters of the house of Powis in an indiscriminate heap. The worthless and the valuable, family secrets and housekeeping instructions, preserved with equal fide-

lity, would have formed a strange medley to an eye less interested. Zaidee, who went over them at lightning speed, found no time for amusement. She threw down, one by one, these old correspondences—threw down some uncouth letters, signed Evan and Mary Williams, which were among the heap, and with eager curiosity searched further; but, amid all, there was nothing for her.

Her anxiety gave way to disappointment. Grandfather Vivian, after all, had not been the old Squire of Evan Williams. Grandfather Vivian had not guided her to this strange hiding-place—there was no spiritual influence mysteriously using her for its agent; but, in her high strain of excitement, Zaidee shed tears over her failure—she was disappointed—her expectations had been so sure.

While these tears fell, against her will, on the papers where other tears had fallen before, Zaidee drew out the old book within the drawer. It was a quarto volume, in binding which had once been handsome; and though the gilding was blackened and the boards defaced, it still had the air of a book worn with use and not with neglect. She opened it and found it Greek, an occult language which always inspired Zaidee with the deepest respectfulness. Somewhat languidly she turned to the first page. Some large characters, written in an uneven oblique line across it, stumbling over the title and over a name, roused Zaidee once more. She read them with a double thrill of awe and mysterious excitement. She was not mistaken—her sense of invisible guidance seemed in a moment realised. The name, written long before this startling irregular line, was "Richard Vivian," and bore a far distant date. The additional writing—large and black, and unsteady, like the writing of a man whose eyes failed him, and who wrote thus in desperation, that he might be sure he had accomplished his purpose—came to the young investigator like words from heaven. "Frank Vivian, do justice to my son Percy,"—thus spoke this voice from the dead. The dreadful helpless penitence of this last outcry of compunction was visible in every line. Stumbling across his own signature, and across the title of his favourite volume, the dying man, with eyes which could only dimly discern those black exaggerated letters, had left one record behind him, that he repented—and that was all. The son he addressed, no longer remained to do justice to the other; the other was gone from his heirship and his lands. Into the mysterious gloom of the world invisible this fierce spirit itself had

passed long years ago. Not remorse for one wrong, perhaps, but repentance of all had visited his forlorn dying; but no one knew the secrets of it—nothing remained to bid the judgment of this world reverse its decision but this last cry of despairing atonement. The child whom his evil caprice had endowed so sadly, read his latest words with eyes that shone through a mist of tears. Holding the volume fast, Zaidee looked round her into the still and solemn daylight of this lonely room. "Grandfather Vivian," said the girl, firmly, "if you are here, I did you wrong; and if you guided me here, I am glad; and it was God that suffered you to do it, for I will never do them harm; and I am my father's heir, and this is what he has left to me."

She took the volume to her again, and put her innocent lips to that dark memorial of wrong and of repentance. The tears were choking at her heart, but something restrained them, and drove them back from her dry eyes. With a great effort she restored the papers to their place, put the precious book under her shawl, and went to her own room, gliding with steps as noiseless and rapid as a spirit; then she laid it under her pillow, and threw herself down upon her little bed. She was worn out with intense excitement, with terror and awe, and a superstitious sense of some invisible presence. When some one came to seek her, late in the day, after the early twilight had begun to fall, Zaidee's brown cheeks were bright with the flush of fever. She was lying very quiet, awake, looking into the shadows with eyes only too lustrous. They could not tell what had happened to the child, who scarcely could speak to them when they questioned her. Her tumult of thought was dying into unconsciousness—her excess of emotion fading into a long trance of waking sleep. They watched by her in great terror while those open eyes of hers gazed into the darkness and into the candle-light. Mrs Burtonshaw, with eager kindness and a little liking for the office, changed her dress immediately, and, with a thick cap and a shawl, took her seat by Zaidee's bedside. Mary hung about the foot of the little bed in silent agony. All the

while these bright eyes searched about through the little apartment. Even Sylvo Burtonshaw sat up down-stairs, and Mr Cumberland fidgeted, half-dressed, about the door of his sleeping-room; and watchers were never more rejoiced at the saving calm of sleep in the crisis of disease, than were these when the fitful slumber of fever closed the eyes of Zaidee. The news was carried down stairs, and Mary was sent to bed. "She will be better tomorrow," said Aunt Burtonshaw, as she dismissed the unwilling girl. But Aunt Burtonshaw shook her head, and knew better, when she was left by the bedside of Zaidee, to watch through that long spring night.

And Zaidee had a fever, and for weeks lay on that restless couch of hers, struggling for her young life. Mary, who would not be restrained from watching by her, and Aunt Burtonshaw, the kindest nurse in the world, gave sedulous attendance to the unconscious girl, who did not rave or exhaust herself in ordinary delirium, but only searched the vacant air with her brilliant eyes, and seemed perpetually looking for some one, though she recognised neither of her nurses. They had found the book under her pillow, and put it away without further thought. No one associated this old volume with Zaidee's illness; and even old Jane's inquiries for her lost treasure were fruitless in the excitement of the time. This whole whimsical house was concerned for Zaidee. Mr Cumberland forgot to read his last importation of theories, and took to investigations of homœopathy and hydropathy—of electricity and mesmerism. Mrs Cumberland kept her room, and was ill by way of meeting the emergency. Sylvo, infinitely bored, set out for his college, to the relief of everybody. The house became very quiet, above stairs and below, and full of sick-nurses, of whom Mrs Cumberland appropriated the lion's share. "If she should be worse—if anything should happen," said Mrs Burtonshaw, with tears in her eyes, as she bent over the bed of her young patient. "Poor dear, we are all strangers to her—she is far from her own friends."

"Nothing will happen, Aunt Burtonshaw," cried Mary vehemently;

"and she loves us—I know she does. She has no friends."

Aunt Burtonshaw shook her head, and raised her hand to silence her indiscreet assistant. "You must never get excited in a sick-room. Go and lie down, my darling," said Aunt Burtonshaw. Mary, who would have been shocked at the idea of lying down, had she known that the crisis of this strange illness was approaching, was reluctantly persuaded, and went. Her good aunt sat down once more at the bedside of the young exile. "Poor dear!" said Aunt Burtonshaw. She thought this solitary child, far from all who loved her, was about to die.

But Zaidee did not die. Her young elastic life, almost worn out by the struggle, was not yet conquered. The morning brought sleep to these bright open eyes, and when she woke again, it was to look with recognition and intelligence upon her watchers, and to bear the twilight and the lighted candles without any of those wistful investigations which her eyes had made in her fever. The German doctor pronounced her out of danger—it was the signal for a great increase of Mrs Cumberland's malady; and Mr Cumberland, down stairs, was very busy getting a hydropathic apparatus in readiness for Zaidee, and waiting for the English mail which should bring him a *multum in parvo*—a dwarf medicine-chest, rich in globules, and warranted to cure all Ulm of all the diseases under heaven. A larger consignment in shape of a galvanic machine was also on its way, to aid in the recovery of the patient. It was the especial character of Mr Cumberland's genius, that he combined into one half-a-dozen nostrums, and piled one infallibility on the top of another, making, out of other people's systems, a system of his own. With all these murderous preparations in progress, it was well for Zaidee that Aunt Burtonshaw barricaded her folding-doors, and held the amateur physician at bay; and that health, once returning, came at a rapid pace, and needed little assistance. "A touch of electricity will set her up again. Wait till I get her down stairs," said Mr Cumberland, as he carried off his wet blankets from the inexorable defender of Zaidee's room. But even Mr Cum-

berland, though foiled in his endeavours for her recovery, had a warm heart to the invalid, whose illness had cost him some anxiety. Mrs Cumberland kissed her pale cheek when she

was able to leave her room, and Mary rejoiced over her like a recovered treasure. Poor little Zaidee, in her orphan solitude, had fallen among friends.

## CHAPTER XXIX.—RECOVERY.

As Zaidee came to health—one might almost say, came to life again—the events which preceded her illness came slowly to her recollection, one by one. Making a timid and eager search through her room, she found the book, in which that solemn message was, laid carefully aside in a drawer; and Zaidee remembered how it was the tumult of desires and imaginations, occasioned by her discovery of it—the question whether, armed with this she might go home again—whether Philip and Aunt Vivian would hold it of enough authority to annul that other unhappy document, which, combined with her visionary dread and awe, had been too much for the young mind, overtaken and solitary. As she considered this momentous subject now, in the calm of her weakness, Zaidee decided that this was not sufficient warrant; and though she longed exceedingly that they should see these last words of the old Squire, she could think of no possible way of sending the book to them without a betrayal of her secret. She was here beyond reach of their search, and their search hitherto had been unsuccessful, and she shrank within herself, even in her safe solitude, at the idea of being found and carried home the heiress of the Grange. She never would supplant Philip, and here she was as safe as if she had died. But now a great compunction for Grandfather Vivian took possession of the child. She had done him wrong—they had all done him wrong. He was no longer “that wicked old man,” though Sophy still would call him so; and Zaidee was humbly repentant of her own error. All the solitary time of her convalescence—every half-hour in which her watchful attendants could be persuaded to leave her alone—her meditations were busy upon her own uncharitable judgment; and many letters, written and destroyed in a returning panic—im-

possible letters, which should convey this intelligence without giving a clue to her hiding-place, were written in secret. If those longing thoughts could travel to them!—if those half-articulate words, which broke from her lips in secret, could but reach the ears they were addressed to! But Zaidee recollected herself, and took her resolution again to her heart. Better that they should never hear from her, best that they thought her gone out of the world for ever; and Zaidee’s simple mind supposed no changes in the home circle. She thought of the young Squire ruling his paternal acres, and all the household prosperous and happy as of old. The image in her mind had suffered no clouding out of the dim horizon of her own fate. She looked back upon them, and the sky was ever smiling. It was the comfort of her life.

When Zaidee was well again, Jane Williams came one morning with a startling knock to her chamber door. Jane came armed with law and justice—a self-appointed magistrate, legislating in her own behalf—and demanded her book back again. Zaidee was fortunately alone.

“Yes, child, you deceived me,” said Jane. “I did trust you—yes, I did—and left my room and all I have to you. In my country, for sure, you might leave an open door and gold untold; but here I’d not have anybody turn over my belongings. Look you here, child, I put you in charge of it, and I went to Miss Mary. Well, then, I come back—and my door is open, and my fire be burning, and them papers, that’s worth money, swept in like dust; and when I do look close, my book is gone. My father’s book it was. It belonged to the old Squire. You tell me just why you runned away.”

“I was ill, Jane,” said Zaidee humbly. Zaidee had turned the key

already in the drawer which held the stolen book.

"Was it 'cause of being ill you took the book, you child?" cried Jane. "Yes, sure, I heard you was ill; and this and another said, she'll die. If you'd have died, what would you have done then with a book was not your own?"

"Did they think I would die?" asked Zaidee. It gave her a strange solemnity of feeling. She had been near this great event, and knew it not.

"It's waste time talking," said the peremptory Jane. "Will you let me have my book? Husht, then, I'm not hard on you, child; it isn't no pleasure to you now—it's in a heathen tongue—it may be not a good book, for aught I know. You listen to me. I have got a pretty book all stories and tales. I'll teach you to read it—I will, if you are good—and give me back that old thing that's no pleasure to you."

"Will you let me keep it, Jane?" pleaded Zaidee. "I like to look at it, and I have pleasure in it. May I have it a little? When you ask it again I will give it you."

The little old woman looked at Zaidee's paleface with compassion. "You poor child, you want to be at home and the wind on your cheeks," said Mrs Williams; "but if you do have a fancy in your head, as they be all fancies in this house, will I baulk you, you little one? No, sure, the Williamses was always known for tender hearts. You take good care of it, then, and when you're well you may come back again, and I'll tell you of Rhys Llewellyn and his pretty lady, and how it was Miss Evelyn runned away."

"How did she run away?" said Zaidee eagerly. She was suddenly struck with the expression, and in her innocence immediately leaped to the conclusion that the running away was like her own.

"There was a rich gentleman, and there was a poor gentleman," said the ready narrator. "Sir Watkin and my lady, they would have the one, and Miss Evelyn, poor soul, she would have the other—you don't know nothing about such things, you child—and they fell upon a plan. I don't mind telling it, you be cer-

tain, unless some one does want to hear."

Jane was clear-sighted, and saw that her young listener, finding the story not like her own, had flagged in her attention. But it was only for a moment, and Zaidee listened with great edification to the story of an elopement, in which Jane Williams herself had been art and part. But the current of her own thoughts, more interesting than any story, ran through the whole. "Frank Vivian, do justice to my son Percy"—these words rang into her heart like a trumpet; and Zaidee's mind made visionary addresses to Grandfather Vivian, telling him that she was her father's heir, and that she would never do them harm. Philip's chivalrous pride in his right as head of the house to protect her title to his own inheritance was repeated in the girlish flush of resolution with which she protested to herself that she was her father's heir, and that *this* was the inheritance Grandfather Vivian had left her. Now that she had time to think of it, in spite of the disappointment in her first hope of going home, this last discovery was a great support to Zaidee. She was no longer totally alone in her exile and self-banishment. It seemed to her that now a little company had interest in her flight; that the old Squire's will had guided her unawares; that her father's honour would have been compromised had she done otherwise. She never could have found this had she remained at home. She must have done them wrong without remedy, and never known that Grandfather Vivian wished, at last, to restore them to their right. Her young imagination, calmed as it was by her long illness, was so strong still that it elevated her into the position of representing both Frank Vivian and his father. She had done what they would have done, but were not permitted. She was the heir of this injunction, and she had obeyed it; and high within her, forlorn and generous, rose Zaidee's heart.

When she was alone she took this book and laid it with her father's bible. She read the family name in both of them with a strange pride

and tenderness. She was no longer *Zaidee Vivian*—she had given up all right and title to be called so; yet father and grandfather seemed to give to her a hold upon her native name once more. “I have not died now,” said *Zaidee* softly, as she held these treasured volumes together; “but some time God will send for me, and then I will send my books home and say I am *Zaidee*, and write down how I have always thought upon every one of them at home. I wonder why I did not die when I was so near it; but next time God will take me away.”

With this conclusion *Zaidee* solemnly put away these her possessions—wiped from her eyes the dew which was not positive tears—and, closing her secret world, with all that belonged to it, went away to be *Mary Cumberland’s* companion in the other world below stairs, where *Mr Cumberland* was experimenting on his galvanic battery, and *Mrs Cumberland* making observations on a new poem—where *Mary* “practised,” and *Aunt Burtonshaw* did *Berlin* work—and where no one had ever heard of *Grandfather Vivian*, or was aware of such a place as the *Grange*.

CHAPTER XXX.—A PAIR OF FRIENDS.

After this a gradual change came upon *Zaidee’s* life. Her mind began to grow, and her frame to develop. *Mr Cumberland’s* philosophy and his wife’s æsthetics both came in to lend something to the unconscious and involuntary culture of the stranger within their gates. These pranks of science and mad theories gave what was in them of truth, exaggerated or overlaid, to the simple eye which looked upon them trustfully through the pure daylight of nature; and those romances which made *Mrs Cumberland* highflown, were sweet and harmless to the fancy of *Zaidee*, who needed no extravagance to display her appreciation of the loftiest art. *Mary Cumberland’s* firm standard of good sense did not answer this visionary girl, who never transgressed its laws, yet went a world beyond them; and *Mary* learned to understand how fudge was by no means an unfailing synonym for sentiment, and how sentimentalism was something quite distinct and separate from the tender human pathos which belongs to all things striking deep to the heart. *Mrs Cumberland* still made many efforts to teach them to think, and filled her stores with “subjects,” between which lay gulfs wide enough to discourage the most daring leaper, and the young ladies had no extraordinary success in thinking after this fashion; but once released from the necessity of bringing up their thoughts to drill, a very respectable amount of meditation came to be done between them. Quite se-

cure from interruption—with closed doors, with the womanly excuse of sewing, which *Mary* condescended to for sake of *Zaidee’s* example, and with even *Aunt Burtonshaw* out of hearing—many grave and weighty subjects were discussed by these two girls. In *Mary Cumberland’s* large sleeping room, with its little bed by the wall, its great closed folding-doors, and its three windows, they sat together in their private convention as the spring warmed into summer. The furniture, though not very small, looked dwarfed in the distance of those great recesses, and so large an amount of lofty white wall gave a vacancy and extent to this apartment, which was not quite consistent with our English idea of a young lady’s chamber; but the trees shake out their opening leaves upon the windows, the sunshine comes in, and throws a long radiant line over the white and empty floor. Yonder is the tower of the *Dom* rising high towards those fleecy showery clouds which speck the serene blue overhead—the chiming of the cathedral bells strikes now and then through the air, which always tingles with the way-faring of this swift-footed *Danube* passing by. And here the two girls are content to sit for hours, working at their needle, talking of every subject under heaven. The one of them, who has perceptions of a more everyday character than those of the other, piques herself a little on her experience and knowledge of the world; but the world, an undiscovered wil-

derness, lies far away from these budded flowers—these children who are women, yet children still. In the boldness of their innocence they stray into wonderful speculations, and plan such futures as never yet existed—then sink their young sweet voices, to talk with a hushed and reverential earnestness of matters which no one directs them to—the holy mysteries of heaven. In their fearless and unshackled communion there is nothing too deep or too great for these companions to touch upon; and the Saxon beauty of Mary Cumberland—her thick curls of fair hair, and well-developed womanly figure, and countenance, where everything is fair, and clear, and full of sunshine—does not differ more from that brown expressive face, which is already changing into what it shall be—from that pliant shadowy figure, with movements as quick as those of a savage—than the mind of Mary differs from Zaidee's mind. But the same sunshine falls over them—the same sweet influence, the common dew of youth, is on the friends. There is no path so high but they will glance across it, as they sit with their woman's work between them—none too dangerous for their innocence to venture upon. When they know little of the way, they go wondering, and telling each other what their wonder is; and now and then they stop to count the chimes, and Zaidee's eye follows that noble line of building up into the sunny heavens; and they sigh when necessity, in the shape of old Jane Williams, summons them to other occupations than the sewing about which they have been so busy. Commendable as this industry is, it comes sadly in the way of accomplishments, and Mary's "practising" grows rather tiresome to Mary. Independent of all other inducements, this young lady has a liking for talk, and bears her part in it always with spirit; and there are no hours so pleasant to these companions as the hours they spend in Mary's room.

To Mrs Burtonshaw there is something extremely puzzling in this sudden industry. She thinks sewing a most laudable occupation, and was delighted for the first few days, but so long a persistence puts her out of

her reckoning. "Not tired yet, Mary?" says Mrs Burtonshaw. "When I was like you—though I am very fond of it now—I hated the sight of needle and thread. I think it is time for your practising, my love. See what the dear child has done, Maria Anna. All this—and this—since the beginning of the week!—and Elizabeth Francis the same. When we were young, we had a present to encourage us when we did well. They thought it a great thing to make us industrious when we were young."

"I would a great deal rather they spent their time in improving their mind," said Mrs Cumberland. "A servant could do all that for me; but no one can make Mary a refined woman unless she chooses to apply herself—nor you either, Elizabeth, my dear: come here, and I will give you a book to read, and put that stupid sewing away."

"You are only discouraging the children, Maria Anna," said Mrs Burtonshaw, with displeasure. "It is not stupid sewing—it is very nicely done, I assure you; and I am sure I think it a great deal more sensible employment than what you call improving their mind."

"These girls only puzzle you, sister Burtonshaw," says Mr Cumberland, who sits at the lower end of this universal apartment, among the gilded chairs and marble side-tables, arranging his battery: "they only get together to gossip; they care no more for your sewing than I do. They are like all you women—they love to lay their heads together and discuss their neighbours. By the way, I wonder what effect the phrenological cap would have on this propensity. Young heads—fine development—a slight pressure on ideality to reduce it; another on language; and a corresponding elevation for benevolence. Not the least pain or confinement, sister Burtonshaw—not the slightest; the gentlest administration of moral discipline that ever was invented. I'll see about these caps presently. If we return to England, their minds will require to be fortified. A good idea—I am glad it occurred to me—a beautiful experiment! I'll have it in universal use before a year is out."



“Put iron caps on their heads, Mr Cumberland!” cried Mrs Burtonshaw with a scream of horror. “We had steel collars in my day, and they say *that* was barbarous, though it was only for the shoulders. My dears, I will never let it be!”

“Pooh! nonsense. Your steel collars were only physical; this is to insure a good conformation to the *mind*,” said the philosopher, who was already making models with paper and scissors. “Suspend your judgment, sister Burtonshaw. Wait and see.”

This new project was disturbed by the arrival of letters from England. Every one, then, had some news to tell. Mrs Burtonshaw’s intelligence was that her friend, and Zaidee’s friend, Mrs Lancaster, was dead; and the kind-hearted good woman retired to her own apartment to devote an hour’s lamentation and a few honest tears to her old companion’s memory. Mr Cumberland returned to his machinery. Great havoc, and an infinite quantity of fright and hysterics, this startling machine had

brought into the household. Almost every individual in Ulm who could be brought to consent to it, had received a “shock” from the domestic demon; and if many cures were not wrought by galvanism in the Danubian city, it was no fault of the English resident, who presided over it with ardent philanthropy, and dispensed its beneficial influences with a willing hand.

And Mr Cumberland, who talked now of returning to England, had quite given up his prospective paradise in the South Seas. The phrenological cap was nothing to a Polynesian banishment, and Mary was gracious, and only laughed at the threatened infliction.

And thus ran on the altered life of Zaidee. She was already one of this household—a child of the family, received warmly into its heart. The world was not a cruel world to this poor little exile of love; and as the child silently gave place to the woman, the years and the hours brought grace, and tenderness, and unexpected gifts of fortune, enriching Zaidee Vivian’s youthful life.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.—THE CURATE’S WIFE.

Time, which went on slowly with the household on the banks of the Danube, did not move more rapidly under the shelter of the hill of Briarford. All the little eddies of excitement had long since passed away from the quiet waters there. Except in the Grange, people had ceased to remember Zaidee Vivian, or to talk of her strange disappearance. Instead of that, everybody was concerned and sympathetic for the failing health and woe-begone looks of poor Mrs Green, the Curate’s wife. Was her husband good to her, strangers wondered, who did not know the clumsy but genuine kindness of the perplexed Curate; and neighbours nearer at hand concluded her to be in a hopeless consumption—a “decline,” which nothing could arrest. Good Mrs Wyburgh went a toilsome journey to her own cosy kitchen, to superintend the making of good things for this poor helpless invalid, to whom and to whose unregulated servant the noble art of cookery was almost unknown; and

compassionate young ladies knitted warm cuffs and jackets for the fading Angelina, to whose pale cheeks the Cheshire wind brought no roses. The cottage matrons shook their heads and said, “She’ll not be long here, poor soul,” as Mrs Green took her languid walk with her book of poetry past their doors. The good Curate, who loved the helpless creature dependent on him, and who was by no means exacting in his personal requirements, was struck to the heart with fear and anxiety for his drooping wife. His uncouth cares and attentions were pathetic in their clumsiness. She was no great type of a woman, this poor Angelina; but she was his, and he cherished her. She cried weakly over his tenderness many a day when she was alone, but had never courage to unbosom herself; and Angelina was rather glad to resign herself a pensive martyr to her illness and her danger, and to feel what a sublime sacrifice she was making to her absent friend. But these

lofty thoughts were only occasional. For the most part she bemoaned herself helplessly, and cried over those pages in her poetry-book—and they were many—which discoursed of blighted lives and broken hearts. That she always cried at the name of *Zaidee*, was nothing, because she cried so much. “A Niobe all tears” awaited good John Green when he came home from his labours, and a suppressed sob woke him in the morning. Many futile endeavours which he made to get at the cause of this mysterious melancholy, only closed with more pertinacious terror the burdened heart of his wife. Every day made her disclosure more impossible. “I might have told him at the time—I dare not tell him now,” sobbed the frightened Angelina; and the Curate was driven into desperate theories touching the weakness of womankind, to account for the incomprehensible weakness of this one who had fallen to his especial lot.

In the spring of the year after *Zaidee*'s disappearance, when *Zaidee* was safely disposed of in Ulm, and far from that dreaded pool which Angelina shuddered to pass, and which haunted her dreams, the good Curate came home in great glee one morning to tell his wife how an application he had made without her knowledge for a curacy in the south had been so much more than successful, that he was now vicar-elect of a small parish in Devonshire, with an income more than doubled, and the most beautiful house in the world. “We must have no more pale faces, Lina,” said the Rev. John, patting the poor cheek, washed by so many tears, with his great kind finger. “We can afford a little chaise of our own now, to drive you about in, and the sweet air of Devon will soon set you up, my dear.” Poor Angelina's secret had almost burst from her at that moment. She was ready to throw herself on her knees and confess her sins to him; but she drew back again, poor fool, and was miserable a little longer; while he, good man, went about all his arrangements for removal—those arrangements which she could only cry over her uselessness in—and worked like a porter, when the time came for packing, with the most inno-

cent glee imaginable, and no thought of infringed dignity. They left Briarford in the early summer weather, when the rugged little hill was bursting into its glory of furze blossoms, and all the hedgerows were white with May. This season was full of the sweetest showery freshness, the gayest gales, and most exulting sunshine in boisterous Cheshire; and good John Green directed the tearful eyes of Angelina to the brightness here, and joyfully wondered what it would be in Devon, when even in this place of winds the radiance was so warm and sweet.

But not the vicarage, which was the most beautiful of vicarages—not the soft climate of Devonshire, the novel country—nor scarcely even another prospect she had, could suffice to lighten the burden of this devoted victim of friendship. The Rev. John was disappointed, but persevered with inexhaustible patience. Then came a time when Angelina had rational occasion to be ill without any intervention of sentimental blight or heartbreak. She was very ill, this poor young wife—so ill that she was not conscious when she became a mother, and did not hear that sweetest of all discords, the baby-cry of a new life. When she woke, exhausted and feeble, and opened her dim eyes to the light, it was to see her loving clumsy husband holding her baby to her—the tenderest and most awkward of nurses. Poor Angelina! her guiltiness rushed back upon her as the little one was laid into her arms. It was a woman's heart still, though a weak one, which fluttered against her breast, where the sweet baby breath rose and fell with such a helpless security. It was no longer “Mr Green” who knelt before her, with his face all joy and triumph: it was “baby's papa”—her child's father; and Angelina's terrors and precautions yielded to the flood of her full heart. Protected by her infant, she told him her guiltiness, and cried a little, but was bold, and bore out this dreadful ordeal. The Rev. John was much too happy to be very severe. He pitied his weak wife for all her sufferings, and, though shocked and distressed, had no condemnation for her. Baby, with its small slumbering face, and

tiny hand thrown out already upon its mother's breast, covered with a shield of mighty defence the feeble Angelina. Good Mr Green, he was so reverent of the little one in its helplessness, and felt its baby state and serenity so far superior to all the nurse's expedients to amuse the unamusable infant, that Angelina herself took dignity from this little existence one day old. He wept himself when he went down stairs into his study— wept a few great tears of joy and wondering thankfulness. His wife was restored to him, and he had a child. This good heart could not keep itself articulate for joy and wonder. No—Angelina was by no means a distinguished representative of womanhood, and the baby, perhaps, was not so pretty as your baby or mine—but they were his, and they were everything to him.

After that it was astonishing to see how rapidly Angelina recovered. Having cast off her burden upon her husband, she and her baby throve together with an equal progress. His wife in her pretty, fresh, invalid cap, with her baby in her arms, and no more tears, was something as new as it was delightful to good John Green. He said nothing about the confession for many days. He never either looked or spoke one allusion to it, indeed, till Angelina was once more established in the little drawing-room, which had never been so bright as now. Then, when he had placed her in the easiest chair, and drawn her seat towards the window that she might look out upon the autumn foliage, bright in its many-coloured vestments, Mr Green spoke.

“When you are so well now, Lina, and baby all right, the little rogue, I think perhaps I had better start to-morrow.”

“Start to-morrow!—where?” cried Angelina, with a momentary pause. Gentle as was the tone of the Rev. John, his wife had an incipient dread that he was about to betray her.

“My dear, for Briarford,” said the

good man, firmly. “I do not blame you for being so long of telling me. I am sure, my poor Lina, you yourself see how wrong it was; but now, of course, I cannot lose any time in letting the Vivians know. A whole year is lost already; and, with the clue I have, I cannot be easy till I have found some trace of this poor child.”

“Oh, Mr Green!” cried Angelina, with tears, “she will destroy herself if you try to take her home.”

“My dear, I am not Mr Green,” said the Rev. John, attempting to be playful. “If I find her, I will take care she does not destroy herself.”

“But John, John! papa!”

“Hush, Lina,” said the Vicar, gravely interrupting her entreaty, in spite of the powerful argument of this name—“I must do my duty. Take care of yourself, and be cautious till I come back. You must mind your health now, for baby's sake as well as for mine, and leave all this business in my hands. Hush, Lina, there is nothing more to say.”

And the next morning Mr Green left his wife, once more weeping, and drove away in the pony chaise. But when the chaise came back, Angelina was able to take a drive with baby and nurse; and though she blushed, and was inclined to cry again for shame when her friendly visitors asked where Mr Green had gone, yet by-and-by she came to be quite composed; and, thankful that she had no chance of encountering the Vivians, committed the responsibility contentedly into her husband's hands. She had no longer any leisure to read books of poetry. She began to cut down her white muslin gowns and make frocks for baby—to glance at the pages of her old new cookery books—to set her house in order, as well as she knew how, to the much amazement of her spoiled housemaid. Angelina had found herself quite mistaken in one vocation. She had to begin to be the Vicar's wife and baby's mother now.

#### CHAPTER XXXII.—THE GRANGE.

The Rev. John Green drove along the road to Briarford in his hired gig, with feelings strangely mingled. Re-

gard for his old residence, pleasure at the kindly recognition which some of his old parishioners gave him, and

the certain hope of steady happiness with which he remembered the change which had befallen him at home, were scarcely enough to neutralise the disagreeable feelings with which he looked forward to this visit. He did not like to say—he did not like to think—how silly and how weak his wife had been. He neither wished to accuse her, nor to make it appear that he himself had been an accessory to her foolishness; and he feared the natural indignation of those anxious friends from whom this intelligence had been kept so long—long enough, perhaps, to make it useless—for he had himself made some inquiries as he passed through London. Eager to have it over, yet reluctant, he trotted along in the indifferent vehicle, which was much less agreeable to the vicar of Newton Magna, who had a pony chaise of his own, than it was to the curate of Briarford, who knew of no such luxury. The turnpike gate swung open before the well-known face of “our old curate;” and Mr Green alighted, and climbed the hilly pathway, following close upon a slim young gentleman in black, who pushed on against the wind at a pace which proved him to have no disagreeable anticipations in *his* visit to the Grange. It was not Mr Powis, who now carried his fascinations to market in quite a different quarter. Mr Green strode on with his swinging pace, admiring the gloss of the clerical coat before him, which had no heavy divinity in its pockets to drag it out of proportion. “The new curate,” he said to himself, raising his eyebrows—for Mr Green had been a vicar for six months, and already, though quite unconscious of his weakness, looked down a little upon the lower grade of reverend brethren.

The young man went upon his way with such evident ease and good pleasure, that the vicar of Newton Magna, following after, shook his head, and wondered that Mrs Vivian did not think it dangerous, with her unmarried daughters, to have “a poor curate” familiar in her house. But the Rev. John had soon enough to do, realising how Mrs Vivian would look upon himself and his errand, and thinking of the agitation, and perhaps fruitless hope, which he

should bring to the family. Involuntarily his steps slackened as he drew near the door. When he had reached it, he lingered, looking upon that familiar landscape. Yonder lie all those changeless Cheshire fields. Yonder is the tawny line of sea, the yellow sandbanks, the horizon, with its blue mountains of cloud. There the tower of Briarford Church, the roof of the vicarage, the smoke ascending from the village fires, the long lines of road leading seaward—leading far into the sky. Here is the old family dwelling-place, with the last water-lily floating in the moat—the lawn like velvet—the old thorn-trees heavy with their scarlet berries. Where is Zaidee? where is Philip?—the poor supplanting heiress—the natural heir and head of the house. Angelina! Angelina! be thankful that you are safe in Newton Magna, with baby and nurse, and the new frocks, which it is so hard to cut. The Rev. John has a storm in his face, and groans aloud. You might weep torrents and not melt him, if he had you here.

The drawing-room of the Grange is perhaps in better order than it used to be. There are not half so many young-lady materials. The writing-table in the corner bears no longer any trace of the litter which Percy, his mother said, always left behind him; and Philip’s newspaper has not been thrown down this morning on the table. Mr Green thinks it looks colder than it used to do—more precise—less a populated place. In the great window, looking to the front, sits Margaret, and the light falls down full and clear, but with a chilly tone, upon the pale face which you can only see in profile, and on the white hands which hold her book. Mrs Vivian is in her high easy-chair, with her snowy shawl of Shetland lace hanging over it, and a book of accounts upon her little table. The young clergyman has arrived before his suspicious brother, and quite realises Mr Green’s suspicion as he appears now, seated by Sophy’s side, talking in an under-tone. Sophy’s pretty face varies with the conversation from gravity to laughter, and there is a running accompaniment of smiles and blushes, quite enough to

justify Aunt Blundell in particular inquiries into the prospects, means, and connections of Mr Wyburgh's curate. The library door is closed, the young ladies' room no longer throws its glimmer of warm light into the larger apartment, and there seems a great deal of space to spare in this great drawing-room, from which half of its inmates have been scattered. Mrs Vivian, closing her account-book, rises with hospitable alertness, and holds out her hand, as she welcomes warmly the old friend of the house.

"Let me speak to you alone," says good Mr Green, clearing his throat. He is very anxious not to be abrupt, to tell his tale gently, but is far from confident that he will be able. "I have something of importance to say to you—news. Pray let me speak to you alone."

Mrs Vivian's face clouded over. "What is it?—Philip?—Percy?—some disaster," cried the mother of these absent sons. She grasped his great hand, and held it fast with her small nervous ones. "Tell me all at once. I had rather hear it all."

"It is no disaster," said the Rev. John with a subdued groan. "It is neither Philip nor Percy—but good news—good news. Let me speak to you alone."

With such a darting rapid motion, that the Vicar of Newton Magna became more confused than ever, poor Zaidee's fairy godmother introduced him into the vacant library. While he lumbered along in search of a seat, she drew a heavy chair to the table for him, and seated herself in another. "Now, Mr Green," said Mrs Vivian. She was only half satisfied that he did not come to intimate some great misfortune to her.

Poor Mr Green! guiltless sufferer as he had been so long, he was the culprit now. He cleared his throat—grew red and confused—and at last burst into the subject over head and ears.

"My wife knows where your niece Zaidee fled to—my wife was in her confidence—there! Angelina has been very foolish, very wrong, but I cannot bear to hear her blamed. I have only waited long enough to see her health re-established before I came to tell you. I am grieved beyond measure.

Had she spoken in time, she might have saved you all your anxiety, and rescued this poor child."

Mrs Vivian, interrupting him, rising from her seat with an outcry of joy—"Zaidee! can you tell us of Zaidee? where she is? where we can find her? I will not blame your wife—I will thank you for ever. Where is my poor Zaidee? Tell me where she is."

But the Vicar shook his head despondingly. "She went to a Mrs Disbrowe, whose daughters had been at school with Lina. She went as nursery-governess. They had her for two or three months, and then she went away."

"She went away," said Mrs Vivian, unconsciously repeating what he said,—"where is she now?"

But Mr Green shook his head once more. "I made no further inquiries till I had your authority; but Mrs Disbrowe knew nothing of her. She went abroad. Now that I have seen you, I will return to London. I will try every means. My poor wife! I feel how much she has been to blame."

"Went abroad?" cried Mrs Vivian. "Why did she go abroad? When?—with whom? And why did a woman who had children, suffer my orphan to stray further away?"

"Mrs Disbrowe tells me she went with a lady to be a companion. I cannot tell where—she does not know," said the Rev. John, who was very humble. "The lady is dead who was the means of Zaidee's going away. No one even knows the name of the person she is with: they had no right to interfere. But I will return at once. I feel it is all Angelina's blame."

"And Philip is in India, and Bernard is abroad, and Percy is with his brother-in-law. Do not speak to me of Angelina!" exclaimed Mrs Vivian, with a gesture of impatience, "there will be time enough to speak of the past; it is the present moment that is of importance. I will go with you myself to-night."

"The fatigue is too much for you," began the Rev. John.

Mrs Vivian only answered with another impatient motion of her hand, and beckoned him to follow her into the drawing-room. In half-a-dozen words she told Margaret, and left her to inform the amazed Sophy, who by

this time had been roused from her more agreeable occupation. Then the rapid old lady left the room. Uncertain and undecided, Mr Green lingered, repeating his story to the younger ladies, who pressed upon him to hear it. As he spoke, they brought refreshments to him with their own hands, and pressed him to eat. The good Vicar was nothing loth, but he had only half begun when the door opened, and Mrs Vivian made her ap-

pearance in a travelling-dress, and with a face so full of speed and energy that Mr Green paused in his impromptu meal, at the first glimpse of the fairy godmother, who seemed about to fly off at once in her aerial carriage. But Mrs Vivian was content to substitute the hired gig for her pumpkin coach, and in less than an hour she had given her farewell directions, and was hastening fast upon the London road.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—MRS VIVIAN'S JOURNEY.

More speedy than it could have been without her prompt and rapid guidance, was the express journey by night which carried Mrs Vivian and her reverend companion to London. The good Vicar looked on in wonder from within the high collars of his overcoat upon that small delicate figure, enveloped in a great mantle, which filled the opposite corner of the carriage in which they dashed along through the gloom of midnight. Mr Green had known Mrs Vivian only as the Lady of the Manor, something fastidious and rather dignified; and by way of making the best of Angelina, it is certain that the Rev. John had been betrayed into a little kindly contempt for the whole feminine community. But the Rev. John, with all his anxiety to recover the lost *Zaidee*, and so, as far as possible, exonerate his wife, was not prepared for this breathless race of inquiry. The good man felt himself seized upon by something stronger than he was—an anxiety which, very different from his own, took this matter as an affair of life and death. With curious interest he watched his companion in the unsteady light of the railway carriage. She never spoke and scarcely moved, but sat still in her corner—her entire figure muffled in her cloak, listening to the clanging, deafening strides with which their rapid journey proceeded, and travelling faster in her thoughts than even the headlong pace at which this great conveyance travelled. He could see her steady face as the faint light swung above them, and their carriage vibrated with the gigantic impulse which bore it on. She was looking

out always into the darkness. He could see her mind was impatient and chafing at the tedious journey, rapid though the journey was. The Rev. John relapsed into his overcoat, and made a vain effort to go to sleep; but it was quite impossible to sleep within sight of this little lady's wakeful eyes.

They arrived in London at an hour much too early to disturb the slumbers of Bedford Place, and Mr Green was thankful to be permitted an hour's rest and a hasty breakfast. The Rev. John shrugged his shoulders and sighed for Angelina. The fairy godmother hurried the good Vicar off his equilibrium; he could scarcely have been more discomposed had she invited him to an aerial drive in the pumpkin coach. When at last it was possible to proceed to their destination, they found Mrs Disbrowe in her fresh pink ribbons and thrifty black satin gown, not expecting visitors, but quite prepared for them. Mrs Vivian did not estimate very highly the fashion of Bedford Place. Its well-preserved carpets and expedients of thrift were new to the country lady. "My poor *Zaidee*!" she said to herself, as she entered the drab drawing-room, where Minnie Disbrowe, exceedingly curious, kept mamma company. Mrs Vivian did not know that this drab drawing-room, with its dark green trimmings, was quite another sphere from the nursery and the spare bedroom in which Miss Francis spent her meditative days.

Mr Green was already slightly known to Mrs Disbrowe by his former visit. Mrs Vivian, however, had no

recollection of Mr Green, and promptly took the matter into her own hands.

"Only yesterday I heard that my dear little niece had been here," said Mrs Vivian. "You had not observed our advertisements. We tried every means to find her. Tell me, I beseech you, where my poor Zaidee has gone."

"Zaidee! I said there was a Z on her handkerchiefs!" cried Minnie in an under-tone of triumph.

"The lady means Miss Francis, I have no doubt," said Mrs Disbrowe, looking to the Vicar, who towered over little Mrs Vivian. "I sympathise very much with your anxiety. I cannot tell where to find her, but I will tell you all I can. The lady is"—and Mrs Disbrowe again looked for explanation to Mr Green.

"Mrs Vivian of the Grange," said the good man, who felt himself entirely thrown into the background. Then he sat down with resignation behind his "principal," content to listen, since nothing else was left for him to do.

"Miss Francis came to me about a year ago—just a year ago—before my daughter was married," said Mrs Disbrowe. "I was surprised to find her so young, but felt interested in her, and did all I could to give her authority in my nursery. The children are well-grown," said Mrs Disbrowe, apologetically,—“and they were so much accustomed to their sister. To my great regret they would not pay attention to Miss Francis.”

"Miss Francis! Will you do me the favour to say Miss Vivian?" said Zaidee's fairy godmother, with a little impatience. "Zaidee must have taken this from her father's Christian name. Frank Vivian's daughter! I beg your pardon. The idea is so painful to me."

"I did what I could to prevent her life being painful to her while she was with us," said Mrs Disbrowe, pointedly. "Miss Francis—pardon me, I knew her by no other name—was assured of my kind feeling and interest in her, I know. Indeed, the young lady remained with us, after it was quite apparent that she could not be my nursery governess. Then, while

visiting my daughter, she saw a lady connected with us by marriage—Mrs Lancaster, who was stepmother to Mr Edward Lancaster, my son-in-law. Mrs Lancaster had a friend staying in her house, who was anxious to carry abroad with her a companion for a young lady. They thought Miss Francis a suitable person, and Mrs Lancaster came to me to make inquiries. Of course what I said was satisfactory to her, and her character was satisfactory to me. It did not occur to me to make any inquiries about her friend. I was glad to see Miss Francis provided for. I am quite certain they went abroad; but where, or who the lady was, I am extremely sorry I cannot tell."

"But surely some one knows," said Mrs Vivian, hastily. "Some one had more curiosity—felt more interest? You do not mean that there is *no* clue to trace my poor Zaidee by?—absolutely none? It is impossible. I cannot tell you how important it is to us. My poor child's character and happiness may be involved. Our honour as a family is pledged to find her. I beg of you to give me some guidance—some clue. I cannot go home without accomplishing something. Can no one else tell me where she is?"

Mrs Disbrowe drew herself up a little. Mrs Vivian could not quite help looking the great lady, nor being dismayed to hear of Frank Vivian's daughter as a companion and nursery governess; and though she would have been glad only yesterday of so much intelligence, Mrs Vivian could not keep herself from being almost angry with her informant now. "To let her go without an inquiry! with nothing to trace her by!" Mrs Vivian exclaimed indignantly within herself; while Mrs Disbrowe, who was conscious of having done a great deal for Zaidee, was naturally still more indignant with this questioning.

"I am sorry I cannot give you information which I do not possess," said Mrs Disbrowe, coldly. "My son-in-law might have been of some assistance perhaps, but he has gone to Jamaica, to look after some valuable property left to him there under his father's will, in which his father's widow had a life interest. It is quite uncertain when Edward may return,

and he might not be able to help you if he were here; but I am much occupied with my own large family. I was not very intimate with Mrs Lancaster, and I really know nothing of her friends. Neither did I think, if Miss Francis was satisfied, that I had any right to interfere," continued Mrs Disbrowe, still more on her defence. "I had no title to take upon me the duties which *her relations* did not concern themselves about."

"Her relations tried every means to find her," cried Mrs Vivian. "She went away from us out of the purest generosity—folly—the most perfect affection for us all. To lose this unexpected hope will be like losing Zaidee once again. Can you do nothing for me? Pardon me if I do not thank you for the kindness I am sure you have shown her. I can think of nothing but Zaidee. My poor child! My poor child!"

Mrs Disbrowe's offended dignity was appeased. She promised to write to her son-in-law forthwith, and furnished her impatient visitor, who could not be satisfied with this deputy inquiry, with his address, that she might herself write to him. She promised to set out immediately to find,

if possible, one of Mrs Lancaster's servants. She expressed her deep regret that she had not known sooner—that Mrs Green had given her no hint of the young stranger's identity. Mr Green, sitting behind Mrs Vivian, shrugged his shoulders, and made a wry face, but said nothing. Angelina was spared on all hands; no one awarded her her due of condemnation; but the Rev. John profited little by this forbearance, as he was perpetually on the watch for the reproach which never came, and perpetually suggesting to himself a different turn to this and that sentence. Then he was anxious about this poor wife of his, whom he himself clung to the more, because she was condemned by others. He asked what further use he could be to Mrs Vivian; and she, glad to be left at liberty, made no claim upon his services. So the Vicar of Newton Magna washed his hands of Zaidee Vivian, hoping never to hear more of her than that she was brought home in safety, and, with pleasant thoughts of baby, and much tenderness for his culprit wife, set off on his road homeward, where we leave him now and finally; and Mrs Vivian pursued her search alone.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.—FAILURE.

But Mrs Disbrowe cannot find Mrs Lancaster's servant. Mrs Vivian, tantalised with vain hope, can only make fruitless expeditions to Bedford Place, to Percy's closed-up chambers, and, in this sudden change of habits and lack of comforts, grows feverish with the vain endeavours which she never personally took part in before. There is nothing for it now but to wait till Mr Edward Lancaster is heard of, to see if he can throw any light upon this darkness. Mrs Vivian must go home; but Margaret and Sophy write so anxiously, yet so confidently, of poor Zaidee—sending messages to her even, and telling of a great parcel they have made up of wrappers and cloaks for the journey, that their mother almost fears to return to them with her disappointment. Another idea strikes the retired but not world-forgetting mistress of the Grange. Captain Bernard, Elizabeth, and Percy

are surprised at their breakfast-table in Brussels, not many mornings after, by the unexpected appearance of Mrs Vivian. A very few words are enough to make them partakers of her anxiety. Zaidee is on the Continent!—Zaidee may be near them! All-forgetful of how vast that Continent is, Percy dashes out, like an impetuous youth—bursts from the great gates of the Hotel de Suède, and loses himself in these interminable streets, looking into every face and every window. "How absurd!" he says, as with difficulty he finds his way back again. But it is strange how often this absurdity is repeated before the day is done. The most strange and feverish excitement rises among them. They are loth to leave Belgium, where there are so many towns in the beaten track of the wandering English; and Captain Bernard speaks of the Rhine, and Elizabeth of the sunny south of



France. They cannot tell where to move—to their right hand or to their left. Zaidee may be almost within hearing of them, or she may be a thousand miles away. They reverse all their plans on the instant, and begin to travel once more—with an object, and with many inquiries—till winter has come only too sensibly—till Margaret and Sophy call earnestly for their mother—and till Colonel Morton has more than once written peremptory letters, summoning home his son. Percy, too, loses time in those grave and valuable studies of his. They are obliged to submit, with heavy hearts; and in November, in boisterous weather, they at last set out for home. In all their journeys they cannot pass a figure like hers, but they are struck with the hope that it may be Zaidee; and many times, flying along at railway speed, Percy, who is fanciful and quick-sighted, catches a momentary glimpse of some dark face by the wayside, and, when they reach a halting-place, would fain turn back to see. It is therefore with much dissatisfaction of mind, and with many doubts that they may have passed close by her present shelter, that they consent to return, with no further news of Zaidee. Their anxiety, which had been in a measure calmed by time and by the fruitlessness of all their exertions, has returned in tenfold strength. Renewed advertisements, renewed endeavours, keep the flame alive. Angelina's secret, in departing from herself, has come to overshadow them with a double cloud. Again they think of nothing but Zaidee—and Zaidee is nowhere to be found.

After a long delay, Mr Edward Lancaster answers the letter of Mrs Vivian. Mrs Lancaster had a multitude of friends, writes Mr Edward—half the old ladies in the kingdom, he believes, were acquainted with his stepmother—but he cannot tell, upon his honour, what particular old lady this may be. He had seen little of Mrs Lancaster during the last year of her life; in fact, his wife and she did not pull well together, and they had little or no intercourse. He is extremely sorry; but the fact is, he has not the remotest idea who the old lady can be whom they are looking for. In his postscript, however, Mr Edward

kindly adds a list of old ladies—a few names with addresses, but most without—which he heads, “Some of Mrs Lancaster's friends.” It is just possible—it may be one of these.

As these old ladies—all who have addresses—live in London, Percy must leave the Temple, and his most important and weighty studies, to seek them out,—a task which Percy sets about with exemplary earnestness. Some of the old ladies are interested—some a little affronted—many astonished: they cannot tell why *they* should be applied to, of all the people in the world. One of them thinks she has heard Mrs Lancaster speak of Miss Francis. Is not Miss Francis that interesting creature who was so sadly deformed? Some accident in her youth, the old lady believes—she who wore spectacles, and worked cross-stitch like an angel? No?—then the old lady knows no other Miss Francis, and is quite convinced that Mrs Lancaster knew no one whom she herself did not also know. Another is persuaded that the lady who went abroad must be Mrs Cleaver, who settled in Florence. A young lady went with her, a pretty fair young creature—she married Antony Cleaver six months ago, and came home, and was very well settled indeed. Can that be the young lady? Percy Vivian, his face flushing with the pride of descent, says No, abruptly—it could not be Zaidee,—Zaidee was dark, and only fourteen years old, and would never marry an Antony Cleaver; whereupon the old lady makes him a curtsy, and says she cannot pretend to know.

Altogether it is a most unsuccessful business from first to last; and the little party who have been abroad are, each of them, persuaded that they have been in personal contact with the object of their search, and yet passed her by. Mrs Vivian is certain that some one brushed past her in the very courtyard of the Hotel de Suède, with the flying step of Zaidee. Elizabeth is haunted with a vision of one slight figure standing apart at that midnight examination of baggage and passports on the French frontier. Percy is confident she was one of that English party with those ugly blue shades on,

who looked up at them from a very little obscure roadside station as they dashed by on the road to Calais; and Captain Bernard knows he saw her with some children and a *bonne* in the gardens of the Tuileries. When he followed them, the girl disappeared. "It was impossible to find her again," says Captain Bernard. And as they sit in the drawing-room of the Grange, Sophy, who is something matter-of-fact, wipes the tears from her cheeks, and asks, "Could they all be *Zaidee*? Could she be in so many different places? Are you sure it was our *Zay*, mamma?" At which name Sophy is once more overpowered, and weeps again. Angelina might have kept her secret to herself, for all the good it has done; and now that there is leisure to think of her, all these ladies fall upon Angelina with the bitterest contempt. "And *she* has a baby!" says Mrs Vivian. You would fancy Mrs Vivian thought it some grand mistake in Providence, by the tone in which she speaks; and they are all extremely compassionate of poor Mr Green. The sympathy into which Angelina deluded them for her imaginary "decline," comes in now to swell their wrath; and the young Curate of Briarford, who is one of the fireside party, cannot but conclude this Vicar-ess of Newton Magna to be by no means a creditable representative of the Church Establishment, for the honour of which this very young gentleman is jealous above measure. And it is very well for Mrs Green that she is no longer solicitous about the favour of the Grange. The lady of the Manor could have inflicted a due and satisfactory punishment upon the curate's wife of her own parish, but it is not easy to reach the snug retirement of Newton Magna, where Angelina dresses her baby in extraordinary frocks of her own making, and the reverend John smiles upon her with

unfailing indulgence, and thinks the said frocks astonishing works of art. It is a small consolation to be indignant—a very small consolation to express one's opinion of Mrs Green, however terse and pithy the terms of this opinion may be; and the family heart, awakened from its resignation, longs for *Zaidee*, and will not be comforted concerning its lost child. In those winter nights they seem to hear footsteps climbing the hilly pathway through the storm and wind;—they seem to hear some wandering irresolute stranger coming and going about the doors and windows, as if afraid, and yet anxious to seek admittance; but when they hurry out on a hundred messages of search, there is no *Zaidee*—there is nothing but the falling leaves swept up in gusts, and rustling as they fly past like a flight of winter birds. Her life in Mrs Disbrowe's is the constant theme of conversation among them, and they are all familiar with the drab-coloured drawing-room—with Mrs Disbrowe's pink ribbons and comely face. *Zaidee* has met with friends at least—that is a consolation. She has not been harshly treated by the world, nor cast abroad altogether out of its homes. Safe and honourable shelter is a great thing to be certain of, and this she has had from the very day of her departure. If they had but known then!—if they could but have found her!—and Mrs Vivian, and Margaret, and Sophy, end their fireside conversation with again a notice of Angelina, very true if not very flattering. For "fools are never harmless," says Mrs Vivian bitterly. And when they go to rest, it is still with many thoughts of *Zaidee*, doubts and fears, and speculations of restless uncertainty; for all their inquiries have come to no result: the lost is more entirely lost than ever, and the hearts of her friends are sick with this second failing of all their hopes.

CHAPTER XXXV.—THE FAMILY FORTUNES.

The family circle of the Grange is grievously broken now. Instead of the young Squire and his projected improvements, those works which were to quicken the blood in the rural veins of Briarford, to stimulate the whole county, and double the rental

of the estate, Mrs Vivian governs these small domains, as Squire Percy's wife might be expected to govern them—though not without a trace that Squire Philip's mother is also here, not disposed to reject with utter prejudice the innovations sanctioned by

her absent boy. The estate goes on very well under her careful superintendence; and now and then, with a flash of feminine daring, from which she retreats hastily in feminine cowardice, Mrs Vivian dashes at a morsel of improvement too, and has it done before she has time to repent. There is no large young family now, uncontrolled, and without any necessity for controlling themselves, to make the Grange an expensive household; there are more rooms shut up in the family dwelling-place than it is pleasant to reckon, and a great many expenses curtailed; for the family of the Grange consists only of Margaret and Sophy, who find it very hard not to be dreary in that great drawing-room, once so well tenanted. The young ladies' room, once the brightest corner of the house, is dull now, with its fireless hearth, and with its sweet presiding genius gone; the library, cold and vacant, cries aloud for Philip; the house echoes only to those dull sounds which are lightened no longer by Percy's voice of frolic and youthful impetuous footstep; and *Zaidee*, whom *Sermo* seeks continually as he stalks about through the hall, and up and down the great staircase, accosting every one with his wistful eyes—*Zaidee*, whose voice was heard but seldom in the household, is the most sadly missed of all. The servants even pine for the old life, and tell each other how dull it is now in the Grange.

And Margaret Vivian watches at those far-seeing windows, no longer looking for the approach of any one, but, with a sad indefinite wistfulness, tracing those solitary roads as they disappear far away into the stormy heaven—watching those great masses of cloud swept hither and thither before the wind, the light leaves that rustle through the air in swarms, and that stouter foliage which stiffens on the dwarf oaks in every hedgerow. No, it is not the Rector of Woodchurch with whom Margaret's thoughts are busy. They are not busy with anything; they are drooping with the meditative sadness which marks, like a mental dress of mourning, where the heartbreak has been, and how it wears away. She is much too young, too fresh and human-hearted, to flatter Mr Powis's vanity by inconsolable

disappointment. She is consoled, but she is sad. An imaginative and thoughtful melancholy wraps heaven and earth for Margaret Vivian. She has found out the discord in our mortal music—the jar among all its harmonies; and though she does not favour poetry which treats of blights and desolations, and is rather less than more sentimental, Margaret, whose young life has come to its first pause, does make a pause at it, and stays to consider. It is already well for her fanciful mind that this curb has come, and by-and-by it will be better; so she stands at the window in the twilight, and no one reproves her; the discipline of Providence is working its own way.

And Margaret works very hard at her landscapes, and makes portraits of Briarford; also, having note of a new school of painting, begins to study a bit of greensward so closely that you can count its blades, and puts in every leaf upon her dwarfed and knotted oaks. There is a morsel of ground ivy in one of her sketches, which you would say must have been studied with a microscope, or painted by some fairy whose eyes were nearer to it than the eyes of common mortals are wont to be. But in spite of this, Margaret cannot get over *Zaidee's* criticism. It is quite impossible to tell what sort of a day it is from that placid canvass. It is Briarford, but it is not nature; and Margaret is as far as ever from knowing how people contrive to paint those invisible realities—the air and wind.

Sophy, in the meanwhile, is busy with her own avocations. Sophy is greater than ever in Briarford school—a contriver of holidays and manager of feasts. Mrs Wyburgh, who is always glad to share her afternoon cup of coffee with her young visitor, admires the activity which she is not able to emulate, and, with her rich Irish voice, calls Sophy “honey,” and declares she must be a clergyman's wife. The young Curate of Briarford, who is a Rev. Reginald Burlington, as old of blood and pure of race as Mr Powis himself, was somewhat inclined to extreme High Churchism when he came to succeed Mr Green, and had conscientious doubts on the subject of clergymen's wives. But the young gentleman has seen cause

to alter his sentiments singularly within the last few months. Nobody is known to have argued the question with him, yet his views are much ameliorated, and he too strongly coincides with Mrs Wyburgh as to the special vocation of Sophy Vivian. But the Rev. Reginald has no prospects to speak of, and Miss Sophy is not known to admire love in a cottage; so the young curate makes the best of his time by perpetual visits, and establishes himself, as a necessity, at the fireside of the Grange, where Sophy, in spite of herself, begins to look for him, and to wonder if any chance keeps him away; and thus the youthful churchman bides his time.

And Percy is in the Temple, a law student, burning his midnight oil not unfrequently, but seldom over the mystic authorities of his profession. Percy knows an editor, and writes verses. Percy, once extremely economical, begins to unbend a little in his severity, and intends to make a brilliant *début* as an author. The youngest son is full of life, of spirit, of frolic, and affectionateness when he goes home. It is as if some one from another sphere had lighted among them, when Percy makes a flying visit to the Grange. Mrs Vivian says it is a certain thing that he cannot be an idle student, for he is never happy without occupation; for this good mother does not know what a restless, brilliant, busy mode of idleness her son is proficient in. They wonder at his hosts of friends; they wonder at his bright and happy animation, and the fulness of his undaunted hope. Yes, though Percy Vivian is a whole year older—though he has actually begun life—though he has known a great family reverse, and will have but a small portion of worldly goods falling to his share—Percy, still undismayed, spurns at the subject world in his proud, young, triumphant vigour, and knows no difficulty which was not made to be conquered.

And Philip is in India. The young Squire is no ascetic either; he has his pleasures, as they find, by these manly open-hearted letters of his. He tells them of his Indian Prince with a merry humour, and laughs at the habits of luxury he is acquiring, and threatens

to come home a nabob; and even while he prays them to send out a Cheshire gale, or one fresh day of the climate of Briarford, the young man in his honourable labours enjoys his life. He is working to make an independence for himself. Philip, the head of the house, will not consent to have the Grange. If Zaidee is lost, his mother and sisters may remain in it, and its revenues accumulate, says the brave young man; but Percy and he have their own way to make, and must establish themselves. When he says this, Philip sends part of his first year's allowance to Percy, to enable him to prosecute his studies; and Percy sends out to him a batch of magazines, with poems in them, in return.

Elizabeth is in Morton Hall, a beautiful young matron, doing all her duties with the simplicity which gives an almost royal dignity to her beauty, and Captain Bernard's dark face glows with the sober certainty of his great happiness. The Grange looks thankfully, but sadly, on its distant sons and its transplanted daughter. Life is brighter for those who have gone away than for those who remain. Nobody thinks of Zaidee, nor of the other losses of the family, as they do who are left at home; and those women, who are sometimes cast down in their wrestle, look abroad with wistfulness, and would almost envy, if they were not grateful for the lighter burden of the others. Their affection knows where to find Philip and Percy and Elizabeth—to rejoice and give thanks for their young abundant lives—but where is Zaidee, the lost child?

Zaidee is in her new home, growing as few have ever expected to see her grow—a pleasant life rising before her, a loving companion, friends who care for her. Zaidee's mind is alive and awake: she has thrown off her burden. If she longs for home, she is no longer desolate, and life rises before this voluntary exile fresh and fair as life should ever rise; for Hope has taken her hand again; she has far outgrown the pool of Briarford, and Zaidee's thoughts travel forth undaunted. There is no possibility so glad or so lofty but she is ready to accept it now.

## NOTES ON CANADA AND THE NORTH-WEST STATES OF AMERICA.

## PART IV.

## WISCONSIN.

WHEN that inestimable character, Mr Mark Tapley, arrived at the city of "Eden," the first conviction which forced itself upon his mind was, that he had never in the course of his previous experience felt called upon to be "jolly" under more "creditable circumstances" than when locating himself in that dismal swamp.

Without being quite so discouraging as Eden, there was nothing inviting in the first aspect of the extreme western point of Lake Superior, as a spot upon which to take up one's permanent abode. It was a raw, bleak morning; black clouds gathered behind the range to the north, and swept eastward across the broad lake, as if they meant mischief. The wind whistled over the narrow sandy spit of land on which we stood, curling up the corners of the bark upon the Indian wigwams, ominously flapping the curtain at the doorway, and sending the smoke eddying back into the eyes of the occupants, with a force which rendered them anything but agreeable habitations. A little schooner came dancing over the white waves of the lake, close hauled, and gunwale under; but there was a sea on the bar which frightened her away; and, standing off again on the other tack, she shortened sail, and prepared herself for the coming storm. There was another craft riding uneasily at her anchors in the Lagoon, and we heard afterwards that in the course of the night she had a narrow escape, and dragged almost ashore. Even the Sam seemed anxious to get away, and avoid the possibility of leaving her old timbers upon the shores of the St Louis, as materials for the first houses of the city of Superior. Meantime, we were becoming not a little desirous to reach the said city; and I could not help feeling grateful that fate had not destined me to be one of the original settlers. Indeed, I had no cause for complaint, as one of a party of four, determined to make the best of

everything, and before many months were over, to wind up our travels with a white-bait dinner at Greenwich (this is an event still to come off, by the way); so that good-fellowship and the prospects of home enabled us to regard discomforts and inconveniences in the light of adventures. It is when they become matters of everyday routine that they lose their character of romance; and it would require a good deal of faith in the future prosperity of an embryo town in the Far West, to induce one to live in it through the first stages of its existence. I therefore felt some commiseration for our fellow-passengers in the little boat which at last came to ferry us across to the "City." One was a German, with the usual roll of bedding, on the outside of which were strapped an axe, a gridiron, and a kettle; his companion was an Irishman, with nothing but never-flagging spirits and gigantic muscle to trust to in the western world before him; and the third was a Yankee, in a swallow-tailed coat, with a revolver, a bundle in a yellow silk pocket-handkerchief, and unfathomable "'cuteness" as his stock-in-trade. Our boatman was a well-educated and intelligent young Englishman, who had forced his way to this distant region early in the day, and had been the first to ply regularly upon the river; he charged high fares accordingly, but we did not grudge him the due reward of his enterprise. He told us that he was already worth more than his most sanguine expectations led him to anticipate, considering the short period of his stay; and, as a small clearing in the woods opened up to view, he showed us the timber walls of a bowling-saloon in the process of erection, the first of which Superior could boast. Indeed, that celebrated city now burst upon us in all its magnificence, and one lofty barn-like shed, surrounded by an acre of stumps, represented the future emporium of the resources of the fer-

tile and prolific country of which it is destined to be the metropolis. The arrival of the steamer had evidently created a sensation. There was a large group collected at the door of the barn which was called the Hotel, and little heaps of luggage were piled up in the mud; and here and there the more energetic among the late arrivals were cutting down branches and constructing sheds, or pitching tents among the bushes, or hurrying to and fro in all the excitement of preparing for a sojourn in the woods until permanent shelter could be erected. A tall, raw-boned American, with very short, wide trousers, and moccasins, was standing on a rough pier, constructed with a few logs, as we approached, and watched the process of our debarkation with languid interest. His aspect was as little encouraging to a stranger as the place of his abode. He had only one eye; and a deep scar at the left corner of the empty socket suggested the idea of a "difficulty" which had resulted in the violent abstraction of the other. A short stubbly mustache was united to a beard of a like character by a dried-up rivulet of tobacco juice; and one of his yellow, parchment-like cheeks was largely distended by a plug of the fragrant herb. "Gwine to locate in our city, gentlemen?" he drawled out as we collected round the tarpaulin package that contained our united effects, as if he thought we had come unusually well provided for such an experiment. We shook our heads. "Wal, *pro*-specting for copper, maybe?" We assured him we had no such intention. He looked a little puzzled, and favoured us with a lengthened stare of more than ordinary curiosity. "Ah," he said with a sort of doubtful grunt, "Injun traders;" but our appearance belied that, and he evidently expected the answer he received in the negative. He could gain no information from our costumes; they consisted simply of flannel shirts, and trousers of the same material, with the usual belts and knives. At last a bright thought struck him. "You're government surveyors," he said in a decided tone; but we scorned the idea: so he gave an incredulous spirt of tobacco juice, and turned his back upon us—evi-

dently in doubt whether, as Mr Chuckster would say, we were "precious deep," and would not reveal our intentions—or "precious flat," and had not got any. We then dragged our luggage some fifty yards up a steep muddy bank to the door of the hotel, and, not being taken the slightest notice of by any one, sat upon it in a helpless way. Just then I saw the Sam steam slowly out of the river: the last link which connected us with civilisation seemed broken, and I thought that to have been a friendless emigrant upon that distant shore—without a roof to cover one, or a bed to lie upon, surrounded by a gang of selfish, unfeeling adventurers—would have been perhaps the most unenviable experience in one's life. It was impossible to get an answer to a question, or to attract any interest whatever. Each person manifested the most profound indifference to everybody's concerns but his own; so we determined to watch the luggage and explore the city by turns. Striking along a swamp, and balancing myself upon the pine logs that served as a pathway, I observed a white sheet fluttering among the bushes, and, upon approaching, found that it was a tent formed of some sheets fastened ingeniously together with bark, and to which there was no visible entry. At last I discovered a part where it was not pegged down, and poking my head under, perceived lying in the centre, upon the hard damp ground, like a chrysalis in its cocoon, a huge mummied figure, wrapped in a blanket, above which gleamed a pair of spectacles; the only other article in the tent was a carpet-bag, which served as a pillow to the prostrate occupant; the keen wind was whistling under and through the thin cotton sheeting; the moisture oozed up through the damp soil; and as it was the middle of the day, I thought some serious malady was the occasion of so uncomfortable a proceeding. A pair of round eyes goggling at me through the spectacles relieved me from any apprehension of waking the sufferer, so I asked him if he was ill.

"No, stranger; guess I'm only lazy."

"But it will be very cold to-night."

"Wal, don't reckon on its being colder than it was last night."

"Then, do you mean always to live here?"

"Ah, shouldn't wonder. I have got a house building on hill 'ull be the finest in the city for a spell. I'll make it a saloon, and there will be a room 18 by 25. The rent is only two hundred dollars a-year; if you've a mind to it, go up by swamp half a mile and see it, and come back and tell me what you think of it. I ain't one of your darned picayunish coons, and 'll hold on to this hyar fixing to oblige a stranger; but if you're nosing about to no good, wal, put!" This latter hint was given with such emphasis, and the eyes looked so threatening, that, as I had no design upon the saloon, I "put" forthwith, or, in less concise terms, took myself off, carefully avoiding my friend's fixing during the remainder of my stay at Superior. On my return to the hotel, I doubted whether the solitary and cheerless habitation I had just visited was not a preferable abode to the public lodging-house. As yet it was quite unfinished. The greater part of the interior was devoted to the purposes of a carpenter's shop. Sawing, planing, and hammering went on without intermission. There were piles of planks and bales of cotton, baskets of tools and casks of pork, all mingled indiscriminately; rough logs with rough people sitting on them, and shavings a foot deep everywhere. There was a lath partition which had not yet been plastered, and by looking through the interstices of which it was easy to discover that it was the bedroom of mine host, his wife, and family. A similar partition, in which a door had not yet been put, separated the eating-room from the dirt and shavings. A ladder led up through a trap-door to a spacious loft, which at first sight presented a most singular aspect. All round the sides were arranged beds of shavings upon the floor; and above each, suspended from the roof, were musquito-nets of all colours, so that they looked like a collection of variegated meat-safes imbedded in shavings. Above them, again, were a series of stages, supported by rickety wooden posts. Each stage was capable of containing two or three occupants, and the only means of access these latter possessed

was by "swarming" up the posts, to use a schoolboy's term. In one corner of the loft there was a small room screened off: this was the land-office; and as we have hitherto devoted ourselves to describing first impressions of Superior in its external aspect, a visit to the land-office will afford us a good opportunity of learning something more of its present condition and future prospects. It can rarely happen that a settlement in its incipient state, however brilliant its future prospects may be, is inviting; and if I have painted Superior in somewhat dingy colours, and taken a gloomy view of the emigrant's first experience, it is not to discourage him from adventuring in the wilds of America, but simply to warn him, that in order to realise those large sums which are gambled with there as if they were lottery tickets, he must expect hardships and trials of no ordinary nature. If he have a bold spirit, common prudence, and some fertility of resource, there is no part of the world in which those qualities can be turned to more profit and advantage than in Canada and the north-west states of America. Investments made with ordinary prudence are attended with scarcely any risk; for as civilisation advances, property everywhere increases in value, and in the course of time the most injudicious selection of land will realise a handsome profit. The value of land is frequently doubled in these regions in one year, or even in a few months; the difficulty is not to make money, but to keep it. The same incentives to the permanent accumulation of wealth do not exist in America which operate in England. No man cares to be the founder of a family in a country where all difference of birth is ignored, and it is impossible to entail his wealth upon a single representative of his family. The amusements of Americans are not so expensive as ours, and there are fewer of them; nor is there any rank or society which necessarily involves a heavy expenditure to the man whose home is in the Far West. Money is still less valuable for its own sake, or as an ingredient in his happiness. The amenities of civilisation have no charms for him. He longs to exchange his insipid existence in

an eastern city for the freedom of the woods, where his occupation has ever been reckless speculation, the excitement of which still forms his chief source of pleasure; so he plays away his fortune as soon as he has made it. His habits of life remain unchanged, whatever be his pecuniary circumstances; and whether the last card was a trump, matters very little to him, for he means to gamble all his life. To an Englishman intending to return to his native land with a comfortable independence, the country in which the Yankee speculates is the one for him to invest in; and if he is contented with a tithe of the winnings, without the risk, of the more dashing game, he will not repent the day when he crossed the Atlantic to seek his fortune on the shores of the American lakes. In looking out for eligible land-investments in an unsettled country, the attention of the explorer should ever be directed to the discovery of those localities which seem to combine the necessary requisites for a future town. If he wish to buy upon the shores of a lake, the two great considerations are, the excellence of the harbour, and the character of the back country, with the facilities which exist for transport into the interior; and to compare its merits with those of other spots upon the coast, so as to avoid the risk of competition. If he be desirous of settling in the interior, he should do so upon the banks of a river. The head of the navigation is a certain site for a town. Good water-power is almost indispensable, and a fertile back country, the nature of which may be judged of by the size and character of the timber: hardwood, including maple, birch, oak, &c., is an indication of the best land; softwood betokens a poorer soil; but upon the banks of a river the most valuable locations for lumber purposes are amid pine forests. If the land-speculator be fortunate enough to establish a pre-emptive claim upon a tract of land combining such qualifications upon the confines of civilisation, he may within a few years, or even before the last instalment of his purchase-money has been paid down, charge more for his land *by the foot* than he is at the same moment paying to government for it

by the acre, and, before ten years are past, may see a large bustling town covering the land which was clothed, when he bought it, with virgin forests; and find himself a millionaire, with just enough (if he be a Yankee) to meet the liabilities he has incurred in taking out a patent for diving-bells at New York, in laying down a gutta-percha pavement at New Orleans, and contracting to rebuild San Francisco after a fire; together with a few other experiments in various parts of his almighty continent, too trifling to mention.

But this mode of land-speculating is not alone confined to individuals. Companies are formed, who purchase large tracts of land in eligible localities; and the position of Fond du Lac appeared such a promising site, that two separate companies obtained grants of land at the mouth of the St. Louis. It is not difficult to perceive the advantages which the western extremity of Lake Superior holds out as a point for such speculation. It is situated at the head of the lake navigation of North America. Since the passing of the reciprocity treaty, by which the internal navigation of America is made available to the vessels both of England and the United States, there is uninterrupted fresh-water communication for large steamers, from thence to the sea by way of the St. Lawrence, a distance of 2000 miles. There is no harbour nearer than La Pointe, ninety miles distant upon the southern shore of the lake; and upon the northern the country is sterile and uninhabited, and affords no good harbour between Fond du Lac and the frontier of the British possessions and the United States. When the bar at the mouth of the St. Louis, on which there is now nine feet of water, is dredged, the lagoon, which is about six miles long and two broad, will be easy of access, as well as safe and commodious. Not only are the hills in the neighbourhood of Fond du Lac prolific in mineral resources, but the whole country lying to the west and south, and extending to the Mississippi, is rich, well watered, and susceptible in a high degree of cultivation. When it is settled, the whole cereal and mineral produce of Minnesota, and a great part of that of Wisconsin, must



find an outlet at this point, which will also be the port for the import trade of the east. A railway has already been projected from Superior to St Paul's, the head of the navigation of the Mississippi, 130 miles distant, when a large share of the traffic which has contributed to the rapid growth of Chicago will find its way by this route. As soon, therefore, as the advancing tide of civilisation made it apparent that the time had arrived to turn these capabilities to account, rival companies bought land, and hung up the plans of their prospective cities in all the hotels of the northern towns. These plans are magnificent in appearance. Handsome squares, avenues and streets, with pictures of the noble edifices with which, in the imagination of the artist, they are ornamented, dazzle with their splendour our unsuspecting emigrant, who labels his luggage for the perfect specimen of architecture which he sees marked in the corner as the National Hotel, situated upon the principal square; and on his arrival finds to his dismay a wooden shed in the midst of stumps, with an unfeeling landlord and beds of shavings. It is, however, fair to say that the chances are strongly in favour of the bright visions in the plans being realised in an incredibly short space of time.

It is only necessary to glance at the progress of Wisconsin, at the north-eastern corner of which Superior is situated, and at the character and capabilities of the State generally, to justify the prediction that in the course of a few years Superior will be as large and thriving as its other cities.

Wisconsin was only admitted into the Union as a State in May 1848. The rapid increase of its population has been unprecedented even in the annals of American progression. In 1838 the population, according to the State enumerations, was only 18,130; in 1850, the census returned the population as 305,391. I saw the Governor of the State in Washington in 1854, and he assured me that there were upwards of 500,000 inhabitants in Wisconsin, who had all emigrated there within the last fifteen years. It is needless to observe that the value of property must have risen commensurately with the increase of population, in order to support my as-

sertion as to the eligibility of Wisconsin as a field for investment; but it possesses many other attractions to the emigrant beyond that of mere progression. "The salubrity of the climate," says Mr Latham, "the purity of the atmosphere, and of the water, which is usually obtained from copious living springs, the coolness and short duration of summer, and the dryness of the air during winter, all conspire to render Wisconsin one of the most healthy portions of the United States." It is one of the most fertile as well as healthy. The general surface of the State is gently undulating; the higher elevations are upon the shores of Lake Superior, where the hills are covered with dense forests of evergreen; and the streams are rapid, affording good water-power. It is therefore a good timber district, and exports about 200,000,000 feet per year, while many of the ranges are rich in iron and copper ore. The soil is even here very rich; and, unlike mineral regions generally, this promises a rich reward to the farmer as well as the miner. But it is to the south-eastern part of the State that the attention of the farmer should be more particularly directed. I afterwards travelled along the southern boundary of Wisconsin—over its rolling prairies, where the long luxuriant grass was interspersed with flowers—past oak openings where belts and clumps of oaks vary the monotony of the prairie; for these forest giants alone can stand the action of the vast annual conflagrations which sweep over the western prairies, and which, while they enrich the grass, add doubtless to the productive power of the soil, and prepare it for the ploughshare. The soil is described as a dark brown vegetable mould, from one to two feet deep, very mellow, without stone or gravel, and very fertile. This charming country is intersected by five or six navigable rivers, and dotted with numerous extensive and beautiful Lakes. It possesses the greatest facilities for exporting its produce. Bounded on the north by Lake Superior, on the east by Lake Michigan, and on the west for 275 miles by the Mississippi, it has outlets in every direction, while railroads already connect its principal towns with New

York. The lake commerce of Wisconsin in 1851 exceeded 27,000,000 of dollars. Amongst the most important and valuable of the exports of Wisconsin, however, is lead, which is found in great abundance and richness upon the upper Mississippi. Such is a brief description of the attractions which this State offers to intending emigrants, which are more fully set forth in some thousands of pamphlets issued by the State immigration agent at New York, and which, having been printed in German, Dutch, and Norwegian, have been in a great degree the means of populating the State with settlers of different nationalities from the continent of Europe.

I was glad to have the opportunity of witnessing the process by which a vast and heretofore almost uninhabited country was becoming thickly and rapidly populated, as a process which involved so much that was interesting and anomalous.

The blind confidence which induces crowds of utterly destitute people to emigrate to comparatively unknown and altogether uncivilised regions, with the intention of living there permanently—the cool presumption with which crowded steamers start for cities which do not exist, and disgorge their living freights upon lonesome and desolate shores, to shift for themselves, and the very remarkable manner in which they do shift for themselves—first, by building a hotel, then a newspaper office, then probably a masonic lodge, or something equally unnecessary, then saloons and places of public entertainment—and, finally, shops and ordinary dwelling-houses—are amongst the most novel and characteristic experiences of a traveller in the Far West.

Having inspected the plan of the city in the land-office before described, we sallied forth to choose some lots for our own benefit; and having been particularly fascinated by the eligible position of some, situated within two doors of the bank, just round the corner of the grand hotel, opposite the wharf, fronting the principal square, and running back to Thompson Street—in fact, in the very thick of the business part of the town—and preceded by a very communicative

and civilised young man, evidently imported from New York or Boston for puffing purposes, we commenced cutting our way with bill-hooks through the dense forest, which he called Third Avenue, or the fashionable quarter, until we got to the bed of a rivulet, down which we turned through tangled underwood (by name West Street), until it lost itself in a bog, which was the principal square, upon the other side of which, covered with almost impenetrable bush, was the site of our lots. We did not think it worth our while cutting our way through them to the business quarter, and therefore returned somewhat sceptical, despite the glowing eulogy which our cicerone passed upon our selection, of its wisdom; and almost disposed to quarrel with one of our quondam fellow-passengers whom we met, and who asked us if “we had got to housekeeping yet.”

The *table d'hôte* was quite in keeping with the hotel in which it was given. Twenty or thirty rough fellows, in red flannel shirts, and knives and pistols stuck into their girdles, sat round the massive table to wash down a great quantity of hard salt pork with brandy, and garnish their conversation, of which they were very chary, with a singular variety and quantity of oaths. Indeed, so frequently and inappropriately are they lugged into the common parlance of backwoodsmen, that it is at first very difficult to understand anything that is said; and as, even when used as an embellishment in civilised conversation, they do not give one a very high estimate of the sense of the speaker, when they also interfere with the sense of the sentence, familiar intercourse with the denizens of the West is neither profitable nor attractive. There was a judge at dinner, who was a singular instance of this; and if his decisions were framed in such blasphemous terms as his talk, it would have been morally impossible for his suitors to understand him unless they had undergone a special education for the purpose. He was seeking rest from his judicial labours by a little “prospecting;” and had determined to employ his holidays by doing a stroke of business in the copper line. To

judge by his appearance, he had been a good deal in the bowels of the earth, and had not washed himself since he had started on his explorations. However, it was difficult to account for the filth and shabbiness of his attire, for he had with him an unusually large portmanteau — in which he was always burrowing — competent to contain a sufficient supply of clothes for the most fastidious. Upon one occasion, however, when a group was collected near this mysterious receptacle, he suddenly opened it and displayed an enormous bundle, on the top of which were sprinkled a few dirty socks and collars, and which, on being untied, was found to contain huge specimens of copper, with which he was returning to his native State to induce his friends to advance the funds necessary for his purposes.

In olden time people used to say that poverty made one acquainted with strange bed-fellows. This is an experience which nowadays the traveller shares with the pauper, and it is involved by a tour in the Far West to an unusual extent. When the shades of evening closed upon Superior, and we had smoked a pipe or two in the twilight, we asked our host whether he could give us sleeping accommodation, to which he considerably replied: "Wal, I guess, if you can find a corner that's not pre-empted, you may spread your shavings there." And having received this permission to litter ourselves down amongst the prostrate figures in the loft, and luckily hit upon a corner that was not pre-empted, we formed our blankets into sacks, which we filled with shavings from the shed below, and pulled up the ladder after us. Fortunately there were very few mosquitoes, as we were unprovided with nets; but we had no sooner stretched ourselves upon our beds than we discovered the reason of our supposed good fortune in finding a vacant corner to consist in its being exposed to the full force of the wind, which whistled through the interstices of the logs of which the walls were composed, and one of which, just at my ear, was big enough for me to fill up with my coat. I could scarcely regret any cause, however disagreeable,

which kept me awake to contemplate for a short time the novelty of our night's quarters. We were surrounded by thirty or forty snoring men in every variety of costume; for the process of turning-in in the West consists simply of kicking off shoes or moccasins; while here and there previous "claims" were being somewhat querulously discussed; and at the further end of the loft an eager party were leaning over a table, on which stood a bottle, with a tallow candle placed in it, playing "faro," a game they had imported with them from California; for some of our bed-fellows had taken a turn at the diggings, and, with their lank hair, unkempt beards, and rugged features, lit up with an unusual excitement by the interest of the game, they formed a group whose aspect was by no means reassuring to four quiet Cockneys. Moreover, men were continually "swarming up" posts to roost upon fragile platforms over our heads, and slipping rapidly and unexpectedly down them again. The creaking of these became ominous, as stout "parties" rolled uneasily in their sleep upon very thin planks, placed so far apart that, by looking up, we could see their forms between them, and lay in no small terror of being deluged with a cataract of tobacco juice; and there was a wrangling kept up in the land-office, for a long time. At least I listened to it until snores, and oaths, and creaking became all blended into a soft murmur, and gradually worked themselves into a series of pleasant dreams of home.

Before sunrise, however, we were roused to the stern realities of back-wood life. And as we had no intention of "getting to housekeeping" in Superior, it became us to think of proceeding on our journey westward. This, however, was no easy matter; and the various descriptions we received of the relative merits of the different routes to St Paul's, whither we were bound, were by no means encouraging. These were three in number; but no two accounts agreed, either with regard to the time the journey would occupy, or the difficulties to be encountered. There was one route which involved walking

sixty miles through swamps, with the chance of finding a canoe at the St Croix River; and in default of that, walking sixty more, carrying our provisions with us for the whole distance, and sleeping out every night. And there was another by the Brulé River, which would probably occupy three weeks in a bark canoe, but might take much more if the water was low, and we could get no information upon that point; so we decided upon the first, and had engaged some voyageurs to accompany us; but, as we were on the point of starting, their courage failed them, and they refused point-blank to move a foot; at which crisis a man who had just arrived from St Paul's—indeed the only person who had made the journey during the season—proposed a third route, by the St Louis and Mississippi, which, after much discussion, was finally adopted, and which involved a great many preparations. We began by buying a bark canoe for twenty dollars; then we tried to engage two Indians, as well as two voyageurs. The former were painted warriors of the Chippe-way tribe, who had just returned from the war-path, and had scarcely ever seen “pale-faces” in their lives before. They seemed willing enough to come at first, but when they found that our proposed route lay through the country of the Sioux, with whom they are at war, they backed out, and we were reduced at starting to our two half-breeds, Batiste Cadot and Jean Le Fève, whose services we had so much trouble in securing. At their instigation we laid in, at the only store in the place, a hundred pounds of flour, three hams, some bacon, tea, sugar, biscuits, and brandy. The purchase of these articles involved an immense amount of liquoring up, for our trip had now become matter of notoriety, and ourselves of no little curiosity. Conflicting advice was tendered in every direction by people who knew nothing whatever of the matter, but who all expected a drink for their trouble. As the brandy was villanous and expensive, it was no less a tax upon one's stomach than one's pocket. However, it is one of the most ancient and sacred institutions of the country, whenever you are intro-

duced to a man at the bar of a hotel, to “liquor him right away;” a compliment which, according to the strict rules of American etiquette, he ought to return before parting with you. In the fulness of their affection for us, some of these gentry, who wanted to make the journey at any rate, but lacked the necessary funds, offered to accompany us to St Paul's; and it was not without running some risk of giving offence that we declined their proposal. At last we bade adieu to our Superior friends, and with a voyageur at each end of the canoe, stowed away our four selves at the bottom of it, having made a convenient disposition of the luggage and stores for that purpose. It was upon a lovely morning, near the middle of August last, that we started on our voyage up the St Louis, here about two miles wide, and dividing the State of Wisconsin from the Minnesota territory. Soon after leaving Superior, we paddled past a few log-huts, the residences of our own voyageurs and others of the same fraternity, who originally settled here many years ago as British subjects, and servants of the North-West Company. They pointed out to us the remains of the Old Fort, and a little beyond it we saw the debris of the rival establishment which belonged to the Hudson's Bay Company. Voyageurs and Yankee speculators have all the Indian trade to the south of the boundary-line to themselves now. At the head of the bay, where the river takes a sharp turn to the south-west, it is full of fields and islands of wild rice, intersected with so many channels that an inexperienced voyageur might easily lose himself.

Although we were so far north, as the banks of the river approached one another we might have imagined ourselves in the tropics. The massive foliage on either side dipped into the water; the stream was dark and sluggish; and a burning mid-day sun rendered the labour of paddling a heavily laden canoe somewhat irksome. We were, therefore, seven hours in reaching the Indian village of Fond du Lac, twenty-one miles from Superior. Here we determined to lighten our work, by taking two Indians, and another canoe for some of the baggage. This

consisted principally of provisions, as we carried no tent, and our spare wardrobe was limited to a flannel shirt a-piece. There will no doubt be a town built shortly at Fond du Lac, as it is navigable for steamers drawing six feet of water, and there are good mill-sites at the falls of the St Louis, the head of the navigation. The Manhattan is the only steamer which navigated the river to this point in 1850. The trading-house of the American Fur Company is situated on the north shore of the river, and immediately opposite is the corner of the State of Wisconsin; it is also the corner of the boundary lines running south and east between the ceded lands of the Chippeway, and those still held by that tribe east of the Mississippi. Professor Owen says, that the waters of the Lake Basin had their western terminus formerly above this place.

There was a good deal of excitement in the village, in consequence of a murder which had been committed a day or two before our arrival. The father-in-law of the chief had been tomahawked in his hut, and a serious division in the tribe was likely to be the result. The village contains about 400 inhabitants. We lunched in a neat cottage belonging to a half-breed, while the "sauvages," as the voyageurs call the Indians, were preparing their canoe; and afterwards made the unpleasant discovery that the Messieurs Batiste Cadot and Jean Le Fève were somewhat savage in temper themselves.

The art of managing strange servants in a strange country is one of the traveller's most valuable accomplishments, and his personal comfort, if not the actual success of his expedition, very often depends upon his tact and patience. Both these qualities were destined to be severely tried by our two voyageurs at Fond du Lac, and from their dogged insolence and refusal to obey orders, we augured badly for the future, though we could not discover the cause for such a manifestation of discontent, unless it arose from our having intimated at starting that we intended to lose no time on the way, a determination which did not accord with their interests, since they had stipu-

lated, as an indispensable condition, that they were to be paid by the day, doubtless with the view of taking advantage of our ignorance of the route, as we were evidently such "griffins" at bark-canoe voyaging. However, we mustered a good deal of general travelling experience among us. B. had spent two years of his life among the Arabs of Barbary and the Kurds of Upper Mesopotamia; A. had undergone a settler's experience in New Zealand, and made the tour of the world, besides a little desultory travelling to Mexico and South America; my own wanderings extended to the frontiers of Thibet and Kalmuck Tartary; and C. had gone through the ordinary course of European travel; so that this display on the part of our voyageurs did not give us much uneasiness.

The view from our resting-place was striking. Below us the river wound between islands, and on the opposite shore the Indian village dotted the cleared country; behind it a high range clothed with forest rose abruptly, one peak attaining an elevation of about seven hundred feet, of so precipitous a character that it can only be ascended from one side. The summit is a level bare rock, exposing to the south a perpendicular face, several hundred feet high. Sending our canoes round by the river, we took a short cut over some low land covered with cedar, basswood, and other swampy bush, and then crossing a ridge, descended a steep bank to the river-side, where we found it a tumultuous torrent, compressed between banks about a hundred feet high, so boiling and bubbling that it did not seem to have recovered the excitement of going over the falls. These commenced here, and to avoid them we were compelled to make a long portage of eight miles. We thus lost some magnificent scenery. The lower falls are described as a series of cascades, ten or eleven in number, and from six to seven feet in height, running obliquely across the stream, and extending for half a mile. The water falls in this distance a hundred and three feet, gliding rather than falling over inclined layers of slate. The second falls are more imposing: enormous walls of rock, thirty to

forty feet in height, project from either bank, and run nearly across the river like huge dams. At one point the river forces itself through a passage forty feet wide, the width of the river above and below being from a hundred and fifty to two hundred yards. The third and fourth falls are made up of a series of cascades. The entire fall of the river in these few miles is three hundred and eighty-nine feet, and the scenery throughout grand in the extreme.

We only carried one canoe across the portage, as the Indians said they had another in *cache* on the other side. The burdens which these men carry are scarcely credible. One of our stout fellows clambered up the almost perpendicular bank with 60 lb. of flour on his head, with no more apparent inconvenience than if it was his ordinary head-dress, and with a good load on his back besides; another packed up the cooking utensils and remaining provisions, and trudged merrily away; the two voyageurs shouldered the canoe; we did the same with our guns, having first killed a kingfisher, the only living creature we had as yet seen,—and tramped through the woods along the narrow trail, until the growing darkness and the murmurs of the voyageurs compelled a halt. We dined on damper and bacon, washed down with the concentrated essence of green tea, strong enough, in woodsman's parlance, "to float an axe;" and then, with our feet to the fire, and wrapped up in our blankets, we lay watching the stars twinkling through the dense foliage overhead, until the soothing influence of coarse Cavendish exerted its soporific effects, and we followed the example of our servants, who had long since been snoring roundly on the opposite side of the fire. We were preparing breakfast before daylight on the following morning. P.'s culinary acquirements were most valuable, and he produced quite a variety of dishes, with flour and bacon as the only ingredients. Neither the Australian damper nor the Indian jupatty are, however, to be compared with the bread which our voyageurs made, and which was leavened with yeast, carried in convenient portable packages.

We had camped half-way across the portage, so we had four miles to walk to the river, where we found a canoe in *cache*, and paddled against a current so impetuous that the waves often dashed into the canoe; and we were half-an-hour accomplishing fifty yards. At last, after having forced our canoe, by dint of immense yelling and punting, up rapids that would have given a salmon pleasant exercise, we reached a rocky island about eighty feet high, dividing the stream into torrents that were quite impracticable. We therefore were compelled to make a portage of three miles, called the "knife portage," because the surface of the ground is covered with masses of slate, which cut through moccasins. At the other side of the portage the scenery is very fine: the river makes a perpendicular fall of fourteen feet; and though the altitude is inconsiderable, the body of water which rushes over the ledge of rock has a most imposing effect. The men were obliged to make two trips across the portage, as, with the second canoe, it was impossible to convey over everything in a single journey. Delays of this sort are unavoidable upon these rivers, but their duration depends very much upon the good-will and activity of the voyageurs and Indians. We were still playing at cross purposes, and being annoyed by our men in every possible way. Our occupations upon these occasions usually were fishing, without catching anything—shooting, almost without shooting anything—cooking, sketching, and bathing. After dining on a jay, a woodpecker, and a kingfisher, we started again. The current was so rapid that we were frequently obliged to have the men to pull the canoes up the river, and to follow them along the banks. This was a trying process to feet covered only with moccasins, and I soon found that, however comfortable they are upon swampy trails, a good shooting-boot would have been infinitely preferable upon the sharp rocks.

We found a good camping-ground in the evening upon the right bank of the river, and were completely exhausted with our day's work when we arrived. We received not the slightest assistance from our men in making a

fire or preparing the camp; and when they found that we made our arrangements independently of them, they informed us that they intended to leave us and return. This we assured them they were at perfect liberty to do, but that as we meant to keep both the canoes, all the provisions, and should certainly not give them any of their pay, they would find the return journey very laborious and somewhat unprofitable. As they were not in a position forcibly to dispute this arrangement, they stated, in a more humble tone, that they considered themselves overworked, and we effected an amicable compromise at last, by which it was agreed that they were to work twelve hours a-day, and be their own masters in all other respects, choosing the camping-grounds, hours for starting, having meals, &c. After this we got friendly and confidential, and discussed the merits of a voyageur's life, and the prospects of Indian trade, in bad French, with much profit. Le Fève informed us that he had once made a bark-canoe voyage with a French philosopher, who took observations everywhere, and who determined the spot at which we were then camped as having an altitude of nine hundred feet above the sea. Our palaver was most disagreeably terminated by a heavy shower of rain, in the midst of which we turned in for the night. Tilting the canoe on its side, we put our heads under it, and made a sort of screen of tarpaulin, which prevented the rain from beating upon our faces; but when we woke next morning, we found that it was still raining hard, and that we were lying in a puddle wet through. Under these circumstances, tobacco is the invariable resource of the voyageur. We were now in Minnesota territory, far beyond the utmost limits of White settlement, and in this part very little traversed by Indians. In the whole course of our voyage up the St Louis, we only saw one wigwam after leaving Fond du Lac. There was not much variety in our life. Sometimes it rained hard all day, but we pressed pertinaciously on, forcing our canoes against the swollen current. Our aspect upon these occasions would have astonished a quiet party of Indians not a little,

as, with pipes in our mouths and paddles in our hands, we struggled furiously with the stream, sometimes carried back against the rocks, at others hanging for a moment or two in the middle of the rapid, unable to advance a yard, and then, with a vigorous spurt, shoving our light bark into the smooth water beyond; then, paddling with measured stroke to the melodious chants of the voyageurs, and joining lustily in the chorus of them all, but more especially of the one which begins—

Deux canards blancs  
S'en va baignants,  
En roulant ma boulé;  
Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,  
Roulez, roulons, ma boulé roulons.

*Chorus.*

En roulant ma boulé, roulons,  
En roulant ma boulé.

And which goes on, throughout an interminable number of verses, to recount the history and adventures of the ducks and the prince, with its cheery chorus ever recurring. Then we would wake up the slumbering echoes of these old woods with English college songs they had never heard before, and which the Indians, who have excellent ears, always picked up and sang in perfect time, with a very good imitation of the words, amid shouts and laughter. A good understanding having been once established, we became the best friends imaginable, and a more noisy, merry party never stemmed the waters of the St Louis. As we passed the solitary wigwam before mentioned, our shouts brought an old woman, its only occupant, tottering to the bank. She informed us that her husband was out upon the war-path against the Sioux; that he was a great warrior from Rainy Lake, and had a splendid collection of scalps in his hut; that he had killed a bear a few days before he left, and she proposed to "trade" a hind quarter with us for some biscuits. We were delighted to make the exchange, as we had not tasted fresh meat for some days, and were getting excessively tired of nothing but rusty ham and flour; indeed we had scarcely any of the former left. So we regaled ourselves that night with a royal feast on "tender bear," the cooking of which caused the greatest possible

excitement, and the effect of which was to make us all sleep so soundly that we missed some sport in the night. A large animal crossed our camp and woke two of us, who seized their rifles, and jumped up just in time to hear the plunge in the water, and see indistinctly an object swimming across the river, but they could not tell whether it was a bear or a cariboo. At all events, it was the only animal except a skunk that we saw upon the St Louis. The principal drawback to travelling in this part of America is the almost utter absence of all game; so that not only is sport out of the question, but there is an actual difficulty in procuring means of subsistence with the rifle in case of the supply of flour running out. We tried the St Louis with fly, bait, and troll lines, but without the slightest success; indeed, the appearance of the water is anything but promising; it was the colour of coffee—so dark as to make navigation very dangerous. The utmost vigilance often failed to discover a jagged rock not three inches below the surface, upon which a severe blow might possibly have sunk us on the spot. As it was, we were often obliged to jump out into the water, and every evening there was a great deal of patching up, with gum, of wounds received on the bottoms and sides of the canoes. The dexterity of the voyageurs in everything connected with the incidents of our mode of travel was marvellous. Whether it was displayed in punting the canoe up a foaming torrent with long poles, or discovering with quick glance hidden rocks, quite imperceptible to the inexperienced eye, and avoiding them with inimitable presence of mind, or in carrying heavy loads over rocky portages, or cooking excellent dishes with inadequate materials, or making a cosy camp with a bit of tarpaulin and a few branches, or mending the canoe with strips of bark and gum, they were never without resources; and if not interfered with, were good, active servants; but they resented in the highest degree any dictation upon matters in which they were proficient, and we had no inclination to disturb arrangements which were the result of long experience, and always proved advantageous. The voyageurs are

half-breeds, but pique themselves very much on their French origin; look upon the "sauvages" with immense contempt, and talk an old Norman patois, which is very intelligible. They are most valuable servants to the Hudson's Bay Company; possessed of great powers of endurance and knowledge of the country, their Indian blood renders them convenient channels for intercourse with the different tribes for trading purposes. They are hardy and independent, not more dishonest than their neighbours, and easily managed by those who understand their peculiar temperament. Those in the neighbourhood of Superior have profited from the rise in the value of property, and have not been improved by their intercourse with the Yankees, and increase of wealth. Our voyage up the St Louis was somewhat tedious, notwithstanding the occasional beauty of the scenery, where broad reaches were dotted with green islands, or high rocks compressed the river within a narrow channel; and we were glad, after having ascended it for about eighty miles, to turn off into a small tributary, called the Savannah River, which was not more than ten yards wide. Although there was comparatively little current, our progress here was even slower than in the St Louis. In places the channel was almost choked up with fallen trees, drift-wood, weeds, and debris of all sorts—a prominent feature in which was frequently the wreck of a canoe. The banks being composed of soft clay, slides often occurred, carrying with them their growth of trees, and which, collecting in the beds and narrow parts, form what are called "rafts." Sometimes, where a tree had fallen right across the river, we were obliged to lift the canoes over it, and, more often still, to press them under the logs, and jump over them ourselves. Some of these trees, we observed, from their pointed ends, had been cut down by the industrious beaver; and the voyageurs showed us the remains of a former dam. The danger of sharp rocks was here exchanged for that of snags; and it set our teeth on edge to hear the grating of a pointed stick along the bottom of the thin bark canoe. The effects of this were soon apparent, and we found



our canoes leaking heavily before the close of the first day in the Savannah. The stream wound sluggishly between low banks covered with long grass, from which shot lofty trees, aspen, maple, ash, elm, birch, hemlock, pine, and fir, that met overhead, and formed an agreeable shade from the noonday sun. It was just such a jungle as would have been considered good tiger-cover in India; and yet here not even the chirp of a bird broke the perfect stillness, which is one of the most striking peculiarities of American forests, and which often exercises a painfully depressing influence upon the spirits. Nevertheless, as the sun glanced through the thick foliage, the effects were certainly pretty, and there was a novelty in the style of navigation which rendered it full of interest. We passed the smouldering embers of a camp-fire of a party of Indians, and shortly afterwards the voyageurs pointed out to us a rock which is worshipped by them, and on which every person that passes puts an offering of tobacco for the benefit of Manito.

After we had followed the tortuous river for some miles, we suddenly found ourselves in a labyrinth of channels winding among long rushes, and we were informed that we had entered the great Savannah itself. As, however, the rushes almost met overhead, it was impossible to form any impression of it, so we contented ourselves with poking on, trusting to the instinct of our voyageurs not to lose themselves in the singular and intricate navigation in which we were now engaged. At last we saw a clump of tall birch-trees, for which we steered, and found ourselves upon a small circular island, which afforded a comfortable resting-place, and from which we could take an inspection of the Savannah, which was nothing more than a boundless swamp, covered with wild rice (the stalks of which were sometimes ten or twelve feet high), and dotted over with islands similar to the one upon which we stood, and from which sprung tall birch-trees, their white stems forming an agreeable variety in the endless expanse of pale green rushes. The exertion of forcing our canoes along the devious channels which intersected this swamp

in every direction, was very great. The voyageurs said they had never seen the wild rice so rank and abundant. The seed was quite ripe, and very sweet, so we amused ourselves plucking the ears and eating their contents as we pushed slowly along. Sometimes we grounded on floating islands of vegetable matter, at others were deluded into the idea that it was practicable to punt, and were only undeceived by sticking the pole so deeply into the mud that it required all hands to pull it out. Very often the channel was altogether choked, and the rice was so thick that paddling was impossible; and we only extricated ourselves by the most violent and united efforts. It was upon one occasion while thus engaged, and unable to see three yards in any direction, that we suddenly found ourselves face to face with a naked savage, alone in a bark canoe, who, glowering at us through the rushes, looked as if he was some amphibious animal indigenous to the swamp, and whose matted hair, hanging over his shoulders, was no improvement to a hideous face daubed over with ashes, and which displayed some terror at so unexpected a rencontre. His first impulse evidently was to escape, but that was impossible, and as we looked amiable, and addressed him through one of our Indians, he seemed reassured, and told us he had returned from an expedition against the Sioux; that he was the husband of the woman from whom we had got the bear, and was now on his way to Fond du Lac, to revenge the death of his relative, who had been murdered there, and for whom, he said, pointing to the ashes upon his face and head, he was then mourning. As our dough diet was beginning to tell upon some of the party, we were glad to exchange some powder with him for a partridge and a pigeon; and so we parted with mutual good wishes, and left this wild man of the lakes and forests to proceed on his solitary mission of blood and vengeance. The only other incident, in the course of our passage through the great Savannah, was the appearance of a flock of wild ducks, one of which C. shot; but as it dropped among dense rushes, we were obliged, after a long search, to give up all hope

of finding it. Our night-quarters, in this delectable region, were the most disagreeable we had as yet experienced. We had reached a shallower part of the swamp, and were obliged to get out of the canoes, and walk for about a mile up to our waists in mud and water. At last we found a dry spot, on which we made our fire, and strewed long grass, as usual, for our beds, and looked over the cheerless marsh in a somewhat desponding frame of mind. We had already been nearly a week *en route*, and had not succeeded in procuring an ounce of fresh meat by our guns; our salt meat was exhausted, which we scarcely regretted, as it had been rancid from the first; and a considerable quantity of our flour had got wet at the bottom of the canoe, and was spoiled in consequence. We had a portage of sixteen miles before us for the following day, and, according to the account of the Indian from whom we had just parted, there was scarcely any water in the Little Savannah, where we hoped again to launch our canoe. The Indians, moreover, determined to return, as they were approaching so near the country of the Sioux, that they began to feel a little nervous about the safety of their "hair;" and had therefore come to the conclusion that, after seeing us safely across the portage, they would not be justified in exposing their scalps to further risk. The voyageurs took a rather gloomy view of matters generally, and would venture upon no opinion as to the probable date of our arrival at St Paul's. We had already occupied twice the number of days in reaching our present point that they had specified at starting; and so they sulkily said, as they had been wrong before, they would give us no information upon the subject, beyond that of assuring us that the distance to St Paul's was considerably over 500 miles; and as I had but a very limited time at my disposal, this was by no means comforting. To add to our miseries, a dense mist settled heavily down upon the swamp, and we could feel the chill damp air eating into our very bones; myriads of mosquitoes, against which we had no protection, literally hived upon us, and B. complained of feeling ill. Indeed, we were all more

or less affected from contact with the poisonous ivy, from which he seemed to suffer most severely. His face and head were so much swollen that his eyes were scarcely visible, and his hands and arms were double their natural size. This, we were assured by the voyageurs, resulted from our having slept on a description of plant which they called poisonous ivy; and certainly, although neither A. nor myself were so much disfigured, our fingers looked very much like Bologna sausages. Altogether, I did not fall asleep in a happy state of mind, more especially as, when in the act of doing so, I made the discovery that my blanket was already completely saturated with moisture. We generally lay pretty close together, but that night an ordinary blanket would have covered us all four very easily. It was our usual habit for the first who should awake to give such a yell as not only to rouse the rest of the party, but to startle them so effectually as to render it impossible that they should again relapse into a state of somnolency. Sometimes it was the *lève, lève* of the voyageur that first fell upon the unwilling ear; but we were more often frightened *into* our senses by an unearthly screech from A., who used to think he had done his duty, and not being in the least startled himself, drop contentedly off to sleep again, with the pipe hanging gracefully from his lips, which he had inserted the last thing the night before.

When day dawned upon the Savannah, however, it found us all wonderfully lively, for everybody had been lying awake on the look-out for it for some time. At last the morning sun dispelled the mist. We pulled on our moccasins, wrung the water out of our blankets, swallowed a jorum of pure green tea, eat a pound of dough, and were only too glad to make a start. Having *cached* the small canoe for the Indians to return with, we commenced dragging the other after us, and wading for two miles through a tamarack swamp, often so deep that we were obliged to balance ourselves upon poles, where a false step would have buried us in mire. Altogether it is considered the worst "carrying place" in the north-west—a character which the wrecks

of canoes, smashed in the attempt to carry them over, fully justifies. At last we reached the edge of the Savannah, where we made a distribution of effects, and with our separate loads started off on our walk across the water-shed, having finally left the streams which run into the Gulf of St Lawrence, with the intention of launching our canoe upon the head waters of those which flow into the Gulf of Mexico. The Indians, who carried the canoe, took a different route from that which we followed under Le Fève's guidance, upon which alone we were dependent, for there was not a vestige of a path to an ordinary eye. Le Fève, however, assured us that we were on the north-west trail, and that if we went on long enough, should reach the Red River settlement, and ultimately the shores of the Pacific, by the most approved route. We were, in fact, following the line of the projected railroad to the Pacific by the northern route, an enterprise the importance and magnitude of which may render it an interesting subject for consideration on a future occasion. The dividing range is composed of ridges of drift hills, covered principally with young birch, maple, and pine, on the tops of which are many enormous boulders, derived principally from granitic, gneissoid, and schistose rocks. The aspect of the country generally was tempting to the settler, and the view we obtained from the highest point of our route, and which had an altitude of about fifteen hundred feet above the sea-level, was charming in the extreme. Well-wooded hills, and valleys, and meadows with long rich grass, bore testimony to the fertility of the soil, while numerous lakes sparkled in the sunshine, and formed a most attracting picture; and I could not but believe that this country, which looked so bright and smiling even in a state of savage nature, was only waiting for the hand of man still more to gladden and to beautify it.

At our feet lay a small lake, with grassy plains extending to the water's edge, dotted with clumps of wood, and watered by tiny meandering streams, the course of which was marked by fringes of long rank grass. We could

just discern in the distance our Indians towing the canoe down one of these, until they reached the lake, which they crossed, and found their way out of it by another equally insignificant rivulet, called the Little Savannah River. Meantime we dived into the woods again, sometimes to come out upon grass country, sometimes to push our way through scrub and bush, and sometimes to wander through a forest of red pine, where no underwood impedes one's progress, or spoils the effect of those straight lofty columns which shoot upwards to a height of forty or fifty feet, and then, spreading out their evergreen capitals, completely roof in one of nature's grandest temples. At last we reached a small stream, where we waited for the canoe. This portage is always necessary; but at other times of the year, when there is more water, the distance is considerably reduced. The method of floating a heavily-laden canoe down a shallow stream is very simple, though somewhat tedious. The voyageurs hurriedly construct a series of little dams, and when enough water is collected to float the canoe over the shallows, they open them successively. It is, however, less trouble to lift an unloaded canoe out of the water altogether. Our voyageurs used to trade chiefly with the Indian tribes on Vermilion Lake, taking up cotton goods, blankets, tobacco, rum, &c., and receiving in return peltry, horns, &c. They go in the autumn, live with the Indians all the winter, and return in the spring, very much dissatisfied if they do not clear 100 per cent profit upon their outlay. The stream they were now engaged in damming up in the manner described, was the first we had reached flowing into the Mississippi; and although it was so small that a lady could have stepped across it without inconvenience, still its direction alone exercised a most cheering influence upon our spirits. A few miles lower down it fell into the Prairie River, a stream twenty yards broad, and deep enough to admit of the embarkation of the whole party.

The reason that travelling in wild countries is congenial to certain temperaments, does not consist, as it appears to me, in the variety of scene or

adventure which it involves, so much as in the vividness and diversity of the emotions which are experienced. For, as all pleasure derives its intensity in a great degree from the existence of pain, so the many drawbacks and discomforts of a rough life only serve to render its amenities more thoroughly enjoyable to those keenly susceptible of external influences. Thus our voyage down the Little Savannah River would have been robbed of half its attractions had we not undergone a miserable experience upon the great Savannah swamp. As it was, a few hours changed entirely the aspect of affairs. Instead of punting laboriously against an overpowering current, or forcing our gloomy way amid sedge and rush, or tramping wearily, with loaded backs, through mud and

water, we were now gliding easily and rapidly down the stream. We had shot some wood-pigeons in the course of our walk through the wood, so we looked forward to a good dinner and a hospitable reception at the Indian village on the shores of Sandy Lake, which we hoped to reach before nightfall; and in the cheering anticipation thereof, we bent our backs to our work with a will—our eight paddles dashed merrily into the water, sending showers of sparkling spray far and wide, and frightening the musk-rats out of their senses. The wooded banks echoed back our lusty French choruses, which we wound up with a British cheer, and shot out upon the broad bosom of the lake as it glittered in the rays of the declining sun.

## LETTER TO EUSEBIUS.

## ONCE UPON A TIME.

## PART II.

WE are advancing, my dear Eusebius, down the stream of time, and leaving real Antiquitie behind. That mystery should have a verse at parting. I ended my last with a sonnet, and commence this with another. Let Antiquitie hear—

“Hail! sacredness of hoar Antiquitie,  
That takest of the day no hue, but keepest  
The grey of silence, in the which thou  
    sleepest,

Or in repose like sleep—the mystery  
Of death’s no dying—thine eternitie,  
Dim shades of years in aisles sepulchral  
    heapest;

And in lone nights in the moon’s paleness  
    steapest

The love-writ records of mortalitie.

While thy compeer, Oblivion, from within  
Old shattered tombs, and dry decay, and  
    dust,

Comes forth in gloom of twilight, and with  
    thin

Cold finger droppeth soft corroding rust  
On sculptured scrolls and monumental pride;  
And the grieved ghosts through the chill  
    cloisters glide.”

Pass we on, then, to ever-living Shakespeare. You may travel with him, if you please, in our little volume, from London to Stratford, and so to and fro, and take your supper with him at

the hostelry, the Crown, in the Cornmarket in Oxford. But before you see Shakespeare in the presence of Queen Elizabeth, indulge yourself with a little intervening episode of Queen Elizabeth herself visiting the sports of May-day, when May-day was kept; before the “Puritans waged war with the Maypoles, and, indeed, with all those indications of a full-hearted simplicity, which were the echo of the universal harmony of nature,” as Mr Charles Knight well remarks; and as truly adding, “The Maypoles never held up their heads after the Civil Wars. The ‘strait-laced’ exulted in their fall; but we believe the people were neither wiser nor happier for their removal.” But to Queen Elizabeth a-Maying—how pleasantly graphic is the description! “The scene, Windsor. Her most gracious majesty is busily employed in brushing up her Latin and her Castle at the same time, doing Horace’s *Art of Poetry* into execrable rhymes, and building private staircases for the Earl of Leicester. Her employment and the season make her aspire to be poetical. She resolves to see the May-day sports; and, sal-

lying forth from the castle, takes a short cut, with few attendants, through the lawn which lay before the south gate to the fields near the entrance of Windsor town. The may-pole stands close by the spot where now commences the Long Walk. The crowd make obsequious way for their glorious queen, and the sports, at her command, go uninterruptedly forward. The group is indeed a most motley one. The luxuries of a white cotton gown were then unknown; and even her majesty's experience of knitted hose was very limited. The girls frisk away, therefore, in their grey kirtles of linsey-woolsey, and their yellow stockings of coarse broad-cloth; the lads are somewhat fuddled, and rather greasy; and a whole garment is a considerable distinction. The Queen of May is commanded to approach. She has a tolerable garland of violets and primroses, but a most unprepossessing visage, pimpled with exercise or ale. 'And so, my dainty maiden,' says her majesty, 'you are in love with Zephyr, and hawthorn bushes, and morning dew, and wendest to the fields ere Phœbus gilds the drifted clouds.'—'Please your majesty,' says the innocent, 'I'm in love with Tom Larkins, the handsome flesh-monger, and a pretty dressing my mother will give me for ganging a-Maying in the grey of the morning. There's queer work for lasses among these rakehellies, please your majesty.' Elizabeth suddenly turns with a frown to her lord-in-waiting, and hurries back as if she had pricked her finger with a May-bush." If you have not a specimen of the "poetry," you have the "prose" of a May-day in the olden time.

And now to Shakespeare—and who with him? You shall give him a notable companion; a grave, a wise one—not too grave nor too wise for Shakespeare, however, though it be Francis Bacon himself. Yet perhaps you will have some disappointment, for

there is no actual dialogue between them on record. Yet they met, and for what purpose? The gentlemen of Gray's Inn had to enact devices and shows and certain dramatic performances before the queen at Greenwich, at the close of the year 1587. There is a curious record extant in the British Museum, among the Garrick papers, showing of what kind were these "certain devices and shows." The subject, the Misfortunes of Arthur, Uther Pendragon's son. "It was reduced into tragical notes by Thomas Hughes, one of the Society of Gray's Inn." "Precious is this record," says Mr Charles Knight; "the salt that preserves it is the one name, Francis Bacon.\* Bacon, in 1588, was reader of Gray's Inn. To the devices and shows of Hughes' tragedy—accompaniments that might lessen the tediousness of its harangues, and scatter a little beauty and repose amongst the scenes of crime and murder—Bacon would bring something of that high poetical spirit which gleams out at every page of his philosophy." The gentlemen of Gray's Inn, and Burbage with the queen's players, on this occasion, were assembled at Greenwich. Shakespeare and Bacon, the greatest spirits of the age, or of any age, met, probably unconscious of each other's power. And yet, if Bacon had to suggest additions, alterations, improvements, they must have caught the observation of Shakespeare; for wisdom, like the air, carries the scent of many flowers to those who have the faculty ever open to receive it. But the queen, after a few days, wishes to renew the pastime. Shakespeare has witnessed the dulness of Hughes' efforts, and thinks he can please her majesty as well. "The cautious sagacity" of old Burbage is well told—he weighs (how could he weigh?) Shakespeare in his dramatic scales. After many mental *pros* and *cons*, he will trust the production of this William Shakespeare to the judg-

\* I know not if Mr Knight meant to perpetrate a pun when he wrote the "salt that preserved;" but as the salt was "Bacon," the hint seems to have been taken, and the salt applied where it should be, and Bacon made the recipient. A Miss Bacon, an American authoress, desirous of appropriating to the family name, and through it to herself, all genius, has written to prove that Shakespeare did not write "Shakespeare," but that Bacon did. This is, in the American phrase, "going the whole hog."

ment of the queen. It is *Love's Labour Lost*. The queen does judge well. She has heard something, indeed, very different from the old mythological formalities. Raleigh, who is present, acknowledges that "a real poet has arisen, where poetry was scarcely looked for." Every work of true genius is a "labour of love," and the world, from that day to this, has given approval, and declared, as it ever will declare, that Shakespeare's *Love's Labour*, in spite of its title, was not lost.

Now pass we on, Eusebius, or rather loiter about the same period, to hear a little of Shakespeare's rival—enemy, as people unknowing of the truth unwisely called him—Ben Jonson. He was probably a hasty man, but there is evidence enough of his generous spirit. This miniature biography, by Mr Charles Knight, is admirably told. It is a beautiful history of a mother with trust in her heart, which nothing can put aside, that her son will one day make a figure in the world. The aspect of fortune is frowning enough to all but her. She will have him to be a scholar, and fulfil his destiny. She, a widow, had married Thomas Fowler, a master bricklayer, the child being then about a year and a half old. The characters are well made out. The master-bricklayer husband is a commonplace, honest man, of fair commonsense, but no dreamer of the destinies of genius. Benjamin's mother is of quite another stamp—a woman of resolution, patience, of unalterable affection, and the keenest discernment and persuasion of the genius of her son. Benjamin is the inevitable genius—working out fame in his own strange way, as genius ever does, incomprehensible to the common-sense master bricklayer; and in that same ever-condemned untoward way did his contemporary Shakespeare work his way to fame that shall never die. Such was the child, the boy, the man Benjamin, till, true to his mother's prophetic instinct, he became the "Oh rare Ben Jonson." First the child, picking up somewhat wild knowledge in the parish school and in the alleys of St Martin's Lane—then the boy, who must "earn his living," mixing even then fine poetic thought into the

coarse mortar he is working with his hands; the grown youth, the friend of "Master Camden, good man, and learned," who will pay for his schooling; the half-starved scholar of Cambridge returning, destitute again, to take up the hod; the man, passionate, and of quarrel, receiving his grandfather's sword, and off to the Low Countries. Returns again, and finds his mother a second time a widow—works again a bricklayer, like an affectionate son, but has his old chamber and his learned books. Then comes the touching scene. The companion of wits and dramatists at the Mermaid, he writes and quarrels. A man is killed. Oh "rare" Ben, thou art in danger of thy life. He escapes that, and there is a memorial banquet given on the occasion. I must quote the finale, in which the heroic mother is true to herself and her gifted son. "There is a joyous company of immortals at the feast. There, too, is that loving and faithful mother. The wine-cups are flowing. There are song and jest and passionate earnestness, with which such friends speak when the heart is opened. But there is one whose shadow we now see more passionate and more earnest than any of that company." She rises, with a full goblet in her hand: "Son, I drink to thee. Benjamin, my beloved son, thrice I drink to thee. See ye this paper; one grain of the subtle drug which it holds is death. Even as we now pledge each other in rich canary, would I have pledged thee in lusty strong poison, had thy sentence taken execution. Thy shame would have been my shame, and neither of us should have lived after it." "She was no churl," says Benjamin. And had he not a right to say so, Eusebius?

A little more yet of Ben Jonson. In 1618 he undertook a pedestrian travel to Edinburgh, of which feat he appeared to be proud. Of which travel Bacon wittily said, that "he loved not to see poesy go on other foot than poetical dactylus and spondæus." Bacon, it seems, had a leaning to the drama, and kept up the intercourse with the dramatists, which had begun when he tried his emendations of the "devices and shows" for the queen's entertainment at Greenwich.

Doubtless, dramatists still think this one mark of his wisdom. At the same time "honest John Taylor," as a part of his "Penniless Pilgrimage," visited Scotland also, where he fell in with Jonson. The object of Mr Knight, in this essay of the *English Poets in Scotland*, is to show that Shakespeare also was there. I will not compliment him upon his success, his best argument being a few lines descriptive of "cloud land," beginning, "Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish." Admitting the poetry of John Taylor, the dubiety of Shakespeare having been amongst them on this occasion will not allow the Scots to say, "Lætamur nos poetis tribus." There is, however, evidence that Shakespeare's company was at Aberdeen in October 1601. Mr Knight thinks "his tragedy of *Macbeth* exhibits traces of local knowledge, which might have been readily collected by him in the exact path of such a journey." I doubt if you will relish, as the author will think you ought, this little piece of antiquarian gossip. It is easy enough for one who rides his hobby, as does our author, pretty fast, to overtake the water poet, and, passing him at full speed, hope to overtake the poet of all others he would wish to see, Shakespeare.

I am glad to see a record of play-loving and play-going in Scotland. Aberdeen is complimented. "It is to the honour of Aberdeen that, in an age of strong prejudices, they welcomed the English players in a way which vindicated their own character for wisdom, learning, gallantry, breeding, and civil conversation." It is not to those who so welcomed them that we must chiefly lay the charge of the witch-persecutions of that time. In almost every case these atrocities were committed under the sanction of the kirk-session. It is noticed, that at the second Christmas after James had ascended the English throne, Shakespeare's early plays were the favourites at the court. It is inferred that James had acquired this taste from seeing them acted in Scotland. Mr Knight makes no mention of the plays acted before James at Cambridge. As the Gray's Inn gentlemen were the performers and dramatic caterers at Greenwich, so

were the students and fellows at Cambridge both purveyors and actors. On this occasion the Latin play of *Ignoramus*, somewhat malevolent upon lawyers, was acted. It was commanded by, and quite to the taste of the pedant king, who on this visit was accompanied by the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles I. The queen was not present, the Cambridge authorities having been remiss in gallantry, and neglected to give an invitation. The names of the actors are recorded, among whom may be seen a future bishop, Mr Towers, Queen's College, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough.

"The only book that took Samuel Johnson out of his bed two hours before he wished to rise, will scarcely do for a busy man to touch before breakfast. There is no leaving it, except by an effort." Such is the commendation bestowed on Robert Burton, author of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*. There have been and are very many ready to subscribe to this sentence of praise. I know your admiration of the book, Eusebius; I have lately taken it up, but confess that I found the unvaried style, accumulative of epithets, similitudes, and dissimilitudes, and exaggerations, somewhat wearisome. I could not read it continuously; very entertaining to dip into. But perhaps I referred to it when not in the best mood for a work of that peculiar character. In *Once upon a Time*, the forethought and civic wisdom of Burton is manifested by the evidence of time present. "I will, to satisfy and please myself, make a Utopia of my own—a new Atlantis, a poetical commonwealth of my own, in which I will freely domineer, build cities, make laws, statutes, as I list myself." Utopias on paper are amusing enough, but from Plato to Rousseau there never yet was one fit for man to inhabit—for the very reason that they are fashioned for all by the whim of one. Commonwealths and civic politics grow; they start up not ready made. If on any occasion they do appear, it is by some such severe blow upon the principal head as that from which Minerva sprang, who, of a quarrelsome nature, made her father's and all the gods' heads ache ever after. There is a

great deal of practicable wisdom in Burton, and applicable to states and cities *after* they are grown. He can very well inform the people of Salisbury how beneficial to them would be their river rendered navigable to Christchurch—“that it might be made as passable as the Thames from Brentford to Windsor; and that, by means of such navigation, the loiterers might be turned into labourers, and penury into plenty.” “Amongst our towns there is only one (London) that bears the face of a city *Epitome Britannicæ*—a famous emporium, second to none beyond seas—a noble mart, and yet in my judgment defective in many things. The rest, some few excepted (York, Bristow, Norwich, Worcester), are in mean estate, ruinous most part, poor, and full of beggars, by reason of their decayed trades, neglected and bad policy, idleness of their inhabitants, riot, which had rather beg or loiter, and be ready to starve, than work.” You will not recognise the industry and enterprise of the English nation, Eusebius, in this description of their towns, comparing it with the old cities, enlarged and renovated, and new ones sprung up, since the days of “Democritus, junior.” But as this is peculiarly the age of improvements, or so-called, social, political, and family, or in all that relates to the art of living, it is not surprising if modern sense has taken hints from an Oxford scholar of 1621. One is very notable. “I will have convenient churches, and *separate places to bury the dead in.*” Our Burial Act dates 1853. The fact is, Eusebius, that it is the trading spirit which is both the inventor and worker-out of improvements. Legislature often impedes, and seldom does more than give a sanction. All great works of permanent utility are done by companies. Industry creates capital. Capital suggests, and combination becomes the means. It has been recently in every one’s mouth, that if the Government had contracted with companies for the transport, armament, victualling, and medical establishment for our troops in the Crimea, the work would have been done without fault. To be sure it would, as the work of companies is done; but then, what are these companies—these mercantile

firms? They are not shifting, but permanent bodies, practical men, with a certain object, and means provided for continuance. But what is a government undertaking these things? A shifting body, not one of whom is brought up to the business; not chosen even from fitness to it; every one has to fight for his place as long as he is in it: his mind distracted, so that the hundred hands with which, as a Briareus, he is supposed to be supplied, are all sawing the air, and acting independently of the head; which head all the while hardly knows whose shoulders it is on. I retain, Eusebius, the principles still of an old Tory (I dislike the Conservative term, as I would to appear at the Old Bailey under an alias), and think it a misfortune that the executive Government has lost its legitimate preponderance. The Reform Bill has brought it to a sickly state. For such a country as this it ought to be strong. There should be just such preponderance as, unless under extraordinary cases, when other parties would combine against it, would give it a fair chance of durability. A government now lasts three years, is considered long-lived at six; sometimes, as recently, we have one for a week, and sometimes are without one. If one lasts the longest, a man has no sooner acquired some knowledge of his business than he yields up his office to a successor, who has everything to learn. Burke spoke of the folly of treating our legislators like chimney-sweepers, who, as soon as they have learnt their business, are too old to practise it. But why impertinently thrust before your eyes my opinions, when you should be reading Burton’s suggestions? He is rabid about lawyers—“gowned vultures,” as he calls them. But how truly he describes some evils that still exist amongst us, and which we still bear patiently! “Our forefathers,” as a worthy chorographer of ours observes, “had wont, with a few golden crosses and lines in verse, make all conveyances assurances. And such was the candour and integrity of succeeding ages, that a deed, as I have oft seen, to convey a whole manor, was *implicitè* contained in some twenty lines or thereabouts. But now many skins of parchment



must scarce serve turn. He that buys and sells a house must have a house full of writings." And then come "contention and confusion," and men go to law, and "I know not how many years before the cause is heard; and when 'tis judged and determined, by reason of some tricks and errors it is as fresh to begin, after twice seven years sometimes, as it was at first." Who shall say that this is obsolete? The patience with which the atrocities of law are endured has ever appeared to me, Eusebius, the most wonderful phenomenon of the age. There was the case of poor old Mrs Cummings, who had a fancy for cats. She was possessed of some few thousand pounds. Was she sane or insane? That could have been, if ascertainable, ascertainable in a day; but it took just so long time as sufficed to swallow up every shilling, and she died beggared, and, if not insane before, driven out of her mind, and into her grave.\*

It is only a few posts ago I received a letter requesting subscriptions to defray the Braintree case expenses. The simple question being whether church-rates were or were not to be legally enforced, why should not an hour have settled the matter? It has lasted I know not how many years, and cost £2500. It costs a bishop thousands of pounds to try whether a clericus has misbehaved; and after all, what is still worse, an offending clericus may escape and an innocent bishop suffer. This will put you, Eusebius, into one of your vituperative humours—indulge in, then, other satire than your own, and turn to your old Burton, and see into what glorious frenzy of his malignity he heaps up his accumulated vituperations. When you have read your *Times*, and see the shiftings of places, the treacheries, the mismanagements, the harlequinades of governments and no governments, places given up, embassies undertaken, you will think for

the moment Democritus junior a living man, and expressing himself with an application to the news of the *Times*. "Now come tidings of weddings, maskings, mummeries, entertainments, jubilees, embassies, tilts and tournaments, trophies, revels, sports, plays. Then, again, as in a new-shifted scene, treasons, cheating tricks, robberies, enormous villanies in all kinds, funerals, burials, *death of princes*, new discoveries, expeditions; now comical, then tragical matters. To-day we hear of new lords, and offices created; to-morrow, of some great men deposed; and then, again, of fresh honours conferred. One is let loose, another imprisoned; one purchaseth, another breaketh; he thrives, his neighbour turns bankrupt; now plenty, then again death and famine; one runs, another rides, wrangles, laughs, weeps, &c. Thus I daily hear, and suchlike, both public and private news, amidst the gallyantry and misery of the world; jollity, pride, perplexities, and cares, simplicity and villany, subtlety, knavery, candour, and integrity, mutually mixed, and offering themselves."

As in the catalogue of colours there are but few names, and indeed scarcely more than what are called the primitive, yet the mingling and the varieties of hues make them almost infinite,—so is it in opinions—nay, in moralities themselves; they have their shades and mixtures, and colouring of circumstance, and motive, and natural temperament, yet are all these almost infinities, in our converse and treatment of them, attachable to but a limited nomenclature. I say this, Eusebius, thinking of Milton, "Milton the Londoner" of Mr Knight's essay in *Once upon a Time*. In our common parlance we admit impossibilities rather than endure the fatigue of philosophical unravelling the entangled skein of character. We speak of Milton the Puritan. Could Milton have been a Puri-

\* If there be such a blessed thing as hope at the bottom of that Pandora's box, Law—which is crammed so full of accumulated abominations that the lid will not close, but is ever gaping to receive more—the world will have to thank the author of "Jarndyce and Jarndyce" for the daring and dexterity with which he has thrust in his hand, and turned over to the exposure of the keen and purifying atmosphere of general indignation the poisonous rags of legality; that, if it be yet possible, Hope may rise through the lightened encumbrance.

tan?—impossible, if we know what a Puritan is, or rather was. See the impossibility of real Puritanism clutching the heart of John Milton—it would have strangled its great nobility. But that remained unimpaired. You and I, Eusebius, are not of that great man's politics, nor of many of his opinions; but we dare not approach the shade of such a man with levity, much less with contumely. What he was can only be in the grasp of one of his genius to handle. In *Once upon a Time*, two lines from Wordsworth are quoted to portray him; and they are in thoughts borrowed from the sublime of the heavens and the earth:

"Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;"

And—

"Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea."

Milton a Puritan! The Puritans hated poetry—John Milton was, is, the world's everlasting poet. The Puritans hated, maligned, persecuted, the drama and dramatists—Milton loved them, and wrote plays. They proscribed sports and common mirth—Milton, we are told, was ever mirthful, and wrote well of sports. Witness that fine irony in which he runs through the difficulties of putting them down, which that age wished to do. "It will ask more than the work of twenty licensers to examine all the lutes, the violins, and the guitars in every house. They must not be suffered to prattle as they do, but must be licensed what to say. And who shall silence all the airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers? The windows, also, and balconies, must be thought on." . . . "The villages, also, must have their visitors, to inquire what lectures the bagpipe and the rebeck reads, even to the ballatry and the gammut of every municipal fiddler; for these are the countryman's Arcadias and his Monet Mayors." The Puritan writes thus! Rather would you not think you were following the gifted and gayest of the Puritan-scorning, the wittiest of the Cavaliers? I have said before, Eusebius, that the sensitive man hath wit; see it in this passage. How exquisite it is in the imaginary string fastening the long Puritan's *lecture*

upon the uncontrollable breath of the bagpipe. The Puritans hated the organ, as Satan's instrument; it created Milton's ecstasy, and moulded his verse. They hated the show and circumstance of greatness, as guilt in gorgeousness; he spoke of it as under its inspirations—with its chivalry in his heart, and his voice, and pen, when the morose fit of his party was off him; for he had this imperfection. No, John Milton, whatever name you give him, was a perfect, a consummate man, of unmutated sympathies, and, whatever else, was not a Puritan. Milton's life is too well known to be treated of here. The story of his separation from his wife and their reconciliation is most touchingly and dramatically told, in some very good modestly introduced poetry, by the author of *Once upon a Time*. We are descending in the course of time, when we read of an interview between John Dryden and John Milton; the former called "Glorious John," but here a greater glory met him—for was not also Milton a "Glorious John?" It is narrated by Aubrey, "John Dryden, Esq., Poet-Laureat, who very much admired him, and went to have leave to *put his Paradise Lost into a drama, in rhyme*. Mr Milton received him civilly, and told him he would give him leave to tag his verses." This anecdote does not savour much of John Dryden's undoubted good sense—if true, it savours of Milton's wit. Milton and Dryden! Verily "Once upon a time" has been stealthily advancing, and closing in upon "the memory-of-man time," like that iron shroud I have read of, which, large at first, imperceptibly shrinking and drawing itself in upon the body, was at last to crush it; so shall we be sent back into the "Once upon a time." In those days of Milton, Time was indeed as the iron shroud; for it looked dark, with pike, and cuirass, and artillery. Let us hope the black days of civil strife are gone. "The memory-of-man time," approaching, wears a sunnier aspect. It is almost within the memory of man that the Stuart race have passed away. How near it appears! I remember, Eusebius, hearing my grandfather say (he died about ninety-four years of age) that he well re-

membered his grandmother, who was twenty years of age, and in London, when Charles I. was beheaded. So that you see, were I to live to his age, how striking would be the fact of this touching of generations; it would be possible for me to say that I had heard some incident which might have taken place on that wretched occasion, not, indeed from an eyewitness, but from one who had received it from an eyewitness. We are approaching the time of biographies and true records.

There follows the well-known tale of "Lucy Hutchinson," and it is sweetly told. A little child interests John Hutchinson, by talk of her sister Lucy. Everything is Lucy—all love, all speak of this Lucy. John Hutchinson is almost in love by report—no wonder that the presence of the real Lucy captivates him. She is one of those persons who are so near perfection, that in contemplating their characters, people in their enthusiasm have doubted, through their excellence, the taint of original sin; so perfect have they ever seemed. But for the truth and safety, nay, profound warranty of the Scripture creed, those very perfect persons confess to the great truth—whence we draw the inference that virtue, the higher it is, is conscious of its imperfection, and ever aspires to a goodness which it acknowledges to be far above itself. The betrothed Lucy is nigh unto death; she is seized with the small-pox, when John Hutchinson is permitted to see her. "She is the most deformed person that could be seen." "But God recompensed his justice and constancy by restoring her, though she was longer than ordinary before she recovered to be as well as before." They married; their after happiness, troubles, and trials, are shortly and well told. I could not help thinking, as I read the little tale, that the Esther Summerson, the Dame Durden of *Bleak House*, was imagined from the real Lucy Hutchinson. How beautifully do such personages come upon the stage of life!—good enough to make the misanthrope in love with humanity. Never is virtue more lovely, never of a more heavenly dignity, than when it comes in the sunshine of feminine excellence.

"Burden not the back of Aries,

Leo, or Taurus with thy faults; nor make Saturn, Mars, or Venus guilty of thy follies. Think not to fasten thy imperfections on the stars, and so despairingly conceive thyself under a fatality of being evil." So said Sir Thomas Brown, Knight, M.D., in his *Christian Morals*. Mr Knight has a chapter on "Astrological Almanacs." We begin to think ourselves above superstition, because we have pretty well, as we dare say, laughed astrology out of the heads of people. We burnt old women for witches, but we did not burn superstition out of the land. Witchcraft itself is not quite gone. I remember an old woman, in a parish in which I lived some years, whom a young man, a farmer's son, shot at with a crooked sixpence. Superstition is ubiquitous; like the demon driven out of one body, it escapes into another. Eusebius, people are as ready to believe anything, provided it be something rather new, as ever they were—even more silly, more impossible than the old impostures. I will not waste your time with proofs—you have them everywhere. I could almost forgive astrology for its connection with the occult philosophy, which ultimately brought about the study of chemistry; but more still for the amusement which the grave wit of Swift has afforded in his account of the death of Partridge, the almanac-maker. If it did not kill the astrologer, it put an end to his almanac. Nothing can be finer drawn, after the unpretending pattern of commonplace truth, than poor Partridge's dying confession of his ignorance and blasphemy. The witty Dean, who could persuade the gaping people that he had put off the eclipse, was more formidable than Aries and Leo to poor Partridge; he might have ridden upon their backs for life, but when he *put* the Dean's *back up*, he was thrown upon his own, never to rise again. He might better have wrestled with Saturn and Mars than against the Dean. His wit was the keenest of weapons; like "Durlendana" of Orlando, it cut through so clean that the combatant did not know he was dead till he shook his shoulders, and his head rolled at his feet. Somewhat similar was the Dean's treatment of Curll. But what induced Swift to annihilate Partridge?

Is there a secret history to that affair? The clever French novelist De Wailly, who has worked into a tale the lives of Swift, Stella, and Vanessa, I know not upon what authority, has given the origin of this spite upon Partridge, in some vexation Swift felt at a very inopportune credulity on the part of Mrs Dingley, which touched the Dean himself, with regard to Partridge's prophesying. It is quite amusing to read, as we do, every now and then, a paragraph in newspapers, exemplifying ignorance and superstition by anecdote of some poor dupe, in a far country village, victimised by fortune-teller;—the writer forgetting that in the metropolis in which he writes, "ignorance and superstition," even of the same kind, may be found, or may have been lately, among those who are classed among the wise, the prudent, the educated, the wealthy. The poor almanac-makers were innocent, if compared with spirit-rappers and mesmeric fortune-tellers. Cagliostro grew rich at court, and among the great. Cagliostros still exist under other names. Whoever will have the impudence to assert boldly, and trick it cleverly, that he has direct intercourse with the world of spirits, will not lack believers, followers, nor almost worshippers.

You may, in your fancy, once more, and for the last time, Eusebius, dance round the Maypole in an account of "May Fair." May Fair was once distant enough from City habitation. "Where Apsley House now stands was a low inn, called the Hercules Pillars." Heroic and classic reminiscences still attach to the spot. You have there the statue of Achilles, and near to the old watering-place, "the Triumphant Chariot," stands the great conqueror's, Apsley House. May Fair was the site of a fair; and there, surviving the animosity and potency of the Puritans, was the Maypole again erected in 1661. Not only the Maypole, but fairs became a nuisance. There was a magnificent Maypole of enormous height; the Duke of York ordered the sailors to officiate in erecting it, to the sound of drums and trumpets. "In 1717 it was carted away to Wanstead under the direction of Newton, and there set up to support the largest telescope in the

world, which had been presented to the Royal Society by a French member, M. Huyon." This was its apotheosis, if I may so call its celestial inclination. It was highly honoured at last, for philosophy, Urania herself, leaned upon it, and learned from it to turn an upward ken to the vast heavens. With the fair, the old puppet-shows are gone. Are there any in existence yet, Eusebius? How they delighted us when boys! It is something to speak of, that one lived in the days of puppet-shows. Had such puppet-shows as we have seen, been in the palmy days of Rome, they had become better dates than the "Consule Planco." Perhaps they were as rational as the Olympic Games. I wish the *people* had a few of these old amusements. Amusement can swallow and innocently digest many follies. If you will not allow a few of the minor kind, the disposition to have them may be apt to break out into great madness. In 1701, Brookfield revelry was not abolished. How almost incredible is it, that "eleven million pounds of tobacco were then annually consumed by a population of five millions." But May Fair had another celebrity, more disgraceful than poor mummers and puppet-showmen. "When fashion," observes Mr Knight, "obtained possession of the site, the form of profligacy was changed. The thimble-riggers were gone; but Dr Keith married all comers to his chapel, 'with no questions asked,' for a guinea, any time after midnight till four in the afternoon." There is no Dr Keith now, and May Fair is more respectable.

"There are few books," says the author of *Once upon a Time*, "that I take up more willingly in a vacant half-hour, than the scraps of biography which Aubrey, the antiquary, addressed to Anthony à Wood; and which were published from the original manuscripts in the Ashmolean Museum, in 1813." John Aubrey was the Boswell of Anthony à Wood. He appears to have been one of those wanderers whom I have elsewhere described, as driven out of the common walk, cares, and prudences of life, by some troubles of a domestic kind, and reverses of fortune, which, unsettling slightly the balance of the mind, sets the brain upon a little, and

the foot upon much, wandering. Such are ever restless and busy, so was John Aubrey. "He lived about in country houses with kind squires, with whom he took his diet and sweet otiums." His love was to make notes of people and things. A pleasant acquaintance now is John Aubrey, perhaps pleasanter than when he gossiped with Mr Evelyn and Mr Isaac Walton. Born in 1626, "he lived seventy-two years in the greatest period of transition in our English history." Something of that period he tells in this anecdote of Hollar, the celebrated engraver, who went into the Low Countries, and remained till 1649. "I remember he told me that when he first came into England, which was a serene time of peace, the people, both poor and rich, did look cheerfully; but at his return he found the countenances of the people all changed—melancholy, spiteful as if bewitched." That "spiteful as if bewitched" is an admirable expression. It epitomises the history of the times. Alas! that fame, too, should be spiteful, and keep back in her hiding-places names that ought to live. We only know this malevolence by a few accidental discoveries, when fame or her spite was asleep, and such antiquarians as John Aubrey took the keys, and rummaged the odd places where they had been put away. Here we have some lines of Sir Robert Acton, or Ayton, that ought ever to carry with them the spirit or image of him that thought them and made them. They have been closely copied by Burns.

"I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,  
And I might have gone near to love thee,  
Had I not found the slightest prayer  
That lips could move, had power to move  
thee;  
But I can let thee now alone,  
As worthy to be loved by none."

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find  
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,  
Thy favours are but like the wind,  
Which kisseth everything it meets;  
And since thou canst love more than one,  
Thou'rt worthy to be kissed by none."

There is another song, which is everywhere heard to this day, which every heart responds to in tenderness. Burns said he took it down from an old man's singing; but it was considered to have been his own. The

"Bannatyne Club" discovered it to be by Sir Robert Ayton. The Doric of Burns has but slightly altered it.

"Should old acquaintance be forgot,  
And never thought upon,  
The flames of love extinguished,  
And freely past and gone?  
Is thy kind heart now grown so cold,  
In that loving breast of thine,  
That thou couldst never once reflect  
On old langsyne?"

Here is another scrap, precious and vital, rescued from the mummy hand of buried Time. It was a true child of poetry that would not yield a jot of his spirit to misery, and could in a cellar write such lines as these. "Poor Lovelace, as he is called, wrote them;" but not so poor after all, nor so miserable, for he could at will count his riches by his rhymes.

"Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for an hermitage.  
If I have freedom in my love,  
And in my soul am free,  
Angels alone that soar above  
Enjoy such liberty."

Every man is apt to calculate another's miseries by the arithmetic table of his own idiosyncrasy. I verily believe, Eusebius, it not unfrequently happens that the nominally miserable would not change lots with the nominally happy.

Andrew Marvel would not drink in company, not even of the *friends* of his own party—not that he disliked a glass, but he feared what he might say when the liquor was in and the caution out. There is a sad history of those times in that prudence of Andrew Marvel. But the succeeding times, after the Restoration, made up for all former abstinence. The poets whom John Aubrey was acquainted with were given to jollity, and there was a "chiel amang 'em taking notes," and the antiquarians now "prent 'em." It is extraordinary that gravity of character was not entirely upset and thrown in the dirt by inebriety. "These poets have left a Bacchanalian odour behind them. But there is a smack of tipsy jollity in every grade of society, as if in defiance of the Puritans."

If Denham, who, according to Aubrey, "was generally temperate in drinking," was betrayed on one occa-

sion, after being "merry at the tavern," into the fancy "to get a plasterer's brush and a pot of ink, and blot out all the signs between Temple Bar and Charing Cross," what shall we say of Dr Butler, a famous physician, who, our veritable record tells, "would many times go to the tavern, but drink by himself; about nine or ten at night old Nell comes for him, with a candle and lanthorn, and says, 'Come home, you drunken beast!'" Sir John Denham, however, had a noble heart, and has one anecdote recorded of him, which is large in charity enough to cover a multitude of follies. "George Withers got Denham's estate from the Parliament. After the Restoration, Withers is in danger, for he had written bitter things against the Royalists. Sir John Denham went to the king, and desired his Majesty not to hang him, for that whilst George Withers lived, he, Sir John, should not be the worst poet in England." The kind heart is as admirable as the ready wit. Anecdotes are told of similar kindnesses during and after the Civil Wars. Oliver, the Protector, himself even loved the company of Sir James Long, a colonel of the horse in a Royalist brigade, and went hawking with him. The Cavaliers had in them a spirit of the old chivalry, well described by Ariosto—

"O gran bontà de' Cavalieri antiqui!  
Eran rivali, eran de fe' diversi,  
E si sentian degli aspri colpi iniqui  
Per tutta la persona anco dolersi;  
Eppur per selve oscure e calli obliqui  
Insieme van, senza sospetto aversi."  
—Canto i., st. xxii.

I venture a translation.

O generous hearts of Cavaliers of old,  
Who, hostile in their arms and in their  
creed,  
In battered limbs and bruises manifold,  
Feeling the prowess of each other's deed,  
Did in dark woods and wilds together hold  
In trustful guise their unsuspecting speed.

It may fairly be supposed that such a brain as Aubrey's would gather a few improbabilities from Hearsay, that notable liar. Such is the tale of Chief-Justice Popham. "He for several years addicted himself but little to the study of the laws, but to profligate company, and was wont to take a purse with them!" It is told, also, that being over-persuaded by

his wife to give over these wild courses, being then about thirty years old, he did so, and desired her "to provide a very good entertainment for his camerades, to take leave of them." Mr Knight, by recommendation, delivers over the Lord Chief-Justice to the mercy of the painters for two pictures, "The Barrister at the Rogues' Feast," and "The Judge charging the Jury for the Murderer," for defending whom, it is said, he received a park and a manor. Two great judges of our land, Eusebius, appear in leave-takings from societies of a very opposite character: Lord Chief-Justice Popham of rogues, Judge Blackstone of the Muses. The farewell of the latter was suitable to the company, for it was in verse. It is to be hoped the former took leave not according to the profession of his society, in the division of spoils.

The second volume commences with a dialogue between Addison and Steele at the printing-office of Mr Buckley, who bears a part in it. It is upon the subject of the imposition of the newspaper stamp. This was in 1712. Now, in 1855, there is an alarm at the taking off the stamp. Mr Buckley boasts—"Look at my printing-office, and see if we are not improved. Why, Sir Roger L'Estrange, when he set up the *Intelligencer* fifty years ago, gave notice that he would publish his one book a-week, 'to be published every Thursday, and finished upon the Tuesday night, leaving Wednesday entire for the printing it off;' and now I, gentlemen—Heaven forbid I should boast—can print your *Spectator* off every day, and not even want the copy more than three days before the publication. Think of that, gentlemen, a half sheet every day. A hundred years hence nobody will believe it." The incredulity of the "hundred years hence"—that is, in 1812—on the fact, would have astonished the ghost of Mr Buckley, could he have been called up from the shades, and placed in one of the printing-offices of that day. Miraculous, indeed, would appear the work of Printing-house Square in 1855. Yet the marvel of readers must precede, or be simultaneous with, the mechanical improvements in printing.

"Ye're a wonderful man, Mr Buckley, and we are all very grateful to you," says the laughing essayist; "but talking of a hundred years hence, who can say that our moral and mechanical improvements are to stop here? I can imagine a time when every handicraft in the country shall read; when the Irish chairman shall read; and when your *Intelligencer* shall hear of a great battle on the Wednesday morning, and have a full account of it published on the Thursday."

I doubt, Eusebius, if our friend, the author of *Once upon a Time*, has made enough here of his comparison of old with present days, either as to printing or reading. For instance, in this case of *hearing* of a battle on Wednesday, and having an account published of it on Thursday, we not only *hear* of a battle, but have a printed account of one that took place, only a few hours before, three thousand miles off. Nay, more!—in a day or two we have an exact, or rather many exact, pictures of the scenes of action, taken accurately on the spot, transferred to the pages of a newspaper, and circulated by thousands upon thousands over England in a few hours among multitudes of readers never dreamed of. Would you not like, Eusebius, to call up the shade of Mr Buckley, and put into his hands an *Illustrated News*, and inform him when and where the scenes were acted which he sees represented to the truth with such exquisite skill? Nor would the poor Buckley shade have cause to boast much of his material. I had in my possession, and gave it away to a collector, one of the numbers of the *Spectator*. It would be now, so bad was the paper, quite unfit to lay upon a breakfast-table. The wit of those days was "finer wove" than the material on which it appeared. (*Exit the ghost of Mr Buckley.*)

*Trivia*—the name of the pure Diana—witnessing to all impure ways. We learn that the last of the ancient shoeblacks was seen about the year 1820. I suspect the blacking before that period was not of that superior quality, the advertisement of whose excellence was painted on the great "Pyramid," as travellers record. "In 1754," says our author, "the polite

Chesterfield and the witty Walpole felt it no degradation to the work over which they presided, that it should be jocose about his (the shoeblack's) fraternity, and hold that his profession was more dignified than that of the author." "Gay makes 'the black youth' his mythological descent from the goddess of mud, and his importance in a muddy city the subject of the longest episode in his amusing *Trivia*." The fraternity did certainly, Eusebius, maintain a kind of dignity, for I remember hearing a gentleman "in a muddy city" re-monstrate with one of the "profession," that he had either cleaned the wrong shoes or cleaned ill, and was much amused by the reply, made with an air of great indifference, "Oh, it must have been a mistake of my clerk's." The shoeblack of those days went in despair to the poor-house when streets were paved; "and his boys, having a keener eye than their father to the wants of the community, took up the trade which he most hated, and applied themselves to the diligent removal of the mud in an earlier stage of its accumulation—they swept crossings instead of sweeping shoes." The trade is happily revived, however, and, to give it its dignity, if he has not always "fine linen," the shoeblack is clothed in scarlet. Before 1750 the road (the only road, we are told) to the Houses of Parliament was so bad that, when the King went to Parliament, fagots were thrown in to fill up the ruts. This was nearly a century before the wooden blocks, which gave occasion to the witty proposal of Sydney Smith to the Dean and Chapter of St Paul's, that they should "lay their heads together to improve the ways." Among the street obstructions are noticed the gallows, and the pillory, and the foot-ball players. It is inconceivable to us, who witness the serious stir of business now in those places, how the foot-ball players should have been a nuisance little more than a century ago in Cheapside, Covent Garden, and the Strand. But how few of the living generation have seen a pillory! You and I, Eusebius, have seen pillories more than once or twice. We read of it now as a barbarity, and youngsters

ask what it was. The foot-ball must have been a savage game, which spared neither clothes nor limbs of any passers-by. D'Avenant's Frenchman thus complains of the streets of London: "I would make a safe retreat, but that methinks I am stopped by one of your heroic games called foot-ball, which I conceive (under your favour) not very conveniently civil in the streets, especially in such irregular and narrow roads as Crooked Lane." In the days of Elizabeth the sturdy 'prentices played this game in the streets, and were not very particular whom they deposited in a ditch. But street-walking was not then much the fashion. "The red-beeled shoes" of the time of Anne were as little suited for walking as the "pantoffles" of Elizabeth, "whereof some be of white leather, some of black, and some of red, some of green, rayed, carved, cut, stitched all over with silk, and laid on with gold, silver, and suchlike." Perhaps the necessity of walking was considered a vulgarity. To wear, or rather invent such shoes as were unfit to walk in, was better than the Chinese method of mutilating the feet, and ingeniously persuading both man and woman-kind that it was the *beauty* of gentility.

"These fine shoes belonged to the transition state between the horse and the coach." We have often thought contemptuously of our forefathers for their want of taste, shown in their narrow streets. The fact is, everywhere in Paris, that empire of fashion, as well as in London, streets were narrow till the era of coaches came; and coaches were at first poor affairs, "uneasily hung, and so *narrow* that I took them," says D'Avenant, "for sedans on wheels." We owe comfortable carriages and wide streets to the Fire of London. Macaulay, in his History, speaks disparagingly of the refinement of our ancestors, describing the narrowness of the streets in which they lived. He instances Bristol; but if he had viewed the present remains of almost costly grandeur of the interior of their houses, he might have drawn another inference. It is curious to see how we gild over our barest necessities; in more homely phrase, put "a good face upon a bad matter"—outward show to inward beggary. The

coachman's *box* and *hammer-cloth*, which we all so well remember to have seen so fine—what was their origin? "In the times of William III. and Anne, we invariably find him (the coachman) sitting on a box; this thing was for use, and not for finery. Here, or in a leather pouch appended to it, the careful man carried a hammer, pincers, nails, ropes, and other appliances, in case of need; and the *hammer-cloth* was devised to conceal these necessary but unsightly remedies for broken wheels and shivered panels." Such was the state of the streets. But sturdy chairmen, in and out of livery, carmen, and other unrestrained "bullying and fighting ministers of transit," made dangerous mobs, rendering the passage of carriages no easy luxury. These Fielding termed "the Fourth Estate." These were the bludgeon-men who influenced elections. How much do we learn from Hogarth! There was a strange jumble in those days of liberty and tyranny. There was a liberty which was a license to do evil, and a tyranny which touched the middle class—that exercised by those above them, and by those below them. The "brutishness" of the "fourth estate" is described by Fielding. "He is speaking most seriously when he complains that 'the mob' attack well-dressed river passengers 'with all kinds of scurrilous, abusive, and indecent terms;' that they insult foot passengers by day, and knock them down by night; that no coach can pass along the streets without the utmost difficulty and danger, because the carmen draw their waggons across the road, while they laugh at the sufferers from the alehouse window; and finally, that they insult ladies of fashion, and drive them from the park of a Sunday evening." Fielding further tells us that "in 1753, in the month of August," he "was almost fatigued to death with several long examinations, relating to five different murders, all committed within the space of a week, by different gangs of street robbers."

Civilisation, whether it be art or science, is of slow growth; nor is extinction of crime sudden. There has been at length a recognition of the existence of that unseen personage,



The Public, whose life and property is to be cared for. The art of governing has at length, after much endurance of evil, invented the police system. There are street brutalities enough now. Brutality generates brutality; there is a large quantity to be got rid of. The police are accumulating knowledge both of the causes and the whereabouts. Comparing our days with those described, we think ourselves fortunate. Yet, perhaps, half a century hence, these our days may be recorded as days of brutality. Without question, the banditti of Italy, Spain, and other countries, were and are the legitimate descendants of the "Condottieri" of former days. Our street villanies may make their boast of ancestral notorieties. With our new engine, the police, they ought to be in progress towards extinction. It is the fault of the Government if they are allowed to get ahead of civilisation. But it is much to be feared that the abominable ticket-of-leave system is daily, hourly, generating crime to a great extent. I rejoice, Eusebius, to see this noticed in the House of Lords by Lord Lyndhurst, who quotes the strong language of that able police magistrate, Mr Jardine. It should seem that the noises of the streets were perhaps a greater nuisance two centuries ago than now. Mr Charles Knight, in proof, quotes a dialogue from Jonson's *Silent Woman*; and cites Hogarth to speak of its continuance by the wondrous eloquence of his pencil. The noise-hater was the ridiculous of many times. His sensitive and feeble cries have at length been heard, and tender ears have had the benefit of modern legislation. You and I, Eusebius, are of this "irritable genus," the noise-haters—you out of pity for others, I out of my own individual suffering. I remember when some, as I then thought, abominable composer set the London cries to music, thereby tending to perpetuate them. Silly was the sing-song affectation: full-grown men and women, muslined and silk-stockin'g'd, drawled out with pathetic voices, "Come, buy my white sand," or other such nonsense. Our author thinks we were at one time a nation famous for music, be-

cause it was the practice of barbers' 'prentices to delight their customers either with the fiddle or guitar. A pamphleteer, in 1597, says, "Turning themselves to periwig-making, they have forgot their cittern and their music." "Half a century later even, barbers, coblers, and plowmen were enumerated as 'the heirs of music.'" I should doubt, however, if the people were, as they are here called, "the heirs of poetry as well as music." Nor can the authority of Isaac Walton establish as a fact that the milkmaids sung the madrigals and sweet songs which he gives them. Morley, as Mr Knight observes, writing in 1597, speaks of the astonishment of all present that he could not sing at a supper-party. "Yea, some whispered to others, demanding how I was brought up." "In a condition of society like this, the sweet music must have been worth listening to." A "noise of musicians," as a little band was called, was to be found everywhere. If their descendants are our organ-grinders, it is a very appropriate naming, "A noise of musicians." The term reminds me of a very quaint observation once made by a humorous friend, in company where the relative merits of painting and music were discussed. He very drily dropt in these few very meaning words, "Music would be very well if it were not for the noise."

Perhaps it is to be lamented that ballad-singing is extinct—and why is it extinct? Have poor-laws, vagrant acts, beadles, and constables, put down the unoffending race, that, if not always dealing in the best poetry, seldom failed in good honest sentiment? I remember in my younger days hearing Dibdin's excellent songs sung unceasingly in our streets, and have even believed they did their part in keeping up a true spirit in our navy. Poor Dibdin! he had a poor small pension in his latter days; but when the Whigs came in they took it from him, and he did not long survive the loss. There was the very marrow of good sense in that saying of the wise statesman, "Let who will make the laws, only let me make the ballads." What historian can solve this difficulty—were the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* sung about the streets—were

*Chevy Chase*, and other such ballads, in the people's voices? We know, at any rate, that the Jacobite songs had a wondrous effect. Popular ballads are gone, and many other popular good things with them, and people seem more care-worn than books describe them in days past. It would be a good thing to see a little more merry-making, and the good old ballad-singing fashion brought back.

It is noticed that "a noise of musicians" were sagacious hunters of feasts. But this was in the days before feasts were occasions of drunkenness and gluttony. As drunkenness increased, music went out. Mendicancy had, however, at all times its execrable sounds. Was it upon a known principle that acts of charity are not performed with cheerfulness? Nor was the value of peace and quietness misunderstood. "The principle of extorting money by hideous sounds was carried as far as it could go by a fellow of the name of Keeling, called Blind Jack, who performed on the flageolet with his nose." I suspect, Eusebius, that this Blind Jack was a leader of a fashion, and that if he received a few kicks, as a nuisance, in return he took his betters *by the nose*; for these nose-flageolets were not the sole property of Blind Jack. When I was a boy, my father gave me one which he found in an old house in the country, which came into his possession, and which had belonged to the gay "man about town" who received the post-office order in 1745 for horses and guide from London to Bath and back, as I mentioned in the last letter. It was of ebony (a walking-stick), with ivory top, with two holes for the nostrils. According to old Norman law, which would be best off,—Blind Jack, who took Fashion by the nose, or Fashion that kicked Blind Jack? The Normans, like people of honour, provided a penalty of five sous for a lug by the *nose*, and ten for *un coup au derrière*. But Fashion, imperative Fashion, Eusebius, is desirous of introducing to your notice quite another sort of personage. Here is before me *Walpole's World of Fashion*. Horace Walpole! Fashion's Epitome, and unwittingly, or rather carelessly, its true historian. His letters, always witty and most amusing, picture him-

self, and in himself, as the *facile princeps*, the world of Fashion of the day. His wit sometimes touched upon wisdom, but glanced off as if ashamed of such a grave respectability. A specimen: "In a regular monarchy the folly of the prince gives the tone; in a downright tyranny, folly dares give itself no airs: it is in a wanton overgrown commonwealth that *whim* and debauchery intrigue together." The age made Walpole rather than he the age of Fashion. Too frivolous for any serious aim, what would have been other men's idleness was his industry. His was the "*otiosa sedulitas*." He was born to a position which made poor qualifications more serviceable to him than great ones. There was little really good in him; but his wit, the indifference of his virtues, such as they were, even gave his wit a lightness that made it delightfully current. Had it possessed any weight of respectable seriousness, it would never have floated upon the surface of the society into which he was born, and for which he held himself to be gifted. His deficiencies nevertheless were great, because they were in all, or nearly all, his qualifications. That which he most prided himself in, his taste, and which, at first view, might appear most needful to a leader of fashion, never could have been respectable, for taste is the result of good sense and *feeling* united. A spurious taste gains credit by assumption of fastidiousness. Brought to any decent test, Walpole's never amounted to more than a plausible whim. The world believed in him; and this courtship of the world ever fed his vanity, and encouraged him, through that his vanity, to make displays of bad taste, which the indulgence or ignorance of the world he lived in applauded, and which a soberer age for the most part pronounced ridiculous or contemptible. Perhaps his secret unhappiness in the midst of his success was a suspicion his cleverness could scarcely help entertaining, that there was error and a falsity in all he did. Did he doubt the vitality of the atmosphere of admiration which he daily inhaled? Whatever were his own secret suspicions, he had the cunning to establish in his generation the credit of his taste by a graceful denial of it, and a light and glittering

playfulness which made that denial a modest assumption. He wished the world to know that he did estimate himself, and intimated the position from which his admirers might see him to most advantage. He was as clever as he could be, and, I fear, notwithstanding Mr Charles Knight's defence in this respect, as heartless as he affected to be. "I am writing, I am building—both works that will outlast the memory of battles and heroes!" So said Vanity. "Truly I believe the one will as much as the t'other. My buildings are paper, like my writings, and both will be blown away ten years after I am dead." In this speaks Suspicion. "If they had not the substantial use of amusing me while I live, they would be worth little indeed." Here is a cunning assumption in a repudiative form. Can that be worthless, would his admirers say, which can amuse Horace Walpole? That he wished something more than amusement while he lived, is evident from the fact that, though he outlived three sets of his own battlements, he "nevertheless contrived, by tying up his toy-warehouse and its movables, with entails and jointures, through several generations, to keep the things tolerably entire for nearly half a century after he had left that state of being "where moth and rust do corrupt." His "Strawberry Hill," which was Horace Walpole in lath and plaster, is gone—so much the better for its own glory. The eyesore removed, generations to come may imagine it to have been something better than it was. He built Strawberry Hill, and embellished it with *bijouterie* for his own glorification. He was like a man who built a temple for a deity—such an one as he conceived—and daily walked into it to worship himself, both as builder and idol. And both were unsubstantial, trumpery affairs enough. But I must not forget, Eusebius, his "World of Fashion." The world of fashion, and nothing else; for he knew no other world—that of the middle classes he ignored. "Society with him is divided into two great sections—the aristocracy and the mob." He hated authors that were out of the pale of fashion. "Fielding, Johnson, Sterne, Goldsmith—the greatest names of his

day—are with him ridiculous and contemptible." "His feeble constitution compelled him to seek amusement instead of dissipation; and his great amusement was to look upon the follies of his associates, and to laugh at them. He was not at the bottom an ill-natured man, or one without feeling. He affected that insensibility which is the exclusive privilege of high life—and long may it continue so." "When he heard of Gray's death, in writing to Chute he apologises for the concern he feels, and adds, 'I thought that what I had seen of the world had hardened my heart; but I find that it had *formed my language*, not extinguished my tenderness.'" More graceful than touching—more of himself than of Gray. True sorrow needs no apology.

"Nil pietas de se dicere vera solet."

Ask me not, Eusebius, where I got that line. I know not. I need not tell you that here *pietas* is affection. In 1741, the people, Horace Walpole's mob, and Fashion, were at issue; dire was the conflict—bludgeon-men hired to subject Taste to club law; and about what was this war? "Whether the Italian school of music should prevail, or the Anglo-German." Horace Walpole, according to his nature, was of the party of "his order." "Handel had produced his great work, 'The Messiah,' in 1741 at Covent Garden. Fashion was against him, though he was supported by the court, the mob, and the poet of common sense. He went to Ireland, and the triumph of the Italian faction was immortalised by Pope." The forcible lines in the *Dunciad* are a true acknowledgment of Handel's genius and supremacy, and warn the Empress Dulness of his reign.

"But now, ah soon, Rebellion will commence,  
If Music meanly borrows aid from sense;  
Strong in new arms, so Giant Handel stands,  
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands:  
To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,  
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.  
Arrest him, Empress, or you sleep no more—  
She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian  
shore."

The love for the theatre was not confined to the nobility in the days of Walpole. But even good acting had fashionable opponents. The theatre

had its warfare. In nearly all matters of real taste Walpole was wrong. That he did not feel the merit of Garrick, few will wonder, who know that Garrick's excellence was founded on nature and feeling; but it vexes one that Gray should have been, as he said himself, "stiff in the opposition." Pope, as in the case of Handel, was right in his judgment of Garrick—"That young man never had his equal as an actor, and will never have a rival." The following is a specimen of the manners of play-critics in those days:—"There has been a new comedy, called the *Foundling*, far from good; but it took. Lord Hobart and some more young men made a party to damn it, merely for the love of damnation. The Templars espoused the play, and went armed with syringes charged with stinking oil, and with sticking-plasters; but it did not come to action. Garrick was *impertinent*, and the pretty men gave over their plot the moment they grew to be in the right." There is a regular row at the theatre; bear-garden bruisers are introduced to knock down every one that hissed. On this occasion, Horace Walpole is delighted with his own heroism; while he affects to shrink from its notoriety, he takes care it shall be known. The heroism consisted in his calling the manager, Fleetwood, "an impudent rascal;" upon which "the whole pit huzzaed, and repeated the words. Only think of my being a popular orator!" But the ringleaders further look to him for directions. "Mr Walpole, what would you please to have us do next?" How characteristic the finale! "I sank down into the box, and have never since ventured to set my foot into the playhouse. The next night the uproar was repeated with greater violence, and nothing was heard but voices calling out, 'Where is Mr W.? where is Mr W.?' In short, the whole town has been entertained with my prowess; and Mr Conway has given me the name of Wat Tyler." These theatrical hurricanes, and the bear-garden bruisers, bring to mind a well-nigh forgotten similar event—the O. P. riots of *our* day, Eusebius. Younger folk may ask what they were. Old Prices *versus* new. Was it not the case upon that occasion that the

flooring gave way, and the O. P.'s had to be extricated with difficulty, and *promiscuously*? It surely was so. I cannot have fabricated it for the sake of a quotation—"Effodiuntur opes, irritamenta malorum."

In those times ladies frequented taverns—gamed; and a Mrs Mackenzie horsewhipped Jemmy Lumley, who refused to pay because he was cheated. "There was a deep philosophy," says Mr Knight, "in a saying of George Selwyn's, when a waiter at Arthur's Club-house was taken up for robbery, 'What a horrid idea he will give of us to the people in Newgate!' 1750, and again 1756, there was a great fright about an earthquake, and, of course, prophecy took courage and cash, and foretold the world's coming to an end. People ran away from London previous to the predicted catastrophe. "Several women have made earthquake gowns—that is, warm gowns to sit out of doors all to-night. These are of the more courageous. One woman, still more heroic, is to come to town on purpose; she says all her friends are in London, and she will not survive them. But what will you think of Lady Catherine Pelham, Lady Frances Arundel, and Lord and Lady Galway, who go this evening to an inn ten miles out of town, where they are to play at brag till five in the morning, and then come back? I suppose to look for the bones of their husbands and families under the rubbish."

These kind of prophecies have ever been very taking—perhaps from the natural credulity of evil consciences, or a little spiteful expectation of the destruction of the sinful. We have had of late years, Eusebius, very numerous announcements of this awful kind. One is perfectly in my recollection, which alarmed the citizens of Bristol, and at that very time the Pitching and Paving Commissioners made a singular mistake. They literally advertised to receive tenders from contractors "To sweep up the ashes of the inhabitants." People loved the marvellous; noble and great ones flocked to see the Cock Lane ghost—highwaymen, not fabulous, but real, were heroes in those days, and had their sympathisers, as the worst culprits have now occasionally. Fashion-

ably then as Lady Caroline Petersham and Miss Ashe wept over M'Lean the highwayman, nowadays it is feminine hypocrisy or bigotry. "The real robbers were as fashionable in 1750 as their trumpery histories were in 1840."

Here we are, Eusebius, running somewhat too fast from old to modern times, only a hundred years from this our year. Let me go back but a very few—for I think I can amuse you by parts of two letters, which I have picked out of some family papers, addressed to my great-grandmother. Some one said of a sauce that it was so piquant that one might eat one's grandmother with it. Devour, if you please, the anecdotes told in the letters, and relish them, but not a word of disrespect to my great-grandmother, for she lives in her portrait, a goodly one, and in family feminine remembrances that will compel me to put lance in rest in defence and in honour of her worth and beauty. Yes, Eusebius, there was beauty in the family one hundred and twenty years ago, whatever you may be pleased to think of us now.

The first letter I bring to your notice is dated London, November 25, 1735. The gossip is amusing, showing that minor interests then are minor interests now, and that there never was a time when public interests were not the greatest that ever were or will be:—

"Dear Madam,—Last night the Mem-bury cheese came safe to me, which by its good appearance I should have judged to be a very good one; but can never doubt of its being so, as it is recommended by a lady of yr good taste. I am truly concerned for Mr B——'s cough, but hope he will get rid of it time enough ag<sup>st</sup> the sitting of Parliament, when, as you rightly judge, matters of such consequence are likely to be the subject of debate, that hardly any that are absent must expect to escape the publick censure, upon w<sup>ch</sup> occasion, as the times are, every tongue will be let loose w<sup>th</sup> the utmost bitterness. In the mean time I shall take care to provide a warm lodging for his reception. Master C. is much in the right in preferring Oxford to Somersetshire. I don't know why he was sent thither, if he could have spent his time anywhere else to more advantage.

"I don't know whether you have heard

of a late discovery ag<sup>st</sup> the life of your kinsman, the Lord Brook, who is now in France. By his father's will, at least £2000 per annum was given for ever to a bastard son of his, if the present young Lord sh<sup>d</sup> happen to dye before he came to age. But this bastard having squander'd away the little fortune was left him, and despairing of the young Lord's coming to an untimely end by the course of nature, he being now in the 20th year of his age, had made a proposal to one that taught him to play on the French horn, to give him £2000 if he would go over to France and murder Lord Brook. So considerable a reward tempted the assassin to undertake the villainous office; but his conscience at last check'd him and press'd him to send to Mr J. Howe (guardian to the young Lord), and acquaint him with his crime. Mr Howe writes immediately to L<sup>d</sup> Hertford, and L<sup>d</sup> Hertford loses no time in sending to the L<sup>d</sup> Chief Justice for his warrant to seize the bastard, whose name is Silvestre, who cannot yet be found. You may depend upon the truth of this story. I am glad to hear my niece is out of danger; but what a sad thing will it be if she loses her complexion! I hope you don't think that irrecoverable.—I am, dear Madam,

Your most affectionate humble servant,

GEO. H.—N.

"My best compliments to Mr B. and all the good ladies and gentlemen."

The next letter is from the same to the same, the year following, dated London, 21st December, 1736. I omit the gossip of ladies in confinement, whose children and grandchildren have since died of old age; of a receipt to make brawn; of books coming by carrier, &c.; of this town being discomforted at the long absence of their monarch, &c. &c., in order to come to an anecdote, the like of which you never heard or read of perhaps, incredible in these money-loving days:—

"I cannot close this letter (as long as it is), without telling you a remarkable story of two sisters, now in the Fleet Prison, who have suffer'd already a great deal, and are like to endure much more, onely for their obstinate refusal of six thousand pounds which is now tendered to them in Chancery as their just right. But neither entreaties nor menaces can yet prevail with them to accept this money, and discharge the executors, who earnestly desire to pay it. They are nieces of the late Dr Stradford, canon of

Christ Church, who left them in his will residuary legatees; and to them, as such, Dr Friend, of Westminster, and the other executor, having several times given notice that they had now in their hands the forementioned summe, for the payment of which they onely desire their order and discharge: but all their solicitations have hitherto proved ineffectual. They will not believe that their uncle Stradford dyed worth a groat. They say he was a vain extravagant man, and could not possibly save any money, and consequently that Dr Friend uses them very ill in endeavouring to persuade them to the contrary. In short, Dr Friend, having no other way to get rid of this money, and the trust of being executor, being forced to apply to Chancery, they were served with orders from that court to appear before it; but as they complied w<sup>th</sup> none of these orders, they were committed to Chester Goale (where they lived) for contempt. There they lived a full year in prison, and being lately brought to y<sup>e</sup> town, and into the Court of Chancery, all the exhortations of the Lord Chancellor and the court were to no purpose. They still adhere incorrigibly to their opinion that their uncle had no money to leave them,

and in this obstinate resolution they seem determined to rot in the Fleet Prison. The charges they have been already put to, which must be pay'd, amount to at least a thousand pounds," &c., &c.

I presume this Dr Friend was the celebrated physician, who, skilful in physic, and perhaps in the quickness of his cures, was lengthy in epitaphs, the writing of which particularly amused him. One would not, Eusebius, like to know that the physician who is feeling your pulse has a particular fancy to write your epitaph.

I must now, my dear Eusebius, bring my letter to a close. I shall probably have something to say of Chatterton that may be new, and from a MS. fill up a gap in the poetry, whether of Rowley or Chatterton. In the meanwhile, digest this marrow of *Once upon a Time* offered you, and accomplish in your own person the wish of Thales, to grow old with good sense and a good friend—the latter being yours ever,

AQ—S. VIVE VALEQUE.

## MODERN LIGHT LITERATURE—THEOLOGY.

### THE BROAD CHURCH.

WERE we not tired of the perpetual babble which rings in our ears from every quarter, declaring the unparalleled wonders and excellences of these times of ours, we scarcely could begin our comment upon the strangest feature of all its many anomalies, without once more echoing the common sentiment that this is a wonderful age. But it is strange enough to know that the experience of ever so many centuries has thrown so little light upon the perennial inconsistencies of human nature, that every age is extraordinary, and that we are perpetually wondering and gaping at the vagaries of our fellows as if we were the first to find them out. Still to-day is to-day, and has an interest for us which yesterday cannot have: we are more immediately influenced by the lamps in our own streets than by the stars which dwell apart in the far-off ages; and it seems to be a necessity of human progress that we should

always be engaged about some crisis or other, and feel that the real battleground of time and existence is this footbreadth of soil which we are contesting to-day.

But if we are to believe the newest light of philosophy which has arisen among us, it is a super-eminently serious crisis at which we are now arrested. The foundations of the world are breaking up—we want new ground laid down for us—the former principles of the universe are antiquated and unreasonable—the old revelation has served its time, and wants renewal—the old religion is a worn-out garment, and the work which lies before is no less a work than to make a new heavens and a new earth “for our own hand.”

So we have placed ourselves in the noble position of “inquiring after truth.” Our philosophers are the most impartial, the most candid investigators in the world: no old-fashioned

faith stands in their way; they are above the prejudices of education, above the weakness of personal interest or anxiety. They are martyrs to the noble thirst which possesses them; they must follow Truth, sublime conductress! wherever she leads them; and though now and then it is a will-o'-the-wisp dance enough, their lofty purpose sustains them through all. And whether it be the sublime eclecticism which selects a bit out of Paganism and a bit out of Christianity, and complacently pronounces its verdict on all the creeds, as the Creator did upon the world He made—or that sad, conscientious, much-suffering infidelity, which weeps over its own vain efforts to believe, and deplures its undeceivableness—or the improved divinity, clad in new graces, which makes something handsome out of that Bible and that Gospel which hitherto have only given a rude idea to the world,—we surely cannot refuse to be struck with the beautiful aspect of this open unbiassed judgment, this mind which begins its investigations with no prior tendency—this candid impartial intellect, which sits apart, overlooking “creeds and systems,” and judging of them like a god.

But, after all, it *is* a remarkable thing to find this nineteenth century, with all its boasts of itself and its own progress, so completely at sea about the most important matters of human thought. Have we drifted so far away from the everlasting standards that it is a Restoration of Belief, and nothing less, for which the world of to-day is waiting?—have we lost hold of the old clue so entirely that we can do nothing but grope about the darkling labyrinth, and feel our way by touch and sense? Is the ancient system of faith, which, pressing on through crowds of foes, has kept itself intact for eighteen hundred years, proved so imperfect at last that our skilled artificers have to take it to pieces, and cobble it to suit “the requirements of the times?” A strange result of all our learnings and philosophies! yet not so strange a consequence of our universal smattering, our universal self-applause, our widespread persuasion, that of all the ages of the world none has ever been so

well qualified to sit in judgment on everything human and divine as this age of steam and electricity, this nineteenth century, this culminating point of human wisdom, from the eminence of which we can supervise and condescend to the beggarly elements of the past.

Of old times, when scepticism was an unfamiliar monster in our respectable nation, and when the popular judgment unhesitatingly connected it with all manner of license and immorality, the beast was much less harmful; but even now, when innocent people are staggered by finding what they call *good* men among the fashionable sceptics of the time, we have not the slightest fear for the faith of the people. Those very common people who go to church for form's sake, as their charitable critics conclude—who have not very much to say about their own doctrines—who answer the arguments of the gainsayer, for the most part, with a mere dumb impenetrability—who have sin, trouble, inconsistency, all the natural incumbrances of humankind, about them on every side—are the square, solid, silent phalanx on which the polished lancets of the foe can make no impression. We remember, through the lapse of a great many years, some strangely significant words which we once heard from the lips of a benevolent Unitarian lady in one of the greatest towns in England. It was very strange, she said, but they had actually no *poor* people in their congregations—almost all their members were wealthy. While churches and chapels around, of every other name, were burdened with pensioners, they had none—though the leaders of their sect were publicly acknowledged as the kindest and most liberal almsgivers in the place. The speaker was quite unconscious of all that lay in this admission; but we think we have a right to conclude that infidelity, and especially the amiable and refined infidelity of the day, is *caviare* to the multitude—a sin which does not tempt them. The common people in general, of all ranks and classes—they who fulfil the ordinary duties of humanity—who are not clever, nor distinguished, nor in any way raised above their fellows—those same common people who “heard”

the gospel "gladly," when ritualists and *illuminati* alike stood aloof from the Divine preacher—are safe above all others from a prevailing epidemic of this nature; and that being the case, let the clever people, the talented, the gifted, the philosophical, look to themselves.

But infidelity, however fashionable, and sceptics, however amiable, are not our immediate subject. They are what they are, distinct and acknowledged; but we find a more curious field for inquiry among those members and leaders of the Church who, not content to relinquish their faith, and confident in the wonderful elasticity of that wide and all-embracing *cordon* which surrounds the English Establishment, have entered upon the dangerous experiment of accommodating and reconciling the gospel to the theories of their neighbours who have passed the rubicon. These divines are no longer contented with justifying the ways of God to man: they bring Himself, a most august defendant, to the bar. They say, with more or less plainness, "We will believe in you, if we find you come up to our standard, and realise our idea of what God should be;" and with a real and true desire that the glorious Examinant before them should vindicate His own character according to their view of it, they set about, with His own materials, to build a system of—we cannot say salvation, but of Divine help and benevolence. Let us give all just credit to these teachers; they strive at their work anxiously; they do it, we believe, devoutly; they only begin with a different idea in their minds from that which revelation declares to have been in the mind of God.

Were we to treat of the opinions of the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice, or of the Broad Church which he represents, as a divine might treat of them, our profane laymanship would break down, of course, and Maga would incontinently reject the counterfeit; but, fortunately for us and for our purpose, these smooth orations are not divinity, but light literature. We confess, for our own part, that we approached Mr Maurice's books, on our first introduction to them, with a profound awe and reverence. Among

the many good people who believe in him without believing in his doctrines, the idea was current that this respectable divine possessed the gift of an unintelligible and bewildering eloquence. "We could not make him out," said many kind critics, insinuating a charitable hope that, lost in his own bright maze of words, the reverend gentleman could not always make himself out, and so was a great deal less heretical than harsher judges concluded. But when we made actual experiment of these well-written volumes, we were no longer able to acquiesce in the popular judgment; for modesty forbids the supposition that it was the pure force of our own superior understanding which made Mr Maurice's style perfectly legible and clear to us. We who have been stranded a score of times on the shelving beach of *In Memoriam*, have consequently no extraordinary penetration to boast of; yet—we say it with humility—it is our modest and respectful persuasion that we can understand Mr Maurice.

And let not any of the uninstructed suppose that this is a partial innovator, a dealer of stray blows, a reformer of unconsidered trifles. Mr Maurice discloses himself boldly as the author of an elaborate and laborious plan, which, though we grant to him, as he rejoices that more competent authorities have granted, to be by no means novel in its parts, strikes us as sufficiently novel in its combination; so much so, indeed, that if the world is to believe as Mr Maurice believes, it is indispensable that his work on the Doctrine of Sacrifice be instantly prepared for universal circulation, as a companion and auxiliary to the Bible, which is by no means to be understood without it. The freaks of humanity are strange; there are no men in the world who do protest so much against bigotry, intolerance, and narrow-mindedness as these liberal and enlightened teachers of this age; yet Mr Kingsley finds rare sport in exterminating the Spanish Papists, and Mr Maurice's trumpet gives forth no uncertain sound as to the unfortunate people called Evangelical, who have, as it seems, for ages, and after, in the main, a singularly unanimous fashion, been steadily contradicting and perverting the gospel, which now



at last has found one true expositor. To make his argument all the easier, Mr Maurice is pleased to set up a man of straw—a sham representative of the theology he condemns. Let us pause for a moment to recommend this system to all popular controversialists; no chain of reasoning, however cogent, can equal the force of a bold and consistent assumption. Let your first step, oh man of arguments! be, not to disclose your own sentiments, but to determine your opponent's. When you begin your speech, however visible may be the denial, or energetic the protesting gestures of your hapless adversary, who must wait till you are done, fix his creed for him, in the first place, without hesitation or timidity, and then—you are but a very poor novice in the art if you cannot destroy what you yourself have constructed. With this grand principle for his guide, Mr Maurice takes the field against universal Christendom, and kindly explains to us what is our own idea, and what the old-fashioned opinion of our pious forefathers, respecting the scheme of salvation. We have been holding the heathen principle of sacrifice, says Mr Maurice. On one side is an offended God—a somewhat grander Jupiter, with all his thunderbolts suspended over us, and his arm raised to exterminate the world. On the other side, sullen, gloomy, half terrified, half defiant, trying hard to buy Him off, are we, His revolted subjects; and midway between stands a grand inexplicable Personage, whom we, by some inexplicable means, have persuaded to conspire with us to buy a reluctant pardon from the angry Jove above. This is heathen enough, certainly; but so far as we can perceive, it would not be much of a gospel even to the worshippers of Vishnu; and we are puzzled to understand how Mr Maurice, being a good man, as universal consent allows, can either be so blind or so uncan-did as to set up this poor distortion as the belief of any mind which has ever thought twice, or even once, upon the subject. If there did happen to be, at this present speaking, any intelligent creature in the civilised world who had not heard a better account of it, Mr Maurice's latest work would exhibit to such a one

nothing of any recognised or believed gospel, except this monstrous Frankenstein and his own elegant production—the one very ugly, the other very pretty to look at, admirable foils for each other—the latter believed in, at least, by Mr Maurice, the former by no sane creature, even in this perverse and distorted world.

It is not our vocation to preach the gospel which lies between these antipodes; how our most wonderful and glorious Lord verily bought, ransomed, *purchased* us; yet how this infinite and extraordinary price could be suggested only by the everlasting love of the Father, who alone knew what could be substituted for the forfeited life of His sinful creatures, is a twofold truth, in the strength of which, generations of the saints of God, the truest, stoutest, noblest hearts among men, have been content to live and die. "The theory of a propitiation not set forth by God, but devised to influence His mind," says Mr Maurice, "changes all the relations of the Creator and creature." We ask seriously—sadly—who, save Mr Maurice, ever knew of such a theory? From what dangerous pulpit has Christian man in Christian country ever heard such a doctrine? Is there a written creed in the world which contains it; or whence came the monstrous idea? That such a hope might lurk, with other unspeakable spectres, in guilty hearts and consciences, no man who knows himself will refuse to believe; but when we try to buy off the Judge before whose face we tremble, which of us goes to Christ to help us in such an endeavour? Have we not, every soul of us, an instinctive certainty, that of all helpers He is the last to apply to for this kind of assistance? Do penances, go pilgrimages, endow hospitals, build churches, take self-torture, voluntary poverty, mortification, and pain, for your saviours—but so long as your plan is to influence and change the mind of God, we promise you, you will have no desire to ask His Son to help you in your purpose. We will not pause to inquire where Mr Maurice may have found this extraordinary doctrine, which he presents with so much confidence as the ordinary creed of Christianity in these

days ; we only give it our unhesitating and unqualified denial. What individual Pharisees may believe in the bottom of their hearts is no rule to us ; but we are persuaded that no written creed in existence, and no uttered preaching, knows anything of "a propitiation not set forth by God, but devised to influence His mind." Calvinism, that *bête noir* of the popular English understanding, wots of no such invention. We frankly avow that we never saw the monster till we saw it in the pages of Mr Maurice ; and we would fain put some questions to him on the subject before leaving it. Who "devised" this "propitiation to influence the mind of God?" Who persuaded God's Son to lend Himself to it? If the belief is popular, there must be some popular explanation of these difficulties. We dare not say that Mr Maurice states anything which he does not believe to be true, for Mr Maurice is a good man ; but we would fain know something of the preachers, and of the interpretation of this other gospel, which it is his vocation to overthrow, and which we promise him, for our own part, *we* should not believe, were it, as St Paul says, preached by an angel from heaven.

So much for the man of straw. Mr Maurice's own pretty and graceful gospel stands in elegant opposition to this mercantile bargain between God and man. There is but one fact in the history of mankind which our author forgets or passes over, and that is a tolerably momentous one, as we suppose—a very clamorous fact, which lies at the bottom of all rites and ordinances—no less an event than the Fall. Eden and its strange sweet morning of innocence—its inexperienced blessed creatures, so wise, so ignorant, so human—its sudden tempest, and tragical revolution—the sudden change of that first bride and bridegroom into the sorrow-stricken, awed, and trembling people who went forth from the beautiful gate of Paradise to the dreary world and its probation,—these have no place in the concise volume wherein Mr Maurice traces the after history of their descendants. In this book the curtain rises abruptly upon the sons of this first pair. That their position is at all peculiar, solemn, or important, we are not led to suppose ;

no grand event close at hand throws its shadow over them ; they are ordinary human men, whose father and mother have been culpably negligent of their education. Adam has never told these boys of that grand and loving Visitant who walked with him in the cool of the garden, and taught the humble holy creature, made in His own image, such lore of heaven as he was fit to know. Eve has never held these brethren's hands, and bade them hush to hear of the Seed of the woman who was to bruise the serpent's head. In that first primitive tent, or bower, or cave, there has been no talk between the father and mother of what befell before these children came to comfort the great sorrow of the parent hearts. No : the father has never taught the wondering boys how their inheritance was lost ; the mother has never thrilled their swelling hearts with that mysterious promise of regaining it, which her own eager hope had snatched at, when she said, "I have gotten a man from the Lord." Cain and Abel might almost as well have been without parents for any instruction they have had ; and as a natural consequence, it follows that the lads are as little impressed by the great events which so closely preceded their entrance into the world, as any two rustics in Kent or Devon who live at a distance of six thousand years from the Creation and the Fall.

But yet there have been some faint elements of education. Mr Maurice thinks there have. "No doubt their parents have told them that they have a Lord, and that He sees them, and is ordering their ways. Surely it is He who is making them feel His presence, urging them to confess Him. How shall they confess Him? What is the simplest of all possible methods in which they can manifest their subjection? Ask yourselves. Is it speech? Is it some vehement phrase of thanksgiving, some passionate petition? These may come in time, but they cannot come first ; they are not the most childlike way of testifying homage—not the one which ordinary human experience would lead us to look for, when One has revealed Himself to us, whom we perceive but dimly, yet with whom we feel we have to do. Acts go before words. The shepherd

takes the sheep; he desires to present it to this Ruler, who must be near him, whom he must find some way of acknowledging. The tiller of the ground takes the fruits of the earth; he would present these." Thus we have the first suggestion of the doctrine of sacrifice—a suggestion, as it appears, entirely natural, human, and proceeding from man, and in which Mr Maurice begins his first grand practical contradiction of his own assertion, stated in his preface, that his system, like the system of the Bible, is "to ground everything upon the name of God," and to show everything as proceeding from God. He goes on to say, however, "Whatever he (man) discovers on that subject, or on any other, he receives. It is wisdom which is imparted to him—light which comes to him from the Source of light. I do not see what one can say different, or more in the other case." (The other case is, "Why one mode of tillage, or one mode of folding sheep, occurs to him rather than another.") "There, too, the suggestion of the mode in which the service is performed is welcomed as divine; yet it is felt to be natural and reasonable." So that is all God has to do with the matter. The principle of sacrifice, and the mode of it, He suggests only as He suggests a better mode of tillage. This is quite a new and peculiar method of proving that everything proceeds from God.

But, acknowledging that God has nothing to do with it save in this far-away mode, it is very true that a child's impulse of gratitude or affection is to offer some of its little cherished possessions to its benefactors—perfectly true—so that one can understand the "childlike" sentiment of Cain in his offering. But what would Mr Maurice think of the Nero in petticoats, who slaughtered a butterfly in his honour? Would that be childlike? Would it be anything but monstrous, horrid, cruel—the promise of a butcher and not of a saint? Yet we are obliged to admit that by all scriptural analogy this is but a type of what Abel must have done. He brought the firstlings of his flock—the very flower and sweetest blossom of animal life—and offered it as his sacrifice. Was it Abel's gentle nature that prompted

the slaying of his lamb? True, we are not told in so many words that he did slay the lamb; but neither is Abel's sacrifice in any way separated from the other Old Testament sacrifices, in every one of which a victim dies. If, then, we accept Mr Maurice's hypothesis, that the origin of sacrifice is only in the desire of man to confess his dependence on God, and is nothing more than the "simplest of all possible methods in which he can manifest his subjection," we must give a decision in the matter of these two brothers entirely contrary to the decision given by God. We must approve of the natural grace and fitness of Cain's beautiful offering. We must lift up our voice against the cruel, revolting, and inhuman sacrifice of Abel. Mr Maurice does not hesitate to say that "the Bible would not be a true book if it did not exhibit to us the difference" between these two types of offerers—how "some have been the better for their prayers, and some very much the worse." Availing ourselves of the same license, we add that the Bible would not be a true book if it did not assign some distinct, clear, and sufficient reason for these sacrifices, of which Abel's is the first example in the sacred record.

We will not linger upon our author's explanation of the disappointment of Cain, because he leaves the individual subject to explain by our own experience what this disappointment was: "the Cain-spirit in us all," he says, "is that we supposed God to be an arbitrary being, whom we, by our sacrifices and prayers, were to conciliate. Was not this the false notion that lay at the root of all our discontent, of all the evil thoughts and acts that sprung out of it? We did not begin with trust, but with distrust; we did not worship God because we believed in Him, but because we dreaded Him; because we desired His presence, but because we wished to persuade Him not to come near us. And does not this experience, brethren, enable us to understand the nature of that true and better sacrifice which Abel offered? Must not all its worth have arisen from this, that he was weak, and that he cast himself upon One whom he knew to be strong; that he was ignorant, and that he trusted in

One who he was sure must be wise ; that he had the sense of death, and that he turned to One whence life must have come ; that he had the sense of wrong, and that he fled to One who must be right ? Was not his sacrifice the mute expression of this helplessness, dependence, confidence ? And was not the acceptance of it the pledge that the Creator is goodness and truth, and that all creatures have goodness and truth so far as they disclaim them in themselves and seek them in Him ? ”

All very well said, true and good ; but we are still standing by the slain lamb—the innocent, spotless, harmless creature : can nothing but its brief agony express these lofty sentiments ? What has all this filial and reverent devotion to do with the shed blood—the sight most abhorrent to humanity ? Could Abel’s “ helplessness, dependence, confidence ” be expressed in no other way ? Or was this a merely arbitrary sign of these inward and spiritual emotions ? We are left, in our ignorance, to marvel at our leisure. Mr Maurice thinks he has explained it all so clearly that he is justified in saying, “ If this be the case, we have had a glimpse into the nature of sacrifice, and into its connection with the nature of every human creature, which we may hope will expand into brighter and clearer vision.” Amen for Mr Maurice ; but for ourselves we have not had the slightest glimpse into the nature of sacrifice. We have had descriptions, true and faithful, of two different moods of mind—of a man approaching God with humility and tender confidence, and of another man, who comes sullenly because he dares not stay away ; but we have not the slightest comprehension what was the use of Abel’s lamb. It remains an utter enigma to us, bewildering and unexplainable. We cannot understand how any human creature could express his emotions of gratitude or confidence by destroying one of the gentlest lives which confided in his care. If there is no better explanation than this, we can only turn with disgust from the altars of the old world ; there is no meaning in them.

And now there marches another figure upon the record. Noah, a pa-

triarch, the second father of the world, a man whose years extended to within fifty of a millennium. Mr Maurice is very kind to Noah ; he who is of Lincoln’s Inn and the nineteenth century, patronises him of the Flood. If you had asked this simple-hearted old giant to explain to you what his sacrifice meant—“ to tell you *what* these visible things signified to him, he could have given you no answer,” says Mr Maurice. And again—“ The man who came out of the ark, and builded an altar to the Lord, must have felt that he was representing all human beings—that he was not speaking what was in himself, so much as offering the homage of the restored universe. The simple mind of a patriarch could not take in so vast a thought as this ; what need that he should take it in ? ” What need indeed, when there was a coming man—a critic and expositor, like Mr Maurice—fated to appear ever so many ages after, to explain to us the unexplainable thoughts for which poor old savage Noah could find no expression ? We are irresistibly reminded, as we read, of a famous critic in another department. “ Ah, sir,” said this redoubtable gentleman, as he looked upon a sketch of a deceased painter, an unhappy disinherited son of Fame,—“ Ah, sir, ——— was a great colourist, and he never knew it ! ” The patriarch, like the painter, was unconscious of what was in him—a dumb inglorious Milton, full of inarticulate greatness. Yet one could suppose that that same mountain-head of Ararat, with the great world appearing around, in the water and out of the water, and the rainbow arch overhead, was about as fit a scene, not only to inspire grand ideas, but even the grand simple language of nature in which to express them, as the shady groves of Lincoln’s Inn, or even the classic cloisters of Somerset House ; and that the man whom the Apostle describes as emphatically a preacher of righteousness—a man in whose youth the first of men was still living to tell his wonderful experiences—one who for many a troublous year contended with a world of giants, the sole representative of God’s church and truth among them, might possibly have been quite as competent to understand his own deeds, and interpret his own

thoughts, as the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice, a Cambridge scholar, and chaplain of Lincoln's Inn. We believe they may be an "unchancy" audience, these same learned benchers, but not quite so hard to manage either as the sons of Cain and Lamech, the primeval Titans of the world; and we confess it seems to us somewhat ludicrous to see how this reverend gentleman patronises Noah, who, to say the least of it, is Mr Maurice's grandfather as well as our own, and deserves some little filial reverence at his descendant's hands.

But, "what need that he should take it in?" continues Mr Maurice. "It was true; if he could not comprehend it, he yet could speak out the marvel and the awe of his heart to Him who knew all. What was Noah's sacrifice but this?—as childlike as that of the man who first gazed on the strange world and could not interpret it; who first saw death, and wanted to be told what it signified; who first felt sin, and would fly from it. As childlike as his; perhaps more childlike, because the oppression of ages, and of the sin which had been done in them, of the deaths which had been died in them, was greater than that which the other could experience—and, therefore, the need of casting it on some one who could bear it was greater; and because the sense of deliverance and redemption and restoration—the assurance that the righteous God was a deliverer, redeemer, restorer—must have been such as none could have had who had not seen how all the powers of the world were used for the punishment of those who had braved Him instead of believing in Him; and how, nevertheless, the order stood fast, and came forth fresher and fairer out of the ruin. In what words was it possible to express a sense of man's greatness—the king over the mightiest animals—and of man's littleness in the presence of the elements which had been let loose upon him; of the intimate inseparable union between man and man; of the bitter strifes which tore them asunder; of the awful nearness of men to their Maker; of their estrangement from Him? How could he and his sons say, 'We confess that Thou hast made us rulers; help us to govern: we

know that the world can crush us; help us not to fear it, but Thee. We are sure that we have rebelled against Thee; we bless Thee that Thou upholdest us, and unitest us to Thee?' The altar, the clean beasts, the fire, and the man presenting the animals to Him whom he cannot see, in the fire as one of the mightiest ministers of His will—these were the signs which supplied the want of language, or translated the language of earth into that of heaven."

Now it appears to us that this is one of the most marvellous instances on record of an appearance of reasoning in which there is neither argument nor consequence. It is very probable that all these thoughts were in Noah's mind when he stood at the opened door of the ark, and saw before him a recovered world; but states of mind are not the whole and sole materials of which philosophy and history are made, and we come back in hopeless darkness to Noah's altar and its heap of victims. This libation of blood, these slain beasts, whose lives have been miraculously preserved only to perish here, how do they express man's greatness and man's littleness, the union between man and man, the strifes between man and man, their nearness and yet estrangement from their Maker?—how? In what manner do these slain creatures express the prayer of Noah and his sons? How are these the signs which supply the want of language? Mr Maurice is a great deal more arbitrary than those he condemns so easily: it is so, he says; but he gives us no light to show us why or how: instead, he gives us a great many admirable descriptions of the various phases of individual human experience, a great many inculcations of the necessity of yielding our will to God, of coming to Him with trust and confidence, in every word of which we are only too glad to concur; but still we come back to our premises. This altar and its shed blood—this offering, made, not mildly, after the gentlest sweetest fashion, but violently by fire and knife, and the agonies of death—what is the meaning of it? This is no expression of your states of mind; at least you have only *said* it is so: you have not advanced a single argument which convinces us:

of what, then, is it an expression? for we are more in the dark than ever.

If it should happen to dawn upon the mind of the inquirer here, that there was in existence an ancient promise, instantly applied to the sufferers from the Fall, like balsam to a wound—something which spoke of a certain Seed, who should undo the evil of that first tremendous overthrow—and that the altar and the blood, mysteriously, darkly, but so as faith could build upon, pointed to Him who was to come, God's own eternal glorious remedy for the destroyed and ruined world,—we say, if this should happen to dawn upon an inquirer's mind, bringing the daylight of the gospel to interpret the morning of the ancient world, it seems to us that the most wonderful illumination would immediately stream upon those ancient rites. "In the name of One to come,"—when the old world echoes with these words, as we verily believe every sincere ear that listens for them will hear it echoing, there is no longer either difficulty or incoherence in the ordinances of the ancient dispensations. This simple and palpable sign of sacrifice is no longer an arbitrary token of the human thoughts to which it has no real affinity, but is the lively representation of one distinct event, as simple, real, and palpable as itself. But if we attempt to show how Noah's awe, gratitude, and reverence, or the filial trust of Abel, found their natural expression in that hecatomb of slain animals, we are lost in utter bewilderment: on the one side nothing but filial adoration, humble confidence, hope, and prayer; on the other, agony, destruction, cruel suffering, and pain. How or by what means does the one interpret the other? We can make nothing of the mystery; it has no analogy to anything else known to us, human or divine.

The history passes on. Another grand antique personage appears upon the stage, and we have now to consider the sacrifice of Abraham. We avow at our beginning that it is not much our habit to read books of divinity, and frankly we do not know whether the merit of this slander upon the Father of the Faithful belongs solely to the inventive genius of Mr Maurice, or if somebody else, equally clever and fer-

tile of brain, has a hand in it. But, according to our primitive comprehension, and that plain Scripture narrative, which does not say God suggested, but God spoke, we had formed a certain idea of Abraham. We conceived of him as, in the first place, a man extraordinarily tried, whom God commanded, in so many distinct unmistakable words, to take his only son—the son of hope, of promise, long waited and longed for—and offer him a sacrifice upon the altar. We understood from the story that Abraham arose, dumb, saying not a word, scarcely thinking a thought in his silent anguish, only hastening to do it—to do it—to obey what God commanded, though it was worse than a hundred deaths. A wonderful tale—no words to dilute the intense force of it—nothing to explain how that agony of faith went upon its silent journey, day by day, single-minded, broken-hearted, knowing only what God had said, and seeking no evasion of that dread commandment. But it is a very different story which meets us on the pages of Mr Maurice. Abraham! You thought he was a grand simple soul, a natural princely man, one who entertained travellers, who delivered the treasures of his heathen neighbours, but, with a noble magnanimous generosity, would have none of the spoil he recovered—who took the gifts of God's full hand with a full heart, and no thought of paying for them. Was this your idea? Oh simplicity! what a mistake you have made! There is no magnanimous and princely hero visible in the sermon of Mr Maurice—but there is a man who "thinks upon his thoughts," who makes subtle investigations into his own spirit, an accomplished casuist, an egotist of the first water. This poor, vain, ungenerous creature is too mean and small of soul to accept a gift of surpassing and unequalled magnitude without offering God something to make up for it; his first thought, on receiving the prize, is what he shall give in return; and after various processes of thought, the barren result of all is, that the man makes up his mind to offer back again to his heavenly Benefactor the gift which He gave. "I knew thee that thou wert an austere man; here is thy talent; behold, now thou hast that

which is thine." And Mr Maurice's Abraham binds the wood upon his back, and in ineffable self-estimation, and resolved to be even with God, sets off to Mount Moriah to deliver back again the greatly appreciated boon.

We are not misrepresenting Mr Maurice; it is true that when his Abraham arrives at this conclusion,

he determines that it has been suggested by God; but that is all that the Divine will has to do with the matter. We subjoin the narrative of Mr Maurice and that of Moses. There is some difference between them—not a little in fact, as we suppose; and the most wonderful distance in atmosphere. But we will let these two historians speak for themselves.

## MOSES.

"And it came to pass after these things, that God did tempt Abraham, and said unto him, Abraham: and he said, Behold, here I am. And he said, Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt-offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of. And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and saddled his ass, and took two of his young men with him, and Isaac his son, and clave the wood for the burnt-offering, and rose up, and went unto the place of which God had told him. Then on the third day Abraham lifted up his eyes, and saw the place afar off. And Abraham said unto his young men, Abide ye here with the ass; and I and the lad will go yonder and worship, and come again to you. And Abraham took the wood of the burnt-offering, and laid it upon Isaac his son; and he took the fire in his hand, and a knife; and they went both of them together. And Isaac spake unto Abraham his father, and said, My father: and he said, Here am I, my son. And he said, Behold the fire and the wood: but where is the lamb for a burnt-offering? And Abraham said, My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt-offering: so they went both of them together."

## MR MAURICE.

"A man who has waited long for some good, which has seemed to him more bland each day that has *not* brought it to him, and yet has also seemed each day more improbable; who has been sure from the first that if it ever came, it must be a gift from One who watched over him and cared for him, and who, for that very reason, has gone on trusting that he shall receive it—yes, growing in trust, as the natural difficulties looked more insurmountable; such a man, when the dream of his heart becomes a substantial reality, has a sense of grateful joy which turns to pain, which is actually oppressive till it can find some outlet. Yet what outlet can it find? What can he do for the Giver more than rejoice and wonder at the gift?—more than say, It is thine? Nothing perhaps. But how can he say *that*?—how can he utter what he means to One who, he knows, is the source of all he has, and can need nothing from him? What can he offer?—a mere sign or symbol?—a sheep which he would slay for his own food, and which he would not miss out of his flock?—a miserable sample of the fruits which the earth is pouring out to him? It must surely be something better, more precious, than any of these. His own heart seems to scorn such presents—must not the heart of Him to whom he brings them? Out of such feelings comes the craving for the power to make some sacrifice—to find a sacrifice which shall be real, and not nominal. The Book of Genesis says, '*God did tempt Abraham.*' It leads us back to the source from which the thoughts that were working in him were derived. It says, broadly and distinctly, This seed did not drop by accident into the patriarch's mind; it was not self-sown; it was not put into him by the suggestion of some of his fellows. It was part of the discipline to which he was subjected that these questions should be excited in him. It was his divine Teacher who led him on to the terrible conclusion, 'The sacrifice which I must offer is that

Did it never occur to Mr Maurice that, if Abraham's sacrifice did indeed proceed, in the first place, from this paroxysm of insane thankfulness, it is the most singular thing in the world that he should have waited so many years before accomplishing it? Isaac was no newly received gift, no baby blessing, at this period, but a reasoning lad, capable of bearing the wood upon his shoulders, and asking shrewd questions; "the sense of grateful joy, which turns to pain," must have had years to sober down into reasonable and pious gratitude by this time; why such a frantic outburst now? Oh this power of "spiritual anatomy"! these states of mind! We are afraid that this faculty of description is a dangerous one. At all events, Moses treats the subject very differently. We see nothing whatever of Abraham's processes of thought in *his* history; and if we were to enter our own fancy in opposition to Mr Maurice's, our individual apprehension of him would paint Abraham, hastening on his way, thinking nothing, saying "God said," hurrying onward, taking no time to consider what he was doing; feeling that his only safety was to do it, to obey, and leave the rest to God. Heaven and bereaved hearts only know the unspeakable agony of submitting, when a child is only *taken*; but to give—to offer—fancy has nothing to do with such an unimaginable anguish; and there is not a word in the Scripture story which authorises us to believe that Abraham's thoughts and wishes had the slightest share in the dread command of God.

But we must hasten from the Old Testament and its dimmer ordinances, only pausing to note one important enunciation which our author makes in this same sermon about Abraham.

very gift which has caused me all my joy. That belongs to God. I can only express my dependence upon God, my thankfulness to Him, by laying my son upon the altar.' If it was true that he had been called out by the living and true God to serve Him, and trust Him, and be a witness for Him—if it was true that he had received his child from God—it was true also, he could not doubt it, that this was a command—that it was a command directly addressed to him; that he was to obey it."

Abraham's reward, says Mr Maurice, was this—

"He had found sacrifice to be no one solitary act, no sudden expression of joy, no violent effort to make a return for blessings which we can only return by accepting; but that it lies at the very root of our being; that our lives stand upon it; that society is held together by it; that all power to be right and to do right begins with the offering up of ourselves, because it is thus that the righteous Lord makes us like Himself."

In this we find the first statement of what is in reality Mr Maurice's leading principle: he returns to it again and again; he tells us that he can conceive of no state, or rather, to use his own words, "that the most pure and perfect state of which we can conceive is the state of which sacrifice is the law;" and "that it is impossible to imagine a blessed world in which it does not exist." He "maintains that sacrifice is entirely independent of sin;" that, in fact, instead of being a means, it is an end, and, as it would appear, in reality, *the* chief end for which this world was created. Let us endeavour to realise this condition of existence; the intense amiability of it is scarcely to be conceived by our gross mortal understanding. We can all of us understand a sacrifice which has a motive. The man who puts his own life, or his own good fame, upon deadly hazard to save his brother's; the woman who resigns all the joys of life to recall one soul astray and erring to a better way,—these, we say with reverence, are humble shadows, far off and faint, of one Infinite Sacrifice, and we commend them for their motive, but not for themselves: their design is to save—without this design they are meaningless; and though they may fail a hundred



times, the purpose that is in them, and which gives all force and nobility to them, remains. That is the old doctrine; but Mr Maurice requires no design, no purpose, no motive. The supreme excellence of the thing is enough for him; and we cannot remember any example which so perfectly exhibits his doctrine, as it applies to the social intercourse of mortal men, as that of the far-famed old man of the fable with his ass. Pure, motiveless, unselfish sacrifice was that; and the conscientious and sorely tried hero of the tale, panting as he carries his faithful beast along the road, where that same faithful beast, but for public opinion, ought to have carried *him*, must be, we should fancy, the very beau ideal of Mr Maurice. When all the world is equally complaisant, what a world it will be! how mild, how tender, how gentle should be all the symbols and images which point towards this consummation! Are they so? Of what do these slain beasts, these holocausts, these heaps of slaughtered victims, testify to the world?—of violent agony, frightful, unspeakable, only to be expressed by the last pang of mortal suffering. What has this to do with man's sweet submission to his brother, with his filial reverence to God, his childlike dependence upon Him? If that were all, these murdered creatures should have been brought hither garlanded and crowned, and lived guarded lives as dedicated offerings, instead of dying violent deaths. Why did they die?

It is a hard question; and when we turn to our author's exposition of the New Testament, we cannot but feel that the death of the Lord is a source of continual embarrassment and perplexity to his mind. But for that death, all would go well with him; if the Son of God had only lived His perfect and wonderful life, spoken His marvellous words, done His works of mercy, and ascended to the heaven from whence He came, all would have been harmonious and consistent; but, unfortunately, the central and culminating point of the gospel is not even so much that Jesus lived as that Jesus died. It is not the manger, but the cross, that is the type of Christianity; and all the world, past and present, centres towards this mysterious Death.

In this death Mr Maurice believes fervently: he preaches that it has saved all the world; but how? That is a different question. He begins by presuming that it was to be expected that this supreme perfection of men, if He ever did come, should sacrifice Himself. "If there could be one who never did lift himself up above his brethren, who never claimed to be anything but a member of a kind, must he not be the perfectly righteous man, and yet must he not be in sympathy and fellowship with all sinful men as no other ever was? Must he not have a feeling and experience of their sins which they have not themselves? Is it not involved in the very idea of such a being that he sacrifices himself?"

We confess that this "must" only confounds and bewilders our poor apprehension. We can see no necessity in it. It seems to us as if somebody going to America, and finding an English-speaking people there governing themselves, should begin to predict that the original colony must separate itself from the parent state;—very safe prophesying now, but not quite so patent a truth in the days of the "Mayflower." It is the time of David of which Mr Maurice is treating; and he goes on to tell us, speaking of the whole race (of Jews, of course—at least we presume so), "I say for *all*, because this was the very discovery which gave them comfort, and the only one which could. They were not only taught, 'If there is such a righteous man, *then* he must and will offer such a sacrifice as this, and that sacrifice must be a sacrifice of God,' but their hearts said also,—'Such an One there is, and such an One will be manifested. His existence is implied in all that we are thinking, feeling, doing. Some day He will make it clear by a transcendent act—an act pregnant with the mightiest consequences to *the world*—that He is."

Yet, in spite of this universal enlightenment in the time of David, the very chosen companions of the divine Redeemer were dismayed and bewildered at any mention of sacrifice on His part. What does this inconsistency mean? But whatever it means, Mr Maurice has at last come to the

conclusion that it is expected of all mankind that a Saviour is to come, and is to die. And now it is time to enter on the question, Why was He to die? Not for sin, because sacrifice is independent of sin. For what, then, was it necessary that this divinest essence of manhood was to give forth His life upon the cross?

Returning to Mr Maurice's book to search for this reason in his own words, we find it the most difficult thing in the world to light upon it. So far as God Himself was concerned, its main reason seems to have been to testify "the eternal and original union of the Father with the Son—that union which was never fully manifested till the Only Begotten by the Eternal Spirit offered Himself to God;" and again, "that union and co-operation of the will of the Father with the will of the Son, which was, as St Peter taught us, before all worlds, which lay at the very ground of creation, but which was never manifested in its fulness till the Son yielded Himself up to the death of the cross."

But the real motive of the sacrifice of Christ was this—God had already forgiven His sinful creatures their iniquities; and, as we read, we almost fancy we can see some benignant father smiling at the follies of his children, which are in reality so harmless and trifling that it is no effort on his part to forgive them—that they scarcely need forgiveness. But God *has* forgiven these transgressions; it is only necessary to make man believe in it. How is this to be done? By a secret inward revelation, as Abel and Noah were moved? by an oath and covenant, as sufficed for Abraham? No! Astonishing prodigality of Heaven! to convince this obstinate, prejudiced, unpersuadable man, the Son comes to this world, and this divine and glorious life is thrown away upon the cross to coax the sullen villain to believe (what was nevertheless true whether he believed it or no), that God *had* saved him! And that death, so often typified, so often predicted, for which such solemn preparations, such widespreading providences cleared the way—that death, after all, was not a ransom, but only an *argument*; not a propitiation, but simply a proof—a most astounding disproportion,

surely, of means to the end! If Abel, Noah, Abraham, David, had believed on God's word and assurance, how did these lesser men of later times require so extraordinary an additional security? We are lost in amazement when we come to think of it. If this is so, it seems to us the only instance on record of waste of means and unnecessary expenditure on the part of God.

But if our Lord's death was after this wise, a proof to man of God's accomplished deed, and a full pledge, such as never had been given before, of the entire union of the Father and the Son, how majestic, how calm, how full of the grandest solemn delight and satisfaction must have been that so-called sacrifice? How we can fancy the sun, His shadow in the heavens, shedding its mildest effulgence on His glorious head as He hangs upon His cross as on a throne. Neither agony nor passion can be there. There is nothing to agonise for. He is a witness of his Father's accomplished pleasure—a benign advocate of God to man, and not of man to God.

So has died many a holy martyr to His word and truth. So fell Stephen, with the glory of heaven on his young brow. But so did not die the Lord of All. The convulsed and trembling earth, shaken to her foundations; the rended hills; the darkened sun; the pale atmosphere of gloom, and terror, and agony; the face of solemn anguish; the cry of desertion and solitude; and that last voice of triumph, of agony, of conquest, what do they mean? "It is finished!" What? The witness-bearing, the persuasion, the proof, the sympathy? But these are never to be finished while Time and Hope endure.

"It is finished!" What? This interpreter does not tell us—on his principles we find it impossible to tell. All the common words are here, yet we are robbed of our Lord, and cannot tell where He is gone. He died to convince us; He did not die for us. He is our brother; but not our head, our substitute, our Redeemer, who stood in our stead, and bore our punishment. He is the Father's security to us; the hostage of God's treaty; and not our security with the Father, our Royal purchaser and

owner, who undertakes all things for us. Out of chaos we came, and into chaos we return. We see no significance in the arbitrary sign of Abel's primitive offering; no natural language of gratitude or confidence in the slain lamb. Nor can we understand, in any sense, how the Son, whose death declares His union with His Father, and who is only the pledge and guarantee of His Father's sincerity, can be called the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world.

We have been obliged to hasten over this book, a book which tempts contradiction on every page, and on which we could have lingered very much longer had space or time permitted. But though, even in the quotations we have made here, we have passed over many statements which we would wish to record our energetic protest against, we do not think we have omitted any important link of Mr Maurice's argument, or misrepresented the drift of it. It is, indeed, a consistent and carefully constructed scheme, with its leading idea clear and well sustained, and an immense amount of skill and pains expended in its arrangement. The plausibility of the whole depends on the plausibility of each part, and this Mr Maurice admits as well as ourselves, when he makes the singularly candid avowal, that unless he can succeed in explaining how we are "redeemed" by Christ from "the curse of the law" in some other sense than that which declares "that He offered His blood, which was an adequate purchase-money or ransom for it," he "must abandon all the conclusions respecting sacrifice which we have deduced hitherto from an examination of Scripture." How he manages to make this explanation we leave to better judges—our vocation is not to expound or interpret. We have floated along the easy stream of Mr Maurice's special pleading—we have looked on with wrath and pugnacity, at which we could not help being amused when we thought of it, while our old faith was disposed of—we have paid all attention to his statements—and our conclusion is, that cleverer appearances of giving a reason scarcely could be; but for the reason itself, we could not catch sight of it. In our private retirement we

have been carrying on a smart dialogue with Mr Maurice. "This is," says the teacher—"Why?" say we. But our instructor never condescends upon the why: we are continually pursuing him in wonder and bewilderment, continually calling upon him to stop and explain himself; but unfortunately the points on which Mr Maurice is disposed to be explanatory are precisely those which we ask no questions about. Mr Maurice is a good man, and no doubt was entirely satisfied himself with the truth of his prelections; and we trust his learned audience at Lincoln's Inn found something more than assertions in them. But we—well, we are only one of the public; we are neither learned in divinity nor in law—we find, as we have before acknowledged, several graphic sketches of "states of mind" in this clever volume, but as for connection between these "states of mind" and the tokens which, according to Mr Maurice, are their natural interpretation, we confess candidly that we can see none. If we are to believe Mr Maurice, this singular institution of sacrifice means nothing at all, and has, in fact, had a certain propriety and significance only among the heathen. The merest and most arbitrary of forms,—a pure motiveless bloodshedding it must have been with the patriarchs, who, doubtless, if they had not so much talk in them as this modern generation, were able enough, even Noah, to say in so many words their prayers and their thanksgiving, without the melancholy and tragical intervention of these "poor dumb mouths," the wounds of the victims on their altar.

Mr Maurice tells us that in his philosophy everything proceeds from God; but this is rather a delusive doctrine, for in reality everything in his philosophy proceeds from the processes of human thought, influenced in an inward far-away mode, unacknowledged by the divine Whisperer, by some suggestion of the Supreme. We, for our part, feel very confident that the idea of sacrifice could never have occurred to the human mind at all if God had not given it forth so plainly, that it was possible to pervert, but not to deny it. However, teaching is not in our way,

and we have only one thing more to say before leaving Mr Maurice. We were never more struck with a change of atmosphere than we were when we laid down his book, and took up that Book from which he takes his texts. The words were often the same, but the air, the spirit, the essence was changed. We add another "Why?" to our long list of interrogations. This amiable and good man has been led away by his anxiety to find a liberal and enlightened gospel, fit for the nineteenth century, and its intellectual dabblers in scepticism; and he has been too much occupied by the course of views necessary to establish his theory, to observe that subtle inexpressible breath of life which he has left behind.

Fathers and mothers! ye who are proud in your secret hearts when your boys are born to you, and snub the poor little sisters, the detrimentials of the nursery,—do you know that a great many philosophers (and Mr Maurice and the Broad Church are undoubtedly supporters of the same opinion) main-

tain that no man can have a real, stout, individual faith of his own till he has passed through certain regions of Disbelief, Scepticism, Infidelity, of which it is the fashion to speak with great reverence and respectfulness? And do you know that it is the persuasion of Mr Thackeray, that the same young man must take a certain course of vice, before he can hope to become such a man as Lord Kew? Deluded and insane Heads of Houses! do you hear these oracles, and will you still persist in bringing up the miserable little urchins, doomed to undergo this fate? Be persuaded, we beseech you, good people: let us have a generation of the little sisters—those proper little beings, whom nature herself keeps in order, and who have no necessity laid upon them to be either dissipated or sceptical. As for the other unfortunate moiety of the creation, dispose of it somehow—we will not inquire too closely into the particulars—but surely anything is better than taking care of and preserving the imp till it is old enough to meet this predicted fate.

## VERNIER.

If ever thou shalt follow silver Seine  
 Through his French vineyards and French villages,  
 Oh! for the love of pity turn aside  
 At Vernier, and bear to linger there—  
 The gentle river doth so—lingering long  
 Round the dark moorland, and the pool Grand'mer,  
 And then with slower ripples steals away  
 Down from his merry Paris. Do thou this;  
 'Tis kind and piteous to bewail the dead,  
 The joyless, sunless dead; and these lie there,  
 Buried a hundred fathoms in the pool,  
 Whose rough dark wave is closed above their grave,  
 Like the black cover of an ancient book  
 Over a tearful story.

Very lovely

Was Julie de Montargis: even now,  
 Now that five hundred years are dead with her,  
 Her village name—the name a stranger hears—  
 Is, "La plus belle des belles;"—they tell him yet,  
 The glossy golden lilies of the land  
 Lost lustre in her hair; and that she owned  
 The noble Norman eye—the violet eye  
 Almost—so far and fine its lashes drooped,  
 Darkened to purple: all the country-folk  
 Went lightly to their work at sight of her,

And all their children learned a grace by heart,  
 And said it with small lips, when she went by,  
 The Lady of the Castle. Very dear  
 Was all this beauty and this gentleness  
 Unto her first love and her playfellow,  
 Roland le Vavasour.

Too dear to lose,  
 Save that his knightly vow to pluck a palm,  
 And bear the cross broidered above his heart,  
 To where upon the cross Christ died for him,  
 Led him away from loving. But a year,  
 And they shall meet—alas! to those that joy,  
 It is a pleasant season, all too short,  
 Made of white winter and of scarlet spring,  
 With fireside kisses and sweet summer-nights:  
 But parted lovers count its minutes up,  
 And see no sunshine. Julie heeded none,  
 When she had belted on her Roland's sword,  
 Buckled his breastplate, and upon her lip  
 Taken his last long kisses.

Listen now!  
 She was no light-o'-love, to change and change,  
 And very deeply in her heart she kept  
 The night and hour St Ouen's shrine should see  
 A true-love meeting. Walking by the pool,  
 Many a time she longed to wear a wing,  
 As fleet and white as wore the white-winged gull,  
 That she might hover over Roland's sails,  
 Follow him to the field, and in the battle  
 Keep the hot Syrian sun from dazing him:  
 High on the turret many an autumn-eve,  
 When the light, merry swallow tried his plumes  
 For foreign flight, she gave him messages—  
 Fond messages of love, for Palestine,  
 Unto her knight. What wonder, loving so,  
 She greeted well the brother that he sent  
 From Ascalon with spoils—Claude Vavasour?  
 Could she do less?—he had so deft a hand  
 Upon the mandolin, and sang so well  
 What Roland did so bravely; nay, in sooth,  
 She had not heart to frown upon his songs,  
 Though they sang other love and other deeds  
 Than Roland's, being brother to her lord.  
 Yet sometimes was she grave and sad of eye,  
 For pity of the spell that eye could work  
 Upon its watcher. Oh! he came to serve,  
 And stayed to love her; and she knew it now,  
 Past all concealment. Oftentimes his eyes  
 Fastened upon her face, fell suddenly,  
 For brother-love and shame; but oftener  
 Julie could see them, through her tender tears,  
 Fixed on some messenger from Holy Land  
 With wild significance, the thin white lips  
 Working for grief, because she smiled again.

He spake no love—he breathed no passionate tale,  
 Till there came one who told how Roland's sword,  
 From heel to point, dripped with the Paynim blood;  
 How Ascalon had seen, and Joppa's list,  
 And Gaza, and Nicæa's noble fight,  
 His chivalry; and how, with palm-branch won,

Bringing his honours and his wounds a-front,  
 His prow was cleaving Genoa's sapphire sea,  
 Bound homewards. Then, the last day of the year,  
 He brought the unused charger to the gate,  
 Sprang to the broad strong back, and reined its rage  
 Into a marble stillness. Ah! more still,  
 Young Claude le Vavasour, thy visage was,  
 More marble-white. She stood to see him pass,  
 And their eyes met; and, ah! but hers were wet  
 To see his suffering; and she called his name,  
 And came below the gate; but he bowed low,  
 And thrust the vizor down over his face,  
 And so rode on.

Before St Ouen's shrine  
 That night the lady watched—a sombre night,  
 With no sweet stars to say God heard or saw  
 Her prayers and tears: the grey stone statues gleamed  
 Through the gloom ghost-like; the still effigies  
 Of knight and abbess had a shrow of life,  
 Lit by the crimsons and the amethysts  
 That fell along them from the oriels;  
 And if she broke the silence with a step,  
 It seemed the echo lent them speech again  
 To speak in ghostly whispers; and o'er all,  
 With a weird paleness midnight might not hide,  
 Straight from the wall St Ouen looked upon her,  
 With his grim granite frown, bidding her hope  
 No lover's kiss that night—no loving kiss—  
 None—though there came the whisper of her name,  
 And a chill sleety blast of midnight wind  
 Moaning about the tombs, and striking her  
 For fear down to her knees.

That opened porch  
 Brought more than wind and whisper; there were steps,  
 And the dim wave of a white gaberdine—  
 Horribly dim; and then the voice again,  
 As though the dead called Julie. Was it dead,  
 The form which, at the holy altar foot,  
 Stood spectral in the spectral window-lights?  
 Ah, Holy Mother! dead—and in its hand  
 The pennon of Sir Roland—and the palm,  
 Both laid so stilly on the altar front;  
 A presence like a knight, clad in close mail  
 From spur to crest, yet from its armed heel  
 No footfall; a white face, pale as the stones,  
 Turned upon Julie, long enough to know  
 How truly tryst was kept; and all was gone,  
 Leaving the lady on the flags ice-cold.

## PART II.

Oh, gentle River! thou that knowest all,  
 Tell them how loyally she mourned her love;  
 How her grief withered all the rose-bloom off,  
 And wrote its record on her patient cheek;  
 And say, sweet River! lest they do her wrong,  
 All the sad story of those twenty moons,  
 The true-love dead—the true love that lived on  
 Her faithful memories, and Claude's generous praise,  
 Claude's silent service, and her tearful thanks;

And ask them, River, for Saint Charity,  
To think no wrong, that at the end she gave,  
Her heart being given and gone, her hand to him,  
Slight thanks for strong deservings.—

Banish care,

Soothe it with flutings, startle it with drums,  
Trick it with gold and velvets, till it glow  
Into a seeming pleasure. Ah, vain! vain!  
When the bride weeps, what wedding-gear is gay?  
And since the dawn she weeps—at orisons  
She wept—and while her women clasped the zone,  
Among its brilliants fell her brighter tears.  
Now at the altar all her answers sigh,  
Wilt thou?—Ah! fearful altar-memories—  
Ah! spirit-lover—if he saw me now!  
Wilt thou?—Oh me! if that he saw me now;  
He doth, he doth, beneath St Ouen there,  
As white and still—yon monk whose cowl is back.  
Wilt thou?—Ah, dear love, listen and look up.  
He doth—ah God! with hollow eyes a-fire.  
Wilt thou?—pale quivering lips, pale bloodless lips—  
I will not—never—never—Roland—never!

So went the bride a-swoon to Vernier,  
So doffed each guest his silken braveries,  
So followed Claude, heart-stricken and amazed,  
And left the Chapel. But the monk left last,  
And down the hill-side, swift and straight and lone—  
Sandals and brown serge brushed the yellow broom—  
Till to the lake he came and loosed the skiff,  
And paddled to the lonely island-cell  
Midway over the waters. Long ago  
He came at night to dwell there—'twas the night  
Of Lady Julie's vigil; ever since  
The simple fishers left their silver tithe  
Of lake-fish for him on the wave-worn flags,  
Wherefrom he wandered not, save when that day  
He went unasked, and marred a bridal-show,—  
Wherefore none knew, nor how,—save two alone,  
A lady swooning—and a monk at prayers.

And now not Castle-gates, nor cell, nor swoon,  
Nor splashing waters, nor the flooded marsh,  
Can keep these two apart—the Chapel-bells  
Ring Angelus and even-song, and then  
Sleep like her waiting maidens—only one,  
Her foster-sister, lying at the gate  
Dreaming of roving spirits—starts at one,  
And marvels at the night-gear, poorly hid,  
And overdone with pity at her plaint,  
Letteth her Lady forth, and watches her  
Gleaming from crag to crag—and lost at last,  
A white speck on the night.

More watchful eyes

Follow her flying—down the water-path,  
Mad at the broken bridals, sore amazed  
With fear and pain, Claude tracks the wanderer—  
Waits while the wild white fingers loose the cord;  
But when she drove the shallop through the lake  
Straight for the island-cell, he brooked no stay,  
But doffed his steel-coat on the reedy rim,

And gave himself to the quick-plashing pool,  
 And swimming in the foam her fleetness made,  
 Strove after—sometimes losing his white guide,  
 Down-sinking in the wild wash of the waves.

Together to the dreary cell they come,  
 The shallop and the swimmer—she alone  
 Thrusts at the wicket,—enters wet and wild.  
 What sees he there under the crucifix?  
 What holds his eyesight to the ivied loop?  
 Oh, Claude!—oh loving heart! be still, and break.  
 The Monk and Julie kneeling, not at prayer.  
 She kisses him with warm, wild, eager lips—  
 Weeps on his heart—that woman, nearly wived,  
 And, “Sweetest love,” she saith, “I thought thee dead.”  
 And he—what is he that he takes and clasps  
 In his her shaking hands, and bends adown,  
 Crying, “Ah, my sweet love! it was no ghost  
 That left the palm-branch; but I saw thee not,  
 And heard their talk of Claude, and held thee false,  
 These many erring days.” Oh, gaze no more,  
 Claude, Claude, for thy soul’s peace! She binds the brand  
 About his gaberdine, with wild caress;  
 She fondles the thin neck, and clasps thereon  
 The gorget; then the breast-piece and the helm  
 Her quick hands fasten. “Come away,” she cries,  
 “Thou Knight, and take me from them all for thine.  
 Come, true-love, come.” The pebbles, water-washed,  
 Grate with the gliding of the shallop’s keel,  
 Scarce bearing up those twain.

Frail boat, be strong!

Three lives are thine to keep—ah, Lady pale,  
 Choose of two lovers—for the other comes  
 With a wild bound that shakes the rotten plank.  
 Moon! shine out fair for one avenging blow!  
 She glitters on a quiet face and form  
 That shuns it not, but stays the lifted death.  
 “My brother Roland! Claude, dear brother mine,  
 I thought thee dead—I would that I had died  
 Ere this had come.—Nay, God! but she is thine!—  
 He wills her not for either: look, we fill—  
 The current drifts us, and the oars are gone—  
 I will leap forth.” “Now by the breast we sucked  
 So shalt thou not: let the black waters break  
 Over a broken heart. Nay—tell him no;  
 Bid him to save thee, Julie—I will leap!”  
 So strove they sinking, sinking—Julie bending  
 Between them; and those brothers over her  
 With knees and arms close locked for leave to die  
 Each for the other;—and the Moon shone down,  
 Silvering their far-off home, and the great wave  
 That struck, and rose, and floated over them,  
 Hushing their death-cries, hiding their kind strife,  
 Ending the earnest love of three great hearts  
 With silence, and the splash of even waves.

So they who died for love, live in love now,  
 And God in heaven doth keep the gentle souls  
 Whom Earth hath lost, and one poor Poet mourns.

EDWIN ARNOLD.



## THE STORY OF THE CAMPAIGN.

## CHAP. XXII.—(Continued.)

ON the 3d May, an expedition, which had been for some days in course of preparation, consisting of about 7000 French with 12 guns, and 3000 English with 6 guns, sailed for Kertsch, but just after arriving in sight of its destination, was recalled by a message from the French commander. He had received telegraphic instructions from the Emperor to despatch all the transports he could command to the Bosphorus, to convey the French reserves there to the seat of war, and considered the instructions as sufficiently imperative to necessitate the recall of the expedition, which accordingly returned, amid much dissatisfaction. A few days afterwards, General Canrobert resigned the control of the army to General Pelissier, and took the command of the first division, the same he had held under St Arnaud.

Several events marked the change of commanders. On the night of the 22d, the French made a determined attack on the rifle-pits between the Quarantine and Central Bastions, which form part of the earth-works covering the town. At nine o'clock a cannonade, accompanied by volleys far warmer and more sustained than in any previous night-attack or operation of the siege, marked the commencement of the enterprise, and continued without intermission till three in the morning. The moon rather glimmered than shone upon the scene, and against the cloudy horizon the flashes of the guns, like summer lightning, marked the lines of defence and attack; the rattle of small-arms was almost incessant, and occasional cheers, rising from the gloom, showed some advantage won or charge attempted.

On the following day I visited the scene of combat. Entering the French lines at the Maison de Clocheton, a long walk through the zigzag approaches led to the advanced trench, where glimpses over the parapet and through loopholes, rendered precarious by the proximity of the Russian riflemen, who fired incessantly, revealed the features of the ground.

In a green hollow or basin, at the head of the inlet known as Quarantine

Bay, is a Russian cemetery, having in the midst a small church, surrounded by crosses and headstones. No English country churchyard, where the forefathers of the hamlet sleep, can, in its trim sanctity, be more suggestive of repose than this peaceful spot, above the occupants of which rude requiems of musketry and cannon had for months broken the silence. Instead of mourning friends, marksmen had crouched in the grass of the graves, or lain in the shadow of the tombstones. On the previous night there had been hard fighting above the dead, on the thresholds of whose green abodes lay others ready to join them. The cemetery is surrounded by a wall, and is about seventy yards square; the further wall was less than a hundred yards from the wall of the town, which was of masonry, upright (those of fortified places are in general strengthened with sloping buttresses, termed *revetments*), and having no ditch. It was breached in three or four places, though not extensively enough for the assault; but it was evident that, in a few hours, the French batteries could, whenever they pleased, destroy the whole extent of wall, which it would have been impolitic to do until the moment for storming had arrived. Between the wall of the cemetery and that of the town was a line of rifle-screens, strongly constructed of earth and gabions, and capable of holding each at least a dozen marksmen. Only two of these had been taken by the French, and the number of dead stretched on the grass showed at what cost. The cemetery was cleared of Russians, who had retired to their remaining rifle-pits, and its right wall now formed part of the French parapet. The Russian batteries before the town were silent, and the garrison had hoisted a flag of truce, which the French refused to respond to, as it was known the attack was to be resumed in greater force the same night (23d); and, on returning in the evening, I met bodies of troops entering the lines. In all, it was said that 30,000 men were to be assembled in

the trenches for this new attack. That night at nine o'clock, the cannonade and musketry opened as before, but soon became fainter, and by midnight died away. The Russians, cowed by the slaughter of the previous night, and overpowered by the numbers of the assailants, withdrew within their works, after a short struggle, and left the whole of the rifle-pits to our allies, who connected them by trenches, opened a communication with their nearest approach, and occupied them as a new advanced line. On the 24th there was a truce for six hours to collect the dead. The French lost 1600 killed and wounded, of whom about a fourth were killed. They delivered to the Russians 1150 bodies; 800 more were collected by the burial parties on the ground, most of whom had been killed by the fire of four French field-pieces, which ploughed through the enemy's dense columns drawn up in support; and the loss of the garrison in the two attacks could scarcely have been less than 6000 men.

On the 23d the expedition again sailed for Kertsch, and this time accomplished the object of its mission. On the afternoon of the 24th, the allied force disembarked at Kamish, a village south-west of Kertsch. About 2000 Russian cavalry showed themselves there, but did not offer to attack; and the garrison, after blowing up their magazines and spiking most of their guns, were seen moving

off. Next morning the allies advanced on Kertsch, and halted for an hour in the town, where they destroyed a large foundry and bullet-factory, and then, advancing on Yenikale, and finding the place deserted, they proceeded to intrench themselves. In all, 108 guns were taken, many of them of large calibre (68-pounders), which in another week would have been mounted in the batteries, offering a formidable defence. Some of our war-steamers of light draught, and gun-boats, immediately entered the Sea of Azoff, capturing 260 boats laden with grain, and proceeding to Arabat, a strong fort at the southern extremity of the long narrow isthmus, by which the land communication with the neighbouring provinces of Russia is maintained, blew up, with the first shell fired, an immense magazine there. A few days afterwards, Genitsch, at the other extremity of the isthmus of Arabat, was set on fire, and eighty-six boats destroyed in its harbour. The whole of the Sea of Azoff was scoured by this light armament. The town of Berdiansk on the north shore was abandoned by the enemy, as was Soujouk-kale, near Anapa; and besides the towns, guns, ammunition, and vessels (including four war-steamers sunk by themselves), the Russians either destroyed or lost grain sufficient for 100,000 men for four months; moreover, the road by which supplies had chiefly been sent to Sebastopol was rendered unavailable.

#### CHAP. XXIII.—THE POSITION EXTENDED.

During the month of May the Sardinian contingent had joined us. The appearance of these troops was much admired; they were very neatly and serviceably clothed, those of the line in grey coats, fitting loosely, and leaving the neck free, with a light jacket and trousers underneath; their arms, equipments, waggon-train, and horses, were all in excellent order; the troops looked healthy and cheerful, and the few cavalry that accompanied them were extremely soldier-like and well-appointed.

Besides this addition to our forces, the French had received such strong reinforcements that it was necessary, if only for the ventilation of the army,

to extend our position. On the 25th, twenty thousand French, ten thousand Sardinians, and twenty thousand Turks, quitting the plateau some hours before daybreak, marched towards the Tchernaya, from which the Russians, who were in inconsiderable numbers there, fell back without opposition: the area of our position was thus nearly doubled—the passage of the river secured, with a plentiful supply of water—and a large portion of the army encamped on spots far more eligible than could be found on the bare and trodden surface of the heights.

The Russian supplies from the Sea of Azoff being cut off, and our force thus largely augmented, the campaign

assumed a new aspect. The enemy must now draw their supplies from their depot at Simferopol, and an allied army advancing from Eupatoria to threaten that place, would draw their force thither, as Sir John Moore's advance in the north of Spain drew Napoleon's army from Madrid. A second force of the Allies might follow them from the Tchernaya, still leaving sufficient troops to watch Sebastopol, and effect a junction with the army from Eupatoria, presenting a force which it is unlikely the Russians could attempt to cope with, and the conquest of the whole province might ensue. On such grounds the time for actively continuing the siege would seem past, as, with our present means, the town might be obtained on easier terms than at the expense of a bloody assault. Situated as the Crimea is, at the extremity of the empire, and all the northern portion being extremely barren, it appears impossible that Russia should be able to maintain there an army at all equal to ours, and the form and position of the province render it very vulnerable to an enemy who commands the sea. On such considerations the time would seem to have arrived when the operations of the siege might give place to new, more extensive, and more decisive enterprises.

On the 25th I rode to our outposts on the Tchernaya, and afterwards completed the circuit of the position. Descending from the plateau by the Woronzoff road with a companion, we crossed the ground where the light brigade made their memorable charge, to the low heights between the plateau and the Tchernaya, leaving behind us the hills from which the Turkish outposts were driven in the affair of Balaklava, and which were now again occupied by our Ottoman allies. The plains were in every part covered with luxuriant herbage and flowers, varying in character with the ground, the lower portions being sometimes moist and filled with marsh plants, while a shorter growth clothed the upland slopes. At the base of the low heights, which were now occupied by a French division under Canrobert, six field-batteries were posted, the heights themselves were covered with the French tents, and bowers made of branches; and the guns in the Russian

works above the ruins of Inkermann tried vainly to reach them with shells, which, for the most part, burst high in air midway. A dell in the midst of these heights led to the road along which we had marched from Mackenzie's Farm. The bridge by which we had crossed the Tchernaya was uninjured, and on the further side the French were constructing a *tête-du-pont* or earthen work, the faces flanked by parapets for musketry on the hither side of the river. We rode along the bank, which was lined with Frenchmen and Sardinians fishing, and who appeared to have good sport, pulling out fish something like trout; one soldier caught a carp of a pound and a half. The meadows here, though they must in winter have been deep swamps, contained the remains of many burrows where the Russians had bivouacked, the branched roofs of which had fallen in. At a neighbouring ford several hundred French cavalry were watering their horses, the men in their stable dresses, with carbines at their backs, while a strong picket, fully accoutred, was drawn up beyond the river to protect them from any sudden descent the enemy might make from the opposite heights, where a few Cossacks were occasionally visible. Close by, on the opposite bank, is a tall conical hill held by the Piedmontese, who have here their advanced post of light troops, dressed in green tunics, and hats with bunches of green feathers, like theatrical bandits, and armed with short rifles. The back of this hill forms, with a steep slope opposite, a narrow gorge, where a pretty stone bridge spans the Tchernaya, and from this point branches the aqueduct which used to supply Sebastopol. Beyond, the valley widens again into meadows sprinkled with trees, and tinted glowingly with flowers; in some places knolls are so covered with purple, red, or yellow, as to look like great nose-gays. In the midst of a grove stands the village of Tchergoum, with its large octagonal tower, and up the road behind it a Cossack may be seen sauntering towards some of his comrades who appear on the heights, and occasionally fire at those who advance furthest from the outposts. There are plenty of Russian burrows here on both sides of the river, and the

Allies in their advance made spoil of abundance of arms and furniture, which they disposed of to visitors, one of whom was offered a piano a great bargain, of which he was unable to avail himself, as it was rather too large to put in his saddle-bags; while in another quarter a post-chaise was for sale. Had the same purchaser got both, he might have taken home the piano in the post-chaise.

Riding back over the steep hills, which in the eastern corner of the position are held by Sardinians, you reach their right outpost near Kamara, where a road sweeps round the back of the mountain. Here the aspect of the country suddenly changes—for whereas the hills towards Bakshi Sarai are bare and chalky, here they are clothed with a thick verdure of tall coppice, with some trees of large growth, spotting with the darkness of their shadowed sides the even sunlit green of the bushes, which is further broken by park-like glades. All is silent here; there are no soldiers visible, and no sound is heard except the thrushes in the leaves, and the murmur of a small stream caught in a stone fountain beside the road. The next turn discloses a camp occupied by a detachment of our marines, supplying the pickets and sentries who complete the circuit of outposts from Kamara to the sea-shore far south of Balaklava. Their tents are pitched in a sunny meadow, before which rises a wooded mountain, with craggy peaks breaking through the verdure, on each of which stands a sentry with his red-coat and cross-belts discernible a mile off against the sky. From this camp a wood-path, shaded with fine trees, ascends to the next mountain ridge, where a turn of the road discloses a really magnificent prospect. Doubtless the long residence on the dreary heights of Sebastopol enhanced for us the effect of the view, but anywhere in the world it would have been eminently attractive. Below us lay the valley of Baidar, stretching from the edge of the sea-cliffs on our right to the distant mountain range, where it wound round out of sight. Like the fabled vale of Avilion, it was "deep-bower'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns;" flowery meadows, sprinkled

with trees and groves, reminded me, in their fertility and expanse, of the vega of Granada, as seen from the mountains behind the city. Two red-roofed villages, embowered in trees, stood, at some distance apart, in the midst of the valley, but no inhabitants, nor cattle, nor any kind of moving thing, gave life to the scene—it was beautiful as a dream, but silent as a chart. No corn had been sown for this year's harvest; the only tokens of agriculture were some farm-wagons discernible through the glass at a distant point of the valley. The villages were not only deserted, but, as some visitors had ascertained a day or two before, quite denuded of all tokens of domestic life. Beyond this outpost it was now contrary to orders to pass; a marine officer was in charge of the party, and lay in a kind of nest, under the shade of his blanket and cloak, which hung on bushes.

Turning with regret from this view, we rode back along the sea-cliffs towards Balaklava. The tint of the Euxine was so light in the bright sunshine that it was not easy to distinguish where the sky joined it; and the steamers that crossed to and from Kertsch (one of them tugging a sailing vessel, perhaps a prize) seemed to traverse the air. The cliffs, as I have mentioned elsewhere, are of remarkable beauty, with delicate rosy tints and purple shadows. At length we arrived at the stockaded barrier drawn across the road in the winter, passing which we came to the fortified ridge from whence you look down on the harbour of Balaklava, lying like a small lake in its rocky, tower-skirted basin. Here work-a-day life began again—troops lighting their cooking fires and fetching their water—guards lolling in the sunshine—mules and buffaloes toiling with their loads; and up the hills beyond Kadukoi the bearded pashas, sitting in open green tents like canopies, gazing, as they smoked their tall silver nargillys, towards the distant mountains which surround Bakshi Sarai; while the more devout among the Mussulman soldiers, drawn up in a body, with their faces turned (I suppose) towards Mecca, repeated, with many bendings and prostrations, their evening prayers.

## CHAPTER XXIV.—ASSAULT OF THE MAMMELON AND QUARRIES.

Notwithstanding the extent of our force, great part of which was necessarily idle, our strategical operations seemed to be limited to the expedition to Kertsch, as the preparations for a renewal of the cannonade on Sebastopol, to be followed by an assault, were actively continued. We erected new batteries, accumulated great stores of ammunition, and augmented the number of mortars in the trenches. On the 6th June, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the batteries opened, and after a short space the Russians replied with a fire heavier than in former attacks, but by no means so well directed, owing, perhaps, to the want of reinforcements of good artillerymen. All that afternoon and all night our fire continued, and the next morning that of the Russians, which had begun so spiritedly, was much subdued. The Mammelon, which on the previous afternoon had fired salvos, was reduced to two or three guns, and its parapets, as well as those of the Redan, and the face of the Malakoff looking towards our batteries, were little more than a shapeless heap of earth, testifying to the excellence of our artillery fire, which was probably unequalled for precision and effect. The practice of our mortars was admirable—scarcely the smallest interval elapsed without a huge shell bursting in the midst of the Mammelon, and the loss of its garrison must have been very severe—of which, indeed, we shortly had proof.

It had been arranged, before opening the fire, that on the second day an assault should be made; by the French on the Mammelon and the smaller works towards Careening Bay—by us on a work known as the Quarries, in front of the Redan. Up to our last cannonade the ground there had been occupied merely by heaps of loose stones and rubbish, where marksmen were posted; but since then the enemy had thrown up an intrenchment surrounding the Redan at about four hundred yards in front of it, and had filled it with riflemen—and it was this work which, though quite regular in form,

retained the old name of the Quarries. As soon as the French had secured the Mammelon we were to attack this point, and establish ourselves; but our attack was for the present to terminate with the success of this operation, because the Redan, if carried, would be untenable so long as the Russians retained possession of the Malakoff. The time chosen was half-past six in the evening, and for this reason, that as men advance with much more spirit and confidence when they see what is before them than in night-attacks, the assailants would have daylight enough to secure possession of the work, while darkness would descend in time to enable them to throw up the necessary cover against the fire which the Malakoff (looking on the rear of the Mammelon) would otherwise pour in so hotly as, perhaps, to render the occupation of it difficult and attended with heavy loss.

At half-past five the French columns of attack were formed at the mouth of the ravine which divides the English right from the left of the French at Inkermann,—and to each battalion General Bosquet addressed a few words of encouragement, to which they responded with cheers, and straightway plunged, in rather more tumultuous array than English discipline permits, into the ravine. A most conspicuous personage was a *vivandière*, who, well mounted, and wearing a white hat and feather, rode at the head of the column with a little keg slung at her saddle. First went the Algerine Zouaves, tall, lithe, swarthy, and with African features; next the French Zouaves, who, having obtained precedence over the Green Chasseurs, greeted these latter *braves* as they passed them with screams, howls, and derisive expressions, which were received in silence by the Chasseurs, who followed next, attended by their *vivandière*, a very pretty and smartly-dressed girl, who seemed to possess great control over her feelings; for, whereas a woman can scarcely be expected to see with indifference even

a single lover going to battle, this young lady beheld with equanimity a whole regiment of admirers advancing to deadly conflict. Several regiments of the line followed, and the whole array swept down the ravine to the trenches.

The English light and second divisions were destined to attack the Quarries. Two bodies, each of two hundred men, issuing from the foremost trench of our right attack, were to turn the extremities of the work, drive out the occupants, and, advancing towards the Redan, and lying down there, keep up a fire to cover the operations of eight hundred workmen, who, with pickaxe and shovel, were to throw up a parapet towards the enemy. Besides the guards of the trenches, other detachments were to remain at convenient points, ready to support them against all attempts of the enemy.

By some means the news had got abroad that an assault was to be made, and crowds assembled at different commanding points before the camps. As the hour approached, and the number of the spectators augmented, the greatest excitement prevailed. We could see the French lining their trenches, and the English filing into theirs. The fire from our batteries was hotter than ever, and shells were showered more thickly into the devoted Mammelon. At length three rockets were fired from the Victoria redoubt, which General Pelissier had just entered, and every glass was turned towards the French trenches, from which the assailants were seen to issue and swarm up the slope. Led by one man, who kept considerably in advance of the rest, they passed the line of intrenchment which the enemy had drawn round the front of the work, and in a few minutes were seen at the edge of the ditch, firing into the embrasures. Presently some climbed the parapet—large columns pressed in at the left—and, almost without a struggle, the Russians hurried off towards the Malakoff, while the tricolor was hoisted in the captured work. The smaller works towards Careening Bay had been simultaneously assaulted, though the conflict there was disregarded in the absorbing interest of the attack on the Mammelon,

and they also were carried after a short struggle; but the one nearest the sea, being exposed to the fire of batteries on the north side of the harbour, was found too hot to remain in, and the French quitted it.

Possession of the Mammelon being obtained, it was necessary to cover the operations of the workmen by a further advance, and the foremost assailants dashed out in pursuit of the Russians who made for the Malakoff. Flushed with their easy success, the French did not content themselves with a demonstration against this formidable work, but actually assailed it. It immediately became a hornet's nest—every gun opened—its parapets sparkled with musketry—and the garrison of the Redan, not yet assailed by the English, were seen leaving their post, probably to succour the Malakoff.

The French pressed on gallantly till stopped by a belt of abattis—an obstacle composed of trees with the branches pointed and sharp stakes. A few men penetrated through this, and, advancing to the edge of the ditch, fired on the defenders. At this time the Malakoff became wrapt in smoke, which, drifting across the scene, dimmed the view of the struggle. The guns fired wildly; shells exploded in all parts of the ground, and shot came bounding up among the spectators, one of which, later in the evening, killed an unfortunate civilian who was looking on. After the lapse of about a quarter of an hour, during which the French, unable to penetrate into the Malakoff, gallantly held their ground on the slope before it, the Russians, reinforced by several battalions, drove them back amidst a tremendous uproar of musketry and cannon, and they retired into the Mammelon, behind which a considerable body of their comrades were drawn up. Here they made a stand against the enemy, and commenced a struggle which wore an unpromising aspect—for while some of the French supporting force held their ground, others retired to the intrenchment midway down the slope, and began to fire from thence. At length the French gave way, and ran down the face of the hill to their own trenches, where their reserves were drawn up. Upon

these they rallied, and, after a breathing space, were again led to the assault, and successfully. Again they rushed into the Mammelon, drove out its defenders, and pursued them to the Malakoff, around which their musketry continued to crackle long after darkness set in, while their comrades intrenched themselves in the Mammelon, which was found strewn with dead from the effect of our shells.

Meantime our men, issuing from their trenches, had entered the Quarries, which they found unoccupied, and advanced towards the Redan to cover the operations of the working party. Their movements were not so plainly visible from the rear as those of the French, owing partly to the nature of the ground, partly to the dense smoke which overhung the scene; but Lord Raglan, who remained at a point about half-way between the ridge before our camps and the batteries of our left attack, received occasional notices of the state of affairs. Some of our men had entered the Redan and found it empty, the garrison having, as before said, probably gone to reinforce the Malakoff; but they speedily returned in force, and our reserves advanced to support the assailants. When darkness set in, the line of musketry marked the disputed points, but the artillery fire had almost ceased, except from our mortars, which threw shells into the Redan and Malakoff. The latter work seemed to be still assailed by the French; the former was silent. All was darkness, except where the sparks of musketry were scattered as from a forge—then, with a flash and roar, a shell would climb the sky, passing the ridge of clouds lying on the horizon, mingling confusedly amid the stars, and then rotating downwards, when, as it disappeared behind the parapet aimed at, for a moment all was dark, till the explosion lit up the work, making it stand out in transient red relief from the surrounding blackness; or a shell from a gun would traverse the ground at a low angle, the burning fuse rising and falling in graceful curves as it bounded on, till its course ended in a burst of flame. Sometimes a bugle sounded shrilly in the still night—once

or twice there was a cheer—and these sounds and the rattle of the small arms showed the chief part of the combat, in which so many of our comrades and friends were darkly engaged, to be in the ravine of the Woronzoff road. Sometimes the sound of strife died almost away, and then was renewed with great warmth. These sudden outbursts marked the onsets of the Russians, who made vigorous efforts to retake the work, and even drove our men out of it, but were again repulsed. Towards morning they advanced on our trenches, and penetrated into some of the approaches, but were driven back with loss.

The next morning the Russian works, beaten into uneven heaps, were almost silent, firing only an occasional shot. The French had intrenched themselves in the Mammelon, and had placed some small mortars there, while we had made good our footing in the Quarries. Both the English divisions had suffered severely; in the second, the report up to ten o'clock in the morning showed 50 killed and 270 wounded; while, in the light, the 7th and 88th had suffered severely. In the afternoon several Russian mortars were directed on the Mammelon, and must have caused loss to the French in it.

Before and during the assault no feint or demonstration was made at any other point of the line to mislead or distract the enemy, who took advantage of the directness of the attack to collect their troops in the Malakoff in sufficient numbers to drive back the French, as before described, from that work, and even temporarily to retake the Mammelon. Our allies attacked with great gallantry, and the Russians, taken as they were by surprise, and having already suffered much from our heavy fire, showed more stubbornness in the defence than was generally anticipated. Next day the expectation was very strong, in the English camp, that the attack was to be renewed in the course of the day, and that this time the whole south side would be ours, but the sun went down without any preparations for a second assault.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *June 8.*

## TWO YEARS OF THE CONDEMNED CABINET.

THE House of Commons has grown accustomed of late to strange sights. The Parliamentary history of the last two years is without a parallel in our annals. As a consequence of the recent revelations of Ministerial duplicity, faith in our public men is vanishing; and the National Representatives, foiled and duped by the Executive, have become sceptical and apathetic, and view each new turn in the Parliamentary drama with sarcasm or levity. The fall of a Ministry, the rapid effrontery of a Premier, or the inane termination of a six nights' debate, is alike received with laughter; and the majority of the House now seem to regard their lengthy debates as mere fencing-matches, wherein they who make the cleverest feints are to be the most applauded. Earnestness is disappearing, and an idle mocking spirit is taking its place. Athens of old once witnessed a similar scene. Themistocles, Pisistratus, Pericles—the master-spirits of their nation—the Cromwells, Chathams, and Pitts of the Athenian state, had passed away; and in their room had arisen a race of clever talkers,—men who prided themselves on their ability to prove right wrong and wrong right by turns, as best suited their interests,—who sneered at honesty when it gave an advantage to an adversary, and worshipped falsehood as a means to outwit,—and whose sole study it was to find how they could best blindfold and lead the public into their plans. These things were not done in a corner, but in the forum and the market-place. It was the affairs of the state that the Sophists made the subject of their game; and all Athens, looking on, grew faithless, callous, mocking. Athens in those days laughed at its leaders, laughed at itself, laughed at its gods. The people, a mere handful, laughed with their betters, and the disease deepened into death. The British nation, thank God, are neither fickle nor few,—they can neither be corrupted nor coerced by example; and unlike the sparkling boasters of the city of Pallas, the

sight of Ministerial shamelessness and duplicity only arouses them to earnestness and indignation. The country is at war, and has no need of enemies at home; and the political leaders who have at length unmasked themselves as renegades to patriotism and to their pledges, must henceforth be notably branded as if on their foreheads, and banished from the offended presence of the nation.

“Our constitutional government,” said the Prince-Consort lately, “is now undergoing a heavy trial.” The words were true; but whence has arisen the main source of that discredit which is now attaching itself to institutions around which the heart of the nation has so often rallied,—institutions not more venerable for their antiquity than they are cherished for their consonance with the national feelings? We have already indicated the cause. The Constitution is weakened, because the statesmen who of late have held the chief places have shown how well falsehood to the country can lurk within its precincts, and under the very shadow of the Throne. It is not that there has been official mismanagement: it is not that millions of money have been wasted, or—what touches the heart of the nation far more—that thousands of our gallant soldiers, men whom twice their number would hardly face in the field, have been doomed by Ministerial neglect to inglorious deaths. It is because that neglect itself was but a symptom of still deeper guilt. Ministers did not prepare to assail Russia, because they did not wish to assail her,—did not support our gallant army in the East, because they were ever striving secretly to patch up an unsafe and discreditable peace at Vienna. It is because the suspicions of the nation, ebbing and flowing for the last two years, have now culminated in a dread certainty; and because, by an *eclaircissement* forced upon the ex-Ministers, it is now known that these men—calling themselves “Peelites,”—have from first to last been *playing us false*. They have been false



to the country, and false to their own words. Their policy has been Russian, and their speeches prevarications. Hence the distrust and apathy of Parliament. It has felt itself befooled and blinded every time it attempted to obtain explanations. It struggled in vain with a jesuitry that was too strong for it, because the Legislature, split up, debauched, and emasculated by Coalition tactics, had no longer any faith in itself, and no courage to call its suspected leaders to account. And, thus at its wits' end, it has of late taken to mere talking and *farniente*: it makes long speeches in its sleep. And yet it will rise up again, we feel assured, even as it awoke suddenly from its torpor five months ago; and the old British spirit will flash out steadily in opposition to all Peelite cant and Russianism, and in support of any Ministry that will heart and soul support the honour and interests of our country. We have no desire that the Legislature should usurp the powers of the Executive; but the truth cannot be too vividly impressed on the public mind that the remedy for our present embarrassments is not more confidence on the part of Parliament, but more straightforwardness in our Ministers.

The House of Commons will not soon forget the week in which the long-latent Russianism of the ex-Ministers was openly divulged. There had been rumours of another Austrian proposition, which a majority in the Cabinet was disposed to accept; and on a day immediately previous the Peelite chiefs, invited by the Premier, had dined with their quondam colleagues at the Royal table. On Monday came on Mr Milner Gibson's "peace" motion. It was disagreeable to the Ministry, as exciting discussion and suggesting explanations;—it was not less so to the Peelites, who were unwilling to publish their Russian leanings when everything seemed so near a final settlement, and when peace, they thought, would have to be accepted by Parliament and the country as a *fait accompli*. Therefore a mock scene of question and answer was got up between Messrs Herbert and Gladstone and the Premier, conducted with that sanctimonious jesuitry in which the former gentlemen are

proficients; and on Lord Palmerston, thus invoked, stating (what his questioners knew full well) that the Vienna Conferences were *not* concluded, Mr Gibson was prevailed upon to withdraw his motion. The collusion was transparent, and the House by murmurs testified its indignation. The Conservative leader did more. Apprised of the secret treachery at work, and the contemplated acceptance of the Austrian proposals by the Government, Mr Disraeli resolved to bring matters to a crisis by moving a vote of want of confidence in the Ministry. The Premier instantly took the alarm. No subterfuge or jocularly, he knew, could rid him of this motion. A meeting of the Ministerialists was accordingly summoned, at which the Premier found that nothing would do but either to resign or adopt a more resolute policy. Here the split with the Peelites began. The tremendous castigation bestowed by Mr Disraeli upon Lord John Russell for his blunders and inadequate proposals at Vienna, and the cheers with which it was received by the House, gave fresh proof to the "peace" party in the Cabinet that their game was up. Their speeches grew more warlike, and the breach with their late colleagues was completed. Then at length up rose Mr Gladstone, Mr Sidney Herbert, Sir James Graham, and the Duke of Newcastle in the Lords, to unbosom themselves of that tenderness for Russia which they had so long and too well concealed when in office. The House sat silent as the ex-Ministers gave damning proofs of their former duplicity. The country, less used to such scenes, less in the secret, and unwilling to the last to believe so much evil of statesmen whom they had trusted, broke into vehement and indignant denunciation when the hateful truth was forced upon them; and the Press, unanimous for once, opened its many voices to upbraid. The worst charges against the Aberdeen Cabinet were now justified,—suspicions, apparently the most improbable, were now seen to have been truth. A mist rolled away from before the eyes of the nation, and a horrid light broke over the events of the last two years. We had, then, been duped after all!

Aberdeen and his colleagues were indeed confederates of Russia, and the Czar was right in calling the ex-Premier his "old friend!" It was now clear why Mr Gladstone starved the war,—why Mr Sidney Herbert and the Duke of Newcastle made the expedition to the East a mere parade,—why Lord Aberdeen kept protocolling instead of acting,—why Sir James Graham sent no gun-boats to the Baltic, spared Odessa,\* and forbade the fleet to attack Kertsch or harm the Russians in the Sea of Azoff! A much lighter shade of criminality than this would in former times have sent a Ministry to the Tower. Why, the mere sparing of Odessa and Kertsch was a graver fault than that which Admiral Byng expiated with his life;—the one endangered Gibraltar, the other has cost us an army by saving Sebastopol. Under any other Government, Sebastopol would have been ours last year; yet the flag of Russia (though, we trust, soon to fall) still floats over its bristling earth-works, and England now pays with the lives of her soldiers for the policy of her Government. The British nation has grown tolerant of misconduct in high places. The public, for its blind acquiescence, now charitably takes to itself a portion of the blame of those who dupe it. But in a case like this, where the honour and interests of Great Britain are alike concerned, and where the national feelings have been outraged in their most sensitive point,—where a Ministry has at once involved us in a gigantic war, and betrayed us in the conduct of it,—*forgive* is an impossible word, and the long tale of treachery will be requited by generations of censure and abhorrence.

The tale is a longer one than the less watchful portion of the public may imagine. The fountain lies deep, and, we confess, it contains abysses into which we do not care to search. Future historians will lay it all bare,

after the lapse of years has stripped some points of the delicacy which now envelopes them. A French or Russian alliance,—that was the fundamental question from whence has arisen the conflict of opinion among our statesmen. Louis Napoleon, enthroned in France, held out his hand to England. Far-seeing as his uncle, and prescient of coming storms from the North, he sought to establish himself and fortify Western civilisation by an alliance between the two freest and most liberty-loving nations of Europe. Lord Palmerston on the spot accepted it. For the last thirty years it has been the practice of our country to recognise every *de facto* Government in other countries, whether it be popular or absolutist, whether it be a Republic, a Monarchy, a Presidency, or an Empire. In December 1851, Lord Palmerston, nothing loth, followed the prescriptive practice, and hastened to recognise the Presidency of Louis Napoleon. We shall not pry into the cloud which envelopes the Cabinet crisis which ensued. Suffice it to say, the pressure must have been great which rent asunder the Whig party, and drove from office so veteran and accommodating a statesman as Palmerston. But this first *coup* of the anti-Gallican party failed notably. The Russell Cabinet, already tottering, was prostrated by the dismemberment. And the Conservatives succeeding to the reins of government, gave a diametrically opposite bias to our foreign policy, and, rapidly undoing what the anti-Gallicans had commenced, at once drew closer the alliance with our neighbour France. Stratford Canning, the man in all the world whom the Czar hated most, was created Lord de Redcliffe, and, coming home from his post at Constantinople, doubtless gave his Conservative friends the benefit of his long experience of Russian policy. Lord Malmesbury, the Foreign Minister, had been

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\* Sir James now takes credit for having *proposed* to Admiral Dundas to bombard Odessa. But when was this proposal made? Not till the middle of December last, after the mischief was done, and the Government had been challenged in Parliament for not having bombarded the place at the opening of the campaign. If Sir James had wished Odessa destroyed—and the enterprise would then have been of great use—why did he not give orders for its bombardment in May, when the Allied fleets were before the town, and had actually opened fire upon it?

a personal friend of Louis Napoleon, and was acquainted with his philo-English and anti-Russian predilections. So, at the head-quarters of the Conservative Ministry, there was both a friend of the French ruler and an inveterate antagonist of the Czar. The adherents of German principles and the Russian alliance were in despair. Nothing but a quick overthrow of the Derby Administration could prevent England from fraternising with France to the disadvantage of Russia;—and they resolved to attempt it. Party rivalry and lust of office had their part in what followed; but the grand feature of opposition between the Derby Cabinet and its successor was in their Foreign policy,—the one leaning to France, the other to Russia.

Woburn Abbey, of old the seat of many a wily conclave, was the scene of these first "conferences." Russell, Lansdowne, and Aberdeen were the plenipotentiaries; and they made quicker progress in their work than their own plenipotentiaries did afterwards. A Coalition was effected. The Peelites were to become Liberals at home,—the Liberals were to become Absolutists abroad. Popular principles were to be tabooed on the Continent, and Palmerston, to be out of the way, was put into the Home Office. Peelism, from some other cause than its numerical strength, was in the ascendant, and even Lord John Russell was for a time almost without office. Pœans were sung in the Winter Palace of St Petersburg. Nicholas, hitherto cold and distant, now caught hold of Sir George Seymour by the button-hole. At a private meeting at the Palace of the Grand-duchess Helen, on the 9th January—that is to say, as soon as despatches from or concerning the new Ministry could be received from London—"the Emperor came up to

me," says our Ambassador, "in the most gracious manner, to say that he had heard of her Majesty's Government being definitively formed, adding that *he trusted the Ministry would be of long duration*. He desired me particularly to convey this assurance to the Earl of Aberdeen—with whom, he said, he had been acquainted for nearly forty years, and for whom he entertained equal regard and esteem." But the Czar, while remembering his "old friend," did not forget the anti-Gallicanism of Lord John Russell in December 1851; and from the conjunction of two such stars in the same Cabinet, he knew that Russia's hour for triumph was come. "I repeat," he went on to say in that memorable interview, "it is very essential that the English Government and I should be upon the best terms; and the necessity was never greater than at present. I beg you to convey these words to Lord John Russell. When we are agreed, I am quite without anxiety as to the west of Europe." True. "If ever France and England form a sincere alliance," said Napoleon on the rock of St Helena, "it will be to *resist Russia*." And Nicholas now believed he could render that alliance impossible.\*

The Czar knew his men, and spoke out. "I am willing to promise," he said, "not to establish myself at Constantinople — as proprietor I mean, for as its holder in deposit I do not say." He afterwards made his desire to become Lord-Paramount of Constantinople still clearer, by showing that every other possible alternative would be resisted by him to the last. "Constantinople," he said, "never shall be held by the English, or French, or any other great nation. Again, I never will permit an attempt at the reconstruction of a Byzantine empire, or such an extension of Greece as would render her a powerful state;

\* It is but justice to Sir George Seymour, and at the same time a grave charge against the Ministry, to say that, in one of his admirable despatches, he expressly warned them (Jan. 11) that the Czar's overtures "tended to establish a dilemma by which it was very desirable that her Majesty's Government should not allow themselves to be fettered." Again, on 21st Feb., he wrote to Downing Street: "The Emperor's object is to engage her Majesty's Government, in conjunction with his own Cabinet and that of Vienna, in some scheme for the ultimate *partition of Turkey*, and for the *exclusion of France from the arrangement*." *Verba missa ad auras!* The Cabinet disregarded the warning, because they acquiesced in the general proposal.

still less will I permit the breaking up of Turkey into little republics. Rather than submit to any of these arrangements, *I would go to war, and as long as I have a man and a musket left, would carry it on!*" The Czar's overtures were no idle talk. At the same time that the British Cabinet thus received intimation of the Czar's designs, they were informed by our ambassador that two Russian *corps-d'armée* (the 3d and 4th) had got the route for the Turkish frontiers! But nothing disquieted them in their resolution to lean upon the Russian alliance. Only, lest the affair should get wind, or be deemed obnoxious by some of their colleagues, it was unconstitutionally resolved that this correspondence should be secretly conducted by a small conclave. Lord John Russell was deputed to make the first reply. He commenced with an acknowledgment of "the *moderation, frankness, and friendly disposition of his Imperial Majesty;*"—then, for sole answer to the Czar's verbal and military menaces against Turkey, meekly observed that as yet "no actual crisis has occurred which renders necessary a solution of this vast European problem;" but remarked that "her Majesty's Government are persuaded that no course of policy can be adopted more wise, more *disinterested, and more beneficial to Europe, than that which his Imperial Majesty has so long followed, and which will render his name more illustrious than that of the most famous sovereigns who have sought immortality by unprovoked conquest and ephemeral glory!*" To these Coalition compliments and sugar-plums, Lord John added a special and uncalled-for

reference to one point in the "disinterested and beneficial" policy which was to raise the Czar to such a pitch of glory. And what was this point, but that very Protectorate over the Greek Christians which afterwards occasioned the fatal *imbroglio*;—and what did Lord John but actually *commend* the Emperor for performing this protectorate—not only as a right, but as a "burdensome and inconvenient" duty!\* By a preceding mail, also, the gratifying news had reached St Petersburg that two members of the British Cabinet (Sir C. Wood and Sir J. Graham) had vilified and denounced the French Emperor from the public hustings, and that their colleagues and his "ancient friend" had by silence acquiesced in the sentiment!

Thus complimented and encouraged, the Czar proceeded in his plans. Prince Menschikoff was despatched post-haste to Constantinople to pick a quarrel with France about the Holy Places, and to concuss Turkey into a recognition of the Protectorate which the British Cabinet thought the Czar was entitled to, and so well discharged. But the French Emperor was too knowing to be thus entrapped. He felt that England under the new Ministry was breaking away from him, and he had no desire to fight the Continent single-handed. The impetuous Lavalette had been recalled; and when the Russian envoy arrived at Constantinople with his demands about the Holy Places, France at once released the Porte from its difficulties, by resigning the privileges lately conceded to her. The first ultimatum, though agreed to, thus failed in its object. The next news was, an alarming despatch from Colonel Rose,

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\* The words of this commendatory sentence addressed to the Czar are :—"The more the Turkish government adopts the rules of impartial law and equal administration, the less will the Emperor of Russia find it necessary to apply that exceptional *protection* which his Imperial Majesty has found so *burdensome and inconvenient*, though, no doubt, *prescribed by DUTY and sanctioned by TREATY.*" Yet, in the July following, Lord Palmerston declared that "no country had ever achieved so many reforms, in the same time, as Turkey had done within the last fifteen years." And exactly a year after Lord John Russell's testimony to the Czar's *right and duty* to exercise the Protectorate, Lord Clarendon said (Jan. 31, 1854):—"No injury to the Christian subjects of the Porte afforded *even a pretext* for such acts of aggression. On the contrary, from the introduction of new laws for their protection, and their own gradual progress in wealth and intelligence, the condition of the Christians was manifestly improving." And before fifteen months had expired the Aberdeen Cabinet declared war against the Czar, to resist this Protectorate, of which at first they expressly approved!

our *chargé-d'affaires*, stating that Menschikoff had been secretly offering to conclude an offensive and defensive alliance with Turkey, to which England was not to be a party, and from which she was to be sedulously excluded; and that the Russian Government offered to support Turkey against any Power, with an army of 400,000 men. The British Cabinet disbelieved or disregarded the report, although it was immediately afterwards (April 6) confirmed by Lord Redcliffe in person; and the demand for the fleet to be sent to the Bosphorus, though desired by France, was negatived at once. Yet so obvious had grown the danger, and so exorbitant in the eyes of our ambassador the demands of Russia, that Lord Redcliffe wrote home, that "it was not the amputation of a limb, but the infusion of poison into the whole system, that the Turkish Government were summoned to accept." At length came the *ultimatissimum*, in which Menschikoff demanded for his imperial master a protectorate over the Christian subjects of the Sultan,—a demand as extraordinary and unjustifiable, whatever Lord John and his colleagues might think of it, as if the French Emperor had claimed a similar right over the Roman Catholic subjects of the British Crown. On the demand being rejected by the Porte, Menschikoff withdrew, breathing vengeance, and Luders with his *corps-d'armée* soon afterwards crossed the Pruth,—an event destined to be more memorable in the history of modern Europe than was Cæsar's crossing the Rubicon in the annals of Rome.

War was begun,—our ally was attacked,—all treaties were thrown to the winds,—Russia was bearing down towards Constantinople, and the balance of power in Europe was menaced. But the British Cabinet remained quiescent! Secretly in the confidence of the Czar for the previous six months, and fully informed of his designs upon Turkey, they yet took no steps to deter him from his ambitious projects. And why? Because, rather than break with him, and be forced back upon the French alliance, they were willing to acquiesce in his plans, and trust in his "well-known

moderation." "We *must* come to some understanding," said the Czar to Sir G. Seymour, in the end of February, when our ambassador (although unsupported by any intelligible instructions from his Government) showed obvious reluctance to enter into the imperial plans; "and this we should do, I am convinced, if I could hold but ten minutes' conversation with your ministers,—with Lord Aberdeen, for instance, who knows me so well, who has full confidence in me, as I have in him. And, remember, I do not ask for a treaty or a protocol; a *general understanding is all I require*,—that between gentlemen is sufficient; and in this case I am certain that the confidence would be as great on the side of the Queen's Ministers as on mine." Nicholas was not disappointed in his estimate of the Aberdeen Cabinet; and Lord Clarendon (23d March) replied like a sycophant:—"The generous confidence exhibited by the Emperor entitles his Imperial Majesty to the most cordial declaration of opinion on the part of her Majesty's Government, who are fully aware that, *in the event of any understanding* with reference to future contingencies being expedient or indeed possible, the word of his Imperial Majesty would be *preferable to any convention* that could be framed." This understanding *was* come to. The Czar desired no tell-tale "treaty or protocol." The *litera scripta*, he knew, would terrify his friends in the Coalition Cabinet. No British Ministry could dare to *sign* away the independence of Turkey, but they could connive at it,—which Nicholas, as a practical man, knew was quite as good.

And the Aberdeen Ministry *did* connive at it. They laid their whole plans with the view to concussing Turkey, or letting Turkey be concussed, into acceptance of the Czar's demands. They resolved to make no opposition, and without their co-operation, they knew, France could offer none. No extra supplies were asked in the Budget; and when the Pruth was crossed, not a sabre or bayonet was added to the army, nor a single step taken to embody the militia. At one time Parliament was assured that the occupa-

tion of the Principalities was merely a temporary measure, and at another that they were "waiting for Austria." Now, six months before (22d Feb.), the Czar had told them—"When I speak of Russia, I speak of Austria as well; our interests as regards Turkey are perfectly identical. . . . I can reckon upon Austria, who is bound by her promise to support me." The truth is, the Aberdeen Cabinet were waiting, not for the military co-operation of Austria to commence the war, but for the compulsory yielding of Turkey, which, by satisfying Russia, would have restored peace. The secret conclave of the Cabinet had, partly by silence and partly by their profuse eulogy and commendations, led the Czar to believe that they acquiesced in his views in regard to Turkey; and in the above-quoted despatch of Lord John Russell's, they had expressly told the Czar that they regarded his Protectorate of the Greek Christians as at once a right and a duty. They adhered to these opinions all the more after the work of invasion had commenced; because they saw that the Czar (whom they had thus tempted into the path of conquest) would not recede, or quit hold of the Principalities, unless his demands were conceded. Lord Aberdeen and his colleagues had assented to Russia occupying the Principalities without considering it a *casus belli*, because they thought that this would bring the Porte to terms. To browbeat Turkey, content Russia, and so (though with immense damage to England and Europe in the end) preserve peace and the Russian alliance

at any price, was the policy of the Cabinet,—and for their Russian leanings, Europe and their country will yet have to weep tears of blood. The gallantry of the Ottomans, however, baffled the anticipations of the senile Premier;—and although he fought on to attain his object by means of "mediating" (!) Notes, the Turks would not listen to such degrading conditions, and resolved rather to die sword in hand than to sign away their independence. So strong, too, grew the feeling of sympathy for the Turks, and of hatred to Russia, among the British people, that the Coalition Cabinet became divided against itself. Then came the dreadful massacre of Sinope—a disaster for which the British Cabinet were directly responsible,\* by having forbidden the main body of the Turkish fleet to enter the Euxine to escort their convoys; and a general burst of indignation took place throughout the kingdom. Palmerston threatened to resign; and seeing the country against him, and the Cabinet going to pieces, the Premier at length began to give way.

But *began* only,—and that, too, rather in semblance than in reality. If ever there were philo-Russians in this country, and cunning knaves to boot, they were Aberdeen and his Peelite colleagues. In sending the British fleet to the Bosphorus, they did so only because (owing to the winter storms) it could no longer lie exposed in Beycos Bay; and when it reached Constantinople, the only thing it did was by its presence to help to compel the Turkish fleet not to put to sea.

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\* It is rarely that a Ministry can be convicted by the testimony of its own representatives, and by documents printed under its own superintendence, but the following extract from a despatch of Lord de Redcliffe, dated 17th December 1853, shows the opinion of our ambassador as to the share which the Ministry had in producing the catastrophe of Sinope:—"From all that precedes, it appears that a severe loss, which a timely interposition of the Allied squadrons might have prevented, has been sustained by the Porte. . . . Forgive me, my Lord, if, in this combination of circumstances, all tending to the same conclusion, I cannot lose sight of PUBLIC OPINION, or of that maturer judgment which LATER TIMES will pronounce upon our conduct at this unprecedented juncture;—and if, while stating my reasons for purposing to send the squadrons into the Black Sea now, I feel that an explanation of the causes which restrained them from going SOONER might be reasonably expected." This was plain language. It indicates that the ambassador neither acquiesced in the policy, nor was informed of the secret motives, of his Government; and explains the rumours, frequent at that time, of Lord de Redcliffe having tendered his resignation. But Lord Clarendon's only answer was to write to St Petersburg on the 27th, that the combined fleets "had no hostile designs against Russia!"

That fleet was commanded by Captain Slade (Mushoover Pasha); and the reason assigned by the British authorities for not allowing the fleet to enter the Black Sea, was, that as he, the Turkish Admiral, was an English subject, it might tend to embroil us with Russia! Captain Slade, chafing with fury at his compulsory inactivity, demanded that he should be allowed to sail with his whole fleet. The Divan likewise energetically protested, but was overawed by the threat that, if the Turks entered the Euxine, the British fleet would return to Malta. Only a detachment of war-ships, accordingly, was allowed to escort the convoys,—and the disaster of Sinope, as we have said, was the result. But did all these things really produce a reaction in the Cabinet against Russia? By no means. On Dec. 27 Lord Clarendon expressly informed Baron Brunow, that whatever appearances might indicate, the British fleet “had no hostile designs against Russia.” Not only this, but even the fleet of the deeply-injured Ottomans was to be prevented making reprisals. A fortnight *after* the news of Sinope reached this country, a despatch was sent to the Cabinet of St Petersburg, in which it was *secretly* stated—“As her Majesty’s Government are not less intent than they were before upon effecting a peaceful settlement of difficulties, *measures will be taken for preventing Turkish ships of war from making descents upon the coast of Russia!*” They tied Turkey’s hands in order that Russia might beat her and force her into submission! And what is worse, remark the way in which this was done. It was done so as to be an act of treachery against France as well as against Turkey. The preceding sentence formed part, and was written at the *end*, of a joint despatch which had been concerted between the British and French Governments; but no sooner did the respective ambassadors proceed to communicate their duplicate (!) despatches to Count Nesselrode than they were found to differ on this vital point,—the English addendum having been written *unknown to the French Government*, and in most flagrant violation of the concert between the two courts.

“Russia speculated upon the differences between England and France, which she thought irreconcilable,” was the explanation of the origin of the war given by Lord Palmerston on 31st March 1854,—not three months after the perpetration of this shameful act of double-dealing against our ally. He might have added that Russia was justified in so calculating. “Before the questions which led to the mission of Prince Menschikoff to Constantinople had assumed so serious an aspect of difference,” said the Czar, in the memorable article in the *Journal de St Petersburg* (March 3, 1854), which necessitated the production of the Confidential Correspondence, “and *before Great Britain had adopted the same line of policy as France*, the Emperor had explained himself with the most perfect candour to the Queen and her Ministers. And the result showed itself in a correspondence of the most friendly character between the English Ministers and the Imperial Government.” There is a great deal under the words which we have italicised. It calls to mind not only the anti-Gallicanism of Lord John Russell in December 1851, and of Wood and Graham in January 1853, and the life-long Russianism of Aberdeen, but also the secret memorandum of agreement made in 1844 between the Czar and the Scotch Earl (then Foreign Secretary) during the Russian Emperor’s visit to this country. “Russia,” said Lord Derby (March 31, 1854), alluding to the primal cause of the war, “thought if she could succeed in bringing the Prime Minister of 1853 to the obligations he entered into in 1844, *France would be isolated*, and England, Russia, and Austria would make arrangements among themselves for the settlement of the Turkish question.” That is the simple truth. The object of the Conferences and Memorandum of 1844 was strictly anti-Gallican;—its purport being, that in the event of the dissolution of the Turkish empire, England and Russia should act in a combination which would compel France to accept any terms they might dictate. And in the opening debate of 1854, Lord Aberdeen, with all the events of the previous year before his eyes, did not hesitate still to say that “he saw nothing to find

fault with in the Memorandum," and that he even "looked upon it with great satisfaction." In fact, it was no doing of his that England ever broke with Russia and sided with France and Turkey. We have already quoted the words of the elder Napoleon, as to the necessity of an alliance between England and France to resist Russia. Sir John M'Neill, another excellent authority, says,—“If England and France are united, there will be no struggle.” But it was the policy of Lord Aberdeen to sacrifice both France and Turkey for the sake of the Russian alliance. And hence the hopes and projects of the Czar.

The whole negotiations of the British Cabinet throughout 1853 were characterised by double-dealing towards the ally with whom we professed to act in concert, and by whose aid alone we could hope to resist the Russian aggressions. At the very outset of the dispute, the French Government—to whom overtures were made by the Czar similar to those opened with the British Cabinet!—solicited (January 28) “a cordial understanding” with the British Government, “not only for the purpose of settling the question of the Holy Places, but to oppose a steady opposition to that *threat of war* on the part of Russia which was indicated by the assembling of her troops on the Turkish frontiers.” It was after this that Lord John Russell wrote his fulsome letter of commendation to the Czar; and the subsequent conduct of the Coalition Ministry was in a similar strain of adulation to Russia and of coldness or actual double-dealing towards France. For instance, after the French fleet had put to sea in compliance with the demand made by their ambassador at Constantinople—in concert with Colonel Rose, who had despatched a similar request to the British Government—Lord Clarendon, in a despatch to St Petersburg (23d March), not only stated that his Cabinet “do not think Colonel Rose was justified in requesting that the British fleet should be brought to Vourla,” but added: “Her Majesty’s Government have felt *no alarm*. They *regret* that the alarm and irritation which prevail at Paris should have induced the French Government to

order their fleet to sail for the waters of Greece. But *the position in which the French Government stands, in many respects, is different from that of the British Government.*” As soon as he learned of this divergence of policy between the two Governments, Nesselrode testified his rejoicing by writing as follows (26th March) to Baron Brunow:—

“I hasten to acquaint your Excellency with the *sincere satisfaction* with which the Emperor has read our last despatches. They inform us that the British Government has not only approved of the refusal of Admiral Dundas, . . . but has come to the determination of leaving his fleet at Malta, and of *awaiting with confidence the negotiations commenced by Prince Menschikoff with the Ottoman Porte*, and not complicating them by joining in the hasty demonstration which the French Government has thought fit to prescribe to its squadron.”

From these sentences, as well as from the whole tenor of the despatches, garbled as they are in the Blue Books, it is clear that the Coalition Government were assenting parties to the mission of Menschikoff, and desired that the Porte might feel compelled to accede to the Russian proposals. This is brought out still more clearly as the despatch proceeds. Nesselrode goes on to say:—

“Nothing would have been more to be regretted than to see the two great maritime powers combining together, were it but for the moment, and in appearance rather than in fact, upon the Eastern Question as it now stands,—[*i. e.*, in regard to Menschikoff’s terms, then under discussion.] Although their views in this respect differ *IN REALITY toto calo*, nevertheless, as the European public is by no means competent to draw the distinction, their ostensible identity would not have failed to represent them under the aspect of an intimate alliance.

“France acting alone, the measure is attended with less inconvenience. The Emperor accordingly attaches but little importance to it, and his Majesty *sees in it no reason for changing his precious views and intentions.*” [Observe well the reason assigned by the Czar for adhering to his ambitious projects.] “*The attitude of England will suffice to neutralise what, on the part of the French or the Turks—if the latter should feel encouraged by the presence of the French fleet—might embarrass or retard too long the favourable solution of the question in dispute!*”



This needs no comment. Could the charge against the late Ministry of conniving with the Czar, and hence occasioning the war, be more conclusively established? Well might Nesselrode add: "In this point of view Lord Aberdeen appears to have fully understood the *beau rôle* which England had to play; and we are happy to congratulate him on it,—persuaded beforehand of the impartiality he will display *in carrying it out*." The Czar was not deceived,—only the British people!

Once more. Our readers can hardly have forgotten the haughty and insulting reply which the Russian Government made to the French circular of 25th June 1853. In that reply the conduct of both Britain and France was alluded to; but Count Nesselrode at the same time wrote to Baron Brunow (Aug. 13), to "request Lord Clarendon, in perusing our despatches, to have the goodness to make a distinction, and not to apply to his Cabinet what only refers to France. We attach importance to this," adds Nesselrode, "*since the LATE confidential overtures which Sir H. Seymour has been instructed to make to us*." So, here were the Aberdeen Ministry making confidential overtures favourable to Russia, and adverse to France, of which not a whisper was allowed to transpire! But when we turn to the published despatches to Sir H. Seymour, to see what those overtures were for which the Russian Minister was so grateful, we find not a single word of them! Only an extract of the important despatch is printed, from which all allusion to these overtures has been expunged. By what light can we view the countless omissions and excisions in these Blue Books *now*? And this system of double-dealing towards France, as we have seen, was continued in a most striking manner, even in January 1854.

A Russian or a French alliance, and the sacrifice of Turkey to attain the former,—that, we repeat, has been the question upon which the Aberdeen Cabinet took one side, and Parliament and the nation the other. To truckle to Russia at all costs, was the policy of the Peelites,—and to do it unknown to the nation, was a shameful necessity

of their position which they readily accepted. They have done so to the lasting injury of Europe and their country, and by their conduct have shaken to its base the credit of the British Constitution. Let us pause for a moment in this tale of folly and duplicity to point out the "antiquated imbecility" of this Peelite policy. Even throw out of account our knowledge of the hereditary policy and far-reaching ambition of the Russian monarchs,—and yet who but the judicially-blinded could fail to give weight to this? Suppose them unambitious and destitute of any fixed policy,—what then? Even then the Russian alliance is not the one we ought to cultivate. In former times each nation looked upon its neighbour as its "natural enemy," and Powers further off as its natural allies. This was the artificial policy by which *Courts* sought to maintain themselves against one another's encroachments. Each Court was an isolated unit, looking after its own interests. Whenever a Court was seized with a fit of ambition, it was its next neighbour that it fell foul of; and this neighbour forthwith invoked the aid of some third Power, whom it was wont to assist against *its* natural foe. Thus Scotland and France of old were allies against England, and England and the Netherlands against France. Thus also, in more recent times, France was the "natural enemy" of Great Britain, and Austria our "natural ally,"—the latter helping us against France, and we ready to help her against Russia. But the growth of democracy and the intercommunion of nations, which commenced during the last war, began to change these dispositions, and to make foreign politics depend more upon the sympathies of nations than the intrigues of Courts. Of late it has become evident that the political system of Europe will henceforth rest mainly upon the alliance of kindred peoples and principles, and less upon courtly artifice and matrimonial alliances. *Race and Principles*—kinship of blood, and sympathy of opinion—these, in nations as in individuals, are the natural and only lasting bonds of union; and precisely as time rolls on, and the nations become more developed, will these ties become more and more paramount, until all

Europe arrange itself in its great natural divisions. How absurd, then, for a British Cabinet to cling to an antiquated past, and endeavour to galvanise an effete system into efficacious existence! The conflict between the East and the West of Europe, and between the principles of Absolutism and Liberty which they respectively represent, has commenced;—Courts and Peoples will array themselves in accordance with their feelings upon these fundamental points; and the cordial union between England and France must be the sheet-anchor of the West in the strife.

War is a judgment upon the nations; but if ever a war was clearly traceable to individual agency, it is the present one. When Europe and our children, looking back upon a generation of agonies, shall ask, "Who were the immediate authors of our troubles and sufferings?" they will find no difficulty in at once bringing home the charge to the true delinquents. The ambition of the Czars, and the connivance of the British Cabinet—that is the answer. But the ambition of Russia is permanent and of long standing. It is an heir-loom in the house of Peter the Great. It has been as living and watchful from the commencement of the century as it was in 1853. All it waited and watched for was *opportunity*. Napoleon momentarily checked it by a home-thrust in 1812; Aberdeen called it forth anew in 1828—kept it alive by promises in 1844—and finally evoked the demon again in 1853. Wary and self-possessed to a degree, the late Czar would never have ventured on his scheme of ambition had he not had reason to reckon upon the friendship of the British Cabinet. *He never meant to involve his empire in war.* Secure in the friendship or connivance of England and Austria, and consequently checkmating France into quiescence, he reckoned upon extorting from Turkey a right of Protectorate (that right of which the Aberdeen Government at first expressly approved), and then lying quietly by until by his intrigues he could rend that empire asunder, and convert his protectorate into a suzerainty. When the lightning-storm is brooding in the skies, he is a madman who invites it down. But even so

acted the Aberdeen Cabinet. Russia's ambition was abiding, but it was they who, by evoking it, called forth this dread assault upon civilisation, and drew down the calamity of war upon Europe. They will be remembered in the history of Europe as the apostate Count Julian is in the annals of Spain, or the weak and traitorous Baliol in those of Scotland. They have drawn forth the storm of Slavonic invasion, and the withering curse of Slavonic absolutism, ere Liberty was fully armed for the contest. As yet, freedom and popular rights have established themselves only on the western outskirts of Europe. They are words almost unknown beyond the sound of the Atlantic's waves. Germany, Central Europe, is still a region where the people have no voice in their government; and their Courts lean to Russia as their upholder and grand patron of absolutism. Yet another generation, and those slumbering populations of Germans would have been awake and erect to defend themselves; and behind a bulwark of three-score millions of Teutons, Western Europe would have been for ever safe against the wildest efforts of Slavonic fanaticism. But, thanks to the Peelites of England, no such time for growth and preparation was given, and liberty and civilisation are now involved in a struggle which menaces them with temporary eclipse. Even to view the conduct of the Aberdeen Ministry in the light which they choose, and to accept their own version of the matter, in what a miserable aspect does their conduct appear! They allege that they resolved from the first to reject and oppose the designs announced by Russia in January 1853. Well, then, they must have known the perilous nature of the struggle that loomed in the distance; but did they make the least preparation to check, encounter, or repel it? Did they augment the military and naval forces of the empire at home, or strengthen our position by new alliances abroad? Did they take France into their confidence, or form an indissoluble alliance for mutual support with the Baltic Powers, which are destined to be Russia's next victims? Did they enter into immediate negotiations with Austria and Prussia, and the German Courts, in order to

nullify the notorious intrigues and influence of Russia, and win them, by a display of energetic action, to the side of justice and liberty? Not at all: they did none of those things. Not a gunboat was added to our fleet, not a soldier to our army, not a militiaman to our home-service. They said to the Czar, "Come and walk over us!" They never even hoisted an opposition flag. And if the German powers are now favourable to Russia, is it not very much owing to the fact that we allowed Russia to bully and cajole them uncounteracted?—nay, that at first our Government even set them the example which they are now following?

We have little heart to go through the sickening details of last year's profitless warfare, delusive professions, and imbecile diplomacy. But the story of mingled duplicity and mismanagement is now in little danger of being forgotten. The brazen-faced confessions of the Peelite chiefs have caused an indignant people to re-scan every point in the twelvemonth's progress. Lord Aberdeen repeatedly stated, that now that war was declared, he would prosecute it with the utmost energy; and so, in echo, said Gladstone, Graham, Newcastle, and Herbert. Yet now we know, from their own professions, as well as from the actual facts, that such was not their purpose; that, like that prince of courtly knaves, Talleyrand, they made use of language but to conceal their thoughts,—and that all their lengthy and fluent harangues were designed mainly to fling dust in the eyes of the suspecting nation and its representatives. The nation now knows from their own lips that they never meant to "humble" Russia; and again and again they discouraged every Continental power from joining us, by pledging themselves to "preserve the integrity" of their enemy's dominions. A strange way this of making war! We warned off Sweden from our alliance, by refusing beforehand to let her have back Finland, or a single inch of the territory of which Russia had robbed her. By a similar pledge we kept down the Poles, and let the Czar convert their country at his ease into a salient bastion, from which he can overawe the deliberations of the German Powers.

In like manner, also, we discouraged the brave mountaineers of the Caucasus from energetic action;—for what had they to fight for if the integrity of Russia was to be preserved, and not an inch of her plunder allowed to find its way back to its rightful owners? It was impossible to conceive a more ingenious plan for keeping down all hostility to Russia than that adopted by the Aberdeen Ministry. They smoothly called it "circumscribing the war:" in point of fact, *it was perpetuating the war by circumscribing our Alliances*. But it was no error, no mistake;—it was precisely what they desired. Even after war was declared, their single thought was,—"Keep things quiet, and all will yet go well. If we cannot now give Russia her coveted Protectorate, we can at least contrive to let her have terms that will content her. But, above all things, do not irritate, do not humble her; and do not swell the war by inviting other nations to join us against her."

Such was the fatal policy of the statesmen to whom Great Britain had in evil hour confided the conduct of the war. Their whole proceedings tallied with their secret designs. The Expedition to the East was meant as an idle parade,—to gull the people, and go no further than Malta. When put on their defence at the opening of Parliament in January last year, Lord Aberdeen declared that the reason why he did not hold the invasion of the Principalities a *casus belli* was, that the Russians in that case being *in such force*, would have marched straight upon Constantinople before the Turks or we were ready to oppose them; while Lord Clarendon, on the other hand, alleged that the reason was, that the Russian forces were so *few* that they furnished no cause for apprehending that the peace of Europe would be disturbed! To such pitiful contradictions and transparent subterfuges does duplicity reduce its votaries. Both statements were untrue. The Government did not design at first to oppose Russia or befriend Turkey. We know this from the Blue Books;—from the fact that no preparations for war were made after the Pruth was crossed, although Lord Aberdeen alleged the

want of preparation as his excuse for not interposing at the outset;—from the fact that the fleet was forbidden to give the slightest countenance or support to the Ottomans;—and finally, that, even after war was declared, war was still not purposed by the Cabinet. They never took a hostile step until it was forced upon them by public opinion; and, consequently, every step was taken unprepared. Even when the Expedition reached Varna, it had neither cavalry nor artillery wherewith to take the field; and so total was the want of the means of transport, that when the fall of Silistria was imminent, the British army could not have made a single day's march to its relief. And when Silistria (thanks to the gallantry of the Ottomans, assisted by Butler and Nasmyth) foiled its besiegers, what happened? Up rose Lord John Russell in the House of Commons in July, and gave ample warning to the Czar that Sebastopol was to be attacked, and must be destroyed! Manifestly (and as we now know was the fact) the undertaking of so hostile a movement against the Czar was then still *in dubio*; for Mr Gladstone thereupon was seen earnestly gesticulating with Lord John;—and it is no want of charity towards the subtle Peelite to infer that it was not so much the warning given to the Czar that he regretted, as the commitment of the Ministry to so bold and anti-Russian a line of action. However, the country and the French Emperor insisted upon the enterprise being undertaken,—and undertaken it was. But how? According to Lord John Russell's subsequent confession, it was undertaken merely "in order to satisfy public sentiment." It was forced upon a Cabinet that was thinking only of peace; and, like every other step in the war, was made without preparation,—to use Mr S. Herbert's phrase, "by discounting the future!" The responsibility of the

enterprise, as appears from the Report of the Sebastopol Committee, rests wholly with the Ministry,—the generals being disinclined to attempt it with the inadequate means at their disposal, and not less inadequate information to guide them.\* The army had to winter in the Crimea, and again the preparations for this easily-foreseen contingency were made *too late*. They have since confessed that it was not till after the bloody battle of Inkermann that the idea occurred to them; and we know with what disasters to our army, and detriment to the fortunes alike of the campaign and of our diplomacy, this criminal neglect of the war by the Russianised Cabinet was attended. One victory in the Crimea was worth a hundred protocols. Napoleon ever made his diplomacy wait upon his arms; the late Cabinet, reversing the process, kept our generals waiting on our diplomatists. "*Too late*," as has been well said, is the motto which characterises their whole proceedings. And we now know "the reason why." They had secretly resolved not to prosecute the war against Russia,—not to "humble" her, not to hurt her; and as the voice of an aroused and indignant nation compelled them, bit by bit, to go forward, they found themselves forced to add mismanagement to duplicity, and embark the empire in enterprises for which they had made no preparation.

Not even with the Aberdeen Cabinet did treachery expire. The Czar's "old friend," indeed, and the incompetent Duke of Newcastle were cashiered; but three other Peelites reinstalled themselves in office. And what terms did they exact as the price of their adhesion? Lord Palmerston, after forty years of official life, at length saw the tempting prize of the Premiership within his reach. The object of every statesman's proudest ambition glittered before him. But he was without a party, without a following:

\* Lord Raglan, in his despatch of the 19th of July, said:—"The descent on the Crimea is decided upon more in deference to the views of the British Government than to any information in the possession of the naval and military authorities, either as to the extent of the enemy's forces or to their state of preparation." And the Sebastopol Inquiry Committee explicitly state, that "the responsibility of the expedition rests upon the Home Government." As to the want of preparation and utter mismanagement which characterised the expedition, as well as the fearful results of these Ministerial blunders, we need say nothing, as they are fully set forth in the Committee's Report.

he was in absolute need of co-operation,—with what pledges did he purchase it? When Mr Otway, a fortnight ago, rose to ask this question, the Speaker, on the intercession of Mr Gladstone, had to interpose, as the very nature of the question involved a charge of treason. Why the Speaker should have thus decided, when the facts, whether treason or not, were known to be true, passes ordinary comprehension. Did the Peelites, asked Mr Otway, stipulate with Lord Palmerston, as the price of their adhesion, that he would conclude peace on terms “favourable to Russia?” If there be meaning in words, they certainly did so. Doubtless they themselves think the terms no more than Russia is entitled to,—but Parliament and the nation think differently, holding them neither honourable nor safe. Sir J. Graham, in accounting for his hasty secession from the present Ministry said, (23d February):—

“It may be said to me,—How came you to accept office under the noble lord, the member for Tiverton, if these were your impressions with respect to this Committee? (‘Hear, hear,’ from the Opposition). I wish to state the case with perfect frankness and fairness. I was confined to my bed, and certainly not in a condition to carry on a protracted correspondence or to make many inquiries. But there was one difficulty which with me was cardinal, and required explanation. I wished to know from my noble friend whether there was to be any change in the foreign policy of Lord Aberdeen’s Government; and whether, with reference to the negotiations now pending at Vienna, there was to be any alteration with regard to the terms which would be consistent, in our opinion, with a safe and honourable peace. I made no further difficulty, instituted no inquiry whatever on any other points, but frankly said—‘Being satisfied on this point, I will do my very best to support and sustain your Government.’”

Mr Gladstone states that he did not put any questions “with reference to the anticipated conditions of treaty with Russia,” because “he was not aware that any difference of opinion existed between us as to those conditions, or that any such difficulty would arise.” And on the occasion in question, he showed his real leanings by eulogising the “ancient friend” of the Czar as “one who, not so much

on account of the high office he has filled, as of his elevated and admirable character, will leave a name that will be enshrined in the grateful recollection of his country.” Mutual eulogy is one of the strong points of the Peelites. When Mr S. Herbert is on his defence, he sets himself to adulate Sir James Graham; when Mr Gladstone is “explaining” himself, he pronounces encomiums on Lord Aberdeen. In the present fallen condition of these gentlemen, it must be allowed that this mutual puffing is by no means unnecessary. Mr S. Herbert, on the occasion, said nothing about the Premier’s pledges, contenting himself with denouncing, and predicting all manner of mischief from the Committee of Inquiry into past misdoings, which the House had almost unanimously voted. Now, if the Peelites had been so completely satisfied as to the Premier’s plans of war-policy,—the point which they alone thought worthy of inquiry into,—it of course followed that they would still give their hearty support to the Government; but all of them ended their speeches by ominously “hoping” and “trusting” that it would still be in their power to continue their support. Lord Palmerston’s speech still more clearly shows that the Peelite secession was occasioned by something more than his natural and inevitable assent to the vote for inquiry; for the latter and most important half of his speech was a spirited allusion to his purposed war-policy, and to a repudiation of the Peelite principle of “peace at any price.” The gist of his remarks may be gathered from the following sentences:—

“We are as anxious as any man can be to be able, upon terms consistent with the future safety of Europe, consistent with the attainment of those objects for which the war was begun, to put an end to the war by an honourable treaty of peace; but if, through an over-desire for peace, we were to conclude what would be more properly described as a hollow and insincere truce—if we were to consent to terms which would lead to the same kind of danger by which we have been driven into the arduous struggle in which we are now engaged—if we were to agree to terms which would leave that danger in all its former amplitude, instead of deserving the confidence of the coun-

try, we should, I think, deserve its censure—(hear, hear)—we should have betrayed the trust reposed in us, and, for the sake of achieving a temporary peace, we should have laid the foundation of great future calamities.”

Lord Palmerston, it is plain, had begun to waver in his views. The nation, by a hearty and confiding call, had summoned him to the helm of affairs. The long-coveted Premiership was now his; and he was naturally reluctant to forfeit the flattering confidence of the nation, or dishonour the noble post to which late in life he had succeeded. Hitherto—it was charitably thought,—shelved in the Home Office, and conscious of his individual weakness, love of office had induced him to acquiesce in a policy which was opposed to his conviction. Now he was his own master,—he was the leader of the nation,—was it not natural that he should wish to lead that nation as a free and stout-hearted people should be led? But the shackles of a past policy and past pledges hung round him. For two years he had dallied with perfidy and acquiesced in pusillanimity,—how could he rise up pure and bold-hearted in a moment? A man of activity, he was never a man of nerve. Unlike Canning, his foreign Liberalism was a sentiment rather than a policy—a leaning rather than a line of action. And hence, in 1831, he threw away the fairest opportunity Europe ever had of paralysing the Colossus of the North. Owing his long tenure of office to tact and flexibility, rather than to might of mind, he had no fixed principles, and hence no party. He preferred the securing of office to the formation of a following—“the end to the means!”—and hence, in circumstances when other statesmen would have indignantly fled from a Cabinet, and rallied a party by the magic breath of principles, Palmerston was helpless. Tact had made him influential in the company of others, but it had rendered him fearful of standing alone. But stand alone he at last did. The Peelites, sniffing his new views, and probably reckoning on nipping in the bud his nascent anti-Russianism, seceded on the plea of the Sebastopol Inquiry. Their game was within an ace of succeeding. On his circuitous

road to Vienna, as envoy for the Peelite-Palmerston Cabinet, Lord John Russell had telegraphed, *à la Aberdeen*, “*Le mot d'ordre c'est la paix*,” and even after the secession of the Russian party from the Cabinet, the tottering Premier, unwilling to lose his proud and late won position, still trafficked with them,—until Mr Disraeli did him and the country an inestimable service by bringing the connection abruptly, but not an instant too soon, to a close. The noble reply which the Conservative leader made to Lord John Russell, when the blundering plenipotentiary alleged that the charge brought against him by Mr Disraeli had “degraded the debate,” was in truth at that moment applicable to the whole Ministry,—“At least I have taken care that the noble lord shall not degrade England!”

Palmerston acquiesced in, but certainly was not an originator of, the philo-Russianism of the Coalition Government. His whole antecedents forbid the idea. Aberdeen, the Czar’s “old friend,” the enemy of the Turks in 1828, and a concocter of the Memorandum of 1844, was evidently *facile princeps* in the bad business. Lord John Russell, the anti-Gallican of December 1851, and the fulsome eulogist of the Czar and commender of his policy in February 1853, was another author of England’s shame and Europe’s dilemma. Sir James Graham and Sir C. Wood, whose antipathy to the French Emperor was so great that they could not resist vilifying him with Ministerial lips on the public hustings, were notoriously two others of this coterie. Sidney Herbert, nephew of Count Woronzoff, and Mr Gladstone, may not have been originators of the philo-Russian plot, but their conduct as Ministers, and their recent confessions, show how heartily, and how nearly fatally for their country, they joined in it when once set on foot. The whole two years’ conduct of these Ministers is a frightful comment upon the accuracy of Lord Ponsonby’s saying in 1834, “I have no fear of Russian arms, but I have a dread of *British diplomacy*!”—as well as of Sir John M’Neill’s words, uttered a year afterwards, “Russia has found in the statesmen and cabinets

of Europe the *tools* with which to work."

The country must be done with these men. Better to have the merest tyros for Ministers than statesmen who make use of their influence and long official experience only the more effectually to blind and mislead us. To lose them will be a great gain. Permanently and for ever to banish them from the councils of the nation, will only be to vindicate the honour of our country, remove false guides from power, and eliminate a poison from the Constitution which has already shaken its strength. Read the Sebastopol Report, meek-toned as it is, and learn what gigantic blunderers these vaunted Red-tapists are. Conniving at first with our powerful enemy abroad, they have subsequently paralysed, by their mismanagement and neglect, the best efforts of the nation at home. Every branch of the administrative service was a congeries of blunders. Army, Militia, Ordnance, Commissariat, Forage, Land - transport, Sea-transport, Medical Department, Stores, Ambulance Corps, and Hospital Service—in each of them neglect and incapacity ran riot. And what is said of one, the Ordnance Office, may be said of all—namely, that "it strikingly exemplifies the disordered state into which a department may fall when there is no able hand to guide it." Add all this terrible mismanagement to the duplicity and ruinous policy of the late Cabinet, and there accumulates upon them a weight of censure such as never yet overtook a British Ministry. Reputations ten times greater than theirs would be extinguished by it. The only shelter they need look for from a

nation's scorn is—oblivion. Ejected by an indignant country, Lord Aberdeen may now meditate in old age and retirement upon the consequences of the policy which he pursued when in office. The Duke of Newcastle has fallen with him,—a victim of his position as much as of his incapacity. Graham, Gladstone, Herbert, are now likewise driven from a leadership of which they have proved themselves unworthy. The first-named of these, and the only really able administrator of the party, has damaged himself morally as well as politically. A man of frequent changes and virulent inconsistencies, his influence as a guide is weak, because his views are ever fluctuating. He is a special pleader, rather than an independent thinker,—a clever administrator rather than a statesman. Unscrupulous as a politician, he will adopt any course or hazard any statement that promises to give him a momentary advantage. He sticks at nothing. With perfect *sang-froid* he opens Mr Duncombe's private letters at the Post Office. With unscrupulous adroitness he perverts Admiral Napier's official despatches, and turns his private letters into public ones, while preventing the Admiral doing the same, on the plea of the public good.\* With wicked effrontery he endeavoured to throw the blame of Captain Christie's delirium and death upon Mr Layard,—boldly averring that though he himself had ordered the court-martial to be held on that officer, he had done so in consequence of Mr Layard's charges against the Captain in the House of Commons. And yet Sir James had afterwards to confess that he had ordered the court-

\* In a recent letter to a London journal, the Admiral, while repeating his charge against Sir James for perverting his letters, accuses him also of delaying the requisite preparations for this year's campaign in the Baltic. He says:—"You ask why our squadron in the Baltic, which did nothing to signify last year, is likely to do nothing this? The question is easily answered,—viz., because Sir James Graham did not attend to the plans I sent him last June, and which he pretended to know nothing about; and because the Admiralty did not attend to the plans I sent them last September. Had Admiral Dundas been furnished with the appliances I pointed out, Sweaborg might have been bombarded, and probably destroyed. . . . My time will come, and before long, when I shall be able to expose all Sir James Graham's conduct to me. . . . I have accused him of perverting my letters, which I am prevented from proving, by the pretence that the publication would afford information to the enemy. That pretence will soon cease, and the country shall know what means the right hon. Baronet used to induce Admiral Berkeley and Admiral Richards to sign instructions which, if carried out, would have lost the Queen's fleet."

martial before Mr Layard had uttered a single word of accusation! Now, a man may forget a fact, but he cannot make a mistake as to the motive which induced him to give an important order only a few weeks before. Anything more wicked and shameless in a public man, we do not remember. Sir James is notorious for being a matchless advocate of a bad case; but his recent conduct suggests the thought whether he is not more suitably qualified for the management of "bad cases" at the Old Bailey than for the conduct of public business in the House of Commons.

Amiable in private life, but viciously given to casuistry, and often the sport of a crotchety sentimentalism which is no more religion than an *ignis fatuus* is the sun, Mr Gladstone, and in a lesser degree Mr S. Herbert, might disarm censure were public duty no weightier matter than private deportment. But when the former of these gentlemen seeks to cover official duplicity and want of patriotism by an appeal to religion, and to defend his Russianism on the ground of humanity, there is something in the proceeding as revolting to moral as it is insulting to common sense. Who were the authors of this war but himself and the Cabinet to which he belonged? Who invited its approach,—who did not check its outset,—who aggravated its horrors, but he and his late colleagues? Mr Gladstone was shocked at the 240,000 soldiers lost to the Czar,—has he no sympathy but for the Russians? Are the butchers of Inkermann and the murderers of Hango such choice objects of compassion for an Englishman? Mr Gladstone gave us not tears, but denials, when the tales of our own army's sufferings came thick and fast from the East. Good intentions!—it is well; but that does not suffice for men who have to act for an empire. We do not imagine that the Aberdeen Cabinet preferred the interests of the Czar to those of their country,—we do not conceive that they wilfully compromised the safety, though they knowingly compromised the honour, of England. Yet they actually did all these things. They invited the Cossacks into Europe. They have involved civilisa-

tion in a dilemma, and liberty in a death-struggle. At the same time, they have kept England unarmed, unwarmed, and with no allies save such as forced themselves upon us in our Government's despite. And to all this they have added a career of duplicity towards the nation which deepens their folly and mismanagement into a criminality which we care not to define. "Conscience," said John Knox to Queen Mary, "requires knowledge;" and before it be sought to palliate the misconduct of the late Cabinet by the plea of good intentions, it will be well first to tell us what offenders against the commonwealth have ever been otherwise actuated. Did Harley and Bolingbroke think the country would be injured by a return of the old dynasty for whose cause they intrigued? Did the leaders of the Rebellion of 1745 design their country's injury? Did Bloody Mary and her coadjutors think they were committing foul tyranny when they took to burning her Protestant subjects? Certainly not. Each and all, and a hundred-fold more instances might be given to show that men quite as able and well-intentioned as the late Ministers have yet, for injury done to the commonwealth, been punished by their generation or branded by posterity. A Minister now need have no fear of Tower Hill or Tower prison. Even traitors caught in arms we send to pleasant quarters in Bermuda, until we release them. But we must have no more dishonesty and Russianism at head-quarters. The country, in raising these men to the Government, placed them as it were on a high tower, to descry danger from afar, and to warn us and arm us betimes to repel it. Yet they have notably abused their post. Unknown to us mortals in the lower world, they showed friendly colours to the foe;—with the enemy's battalions full in view, they yet called down, "Peace, Peace!"—they hindered preparation,—they sent forth our army too weak and untended to the battle;—and even now that the fight is raging all around us, they counsel us to lay down our arms, break from our allies, and open the gates to the foe!

And why is it that the Peelite chiefs



now make their "confessions?" Why do they now, casting off their disguises, denounce a contest which they evoked, and a war which they themselves declared? We need hardly say it is from no excess of honesty. These men are wily calculators, though they sometimes outwit themselves. It is because they now begin to feel the dilemma in which their frustrated policy has placed us. They have steered the ship aground, and now run off at the sight of the breakers. *They staked all upon preserving peace with Russia.* It was their very sycophancy to that Power that tempted it to commence its aggressions. It was their tenderness towards Russia that made them spoil a campaign, and that kept off from us allies. It was the favourable terms they offered her that at length occasioned their ejection from office. And now—their policy notably a failure—peace impossible, but the wasted past unredeemable,—they see the perils in which their two years of folly and duplicity have involved the empire, and lift up their deceitful voices to protest against the continuance of a war for which they are responsible, and which threatens to be calamitous. The rumour of dissensions in the Cabinet as to whether or not the Nationalities should be appealed to, shows the increasing embarrassment of our rulers—the now-felt dilemma which the Premier has inherited from his two years' acquiescence in the policy of the Peelites. When the danger culminates, then let the nation remember with whom it originated. When we reap the whirlwind, let them remember who raised the storm. Let them remember who sowed the

seeds, who tended and watered them, until the grain of strife grew up into a tree that may yet cover the face of Europe as with the deadly shade of the Upas. The present cry of the Peelites is but a sham,—their confessions are but a cloak to fresh dishonesty. They recoil from the demon which they have raised—from the danger which they have created. That is all. They know that the nation cannot go back,—that the war in its present stage must proceed. Their whole proceedings are just a cunning precaution against the eventualities of the future. They fear lest a time will come when the country, roused by fresh instances of the fatal character of their policy, will break out against them as the authors of the war, and the spoilers of its success; and they now wish to obtain ground for saying hereafter,—“Ah, but then we warned you against the war afterwards, and would have stopped it had you let us.” Yes; but stopped it how? By humbling England's honour, as they have already lowered her reputation. By alienating and mortally offending France, without whose alliance we are now helpless on the Continent. By alienating and sacrificing Turkey; and in fine, by handing over Europe to the spear of the Cossack, and the thralldom of Russian absolutism. These are now the professed objects of the Peelites. Away with them! Never more let them touch helm or sail of the State. They have brought England to the edge of the reefs, and they have shaken the good ship to its keel. Let us have no more such pilots. A good name is now degraded,—and *Peelism is Russianism.*

## ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM—THE CIVIL SERVICE.

THOUGH war is in itself a great and grievous calamity, it by no means follows as a necessary consequence that its effects may not be, in various ways, beneficial to the nation which has been compelled in a just cause to draw the sword. Forty years of unbroken peace, and of general commercial prosperity, had led many amongst us to entertain the delusive idea that warfare had become a mere phantom of the past, and that its recurrence could not take place in the face of advancing civilisation, and the rapidly increasing intercommunion of the nations, which the appliances of art and science have so prodigiously accelerated. It was proclaimed as a doctrine, at home and abroad, that mankind were created for no higher functions than to buy and sell—to produce and to barter—and it was gravely and seriously asserted that war, upon a great scale, was impossible in Europe, because no nation would submit to the necessary interruption of its markets. Even now there are in the House of Commons and elsewhere, men who do not hesitate to avow their adherence to the principle of that doctrine—men who are not ashamed to admit that they set less value upon the honour and character of their country, than upon the results of the annual commercial balance-sheet. By such men the caponisms of Mr Gladstone and his confederates are received with exceeding joy; and they confidently expect, and do not hesitate to avow their belief, that the British people will very soon be clamorous for peace—not because the objects of the war have been attained, but because they will be disgusted with the pecuniary cost, and restive under the interruption of their commerce.

A very short period has gone by since the Peace Society began a formidable crusade against armaments; and had the members of it been allowed to take their own way, we should have been found, at the outbreak of the Russian war, without an army, a navy, or anything approaching to the adequate means even for national defence. Nor was

the long continuance of peace favourable, in so far as the internal arrangements of government were concerned. We find, almost invariably, that it is in time of war, trouble, or danger, that intellect, ability, and public virtue are exhibited in their most remarkable phase. With us in Britain, especially of late years, statesmanship has almost ceased to exist. Under the rule of the Whigs it has come to this, that party supremacy, not the public good, is the main object of ambition; and, in order to secure that supremacy, there has been such an abuse of patronage, and such a departure from rectitude, honour, and duty, as may well give colour to the assertion that the public affairs of Great Britain are worse administered than those of any other country in the world.

Let us ask our Liberal friends who are old enough to recollect the period when the Reform Bill was passed, whether that measure was not hailed by the great majority of the people as a guarantee for wise, efficient, and economical government for the future—and let us ask them also whether their anticipations have been fulfilled? We put these questions, not by way of taunt at what really was a reasonable expectation, but simply for the purpose of urging upon the clear-sighted and intelligent people of this country the necessity of weighing and considering the subject well before committing themselves to the views of rash or designing agitators.

We have heard a great deal lately about the evil effects of class-government; and the undoubted and notorious tendency of the Whigs to monopolise, for one or two favoured families, the whole of the leading offices of the State, has been expanded into a general charge against the whole aristocracy of Britain. It has been said that the right men are not selected for the right places—that talent which might have been most valuable to the country in a crisis like the present, has been overlooked, while mediocrity and dulness have been promot-

ed—that the interests of the public, in the great majority of cases, have been sacrificed to nepotism and connection—and that there is an utter lack of that energy, alacrity, and power which the heads of every government ought to communicate to their subordinates. All this, if granted—though it will be stoutly denied by some—is not a charge against the aristocracy, using that word either in its most extended or in its most restricted sense, nor does it convey any reflection upon the constitutional doctrine and practice that the Crown is entitled to the selection of its own advisers. It is simply the repetition of a cry which has been raised from time to time during the last twenty-five years, and always directed against the Whigs, whose consistency, if not unimpeachable in other respects, has been at least amply shown in their adherence to the principle of a strict ruling oligarchy. The Whig Cabinet of which Lord Grey was the head, and which was formed on 21st Nov. 1830, consisted of fifteen members, thirteen of whom were peers or sons of peers, one a baronet, and *only one* a commoner. The like exclusiveness has been exhibited by that party ever since, and is not at the present moment more glaringly or offensively marked than it has been before; and the means of checking such an abuse of power, if the invariable Whig arrangements can be branded as such, have been all that while within the reach of the House of Commons. It will hardly, we think, be maintained that the majority of that House represents the aristocratic classes, and yet it is by the votes of that majority, claiming to be liberal, that the Whigs have been maintained in office. If, therefore, Lord John Russell or Lord Palmerston have been or are to blame for too exclusive arrangements in the constitution of their Cabinets, let the charge be preferred against them, not against the aristocracy. And let those who make such a charge, whether they are members of Parliament, or merely liberal electors, recollect that it is in consequence of their support that the Whigs have been enabled, for nearly a quarter of a century, to rule this country by means of an oligarchy, never conspicuous either for personal

attainments or for administrative ability.

So much for the outcry regarding the constitution of the Ministry. We certainly do not think that at present we have a good or efficient Ministry, and we have stated fully our grounds for entertaining that opinion in the last number of the Magazine. We throw aside all ordinary political considerations, even those relating to finance and home legislation; and we now again warn the people of this country, who are so hot upon the scent of administrative reform, that they are neglecting their own duty as much as the Ministry are neglecting theirs, by not insisting, as the first and indispensable requisite at the present most serious time, that the militia throughout the United Kingdom shall be thoroughly raised, organised, and rendered effective as an immediate means of reinforcement to the small but most gallant army which we have sent to the Crimea, and which at present constitutes nearly the whole of the disciplined force of Britain. God forbid that we should predict disaster; but, after all that we have seen, and all the experience we have had of this contest, it appears to us that we must, in common prudence, prepare ourselves to meet losses of a very severe nature; and we maintain that no adequate steps have yet been taken on the part of Government for enabling us to supply such losses, or to maintain possession of the field on which we have gained a footing at so great yet glorious a cost. We say, that as regards the development of the military spirit of the country, and the raising of men among ourselves to fight our battles and to maintain our national renown, the present Ministry, with Lord Palmerston at their head, have shown themselves sluggards and imbeciles; and we cannot shut our eyes, though many well-meaning politicians seem to have drawn a shade over theirs, to the immediate danger which threatens us from the want of adequate exertion, and from the necessary consequences of ministerial apathy and confusion.

We ought perhaps to apologise for this last discursive paragraph, which is rather away from the matter under

discussion; but we feel so strongly the exigencies of the times—and are so entirely convinced that the present Ministry have been neglecting, under the pretence of reforming the Ordnance departments, and suchlike secondary matters, the grand point of raising an effective reserve and reinforcement for the regular army—that we not only think ourselves justified in repeating our views, but would feel entitled to introduce them in an article bearing less directly than the present does upon the question of the public service. Let us now return to the point more immediately claiming our attention.

Our main objections to the Palmerston Ministry, whether well founded or not, which is, after all, but matter of opinion, have not reference to its exclusiveness. The dominant majority of the electoral body of Great Britain has been contented to put up with that, and to sanction it, for the best part of five-and-twenty years; and for what they have done and acquiesced in, the aristocracy surely are not responsible. Of all men living, Lord John Russell is most obnoxious to the charge of having narrowed the sphere of government into the small circle of Whig families; and yet that same Lord John Russell has been for a long time the chosen member of the city of London, and the representative in Parliament of the very men who are now exclaiming against exclusive government! If these gentlemen *will* pet up and support the Whigs upon every important occasion—if they think it right to select as their representative the individual who is the very incarnation of Whig oligarchy and exclusiveness—is it not an extraordinary instance of assurance to find them coming forward at public meetings to denounce the system of which their member has been, beyond all question, the leading advocate and instigator? We entirely agree with them in opinion that the invariable Whig method of constructing ministries is bad in practice, and injurious to the interests of the country; but we do not agree with them, that the means of remedying that evil are to be found in popular agitation. Dissect the House of Commons as you will, and poll man by man of it, it is not an

aristocratic assemblage. It represents, in its great preponderance, the middle classes—precisely those which the administrative reformers also claim to represent—and by the votes of that House every ministry must stand or fall. Well, then, the Whigs may say, if your Liberal House supports an oligarchical Ministry, where is your ground of complaint? You first demand a representation on a basis broad enough to insure the supremacy of the middle classes, and you get it. You take part with the Whigs—make them by your votes and support the actual rulers of the country—and then, not suddenly, but after five-and-twenty years' experience, you choose to raise a clamour that they are too exclusive in their ministerial arrangements, and that, in fact, they have jobbed the whole of the public service.

Now we are bound to say that in this the Whigs have the best of the argument as against the administrative reformers, who, if they mean anything, are aiming at some organic change in the principle which regulates the formation of all ministries. We heartily agree in the view expressed by Sir E. B. Lytton: "To judge by the language out of doors, it is not meant to clear away the obstacles that beset the career of a clerk in a public office. No, it is meant to make the Queen's Government, make the Ministers of the nation, independent of the influences of party,—in other words, of the opinions of Parliament. Why, sir, if it is meant that the Crown is to appoint to the higher offices, free from the influences of party, from the opinions of Parliament, the Crown would become as absolute as it was in the time of the Tudors; and if these agitators against Parliament say, 'Oh no, we do not mean that; we mean that the people are to dictate to the Crown, according to their ideas of merit, who are to be the Ministers of State, through other channels than parliamentary parties—through patriotic associations, and audiences accustomed *plausu gaudere theatri*,—I tell them that they root out the durable institutions of liberty for the deadly and worthless ephemeral offspring of Jacobin clubs. But if they say, 'Oh no—we mean neither one nor the other,'

what do they mean—they who are attacking Parliament—except to bring Parliament into contempt, and to trust the choice of a substitute to the lottery of revolutions?" Undoubtedly the arrangements of a ministry may be most objectionable, and the conduct of the affairs of the State may be placed in incompetent hands. But for that exigency there is a constitutional remedy provided. The same power which, in the earlier part of this very year, expelled Lord Aberdeen from office, may be exerted to expel Lord Palmerston; and if from the language held by the administrative reformers we could form the conclusion that their efforts were simply directed towards the displacement of a ministry in which they reposed no confidence, no one, even though he disapproved of their object, could on principle challenge their proceedings as dangerous to the constitution of the country.

We have thought it necessary to make these preliminary observations, because there is at present a great deal of confusion in the public mind with regard to the various topics which have been dwelt upon by the administrative reformers. We must say that we cannot give these gentlemen, or at least all of them, credit for entire honesty of purpose in their very sweeping and wholesale attacks. They denounce not only patronage, but also by implication the prerogative of the Crown. Let it be granted that Lord Palmerston, who accepted from her Majesty the task of forming an Administration, has not performed it with discretion, or constructed it on a sufficiently wide basis—that may be an excellent justification of a Parliamentary vote of censure or want of confidence against Lord Palmerston and his colleagues; but it affords no reason for altering the whole framework of the Government. It is unquestionably the right of the Crown to nominate the whole number of its Ministers, of which the Cabinet is only a section. It is from and after this point that patronage properly commences. To deny a Prime Minister who has undertaken the duty of constructing not a Cabinet but a Ministry, the right of selecting his colleagues, is about the most insane proposition

that was ever hazarded. Possibly Mr Lindsay may be more fit than Sir Charles Wood to discharge the duties of First Lord of the Admiralty, and Mr Layard may know more about foreign affairs than Lord Clarendon; but are we, because Messrs Lindsay and Layard think that their merits have been overlooked—which, again, is simply matter of opinion—to break up the Constitution, and, by putting what is called "the fit man in the fit place," to vamp up the most monstrous, heterogeneous, and discordant spectre of a Government that ever was conceived by the diseased brain of a disappointed politician? No Ministry constructed on such a principle as that could last for four-and-twenty hours. What Ministry can possibly be efficient if it has not unity of purpose? And yet that is precisely the very thing which the adoption of the schemes of these administrative reformers would necessarily prevent. A Ministry may be weak in talent, but at the same time strong in purpose; and we have no hesitation in saying that such a Ministry is more likely to give satisfaction to the country than one which is strong in talent, but weak and disunited in purpose.

Then as to the lesser appointments, without descending as yet to the great bulk of the civil service. There are, besides Ministers, various officers who are attached to the Ministry, and who relinquish office along with them. Such are the Junior Lords, and Joint-Secretaries of the Treasury; the First Under-Secretaries in the Home, Foreign, and Colonial Offices; the Clerk of the Ordnance; the President and First Secretary of the Poor-law Board; and a very few other such offices, which in fact constitute the whole amount of the shifting political prizes. The whole removable number, including Ministers, does not amount to fifty; and we must confess that we see no reason for insisting that any change whatever should be made in the method of conferring these appointments. It is not only right, but highly advisable and useful, that each Minister of State should have a political subordinate on whom he can depend, to act along with him in his department. Were it otherwise, Government could not go on;

for it is obvious that Ministers would in that case be induced to depend too much for information and guidance upon the permanent heads of departments, which would in no way tend to the improvement of the public service.

In short, it is impossible to get rid of this class of political subordinates, unless the whole machinery of our Government is to be broken in pieces. And we really must protest against the blind zeal which denies that there can be any advantage from the continuance of such offices on their present footing. It is not disputed that they must exist in one shape or another; but the dispute now is, whether they should be permanent or movable. Let it be considered that they are political offices, the holders of which must be in the entire confidence of their chief, and that they are in fact the only offices in which the younger class of aspiring politicians can be trained to the proper official discharge of duty. We protest that we have no love for red tape; at the same time it does appear to us highly desirable that the men whom the country must look to for its future supply of Ministers should have some little experience. On the appointment of Lord Derby's Ministry, the Whig and Radical journals indulged in prophecies that the Administration must necessarily break down, *because* the majority of the members were destitute of official experience. If, during the short period of their probation, they made up for the lack of experience by remarkable energy and assiduity, that circumstance cannot afford any rational argument against the propriety of retaining such offices on their present footing, because, as we have shown, these offices are absolutely indispensable adjuncts to the very highest in the State.

What we have said above is applicable not to one Ministry only, but to all. We are not defending abuses—we are simply vindicating a principle, the disregard or infringement of which would render constitutional government impossible. The grievance-mongers tell us that Britain is hag-ridden by incompetency in high places; to that we reply that the remedy is in the hands of the House

of Commons. Let not those gentlemen, who appear to have a somewhat more than modest estimate of their own abilities, flatter themselves that they will be made Ministers in consequence of the clamour which they have raised. They may rely upon it, that the country will not support them in any such extravagant pretensions; and that by persisting in abuse, not only of this or that Ministry and Ministries, but of the principle upon which Ministers are selected, they are throwing serious obstacles in the way of effecting a real improvement in the public offices and administrative departments—an object which we are quite as anxious as they can be to attain.

The mode of appointment to *permanent* situations of a high class is quite a different matter, and is open to discussion. Here the question of patronage legitimately begins; and we can take no exception to the raising of arguments tending to show that the public service may be improved by some limitation of the Ministerial power. This is the highest ground which the administrative reformers can occupy, and we must needs acknowledge that the Whigs have done everything they could to render that position tenable. That infatuated party might, we think, have learned a wholesome lesson from the general expression of disgust which was elicited throughout the country in consequence of the shameless favouritism exhibited towards the scions of the houses of Grey and Elliot (the *Scots Greys*, as the latter have appropriately been denominated), and we might have been spared such recent instances of nepotism as Lord Panmure has not hesitated to afford. But in order to arrive at a right understanding of the system which prevails regarding appointments to the public service, it is necessary to go to the foundation, and to ascertain how, and by what influence, admission is gained to the different offices. Here again we are met with the assertion that aristocratic influence is paramount. Let us see whether or not that hazarded assertion is true.

One undoubted consequence of the Reform Bill has been this,—that by rendering the Government of the day

dependent for its continuance upon the support which it may receive from the representatives of popular constituencies, it has engendered a system—not of direct bribery, as in the days of Sir Robert Walpole—but of indirect accommodation and distribution of patronage, which has proved most deleterious to, and subversive of, the public service. Honourable members do not indeed receive money for their votes; but they get money's worth in the shape of accorded Government appointments; and many a contested election has been decided, not upon the merits of the candidates, but upon their comparative power of influencing the Secretary of the Treasury. These are not cases confined to small boroughs; they extend to large towns and cities, in which those who are called the "leading men"—town-councillors, aldermen, bailies, and others who can command a certain number of votes—come to a tacit understanding with the Ministerial candidate, and in due time reap the reward of their exertions or example, in the shape of a job or contract for themselves, or in the form of Government appointments for their absolutely incapable relatives. These practices have become so notorious, that they have almost ceased to be a matter of reproach; and the honours of the municipalities are now principally sought for, because they afford the readiest and easiest opportunity of jobbing whenever an occasion may occur. We hesitate not to say, that in the great majority of boroughs, towns, and cities in England and Scotland, these influences are brought to bear on every election. Ireland goes more openly to work. The priests, with the aid of bludgeon and brick-bat, return patriotic members who breathe defiance on the hustings against the Whigs, but who, on the eve of any important division, in which the stability of the Ministry is concerned, are seen in mysterious communication with Mr Hayter, the Secretary of the Treasury, whose powers of persuasion are so strong that they invariably vote with the Government.

Do not let it be supposed that we are exaggerating anything. We write after having minutely observed what

has been going on for many years; and we declare that nothing has moved us to such indignant laughter as the perusal of the act passed last session of Parliament, which we are desired to call the "Corrupt Practices Prevention Act." It is a rare specimen of Whig humour. It prohibits, under penalties, any candidate from promising any office to an elector in exchange for his vote (which is very reasonable, inasmuch as candidates can hardly be expected to anticipate vacancies), but it by no means precludes the warm assurance of interest, accompanied with a confidential wink, tantamount to a pledge which must be redeemed, if the respected senator expects to sit twice for the same place, and of course he expects that at the very least. He has his own terms to make with the Secretary of the Treasury; and, beyond that, he must do something for his constituents, so that they may be disposed, in case of dissolution, to return him again. And so jobbing goes on—daily, weekly, monthly, and yearly, within the British empire. Young men who are unfit for encountering the labour of a regular profession, are foisted into the public service, because their fathers or their uncles are influential borough voters; and the dunce of the family is entered on the ladder of promotion, and made an administrative official, certain to rise by the rule of seniority, because his municipal relative can bring a considerable number of crotchety or credulous voters to the poll.

For the existence of this state of things the aristocracy of the country has been blamed. Now, we do not mean to assert that members of the peerage have exhibited any peculiar reluctance in the solicitation of places for persons in whom they take an interest. We believe that many young men, now in Government offices, owe their appointments to this source—their sole claims being either that they are distantly related to their noble patron, or that they are sons to some factor, bailiff, land-steward, or butler, who has won the regard of his employer through a course of long and faithful service. But such instances constitute the exception, not the rule. In the recently printed Parliamentary papers relating to the reorganisation of the

Civil Service, to which we shall have occasion to make frequent reference, we find the following statement by Mr Edwin Chadwick, late a Commissioner of the General Board of Health:—"It will be found that only two of the public offices are chiefly composed of members of aristocratic families; the actual majority of the other offices being otherwise constituted. The fact is, that at present only a small portion of the whole mass of patronage has been obtained by the representatives of the county constituencies, or by persons of high position, and that a larger and increasing proportion has been obtained for the constituencies of the smaller boroughs, by persons of the lower condition." And there is abundant evidence to show that, in some departments at least, the bulk of the persons so appointed are utterly unfit, from want of education and ability, to discharge the not very laborious duties of a public office. In the Report by Sir Charles Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote, it is stated, that while admission to the civil service is eagerly sought after, "it is for the unambitious and the indolent, and incapable, that it is chiefly desired." They say, that "the result naturally is, that the public service suffers, both in internal efficiency and in public estimation. The character of the individual influences the mass; and it is thus that we often hear complaints of official delays, official evasions of difficulty, and official indisposition to improvements."

We shall hereafter have something more to say regarding this Report, which was ordered for the double purpose of exhibiting the actual existing state of the public offices, and of suggesting regulations for the future. After a careful perusal of the papers given in by gentlemen of official experience who were requested to express their opinions upon the Report, we have arrived at the conclusion that the framers of it were by no means justified in using such terms of universal condemnation. There is, indeed, evidence enough to show that some departments are in a state of deplorable inefficiency, but there is also evidence quite as strong, to the effect that other departments are well managed and regulated. A well-regulated department should not be visited with

the reproach attachable to another, in which, from the carelessness, timidity, or want of method of the leading officials, disorder and incompetency reign; and therefore, in referring to this Report, we wish it to be understood that we do not adopt its terms as applicable to the whole of the civil service, for it would be as preposterous to condemn one department on account of the conduct of another, as it would be to denounce the navy because malpractices had been detected in the army.

Sir James Stephen, for many years Under Secretary for the Colonies, is much more specific. He says, that during the period of his connection with that department, he had no difficulty in separating the officials into three classes. The *first* class, "a very small minority," were men who had been sought out and appointed on account of their well-ascertained fitness for the public service, and who "joined us, not as school-boys, but in their early manhood, with their intellectual habits formed, and with a fund, more or less considerable, of literary or scientific knowledge." Of these he thus speaks; and the passage is really well worth attention: "In the narrow circle of the *first* of these classes were to be found, not indeed combined in any one of the members of it, but variously distributed through them all, qualities of which I can still never think without the highest admiration and respect; such as large capacity of mind, literary powers of rare excellence, sound scholarship, indomitable energy, mature experience in public affairs, and an absolute self-devotion to the public service. It comprised some men who must have risen to eminence in any field of open competition, and who, if born to more ample fortunes, might reasonably have aspired to hold the seals of the offices in which they were serving as subordinates." The *second* class, numerically greater than the first, consisted of men who owed their appointments to interest, but who, in some instances, did not enter the office as mere boys. This class, says Sir James, "was composed of men who performed faithfully, diligently, and judiciously, the duties to which they



were called." In short, they were good average clerks. As to the others, he writes as follows: "The members of the *third* class—that is, the majority of the members of the Colonial Department, in my time, possessed only in a low degree, and some of them in a degree incredibly low, either the talents or the habits of men of business, or the industry, the zeal, or the knowledge required for the effective performance of their appropriate functions. These were, *without exception*, men who had been appointed to gratify the political, the domestic, or the personal feelings of their patrons—that is, of the successive Secretaries of State." Mr Chadwick is quite as merciless in his description of the red-tapists in other departments. "It is a fact, really of most serious consequence, that this larger proportion of appointments has been given, not only to persons of lower condition, but to persons of education and qualifications *greatly below the average of their own class*. A Secretary, complaining of the disadvantages of his own service, related in illustration, that out of three clerks sent to him from the usual services, there was only one of whom any use whatever could be made, and that, of the other two, one came to take his place at the office leading a bull-dog by a string. I have been assured that, under another commission, out of eighty clerks supplied by the patronage secretary, there were not more than twelve who were worth their salt for the performance of service requiring only a sound common education."

These are undoubtedly the extreme instances; but they tend to show that in some of the departments there has been great laxity and remissness. Indeed, it is easy to see that in all cases where nomination has been held equivalent to admission, and where no tests of qualification have been applied, the public service must be exposed to injury; and from the testimony of officials who have had the best opportunity of remarking the practice, and effect of that practice, in their own sphere, it appears that such cases have been too common. What wonder, then, if the structure broke down when exposed to an unusual strain or

tension? A Minister of State, in order to do his duty effectively, must have many subordinates for the performance of the mere mechanical work; and from other officials in each department the exercise of a certain amount of discretion and judgment is expected. But how is it possible that any man, whatever may be his capacity, watchfulness, or industry, can guard against the occurrence of serious blunders—or, what is even worse, of culpable omissions, when the great majority of his underlings cannot be relied upon to perform the simplest duty with accuracy? Let us again quote from the evidence of Sir James Stephen: "It would be superfluous to point out in detail the injurious results of such a composition of one of the highest departments of the State. Among the less obvious consequences of it were, the necessity it imposed on the heads of the office, of undertaking, in their own persons, an amount of labour to which neither their mental nor their bodily persons were really adequate; the needless and very inconvenient increase of the numbers borne on the clerical list; the frequent transference of many of their appropriate duties to the ill-educated and ill-paid supernumeraries; and the not unfrequent occurrence of mistakes and oversights so serious, as occasionally to imperil interests of high national importance."

To those who have not a distinct understanding of the rules which are in force in the different departments of the civil service of Great Britain, it will naturally occur that the blame arising from the existence of an inefficient staff must lie at the door of the *permanent* heads of each department; that is, of the secretaries who do not relinquish office in consequence of a change in the Government. The answer which has been made, but which we do not accept as sufficient, is, that the permanent secretaries have nothing to do with the appointments, and are generally unwilling, from personal motives, to exercise the rejecting authority which they undoubtedly possess. Upon this point we have the evidence of Mr Anderson, principal clerk of financial business at the Treasury. "The practice hitherto adopted has been, to throw upon the

executive officer at the head of each office the odium of rejecting the nominee of the Treasury, or of his immediate superior in office, and of justifying such rejection by the results of an examination, the extent of which is in a great measure left to his own discretion. The consequences of this practice are precisely those which might be expected. A disinclination to injure the prospects of a young man on the threshold of his career, and the desire to avoid the chance of a collision with his patrons, generally secure to every candidate of doubtful acquirements the most indulgent consideration of his deficiencies; and although he may be wanting in those qualifications which would give an assurance of his becoming in time fit for the higher duties of the department, his competency to perform the lowest quality of duty in the office to which he has been nominated will, in most cases, secure him against rejection." We are sorry to be told that the permanent heads of departments are not inspired by higher and more conscientious motives. It seems to us that they ought, in such matters, to be guided solely by a sense of duty, and never to admit a nominee of whose qualifications they are not satisfied. But such is the evidence—applicable at least to some departments—and it establishes the fact, that hitherto examination has either been dispensed with altogether, or made a mere matter of form.

It is true that an Order in Council, to which we shall presently refer, has been recently issued, directing that, for the future, all parties nominated to public offices shall undergo an examination. But the fact remains, that hitherto, in many departments, admission to the public civil offices has been a tacit acknowledgment of electoral service received, and has not had reference to qualification.

We think it highly advisable, in treating of this subject, to avoid confounding or mixing together the different classes of offices and appointments. As we have already observed, the great error of the administrative reformers has been their attempt to agitate on grounds which are really untenable; and so long as they persist in dealing merely with generali-

ties, and in the use of invective, we apprehend that they will not succeed in accomplishing a useful reform. It is quite absurd to mix up such questions as the formation of the diplomatic corps, or the system of promotion in the army by purchase, in the same breath with that of practical and efficient reform in the constitution of the public departments of the civil service. The former questions may be deserving of deep and serious consideration; but they should not be confounded with the latter, which is of sufficient importance and magnitude to require undivided attention until the proper remedy has been devised and applied. Those who are in earnest in this movement, and who have not joined it merely for the sake of temporary popularity, should remember that they have a very large amount of opposition to encounter and overcome before they can hope to clear the way for merit even across the threshold of the public offices. It cannot be expected that a Whig Government will at once and readily surrender that immense amount of direct patronage which has been so useful in retaining the political allegiance of the towns and boroughs, and without which it could hardly have reckoned, in cases of emergency, upon the support of a considerable section of the Irish members. It cannot be expected that liberal borough members, who have been enabled to retain their seats principally through the favours which, by the grace of the Secretary of the Treasury, they have dispensed among their leading supporters, will be favourable to any reform which shall put an end to jobbery. Nor can it be expected that the leading members of the different cliques and councils, who, according to the evidence of Mr Chadwick, have received for their incompetent and uneducated children the lion's share of the minor public appointments, will enter cordially into a movement, the object of which is to exclude incompetency, and to clear the path for merit, though unbacked by interest or influence. It is therefore indispensably necessary, and of paramount importance, that in the first instance there should be a clear understanding as to the principle which for the future

ought to regulate admission to the public service.

It thus appears from the evidence of gentlemen who, it must be admitted, have had excellent opportunities of forming a competent opinion, that hitherto in many cases, and in various public departments, appointments have been made without the slightest regard to the qualifications of the parties preferred—that they have been made chiefly through the solicitation of borough members, as an acknowledgment of or reward for political and election services—that the permanent heads of departments have regarded the system with no favour, and have been long cognisant of its wretched effects, but that some of them have made no attempt to interpose a check, much less a remedy—that the persons so appointed have been generally ill educated, indolent, and inefficient,—usually entering the offices, as Sir James Stephen tells us, “at the age of eighteen or nineteen, coming directly from school, and bringing with them no greater store of information or maturity than usually belongs to a boy in the fifth form,” and never afterwards increasing that limited amount of information by any private study. These things, we say, are incontestably proved; and the necessary effects of such a system have been deplorably apparent. We cannot take upon ourselves to say how much of recent disaster and scandalous neglect has been owing to the complicated machinery of the different departments, which seem purposely to be so arranged that they cannot act in harmony with each other; but this we do say, that if each department had been properly organised within itself, and supplied with able, active, and intelligent officers who were really actuated by a desire to do their duty, it is morally impossible that the public service should have been exposed to such serious detriment. The relative arrangement of the departments may be cumbrous and bad, while at the same time each separate department may be in a state of efficiency; but if all, or even a considerable number, of the departments are inefficient and radically defective, it is beyond the

power of man to make any arrangement which shall enable them to work well together. Not so, however, thinks Lord Panmure. His idea is, that by merely altering the disposition of the machinery he can put everything to rights, without bestowing the least attention upon the state of the integral parts, or the capacity of the motive power.

We are bound, however, to state—and we do it with real pleasure—that from the printed evidence it appears that some of the public departments are in a state of high efficiency. The evidence of J. F. Fremantle, chairman of the Board of Customs, and of Mr Wood, chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, shows how much may be accomplished through a wise system of superintendence, and examination instituted by the heads of departments. The regulations of the Customs and Excise—some of which are given in the Blue Book now lying before us, seem to be nearly perfect in their kind, and to have secured in these important departments the maximum of utility. Evidence of this kind is really most important, for it shows what can be done by heads of departments towards making their offices efficient without resorting to the pedantic scheme recommended by Sir Charles Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote. It is also proper to observe that there are dissentients from the sweeping assertions of general incompetency which have been made by other witnesses. Sir A. Y. Spearman, a public officer of great experience, roundly denies that the state and condition of the civil service is such as represented in the Report. He says: “I believe, in fact, that what is the exception has been taken as the rule, while that which is the rule has been adverted to as the exception. I do not mean to say that there are not to be found offices badly organised, into which unqualified persons may have been received, and in which undeserved promotions may have been made, and where the efficiency of the service has consequently been injured; but wherever that has been the case, I think the evil more attributable to those at the head of the department than to the

system on which the civil service is really constituted as I understand it; because it appears to me that public duty requires, first, that no person nominated to a vacancy should be accepted unless he be found fit; and, secondly, that no person should be advanced to a higher seat if unfit to discharge properly the duties of it." Mr Arbuthnot, Auditor of the Civil List, was so indignant at the imputations conveyed by the Report, which he states to be unjust and unfounded, that he addressed a letter to the Lords of the Treasury (*Blue Book*, p. 403) of "most earnest remonstrance against the publication of such aspersions in the authentic form of a State Paper." Sir J. F. Fremantle denies, on the part of the Civil Service generally, the assertions of the Report. He says: "I believe that the clerks and officers of the Civil Departments generally, are faithful, diligent, and competent; that the public business of those departments is well conducted; and that their efficiency would not suffer by comparison with that of the army, the navy, or any other service in the State; or with public companies or large establishments under the management of private individuals." Mr Waddington, Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department, considers that in the Report "the inefficiency of the public service, as at present organised, is most enormously exaggerated. This exaggeration is injurious to the whole Report, giving it the appearance of a case dressed up by an advocate for the purposes of prejudice, rather than of a fair and impartial statement prepared for the guidance and information of Parliament and the public."

There is, therefore, to say the least of it, no inconsiderable amount of disagreement among the doctors. After a careful study of the various documents in the Blue Book, we have arrived at the conclusion that the Report is exaggerated, and calculated to carry a false impression. We believe that every one of the gentlemen whose evidence we have alluded to, has given his testimony in the most candid manner; but, then, no two of them are testifying to the same thing. All through this Blue Book the Civil Service is spoken of as a "profes-

sion," which is simply an abuse of terms. No doubt the exciseman and the tide-waiter are as much Government officials as the permanent Under-Secretaries of State; but can it for a moment be pretended that they belong to the same profession? A copying clerk is not a lawyer—a shop-boy is not a merchant. Not only are the gradations of rank in the public service infinite, but the qualifications for efficient discharge of duty in one office are absolutely useless in another. Into this error not only Sir Charles Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote, but almost all the gentlemen who have commented upon the Report, have fallen. Each of them is acquainted with the real state of one department of the service—some of them possibly may have a knowledge of the state of two; but they all write as if the results of their observation were applicable to the entire body of the public civil service, and they emphatically condemn or absolve the whole mass, according to their experience of the few.

Promotion in the civil service, we are told, is chiefly regulated by seniority. The Report contains the following account of a career of a clerk who has been entered as a junior: "The young man thus admitted is commonly employed upon duties of the merest routine. Many of the first years of his service are spent in copying papers, and other work of an almost mechanical character. In two or three years he is as good as he can be at such an employment. The remainder of his official life can only exercise a depressing influence upon him, and render the work of the office distasteful to him. Unlike the pupil in a conveyancer's or special pleader's office, he not only begins with mechanical labour as an introduction to labour of a higher kind, but often also ends with it. In the mean time his salary is gradually advancing, till he reaches by seniority the top of his class, and on the occurrence of a vacancy in the class above him, he is promoted to fill it as a matter of course, and without any regard to his previous services or his qualifications." We must say that we can see nothing in the circumstances here stated to justify the ex-

ceeding dolorousness of the tone employed; and we may add that the Reporters seem to us to entertain most extraordinary and peculiar notions of the depressing influences of a life spent in the discharge of routine, with the constant prospect of promotion through mere seniority. It is fortunate that all men are not of their opinion, else we should have but a sad account of the hundreds of thousands of clerks, book-keepers, and ledger-men, who are at this moment performing their duty to their employers in banks, counting-houses, and chambers throughout the United Kingdom. But we should like to know where the evidence is that merit and superior intelligence, when exhibited in a public office, do not meet with recognition? We at least have not been able to find any such testimony, and we doubt whether it exists. At the same time, we admit that there are great objections to promotion from one official class to another on the ground of seniority alone. Some men are capital clerks, but are fit for no other kind of duty. Others, who would make indifferent clerks, may be capable of labour requiring a high degree of mental exertion and intelligence. Every banker, every merchant, every solicitor, knows this from his own experience. They would scout the notion of promotion by seniority, for they are aware that they could not afford it. All men have their gifts, and these may be put to a practical use, but the measure of attainment is limited. Still even the most talented must submit to drudgery at the outset; for such submission is not a law framed solely for the observance of public officials; it is a necessary preliminary to distinction in every walk and pursuit of life. The painter, the author, the musical composer, the lawyer, the physician—all must drudge at the commencement of their career if they hope for future success; and very valuable, indeed, are the methodical habits insensibly acquired from what appears at the time to be weary and retarding labour. But we do not think it necessary to pursue this branch of the subject any further. We shall merely remark, that in the departments which are best fenced by

a system of rational examination against the intrusion of incompetent nominees, the most regard is paid to merit in promotion.

We agree with Mr Arbutnot in thinking that the Report would have been much better had it been more temperately expressed. We consider also that it is by no means such a document as we were entitled to expect from men who had undertaken to report upon a subject of that magnitude. Indeed, we never read a paper which had less reference to specialities. That unfortunate idea of the Civil Service, in all its ramifications and gradations, being a "profession," seems to have taken entire possession of the minds of Sir Charles Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote; and instead of entering into a deliberate examination of the state of each department, and the method pursued therein, they have adopted the easier but much less satisfactory device of slumping them all together, and recommending that the whole Civil Service should be reorganised, because some divisions of it required reform. They ought to have told us which offices in their opinion were in a sound state, and which were unsound; and they also ought to have stated their grounds for such opinion. Had they done so, not only would the public have been furnished with a mass of valuable information from which clear deductions could be drawn, but officers who have exerted themselves with success in the regulation of their departments would have received that acknowledgment which is their due, instead of being brought, as they now are, within the scope of the general censure.

However, we must take the Report as it stands, having nothing better to go by. That Report is dated 23d November 1853, before the outbreak of the Russian war. The subject of administrative reform had occupied at a considerably earlier period the attention of the Derby Ministry, and had that Government been allowed to continue in office, we are thoroughly persuaded that a full and satisfactory reform would ere now have been made. But the Whigs, Peelites, and Radicals found it their interest to combine against the only Government

which for years had adopted a truly patriotic course of action; and the people of this country, who are unquestionably indebted to the Conservatives during their short tenure of power for the establishment of the militia, the efficiency of the navy, the increase of the ordnance, and the cordial alliance with France, may thank their Liberal representatives for having put the extinguisher for the time upon a resolute and vigorous effort for the reorganisation of the public offices. In the course of the recent debate upon Mr Layard's motion, which terminated by the adoption of Sir E. B. Lytton's amendment, Mr Disraeli thus expressed the views of the Government in which he held the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer:—

“After due consideration the Government of Lord Derby had resolved to bring under the consideration of the House, as soon as it was in their power to do so, the whole question of administrative reform. Of course, on the present occasion I shall be most careful not to speak of the mere intentions of that Government, which some may regard as afterthoughts; and therefore I am not now pretending to express all that was intended, but shall scrupulously confine myself to those measures of which I, as the organ of the Government, had given notice in this House. It was our intention, the moment certain actual measures which we had brought forward had been disposed of—if they had been disposed of in our favour—to bring under the consideration of the House the whole question of administrative reform, with the view of rendering the public administration of the country more efficient, and the service of every department more consistent with the requirements of the age. I then stated what we intended to do. I, as the organ of the Government, should have expressed our general views as to the principal alterations which we thought ought to be made in the civil service, and I should have informed the House that we had recommended her Majesty to issue a royal commission to inquire into the conduct of all the departments of the State, with the view of drawing from that report the regulations necessary to effect the reforms we had in view, which would then have been sanctioned by an act of Parliament. And it certainly appears to me, after listening to all the improvements and alterations which have been counselled and sug-

gested on all sides, that that course ought to have preceded all the recommendations that have been made; because what we want at present is, to learn from authority how the public service can be carried on in the most efficient manner, without reference to anything, or any existing circumstances, and to have placed before us, from the labours of a royal commission, composed of the highest practical authorities, results which may guide us in coming to a conclusion upon that question.”

It is deeply to be regretted that the Aberdeen Government did not view the subject in the same light; for it cannot be denied that clear and accurate information is the proper preliminary of legislation. Instead of advising the Crown to issue a Royal Commission for inquiry into the state and working of the different departments, they remitted the consideration of the matter to the gentlemen who have compiled this Report, and they left them not only to detect the evils, but to suggest the proper remedy. A more unsatisfactory mode of dealing with such a question as this can hardly be conceived; and we think it was not fair to expose Sir Charles Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote to the *odium* which an unfavourable report of the state of the Civil Service was sure to elicit. We have already shown that their conclusions have been challenged by several eminent authorities; and “the men of skill,” whose opinions as to the best method of securing an efficient system of examination for candidates in future were requested, appear to have thought this a proper occasion for delivering themselves of all kinds of academical crotchets. The remarks, suggestions, and contradictions which occupy 403 pages of criticism prefixed to this Report, remind us irresistibly of the old story of the painter, who hung up his picture in the market-place in order to have the benefit of the commentaries of the passers-by. In less than an hour his presumption was sufficiently punished, for not a single inch of the canvass had escaped from contemptuous condemnation.

Whether our suspicions of the value which Lord Aberdeen's Government set upon this Report are well

founded or not, this at least is plain, that they took no steps during the bygone year for carrying into effect any measures of administrative reform. We do not altogether blame them. This Report must have been like a millstone round their necks; for even granting that the recommendations of the Reporters as to future arrangements were true in themselves and in accordance with the views of the Government, it would have been rather perilous to have based a great measure of reform upon a Report which had not been preceded by a real searching examination, which was challenged as inaccurate, and which recommended for adoption a new system, seriously objected to by many whose opinion had been specially desired. We are the more inclined to think that such was the case, because Mr Gladstone is quite specific in his assertion that the Aberdeen Government, without pledging itself to all the details in the Report of Sir Charles Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote, had intended to propose great changes in the system. The right honourable gentleman said in the course of the debate of 15th June, that, "in consequence of the state of public business, and the pressure of other measures, he had never had an opportunity of laying before the House the particulars of the plan which that Government proposed to carry into effect, *but it was well known that it involved an absolute surrender of what was commonly called patronage in the first appointment of civil servants.*"

However that may be, the Aberdeen Ministry died without doing anything; and the Palmerston Ministry, being pure Whig, resolved, as a matter of course, to make no such absolute surrender, that being entirely opposed to the hereditary traditions of the party. But the cry for administrative reform which arose shortly after the formation of the present Government, and which may be traced to the disappointment of the country when they found that a change of Ministry was not followed by a more energetic course of conduct, sounded an alarm in the ears of the Whigs, and compelled them to take some step in the direction of administrative improvement. Hence the recent Order in

Council appointing a Commission to examine and report on the qualifications of all young men who in future may be *nominated* to appointments in any department of the Civil Service.

This is not by any means the plan which was recommended by the Report, and we shall point out the leading features of difference between them.

Sir C. Trevelyan and Sir S. Northcote contemplated but one kind of examination as applicable to all the departments, the examinations, however, differing in degree according to the grade to which the candidates might aspire. A Central Board of Examiners was to be constituted, before which all candidates for admission to the Civil Service were to appear, and have their literary attainments tested. It was to be the duty of the Examiners to rank the candidates according to the merit displayed in the examination, and the highest in respect of marks were to be drafted into the respective offices as vacancies might occur. Every person of a certain age who could produce satisfactory certificates of character and health was to be entitled to give in his name for examination, and, if preferred, his appointment to one office or another was secure.

The Government method is to make the examinations special to each department, but not to dispense with nomination, or alter the channel of patronage.

Here, then, are two marked points of difference—viz., as to the mode of examination, and as to its preliminaries. Although it may appear an inversion of order, we shall say a few words upon each point as we have noted them.

First, as to the mode of examination. It does seem to us that the method adopted by Government is by far the better of the two. The Reporters (by which title, in order to avoid repetition, we shall designate Sir C. Trevelyan and Sir S. Northcote) were no doubt instigated to their recommendation by the preposterous notion which has possessed them, that the Civil Service in every department is to be considered as one "profession." It is nothing of the kind. The object and tendency of

each department is different; and young men who feel an impulse towards one branch of the service would recoil from another, just as those who have set their hearts upon entering the Church might do if they were desired to study for the Law. Every man worth having will own to such impulses and preferences. A lad who may have set his heart upon entering the Foreign Office would feel sorely dismayed if you told him that he was to be drafted into the Excise—a candidate for the Treasury would hardly thank you were he offered a clerkship in the office of the Registrar-General of Births. Neither is the measure of attainment which ought to qualify for each department the same. Take, for example, the Foreign Office. In order to qualify for that, great encouragement should be given to the acquirement of foreign languages; but why should a clerk in the Poor-Law Board be required to read Italian or German? We anticipate the answer of the Reporters, that, by their scheme, there are so many subjects for examination set down, that a candidate who acquits himself well on a few will not be rejected for deficiency in others. Granted—but if their method were to be adopted, the successful candidate might be drafted into an office where what he did know was of no use, and what he did not know was of the utmost importance. It is worth while noting the extent of the absurdity which men will commit when mounted upon their peculiar hobbies. We find the Reporters indicating that, among other things, candidates should be examined upon *jurisprudence* and *political economy*. As to jurisprudence, we might well ask if the honourable Reporters are not aware that the law in one part of the kingdom differs essentially from that established in another, and suggest to them that the English candidates must in equity be conversant with the Institutes of Stair and Erskine, if the Scottish aspirants are required to show their proficiency in Blackstone. As to political economy, we are yet unaware that it has settled down to the dignity of a science. Why, every nation on earth is fighting domestically about some of its

problems; and they will so fight until the world is at an end. Just fancy a Board examining candidates upon the question of direct or indirect taxation! Half of the lads must belie their real conviction in favour of the ascertained sentiments of the examiners, else they would infallibly be plucked. Then as to mathematics, which are also insisted on, many of the most accomplished men in the country could not, if it were necessary to save their lives, demonstrate a single problem of Euclid; and we deny altogether that high classical attainments can be regarded as any proof of sound business capacity. Experience of the open professions leads us to a totally opposite conclusion. The men who achieve the highest distinction in the practical walks of life, are neither profound mathematicians nor deep classical scholars. We admit that mathematical and classical training exercises a most wholesome and useful influence over the mind; but there is a point after which the prosecution of these studies detracts from the energy, activity, and sagacity which are required to insure success in the practical professions. It has been said, and we think shrewdly and truly, that there is such a thing as employing too fine an instrument, and that good workmanship can only be secured by suiting the instrument to the work. The word "merit" is a vast favourite with the Reporters, but they use it in a peculiar sense. By "merit" they mean a high degree of educational attainments, such as is possessed by gentlemen who have taken high honours at the universities. All respect is due to merit of this kind, but we deny that the country has suffered by not giving that the preference. What the country requires is "fitness" for their duty on the part of its public servants; and a high literary test, as applied to many of the departments, is chimerical. This may be called a plea for ignorance, but it is nothing of the kind. It is simply another form of the demand that the proper men shall be put into the proper places, and that they shall have assigned to them precisely the kind of work which they are best fitted to perform. Looking to the number of the public offices, and the variety



of their functions, it appears to us that a general examination as recommended by the Reporters, followed by an indiscriminate drafting of the successful candidates into the departments as vacancies might occur, would be anything but an improvement on the constitution of the Civil Service; and that, by placing successful candidates in situations where the labour required of them must often be distasteful and foreign to their powers, a great deal of hardship would be inflicted, and considerable disgust engendered.

On the other hand, departmental examination, if properly conducted, has many advantages. The heads of offices know exactly, or at least ought to know, what stamp of men they require, and what are the branches of knowledge likely to render entrants most useful. This movement, it cannot be too often repeated, has nothing to do with raising the educational standard either at the universities or elsewhere. The object of it is to secure good and efficient public servants; and therefore we apprehend that literary tests, which cannot be shown to have any kind of connection with the nature of the service which the candidate seeks to enter, should be dispensed with as unnecessary and unfair. Would any banker, or engineer, or solicitor, exact from a young man, as a condition of his entering their offices, that he should be able to construe a play of Euripides? Would they not rather inquire into his moral habits, his steadiness, his power of application, his knowledge of arithmetic and mechanics, and his handwriting? Depend upon it, the same system of tests which the majority of mankind agree in applying to applicants for private service, will be found the best for promoting the efficiency of the public offices. There is also, we think, a great deal of truth in the following remarks by Mr Romilly: "It should be borne in mind that moral qualities and social position are often as important elements in the character of a public servant as great facility and intellectual power. Good sense and judgment, good manners and moral courage, energy and perseverance, a high sense of honour and integrity, a wholesome fear of public opinion, and

the desire of being well thought of by a circle of friends, are more important motives and qualities in public officers, for the practical business of official life, than familiarity with classical and modern literature, science, and history. The latter may be tested by examination, the former cannot." We are convinced that few who have considered the subject calmly and dispassionately will deny the truth of that observation. Of course, we must only be understood as expressing our preference of the principle of this part of the Government scheme, for we have no experience of the way in which it has been applied. Mr Layard stated in the House, referring to a return which we have not seen, that no examinations were required for entrants to the India Board, Home Office, Foreign Office, Colonial Office, Office of Works, Office of Woods, Poor-law Board, or Board of Trade. If such be the case, it seems to us but too evident that the Government is not in earnest, and that the recent Order in Council is simply one of these inexcusable shams which are calculated to bring all government into discredit. What we advocate, as the best interim arrangement that can be devised, until the whole system of the public service has undergone the scrutiny of a Royal Commission, is a strict departmental examination before entrance, under the exclusive superintendence of the permanent heads of departments, who should, moreover, be vested with the power of dismissal in cases of incompetency and neglect.

There is, however, a great deal in the observations made by Mr Anderson and Mr Romilly, that any kind of examination must be futile so long as the system of nomination is continued. "A board," says Mr Romilly, "is always good-natured. The public opinion which establishes itself among its members, keeps them from jobbing, in the ordinary sense of the word. They will not, when they are making a selection, choose the worst of the candidates because he is a friend; but, unconsciously no doubt, they do not hesitate to sacrifice the public, whose servants they are, but with whom they are not acquainted, and of whom they too seldom think, *when a fellow-creature has had the luck to get a Trea-*

*sure nomination*, and comes before them for admission into the ranks of their office." This brings us to the consideration of the preliminaries of examination, by which we mean the right of introduction to the examiners.

Here we differ from the Government, and agree most cordially with the Reporters. We are for the entire abolition of patronage or nomination as a preliminary to entering the public offices. The present system undoubtedly fosters political corruption to a degree which would scarcely be credited by those who have not watched the influences that are brought to bear at elections; and we are thoroughly convinced that direct bribery is the lesser evil of the two. The corrupt distribution of patronage is usually in this form. There are in every borough or town certain "leading men," of whom we have already given a sketch, who can turn the elections one way or another as they please. We cannot tarry to detail at length the means by which they have acquired this ascendancy—it is enough to say that they manage to persuade the electors that a word from them to the sitting members is equivalent to a mandate. Nor do they altogether overrate their power. The sitting member knows that he must propitiate those leaders, and prove to them that he actually does possess some influence at the Treasury. Accordingly he exerts himself, in the first instance, for their especial requirements, but, after the civic maw is glutted,—which usually is not an easy process,—he finds that still more is demanded of him. "I am bound to say,"—so writes, or would, could, or should write, a "leading man," and tribune of the people—"that you have behaved very handsomely as regards me. Your namesake Neddybear Jobson has got that little place in the Customs, and Sandy is in the Board of Trade; and, all things considered, the bit contract that you were so good as throw in my way has not turned out amiss. But, my dear sir, you must do something for the borough. James Yellowlees told me, no later than yesterday, 'that he doobted whether ye ever had a keek ahint the Treasury door,' and James is not a man to offend. He brought you, as nearly as I can reckon, six votes last time; and he is

an excellent creature if you keep him from the drink. Now, James has a son, John, that he can make nothing of in any other way, so I must beg of you, for your own sake as well as mine, to bespeak him a place in the Excise. If that cannot be done, I wash my hands of the consequences, for James seems rather camsteery." And, as a matter of course, John, the son of James Yellowlees, is incontinently shoved into the Excise.

Some members have much more influence at the Treasury than others. A doubtful or hybrid member may usually get what he chooses to ask for, because an application from such a one is considered as a pledge of support. A judicious government partisan, who is known to demand no more than is absolutely necessary for the maintenance of his seat, will also be attended to. But the blundering good-natured blockhead who asks for everything, and continues to vote with the Government irrespective of denial, is considered a nuisance, receives the cold shoulder, and usually disappears from the political arena, after a few ludicrous attempts at legislation. His party are anxious to be relieved from the discredit which he casts upon them, and his constituents are disgusted to find that he has no private Treasury key; so between the two, he relapses into the obscurity from which, in an evil hour for himself, he emerged. But your good, steady, judicious jobber holds his ground, and steers his way through many Parliaments, simply because he knows the value of patronage, and is cautious not to ask more than the share which he absolutely requires in order to retain his seat.

It is full time that these most "Corrupt Practices" should be put an end to, and we cannot conceive any better method than that of throwing open the admission to the public offices. It appears to us, moreover, that the public, who are taxed for the maintenance of these officers, have a right to demand this. It is a very monstrous thing that a young man of really good ability and character should be debarred from appearing as a candidate for the public service, because he has no immediate political patron, and is not a near relative of a "leading man." Our view is, that

any young man who can produce unexceptionable testimonials of character, ability, and health, or anything else which the examiners may think indispensable, ought to have it in his power to send in his name as a candidate for admission to any department of the Civil Service which he wishes to enter, and to be examined and preferred according to the rules which may be established in such office. By the present system, a very great deal of ability is lost to the country, simply because the aspirants have no political influence, and cannot command a nomination. We appeal again to all the honest men of the Liberal party, whether they contemplated such a state of things when they made their great effort to get rid of what was called Tory corruption? We ask them whether the body politic is not now ten times more corrupt than it was under the older system? And if what we have said conveys to their minds no unfaithful picture of what they have seen and known, may we not ask them to give effect by their voices to a scheme which shall at least allow able but unfriended men who have struggled through many difficulties, to present themselves at the doors of the different departments of the Civil Service, and to claim the privilege of an examination on the ground of "fitness," which hitherto has been practically disregarded under the withering system of patronage?

Connected with this subject there are many other points which challenge observation, but for which we have not present space. One, however, we must notice, and that is the alleged injury inflicted upon regular civil servants, by appointing men, who have not gone through the official gradations, to what are called "staff appointments."

After having considered this question most carefully, with the aid of such evidence as we could procure, we have come to the conclusion that it would be unwise to lay down any fixed rule. To exclude great talent and administrative genius, simply because its possessor had not entered the Civil Service as a clerk, and worked his way through an office, would be a manifest detriment to the public interest, and an insult to the existing

Ministry. If such a rule had been made imperative, Mr Rowland Hill would not have been where he is; and the best men would be excluded because they had not entered at the official gate. There is much practical sense in the observations of Mr Disraeli as applied to these higher appointments:—

"When I hear of appointments being made independent of a Minister, I ask why a man is a Minister if it is not to appoint the most fitting men to public appointments? . . . Why, sir, what is the first quality of a Prime Minister? It is not administrative talent, for he must look for that to others. It is perception of character and knowledge of man; and it is the duty, and the highest duty, of a Prime Minister to take care to appoint pious bishops and wise judges, and to appoint to the discharge of the highest functions the most eminent and best qualified persons. These are the most important offices that a Prime Minister can exercise, and they form one of the principal reasons why a Prime Minister exists. Although you may make the entrance to the civil service of this country a step only practicable to those who are competent to take it, although you may have a complete and efficient test of fitness if you have a proper board of examiners—although you may make the civil service a complete profession, and offer assurances that you will allow those rewards, not only of fortune, but of another character, that may induce your civil servants to exert themselves, and that may reward exertion—and, although you may and ought to take care that the great prizes are secured to those who are trained to the civil service, yet I say that with all these conditions you must leave the exercise of patronage—that is, the choice of fitting instruments, and the selection of the right men—to those men in eminent positions, who only occupy that eminent position to select for the public service the most fitting agents, and to take care that the qualities most fitting and necessary should be secured to the service of the State."

That is not only a wise, but a highly constitutional view; because, if appointments of the kind to which we refer were made available only to the men who had passed through the different grades of public offices, not only would the powers of the Prime Minister be unduly and intolerably limited, but his responsibility would be done away with. That old civil servants, who have an excellent opinion of

their own abilities, may feel indignant when one, whom they consider an interloper, is placed above their heads, is natural enough. The same thing, we presume, occurs in every profession; but it is impossible, and would be absurd, to rate men at their own estimate of themselves. Towards high appointments the attention of the public is drawn; and every instance of nepotism exhibited by a Minister of State, is visited by a loss of confidence and character, such as few men of honourable feelings would care to incur.

We have thought it our duty to make these remarks, because the subject of administrative reform is not yet thoroughly understood, and we have limited ourselves to the only branch of the public service which has been made, as yet, the subject of any kind of Parliamentary inquiry. A vast deal, we doubt not, lies beyond; but we wish to impress upon our readers that random statements, such as of late have been too common, should not be taken implicitly in lieu of deliberate evidence. But this is not the time for such inquiries. When, at the commencement of this article, we wrote the words, still unchanged, deprecating the foreboding of disaster, Lord Palmerston had not spoken the following words to the House of Commons:—

“We have got in the Crimea an army which, having encountered the sufferings of a long and severe winter, is now in as fine a condition as ever a British army was that ever entered the field, and which, *in point of numbers*, health, equipment, spirit, and in point of confidence in their officers, is equal to the army of any country—an army fighting, too, side by side with an ally on whom this country may confidently depend, and, combined with whom, are an equal match to the troops of the whole world, and with whom, were they to give battle, I may safely prophesy a victorious result. So far from any discredit to the country, or from anticipating any disaster, I am sure there are not ten persons in this House who will vote with the hon. gentleman who entertain a sentiment so little in consonance with the feelings of the country and with the prospects before us.”

Is that true? We found not upon the reverses, which unfortunately have since occurred, but we ask if it is true, that, *in point of numbers*, our army is equal to that of the army of any country? We have again and again entertained the attention of the public to the scandalous fact that we have not yet made the proper preparation for war by levying men from our own population, or by training them when levied; and we warn them now, that all the disasters of the last year are likely to sink into insignificance, if this Palmerston Government does not exert itself in the proper direction, or if it is not compelled to make way for another more adequate to such a crisis. The fact is, and the sooner it is made known the better, that we have no adequate army of reserve—that the militia, which might now have been a most effective force, has been neglected, not properly armed or disciplined, and so tampered with that its numbers have decreased. The losses in the Crimea, if we may depend upon the sorrowful accounts received, have, during the past month of June only, exceeded the whole number of the militia which has been enrolled in Scotland since that force has been called out! There is but one point now upon which the whole attention of the country should be concentrated, and that is the recruiting of the army. Let the House of Commons look to it; for if Parliament shall adjourn without taking the means in its power for augmenting our military force, or displacing the Ministry which may possibly throw obstacles in the way of an energetic measure to that effect, it is quite possible, that before the expiry of the coming autumn, the regular British army may be reduced to a mere skeleton. We doubt not of the “victorious result”; but we doubt greatly whether Lord Palmerston or his colleague Lord Panmure have ever calculated the cost. Let us not be found wrangling merely about responsibility or official arrangements, when the cry “to arms” should be sounded. The nation, if not its representatives, is in earnest—let the latter be wise in time.

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## THE BALTIC IN 1855.

[WE have very great pleasure in publishing the following graphic description of the Baltic in 1855. Another admirable paper from the same pen, "Aland and the Baltic in 1854," will be in the recollection of our readers. The writer seems to us a worthy brother-in-arms of our gallant friend who has, month after month—with a regularity which no hardship, no difficulty, no labour could interrupt—sent to us a continuous, lucid, and often eloquent narrative of all that has taken place in the Crimea since the landing at Eupatoria.]

WHEN our fathers narrated the exploits and the venturous navigation—in peril and energy itself an exploit—which they had achieved during the last war in the North and Baltic seas, and told, by winter firesides, stories of the fierce storms, dangerous coasts, hairbreadth escapes off lee-shores, and fatal shipwrecks experienced therein, we of the rising generation had little right to suppose that we should, in our own lives, follow in their tracks, thread the same intricate channels, and become familiar with the scenes and places which were traditions of our boyhood.

The English Channel, the Mediterranean, the Atlantic, were all likely, and at times anticipated, scenes of action. They were well known, had been thoroughly navigated, well surveyed, and mapped. The Baltic, however, had entered little into our speculations as a seat of war, and was to ships of the navy almost a *mare ignotum*. Merchant-vessels had traversed it backwards and forwards, and visited all its different ports with their cargoes; but the professional know-

ledge of its waters and shores was very small, and derived chiefly from foreign charts. The men of the last war, depending chiefly on their seamanship and enterprise, had added little to our scientific information on the subject, and left, as the result of their experience, only the warnings of disaster and a few oral records. The high hopes, therefore, which followed the departure of the first Baltic fleet, must have been dashed by a fear that some of those magnificent ships might return no more. Few could have anticipated that it would come back intact without accident or casualty. Yet so it was; and the nation, disappointed in other respects, must have hailed this fortunate result as a proof of the care and skill of its navigators, and the immunity given by steam-power from common dangers and difficulties.

This year there are no dark places. The gulfs, coasts, harbours, and headlands have been explored, and, as far as possible, surveyed. Notes had been made of the currents, the weather, and the "signs in the sky," so that

the experience of the first campaign will contribute largely to the facility and safety of the second.

If there was exaggeration in the dangers, there was no exaggeration in the unpicturesque and unromantic character of the Baltic cruises. As we looked, on our outward route, at the bold rocks of the Norwegian shore, rising dark and beetling, savage and sublime, the waves dashing wildly against them, and breaking into inlets between steep walls and heaped masses of rugged stone, we could well imagine how the fierce, stern northman-nature had been nurtured and fed amid such elements, and understand, if man's nature be affected by his habitation, how the love of adventure and spirit of enterprise which emanated thence, had not spread along the Baltic and Finnish shores.

It is certainly an uninspiring scene of action and endeavour that Baltic sea, with its branching gulfs of Finland and Bothnia. Dark fogs, chilling winds, and dull skies, make its spring and autumn aspects. The fine, bracing cold, which nerves whilst it chills, and strengthens where it pierces, is little felt there. The air, cold enough indeed, but impregnated ever with damp and mists, bears down with depressing influence on mind and body. The summers, warm and sultry, are not long enough, or brilliant enough, to revivify or brighten man or nature. But the nights—there is a compensation in them; the nights so long, so soft, so calm, bright, and beautiful—the nights which are no nights, but a calm, starry twilight. Yes! these are compensations—these are hours to balance days of fogs and sultry heats. The winter, however, with its ice and snows, bracing breezes and clear skies, is perhaps, after all, the best and most stirring season in these climes.

The seas are calm and smooth, seldom disturbed by storms, save in the commencement of the winter. There are no regular tides, but the currents are strong with certain winds. In the Gulf of Finland, during the summer, the waters are so dull and sluggish, that they become green and slimy, like a stagnant pool. The coasts, at least those of

the hostile country, have no feature of beauty or sublimity; the numerous islets scattered and grouped along the shores, with fine wood on their tops and waters sparkling around them, when warmed by a bright sunshine, afford glimpses of prettiness, just enough to refresh the eye and relieve the heart for a while from the dreary pressure of monotony. Unromantic as unpicturesque, the land has no inspiration from glorious or heroic memories—no charm from fable or legend.

Such was the scene in which the Baltic fleet began its second cruise in 1855. This campaign opened, perhaps, with less of hope than the first. Men knew better what to expect, and few were so sanguine as to believe that the foe would relax his system of defence—a system which he had adopted so resolutely, and maintained with such determination. This was a novelty in historic warfare. France at a crisis relied on her elasticity for attack, and poured forth legions into the field. Rome trusted to the endurance of her citizens, and the vitality of the Roman spirit. Russia, balked in her schemes of ambition, fell back at once on the defences she had carefully premeditated and prepared for such an emergency. Conscious of being inferior to her foes at sea, she withdrew entirely from the unequal encounter, made every effort to cut off from them any opportunity of success or triumph, and retiring within her strongholds, calmly and confidently waited an attack on her own vantage ground. Such a system could only have been introduced under such a government as hers,—could only have been carried out by a people who held obedience to the Czar as a first principle, and felt it no trial to remain behind stone walls if he willed it, though the enemy challenged them without. Power over resources—power over the wills of men, was necessary to such a design, and these the ruler of Russia possessed most absolutely.

On the 3d May the British fleet left Kiel, a place of pleasant memories. It is the alpha and omega of civilisation in a Baltic cruise. There we shake hands with civilised life for

many long months—there it first greets us again on our return. Consequently, many a grateful thought belongs to the little German town, with its woods and walks, its cafés, knick-knacks, and its cheerful people

After a short stay at Faro, to establish hospital and coal depôts, the fleet pushed on at once to Revel—the first of the naval stations—the first of the great strongholds. Revel lies on the south shore, just within the Gulf of Finland, which may truly be called a Russian lake, as she occupies both its shores and holds all its ports. Our ships anchored at the opening of the fine bay behind the island of Nargen, which shelters the west, whilst a long low promontory juts out on the east side, forming a snug, safe anchorage. Circling round the end of the bight, is the town. Our first look was at the fortifications. The picturesque yields to the professional in war times. They did not present an appearance of great strength: a large casemated fort and a battery on the mole seemed to comprise its defences. Presently a gun was seen peeping here and there from embrasures, and earthen batteries revealed themselves in every direction. The first work, as we advance from Nargen, is a small martello tower standing on a small island. In the round of the bight, the large fort opens upon us from its three tiers of 150 guns, and is enfladed by another battery of 24 guns; to the right and left are smaller ones, covering and flanking these, all commanding the approaches to the town. This would doubtless be a formidable fire to encounter, but the water is deep within range of the shore. There is ample room to manœuvre, and here, if anywhere, ships might assail the granite walls with a fair prospect of success. Darkly and grandly the Domberg or Old Town rises in the background. Towering on a basement of rugged rock, and surrounded by a buttressed wall, it has quite an old burgh look—a shade of old-world picturesqueness, rare enough here, where most things bear a new-born stamp. The citadel, and the exclusive residence of the governor and nobility, it looks proudly down on the houses scattered along the plain, interspersed here and there with patches of green and clumps of

trees, the masses of barracks, the mole, and quays, which constitute the New Town.

The winter station for a division of the fleet, and the commercial outlet for the produce of Esthonia, Revel is a place of great importance, and its destruction, if possible, would be a great blow to Russian power and Russian pride.

On the 25th of May the fleet again started onward up the gulf, and on the 31st took up its former station of observation off Cronstadt, the redoubtable stronghold which, next to Sebastopol, has excited most interest and expectation in men's minds, which has been the subject of so much speculation and theory. Let us see what the place really is, which so many men have projects for taking, and what may be the chances of its fall by an attack from the ordinary engines and appliances of war.

At the extremity of the Gulf of Finland, where it narrows and rounds off to a termination, and not far from the spot where it receives the waters of the Neva, is an island, lying north-west and south-east, low, flat, narrow, and pointed—shaped somewhat like the tongue of an ox. At the south-east end it approaches more nearly to the mainland, forming a harbour, and thus, though poor and insignificant in itself, it became important from the fact of its offering to ambition a position adapted for the preparation of a great scheme, the attainment of a great purpose.

When Peter the Great resolved to create a capital amid the marshes of the Neva, and thereby declare himself a northern state, his genius fixed on this island as a fitting site for the nursery of a young, and the stronghold of a matured, naval power. There was room enough on it for his garrisons, dockyards, and arsenals; the harbour was spacious enough for his ships; the place was difficult of access, and capable of defence—was near his new city, under his very eye. 'Twas all he wanted; and here, forthwith, was planted the germ of a navy, which grew with the growth, and strengthened with the strength, of the nation itself. What he began, his successors continued; and, as the development of aggression increased the

necessity for self-protection, czar after czar added tower to tower, and fort to fort, until Cronstadt became what it now stands before us—a mighty illustration of the power and policy of defence.

Seen from the sea at the distance of a few miles, Cronstadt looks like the picture of a flood, wherein trees, ships, steeples, and towers are seen half-submerged in the waves; and the whole scene, viewed through the haze of a sunny day, seems a confused maze of gilded cupolas, tall masts, and solid forts, all floating in the waters. As the sky clears, and the eye gains its true focus, the maze resolves itself into the plan of a well-defined and formidable stronghold. The forts stand forth clear and distinct, the ships mark the bay of the harbour, and the masses of houses even assume a form. Now less than ever does the view present any feature of picturesqueness and beauty. Strength is its only characteristic. It is a plan, not a picture—a plan marked by hard, firm lines, denoting security and defiance. This stronghold of Cronstadt, and its fellow at Sebastopol, standing as they do at either extremity of the empire, are true indices to the spirit which rules, and the policy which directs, the destinies of Russia, and, as such, are especial subjects for study. North and south they represent a system of progressive aggression, which fixes its basis in defence, and makes each successive foothold which it gains, not only a stand-point of preparation for future advances, but a barrier against attack, a refuge from repulse.

Let us study the one before us. And first let us take a more accurate survey of its natural position, ere we see how art and foresight have devised its impregnability.

The island of Cronstadt lies in a bight betwixt the two shores of the gulf, and is nowhere distant more than about six miles from the mainland on either side; and even this, as a navigable distance, is so much straitened by spits, shallows, and mud-banks, that the actual passages are reduced to very confined limits. This is the case especially with the main channel, which runs betwixt the island and the south shore, and is so

narrow and shallow that its navigation alone, except under experienced and skilful guidance, is a difficulty. It widens and deepens a little, however, towards the south-east end, into a tolerably convenient and spacious anchorage, and, turning thence towards the south, ends in an inner harbour, well locked, and sheltered by a bend in the land, and partly protected by the Oranienbaum spit, which juts out towards it from the south shore, and which, being covered by only a few feet of water, offers an effectual barrier to the approach of ships, and is impracticable for the advance of troops. Two passages lead from this round the south-east side; but these are so intricate, so environed by shallows and patches, that they are navigable only by vessels of a small class, and afford no regular communication with the north channel, which is broader and deeper in the centre than the other, though it also becomes very shallow at some distance from the shore. The island itself is about six miles long, and a mile and a half wide at the south-east, its broadest part. This part represents the root, and hangs on, like a square piece, to the Tongue, which shoots out, narrow and narrower, towards the tip, until it ends in a few broken rocks, over which the waves ripple. Slightly raised above the level of the sea, a little barren track of rock and sand, it would scarcely afford sustenance for a family, or feed a flock of sheep; yet now, cut into docks, covered with barracks and storehouses, and surrounded by forts, it is a prize which mighty nations strive to win and to keep.

Let us next see how art has so much enhanced the value of the spot we have been surveying. A first object in the design, which sought to convert it into a naval arsenal, was of course to find a suitable site for the docks, magazines, and defences, which must grow around the harbour and anchorage. The square end of the island was naturally adapted for this purpose. It had a sufficient and compact space for the buildings; it was surrounded by the sea on all sides, save where it was joined by a narrow neck of land to the promontory beyond, and would thus be protected



by a complete line of circumvallation ; and it offered, besides, a facility for the digging of immense basins on its south side, which might compensate for the smallness of the inner harbour, or Little Road, as it is called. There are three of these—the man-of-war, the middle, and the merchant harbour—all entered by regular locks from the Little Road. In the two former a great part of the Russian ships lie during the winter months, whilst their crews are transferred to barracks on shore.

The next step was to defend these harbours, and, as a consequence, the old-fashioned straggling fortress of Cronstadt arose. Then came Fort Peter ; but, as time went on, it was deemed necessary that the Great Road, and even the entrance, should have their defences. But the passage into the harbours was about mid-channel, and could not therefore be effectually commanded by forts on either shore. This was, however, no obstacle, no difficulty to a system which had raised a city on a marsh ; and straightway there sprang up a succession of gigantic island fortresses, commanding every approach, and threatening at many points a concentration of fire which must inevitably annihilate any attacking force.

We must review these forts in the reverse order from their construction, and begin from the outside, as though we were advancing to the attack. Let us suppose, then, that we are making for the entrance. The first object which presents itself is the Tulbuen, a tall, solid, beacon-tower, standing on a rock, connected probably by a reef with the island shore. We steam onwards, and on the right hand, or south side, Fort Risbank rises before us, the latest in construction, but not the least formidable of these extraordinary erections. Like all the others, it is built on a foundation formed by piles driven into the mud. It has two tiers of casemates, and on its top are guns mounted *en barbette*. The front, facing the entrance obliquely, presents a curve springing from the centre, with a short curtain on either side, which at the angles rounds off into towers. The number of guns in this fort is variously stated, but we could count

fifty-six embrasures in this front, besides the guns *en barbette*, and those which may be mounted on the rear-face. In describing these fortifications, it is difficult to use the proper terms of art, as their peculiar construction and peculiar purpose required many and wide deviations from general principles. We must therefore try to be intelligible rather than scientific. A little farther on, on the left hand, or north side, Fort Alexander greets us, a huge round work, showing a semicircular front, bristling with four rows of guns, one row being *en barbette*. This fort is said to contain one hundred and thirty-two guns ; they are of very large calibre, and their fire would effectually sweep the entrance of the channel, flanking and crossing that of Risbank. Passing Alexander, we are fairly in the Great Road, and come within range of Fort Peter, a low fortification, on the same side as Alexander, but nearer to the island. Two low curtains, a large tower in the centre, and smaller towers at either end, comprise the front of this work. It is not equal to the two others either in dimensions or number of guns, but is still very formidable from its enflading position. On the opposite side, just in front of the point of the Oranienbaum spit, and flanking the mouth of the inner harbour, Cronslott, or Cron Castle, threatens us. This, the eldest of the series, the first demonstration of the scheme of defence, which has since been extended and multiplied so vastly, is inferior to its successors in design and elaborate workmanship. Though rather a crude effort, it answered its first purpose, as a single fortress, well enough, and even now would play no mean part in the flanking and concentrating combination, which forms the main principle in the defence. Last, but not least, either in size or importance, Fort Menschikoff rises, vast and glaring, towering above all the others, with its four tiers and its massive walls. This was evidently meant to be the crowning stroke of the inner, as Risbank was of the outer defences. Unlike its brethren, it stands on *terra firma*, and is built near the mole-head, at the south angle of the square end of the island. It is apparently a square, solid mass of

masonry, constructed without any very elaborate or scientific plan, but presenting a front of casemated batteries, which would flank Cronslott, and rake the approaches to the inner harbour with a tremendous fire. We might think that the acmé of defence had been attained by such an aggregation of fortresses; so thought not the Russians, for they have moored some of the line-of-battle ships of their fleet betwixt Menschikoff and Cronslott, thus effectually barring the entrance to the inner harbours, and forming an overwhelming increase to the force already concentrated for their protection. Beyond this barrier line, and behind Menschikoff, are the basins before spoken of; and behind them again are the great magazine, the dockyard, and canal. More to the north are laid out the barracks and other public buildings. Such and so defended is the southern channel of Cronstadt. Such is the place which hair-brained theorists expected our fleet to attack and take. English hearts are stout—English ships are strong—English seamen are skilful; but the man who would lead them against such fearful odds, would lead them to certain destruction, and leave the country to mourn over a catastrophe greater and sadder than has yet clouded her annals.

Let us turn to the north side, and see what are there the characteristics of defence and the opportunities of attack. Passing round the Tulbuken, we trace a low glittering line of rocks, just rising above the waters; then a broader belt of red sand, slightly sprinkled with trees; then come houses, trees, and some glimpses of vegetation, until the eye rests at last on a large, well-designed earthwork, not yet finished, around and about the mounds of which workmen are still busy with pickaxe, spade, and barrow. Tracking onwards, we follow the long low beach, along which are rows of houses, masses of buildings, churches with their gilded cupolas and spires, and all the varied objects which constitute the features of a town panorama; whilst behind and above all appear the tops of forts and masts of ships. Looking very closely and attentively, we can detect at intervals small batteries

mounting a few guns, and carrying on a weak and broken line of defence, which terminates at the north-east extremity in a larger and more pretentious work.

Nothing very formidable here as yet—nothing very obstructive, save the fact that large ships cannot approach within a less distance than three miles; but gun-boats and small vessels might easily advance within fair range of town and arsenals. Yes, this had been foreseen and provided against by a novel and ingenious expedient. From the earthwork in the centre of the island a barrier had been run out obliquely to a distance of three thousand yards, and then carried in a slightly deflecting line to the shore of the mainland, extending to a length of six or seven miles, and enclosing the passages opening from the north to the east and south sides of the island. The barrier consists of columns of piles placed at distances of eighteen feet, and rising within two feet of the surface of the water. These columns are formed of several piles driven into the mud in a circle, the centre being filled with rubble. This would sufficiently secure the shore from sudden assault, or the town from the danger and annoyance of a distant fire; but the passages—the weak and vital points of the northern defence—could not be trusted to an obstacle so partial in its obstruction, and which a daring effort might destroy. Accordingly, hulks, lightened for the purpose, were moored behind the barrier—in some parts within point-blank range—effectually covering it through its whole extent, from the angle of the town to the mainland. In rear of this, again, a fleet of gun-boats, under steam and sail, moved about, ready to dash through the intervals, and meet any assailant. Thus was a triple barrier raised—the first part merely obstructive, the second defensive, the third motive and capable of being made aggressive; a fourth was designed, but it proved an illusion and a failure. Adopting the fallacy of the efficacy of sub-marine mines for the destruction of ships, the enemy had strewn the waters of the north shore with a number of explosive machines, some being found even in eight and nine fathoms. Their exist-

ence was first discovered by two steamers, which went in on a reconnaissance, and exploded them under their bows. Little injury was effected by the explosion; but the shock was so great as to create a more formidable impression of these machines than an after acquaintance with them justified. When the fleet anchored off the north shore, the men-of-war boats dragged for them and brought up a great number, so that every one had an opportunity of satisfying his curiosity as to their nature and construction. The first discovery of the secret was made rather unhappily. One of the machines had been taken on board the *Exmouth*. A group of officers had gathered round to examine it, and Admiral Seymour, unsuspecting of any danger, as it had already been dragged about in boats, and carried from one ship to another, struck the trigger, when, lo! it exploded in the midst, and knocked down the nearest spectators, scorching and burning some, and severely wounding others. Among the latter was Admiral Seymour himself. Afterwards we learnt to handle them with perfect impunity, by instantly and carefully removing the fuze, after which the thing became perfectly harmless. These machines, christened by us "infernal," are curious enough to deserve description. The shell is made of metal, shaped like a cone, and divided into two compartments, the upper one filled with air, and the lower with powder. The generality of those we found measured fifteen inches across the top, and twenty in length. In the centre of the top of the shell is a round hole leading into a hollow cup, and ending in a narrow socket, which reaches to the division of the powder compartment. This was the place of the fuze. The fuze is a metal cylinder, about the size of the wooden ones used for thirteen-inch mortars, and contains first a hollow oscillating tube, in the lower end of which is inserted another and smaller tube, filled with sulphuric acid and chlorate of potash, supposed to be separated from each other by a thin tiny piece of glass. This, again, communicates with the lower end of the fuze, which is made of thick lead, and holds a small charge of powder, confined

therein by a thin metal wafer at the bottom. When this fuze is fixed in the socket, a part, in which are two small apertures, protrudes above the surface of the machine. Along the top, opposite to each other, are laid two thin pieces of metal, which pass through holes in the rim, and extend some inches beyond, being held in their position by slight brass springs. These are the hammers. On being struck, or on coming into contact with any object, they are forced through the apertures in the sides of the fuze, and strike the oscillating tube a smart blow. This being set in motion, breaks the smaller tube, and by the mingling of the chemical ingredients, a flame is produced, which, through the medium of a small piece of cotton, ignites the charge in the fuze, and thus, of course, explodes the whole. The machine is filled with powder, through a hole in the lower or conical end. A screw fitting into this has a ring, to which is attached a wooden block, and through this is rove a rope with a large stone at the end of it. These are the moorings. The rope is shortened or lengthened according to the depth of water in which the machine is sunk, so as to leave it floating at a distance below the water, where it could come into collision with a ship's keel or bows. The machine is said to be an invention of Jacobi, an Italian; but those used by the Russians were devised by a Frenchman. The thing is ingenious enough; but, like all other devices for producing a sub-marine explosion by collision, it is subject to many mischances and accidents, and is dependent for success on so many adventitious circumstances, that failure must be a common, if not a certain, result. Those we found held only eight and a half pounds of powder, and it is difficult to imagine that any great effect could have been calculated upon, from the bursting of so small a charge against the side of a ship of any size.

The Russians had evidently exaggerated the importance of this invention, and it is rather a pleasant triumph to fancy how the eager expectation, and perhaps savage exultation, with which they awaited the coming disaster, must have changed into mortification and chagrin, as they saw our

ships sail proudly onwards, and anchor, without hurt or hindrance, in the very midst of the destruction which had been spread for them, and how bitterly they must have felt that so much money, ingenuity, and labour had been expended in vain—that so much preparation had ended only in disappointment and failure.

So much for infernal machines. They have proved, what every other experiment of the kind has proved before, that no engine which is not a projectile can be of much use against ships.

On the mainland, near the line of piles and block-ships, is a promontory, called Lisi Nos. On this stands a small earthwork, and from it juts out a long low causeway, connected in part by a bridge, at the extreme end of which is another battery of eight guns. The northern defences consist, then, of the earthwork which guards the centre of the island, and the starting-point of the piles; of the succession of batteries which line the shore, with a fire of seventy-five guns; of the fifteen ships moored across from shore to shore, with the causeway of Lisi Nos as a connecting link; of the advanced barrier, and of the flying squadron lying in reserve behind the whole—no mean summary.

Our survey is ended. From Risbank to Lisi Nos, we have traced the details of a plan, vast, complete, and perfect—a plan which comprehends every species of defence, which masters every kind of difficulty, and anticipates every mode of attack—a plan admirable in its details, but more admirable in its whole strength and unity.

Against such a plan, what would be the possibilities of attack? An advance by the south channel was the pet project of the Brown and Jones clique, who took Cronstadt after dinner.

Is such an attack among the possibilities? Scarcely. The chances and probabilities are at least so much against it, that any man who undertook it would incur an awful responsibility. The difficulties are no ordinary ones. We are not among those who believe that ships are nought against stone walls. We believe that, under certain conditions, they can engage batteries on equal terms, and even with advantage; but these con-

ditions are, that the ships should have room enough to manœuvre, and depth of water enough to enable them to anchor within at least point-blank range. Such exist not at Cronstadt. A fleet going in to assail it would be compelled, by the narrowness of the channel, to advance in line-of-battle order; that is, the ships following one another in single file, so that each would, in succession, run the gauntlet betwixt the forts, returning only its own broadsides, and being thus exposed to great odds. In this order, too, a single disaster—the sinking, disabling, or stranding of one ship—would effectually obstruct or throw into confusion the whole force.

But supposing that certain ships were first sent in as an advanced guard to engage Risbank and Alexander, and that they succeeded in silencing these forts, it is probable that they would be too much crippled by such an exploit to do much more. A reserve might, however, then dash in; but it would encounter such a concentration of fire in front and flank, that it would be almost impossible for ships to form in such a manner as to return or resist it with any effect, or with any hope of victory. Defeat, annihilation, or disaster, would inevitably result from such an attempt. It is plain, then, that into the only channel which has water enough for large ships, large ships cannot go. Let us see what might be done by vessels smaller and lighter. There are two points open to such a force. First, there is the shallow water betwixt Risbank and the south shore. Gunboats and mortar-vessels might pass through this, and get near enough to shell ships and town, did not the rear-face of Risbank, a little fort we descried behind it, and the flank of Cronslott, promise such a reception as would render the enterprise a forlorn hope. There is a battery too on the south shore, and it is said that guns have been mounted on the Oranienbaum spit; but this is not certain. Return we to the north side. This, last year, was a weak point. The enemy betray the fact by the attention they bestow on it, and the jealousy with which they watch it. Since the arrival of the allied fleets, additions have been made to its strength. The hulks

have increased from eight to fifteen ; batteries start up on every little rock or point, and the gun-boats seem to rise in swarms from the mud. Last year this part was scarcely noticed or reconnoitred ! An attack, to be practicable, even here, must be undertaken by gun-boats and mortars. Last year we had none, or none fitted for the purpose ; this year the enemy actually outnumber us in that arm. How can this be ? Is there a suspension of work in our yards ? Are our builders paralysed or rebellious ? Is there no English oak ?—or how comes it that we, the ship-builders of the world, should be beaten by the enemy at our own work ? Were the question asked in the House, the voice of Red-tapism would repeat some plausible contradiction, or recount the list of a paper flotilla, long and vague as the catalogue of Homer's ships. But the facts are these,—all men, who saw the place last year, agreed, that the only hope of destroying Cronstadt, its dockyards, fleet, or magazines, partially or wholly, was by an attempt in this quarter ; that the only force available for it was gun-boats, and that they must be sent in such numbers as to overwhelm and nullify any armament of the same description possessed by the enemy. It would be thought that this was no great demand on England's energies or England's resources, and that they would have come forth by hundreds. Altogether, there are seventeen of these vessels attached to the Baltic fleet !! The enemy shows twenty-nine steam, fifty sailing and row boats, making a total of seventy-nine. With such disparity, it would be impossible to assault barrier or blocks, in presence of a force possessing the same advantages, and strong enough to become the assailant. How could such things be ? Where rests the blame ? It cannot be with our Government, for they nightly proclaim their impeccability. Whose fault is it, then, that England's best arm is crippled from lack of means ? Ehen ! Ehen ! It is the old story, repeated over and over again, of the wrong thing in the wrong place. Has the curse of perverted judgment and fatuity really fallen upon us ?

Another project was to land troops upon the island, and try the chance of a *coup de main* on the land side of the town. This, though risky, had a feasible look ; but the debarkation of soldiers on such a shore, and the moving them in such a space ; the strength of the garrison, and the possibility of a retreat—all presented difficulties, which perhaps prevented it from having serious military consideration. The enemy have anticipated such a *coup* now, by drawing a chain of redoubts from the earthwork directly across the island.

Is Cronstadt, then, impregnable ? We dare not call any place so, with the experience of the past before us, showing how the strongest fortresses and most inaccessible fastnesses have fallen before stratagem, accident, or daring. Yet it possesses so many of the elements, and presents so much the appearance of impregnability, as to daunt any man who wished not to imperil the lives of his countrymen and the honour of his country by a rash and more than doubtful enterprise.

We have surveyed Cronstadt, not sketched it. There is naught to sketch ; its every feature is military ; its every association and suggestion military or political. In time of peace it might have a dull and unattractive aspect ; the eye might then require more prettiness—more variety ; but now, when heart and mind are attuned to the subject of war and its politics, it stands before us a grand and interesting study. As a military system of defence, it must command our unbounded admiration. As we trace the wonderful and skilful appliances of science therein ; as we see how every means has been enlisted, every resource employed, every sacrifice made, every power and invention brought into action in its construction,—we are compelled to recognise and appreciate the skill, the foresight and the forethought, the patience, the resolution, the perseverance and labour, which have effected such results. Baffled as we must feel ourselves to be, when to our longing and searching scrutiny it presents no opening, no weakness, no opportunity—when everywhere we detect the pre-vailling principle, that no point should be left to a single defence, but that

each should be covered, backed, or flanked by some other—still we must feel also, mingled with our bitterness, a sort of triumph in such perfection of professional art. As a military defence, it is indeed a grand effort.

But it has another reading than the military, and one with a darker and deeper meaning. Heavily it looms, as we think of its object and significance—darkly it there stands out, as a glyph of the policy of dominion and extension, which has moved onwards through long, long years, sometimes stealthily, sometimes openly, sometimes groping like a mole underground, sometimes leaping like a tiger, but always progressing, never retrograding or standing still, save to gain ground for another leap,—a policy which ever based its aggression on defence, which devised security at home ere it struck abroad, and made home-strength the starting-point of foreign conquest. In the different stages towards the completion of this stronghold might be traced the development of this system. Its first erection aimed only at standing-ground or equality among the northern nations; then arose forts on forts as preliminaries of conflict and supremacy; then came an interval; and then again, in later days, the architect, the engineer, and workman were more busy than ever. In 1847 the barrier of piles was laid down; about the same time Risbank and Menschikoff sprang up. What meant this? These were surely not intended as a safeguard against the northern powers, which the policy had crushed 'neath its heel and trodden under foot. The preparations were too great to indicate a fear of beaten and subdued nationalities; it revealed an apprehension of attack from some people redoubtable for their naval power and naval daring. In fact, when the policy of aggression resolved to stretch forth its grasp towards Turkey, it felt the necessity of providing against the contingencies of European movement; it foresaw that the wrath of nations would gather round, and anticipated the storm. Cronstadt in its defences reveals more clearly than blue book or diplomatic correspondence, how long the design, which is now shaking the destinies of Europe, had

been contemplated—how resolutely its consequences had been calculated, and the probable hostility of naval nations foreseen. It was a common thing to say that the Czar had been taken by surprise in this war. Where are the proofs? Have our comrades discovered any symptoms at Sebastopol? Are there any here? Everything speaks of preparedness, readiness, and provision. There might, at first, have been some deficiency in details, but the whole plan was well matured, the material provided, and it only remained to proportion the forces to the exigencies of the danger or the nature of the attack. This war had been long designed, long prepared for. Cronstadt is the best commentary—better than parliamentary debate or political history—on past and present events,—the best exposition of the vital and enduring principle of Russian policy: it shows us what preparations for self-defence mean with it, and warns us, for the future, to see in them the sign of a coming struggle.

On the 31st of May, the British fleet, consisting of twelve liners, with a light squadron of screw frigates and steamers, anchored off the Tulbuen lighthouse, and the next day the French admiral, Penaud, arrived with three screw line-of-battle ships and one frigate. The enemy was known to have twenty-six or twenty-seven sail of the line within the harbour; but this disparity in numbers was supposed to be almost, if not quite, counterbalanced by the advantage of the screw: at any rate, it was not enough to tempt the Russians to accept our challenge. The prize was too great to be lightly risked for the sake of naval fame. They had staked their honour on successful defence, and were content to abide the issue.

After the usual reconnoissances, the combined fleet retired for a few days to Leskar, an island distant about thirty miles to the south-west. From hence Admiral Seymour was despatched to Narva, with two line-of-battle ships and two gun-boats. Narva, the old battle-ground of Swede and Russ, lies in a bay on the south shore. The town itself is built, at some little distance inland, on the banks of a small river, which runs into the gulf, and is

too narrow at its mouth to admit any save small trading ships. The object of the expedition was to capture some merchant vessels which had taken refuge within the bar of the river. When the ships of war arrived, they found that two mud batteries had been erected on either side of its mouth. These were bombarded by the *Blenheim* and two gun-boats for several hours. The batteries were silenced, and one gun was knocked over by a shot from the *Snap* gun-boat. No other result followed, and in the evening the ships returned to *Leskar*.

Once more, on the 18th of June, the allied fleet took up its position before *Cronstadt*, though in a different order—a squadron of five liners, under Captain *Codrington*, remaining off the *Tulbuen*, whilst the main body anchored along the north shore, at a distance from it of about three miles and a half. No movement has since taken place, no important alteration been made in the relative position of the assailers and the assailed. Still do they exhibit the curious spectacle of two great powers arrayed face to face, each confident in its own strength, yet each unable to reach its foe, each unwilling to risk its vantage-ground by a forward move. The war, therefore, becomes one of watchfulness and demonstration. The game is high, and must be played cautiously; a false move on either side would be fatal. We fear, however, that the odds are rather in favour of defence than of assault; yet, whilst the allied flags wave before *Cronstadt*, we cannot resign the hope that some bold stroke—some great opportunity—may yet enable us to aim at a success or a vic-

tory. It would be a proud lot to chronicle such an exploit.

Meanwhile, few incidents vary the monotony of blockade. The destruction of telegraphs along the shore, the appearance of a gun-boat beyond the barrier, cause, now and then, a slight stir. During the last week, flags of truce have been passing to and fro, bearing diplomatic explanations of the bloody episode at *Hango*. Vainly, however, does the Russian government strive, by subterfuge and evasion, to palliate or justify it. It was a savage deed, unworthy of civilised warfare, and, as such, must for ever stand on record against them.

The arrival of Admiral *Baynes*'s squadron has now increased the British fleet to nineteen liners, seventeen gun-boats, and sixteen mortar-vessels, exclusive of the light squadron—truly a magnificent armament, worthy of the power and the pride of England; but, unfortunately, it is strong where it might be weak, weak where it should be strong;—strong in large ships, which are of little use, weak in the light force, which, well handled and applied in sufficient strength to a joint attack by the north side and the shallow channel betwixt *Risbank* and the south shore, might yet hail destruction on the ships and dockyards which lie ensconced in such apparent security. Our survey has brought us now to the end of the *Gulf*: another time we may make a circuit and track the Finnish coast, taking a peep at *Helsingfors* and *Abo*. Ere then we trust some deed of fame may shine on our narrative—some event occur which an Englishman may be proud to record, and Englishmen be proud to read.

## ZAIDEE: A ROMANCE.

## PART IX.—BOOK III.

## CHAPTER I.—A NEW HOME.

THE mysterious ocean-tide has sent its impulse into the full-flooded Thames far above the sea; the low branches dip into the stream, and the willows stand up to their knees in it, waving their long tresses upon the dark water which mocks at the sunshine. From one side to another the river swells full with a great throb of life and vigour in its expanded heart. So deep these depths look under the rounded curve of this overflowing surface, which the sunshine vainly tries to penetrate—so cool with the green shadow of those waving willows on them, and the tender quiver of those slanting rays which shine from the west. The sky has but a speck or two of white upon it, to break the pale and luminous blue of the great arch; but over the other bank you can see a glimpse of how the clouds have gathered to that grand ceremonial of sunset which is about to be accomplished yonder. In the mean time, however, a lingering tender smile of light is on the river and its trees. Though he will see them all tomorrow, the sun is loth to part with these companions whom he loves so well to embellish and caress; and the glory with which he touches this broad water ere he leaves it, is like the smile of a full heart. It is evening on the Thames; there is scarcely a breath astir to flutter the willow-leaves, but there is a musical hum of home-coming and rest, in the sweet fragrant air, which is full of this pensive and tender smiling of the sun. From these beautiful English lawns and gardens which stretch to the water's edge, you can hear the voices of home enjoyment, young tones and sweet; and the wide country beyond, which is not visible from this charmed river, throws in a far-away cadence—a tribute of sound to the stream that blesses it, since of beauty he has no need. Wherries now and then, slim and swift like greyhounds, shoot up or down along the olive-com-

plexioned current; and by-and-by there will come a river steamer full of pleasure-seekers, which will do no harm to the landscape. If it is your hap to be in this common conveyance, take heed that you do not envy these pretty houses coyly withdrawing among their trees—those fortunate people who dwell beside the quiet waters, and see the willows dipping in the river with every tide that rises—or you may chance to break the peace of the subject of our story, at present looking out, and unconscious of envy, upon this noble stream.

The lawn reaches down to a sheltered nook, a little bay, beyond which the bank projects, protecting this sunny corner. Two great willow-trees, throwing their branches together in an arch, stand a little way into the water, making, with their twisted trunks and forest of pale leaves overhead, and with great branches sweeping on the river, supplementary arches on either side—as noble a Watergate as nature ever made with trees. The water ripples past these living pillars, and with a playful hand salutes the smooth green turf which creeps to its very edge. This turf is broken with nothing but daisies; there are no intrusive geometrical figures cut into its velvet sward, and you pass nothing but one beautiful youthful acacia till you come to the house. The house does not pretend much in its own person; it is nothing but a spectator of the scene, looking out night and day with its many eyes on the sunlight and the moonlight and all the changes of the river, and is sober-suited and modest as a spectator should be, doing nothing to break the harmony of nature, though not much increasing its beauty. At one side is a great bow-window, from which, by a single marble step, you can descend to the grassy terrace which forms the upper lawn, and within this bow-window you can catch glimpses of white muslin gowns



and ribbons. There are other spectators than the house itself, looking out upon the river; and the great window is open, and the sweet air flows in without let or hindrance, where we too follow, invisible as the air.

The room is large, and full of softened light. We are looking at the sunset smile upon the river, but we ourselves have lost it here—and the sky looking in at the windows behind grows paler and paler toward the rising of the moon. There is a large mirror on the wall reflecting everything; and its background of white curtains and waving branches, the pretty furniture standing about in its shadowy world, and the figures that come and go upon it, make the great shining surface more interesting than any picture. Looking into it, you can see the river with its bending willows, its boats and its sunbeams; you can see the white petals of the acacia-blossom flutter down upon the grass. The world without and the world within live in its calm reflection; and you think of the lady of the ballad and her charmed existence, the mystic towers of Camelot burning in the sunshine, and the little boat swaying on the stream, when you look into the mirror on the wall.

It is so large, and hangs so low upon the wall, that this mirror is the great feature of the apartment, which for the rest is only a handsome drawing-room, furnished as it is a necessity for handsome drawing-rooms to be. Wealth and profusion, a taste slightly foreign, and a good deal of fanciful embellishment, are visible everywhere. The room is almost as full as Mrs Jane Williams' little room was at Ulm, and evidences of modern dilettantism are crowded within its walls. There is a cabinet of antiquities at one corner, a case of brilliant insects in another. One table is laden to overflowing with photographs and daguerreotypes, all more or less defective, and all taken by the active master of this house in his own person; while another table, solemnly standing apart, and encumbered with no ornaments, is a table by which the same inquiring mind anxiously endeavours to establish a correspondence with the invisible world. It performs a little

waltz now and then at the behest of its master, this gifted piece of rosewood, but cannot be persuaded to make any coherent communications, earnestly though it is solicited. There are phrenological heads, too, adorning little brackets and pedestals; there are casts of notorious villains and philosophers, murderers and kings; there are models of aerial machines and diabolical projectiles—all, you will say, very unsuitable for a drawing-room. It is very true; but Mr Cumberland is a family man, and does not love the seclusion of his library, which in consequence is sacred only to wrecked and discarded relics of fancies past. He has been a botanist and a geologist, has set up a mammoth on his grounds, and built a palace for a Victoria Regia since he came to England; but these were rational diversions, and did not satisfy Mr Cumberland. An infinite quantity of bubbles have risen and burst to the eyes of our philosopher since we left him. At this present period he is deeply engaged with the extremely mystical subject of "spiritual manifestations," which promises to outlive its predecessors, since success does not seem disposed to come, to weary the experimenter with his new toy.

A windowed recess at the other end of the room, where the morning sun comes in, is filled with an embroidery frame, with a pretty footstool, and the easiest of easy-chairs. It is here Aunt Burtonshaw loves to sit, commanding all the room, and brightening it with the face which is older, but no less cheerful than when we saw it last. But the embroidery is covered up at this moment, and the corner is vacant. There are only two youthful personages in possession of the apartment, and both of them are close by the great bow-window, watching the sunshine gliding off the full river, and disappearing ray by ray into the glowing west.

The soft white muslin draperies press together, and the hand of one rests upon the other's shoulder; but this one is standing with a book in her hand, and smiling as she reads. It is not a very weighty volume which weighs down the hand of Mary Cumberland; it is a slim *brochure*, whether

in a green or yellow cover deponent saith not, but you may be sure it is one or other, our wicked wit or our gentler genius, whose pages beguile one of those friends out of the twilight talk which is so pleasant to both. Mary has not grown very tall in these seven years; they have made her a woman, two-and-twenty years old—a pretty woman—a Hebe of young bloom and healthful spirit; but they have made no great change in Mary, further than in gathering up her thick curls behind after a more womanly fashion, and making her natural self-dependence more seemly and more natural. Her well-formed features, her beautiful English complexion, her well-opened blue eyes, which have still some derision in them, and a great deal of good sense and shrewd intelligence, are as they were—and the hand that rests on her companion's shoulder is white and dimpled and delicate, and Mary's red lips open in their sweet laughter on the whitest pearly little teeth in the world. In the fullness of her womanhood, yet still with the freedom of a girl, Mary Cumberland stands before the open window reading, with her head slightly bent, her hand leaning on her friend, and you can see her pretty figure in its white robes, and its unconscious ease and grace of attitude, reflected full in the mirror on the wall.

It is easy to identify Mary, but it is not so easy to make out who this is who sits within the open window—the companion on whom she leans; also a woman, yet a little younger in actual life, with a heart at once younger and

older, full of knowledge which Mary knows not of, yet of a simplicity and universal faith, which Mary was never child enough to know, looking through those wonderful dark eyes. This is not *Zaidee Vivian*, brown and angular; this is not *Elizabeth Francis*, forlorn and dependent, but a magnificent beauty of the loftiest order—a natural-born princess and lady, born to a dominion greater than the Grange. Her white robes mingle in their soft folds with her friend's; her beautiful hair, half fallen out of its braid, droops upon Mary's hand; her own hands are clasped together, and she leans upon them this soft fair cheek, with its faint blush of colour, and watches with eyes full of sweet thoughts how the tender light recedes upon the stream. You will say she is thinking perhaps, but she is not thinking; it is the idlest of reveries which wraps its mist about the mind of *Zaidee*. She is only tracing the parting light from point to point—how it glides from the edge of a bough, and steals away from those wooing ripples in the river; how, finding a crevice in the foliage, it throws down a stealthy smile of kindness within the gateway of those willows; and how the pliant branches stretch along the stream to catch the latest farewell of this lingering light. *Zaidee* follows the ray with her eyes, as it mounts from the surface of the water in a longer and longer slant of departing glory. She is not thinking; neither words nor call would be an interruption to her; her mind is only winding its fancies playfully about the waning light.

#### CHAPTER II.—THE WAY BEFORE US.

"Now, away with you, you romancer," said *Mary Cumberland*, tossing the book upon the table. "What are you thinking of, *Elizabeth*? I feel as if I could not be glad enough that we have got a home at last."

"And by the river, *Mary*," said her companion.

"And by the river; but perhaps I do not care so much for the river as you do. I do care for home—and since we left *Ulm*—I shall always have a kind heart to *Ulm*, *Lizzy*, it was there we met each other first—we have

wandered so long. I like to take a firm hold of what is mine. I do not care to go into raptures over other people's pleasures; and papa has really bought this house, and it is ours—really ours; but I should rather it was to be your house, *Elizabeth*, than mine."

"It can never be my house, though," said *Zaidee*, looking up with a smile.

"Why not? I am sure they like you quite as well as they like me; indeed, to tell the truth, you have been a better daughter to them," said

Mary Cumberland, with a blush. "Papa must leave it to you; I will tell him so. I should not care for it so much as you would."

"Why should he leave it to any one?" said Zaidee. "We all have it together; we live in it, and it belongs to us all. You are not to think of any change."

"No," said Mary, dubiously. "No," she repeated, after a pause; "but you know it would be foolish not to confess that there may be changes," continued Mary, with a slight and momentary embarrassment. "I suppose we are not to be at home all our lives. I suppose people are obliged to get houses of their own, you know, sometimes, and cannot always be living with a papa and a mamma."

Zaidee turned unmoved towards her companion, and it was evident she was not the person referred to. She looked up to Mary with a little anxiety. "I want you to tell me," said Zaidee. "They speak of Sylvio so often. Will you—will you *marry* Sylvio, Mary?"

Mary turned on her heel abruptly, but after a moment came back again. "Will it be something very dreadful if I do?" said Mary, shaking her curls about her ears to hide a burning colour, which was not the blush of happy maidenly shame.

"No," said Zaidee, and it was now her turn to hesitate—"no, indeed; I like him very well," was the final conclusion she made, after a long pause.

"But—" said Mary Cumberland. "Oh, I know very well what *but* you would say, Lizzy," cried her friend, suddenly kneeling down beside her; "he is not like me, and I do not care for him, and a hundred other things. How can I help it, then? I suppose he is just as good as other men. They are all like the trees in a wood. *You* know an oak from a birch, for you were brought up among them, but I can never tell any difference. I do not care for any one out of this house. I am afraid I do not love any one very much, but Aunt Burtonshaw and you. If it must be, why should it not be Sylvio? I cannot help myself."

There was a little silence after that, and they sat looking out, the two heads close together, on the full stream,

which began to glimmer darkly in the waning evening light. After a long pause Mary spoke again.

"It used to be an old Utopia of mine, when I was quite a girl," said Mary, drawing close to her friend, and speaking very low—"after all the trials I have had, Elizabeth, with my own mind, and with other people, I used to think, if ever I was married, it would only be to a wise man—a wise man, a true man, Lizzy—some one that might be respected to the very heart. I don't know all your rubbish about love; I don't understand it, you know; but I should like to *honour* him—that is what I want to do. Am I not very foolish? I say what I want to do, yet I know I shall never do it all my life."

"I would if I were you," said Zaidee, quickly.

"Would you?" cried Mary, and Mary clapped her hands, springing up with sudden mirth and delight. "Marry Sylvio, then, Lizzy! do! I will thank you all my life. He is a very good fellow, and he will be very glad, I am sure; and if you *would* honour him, why, you might be very happy, and set everything right."

But Zaidee only smiled as she raised her stooping head in its unconscious grace. "He is very good and very kind, poor Sylvio," cried Zaidee; "he ought to have some one who cares for him, Mary—not you nor me."

"*He* ought!" cried Sylvio's elected bride. "I think he would be very well off, begging your pardon, princess. I confess I was only thinking of myself," said Mary, ruefully, after another little pause. "I wish you would let me be content, Elizabeth; I am quite content. He is as good as any one else: everybody wishes it; and then I am growing too old for Utopias. I might be thinking of obedience, perhaps, who knows, if I came so far as honour, and that would not answer me; and after I have accomplished my sacrifice, Lizzy, then it will be your turn."

"My turn?" Zaidee's smile ran into a little quiet laugh. "It will be time enough when somebody asks me, Mary."

So it would—that was undeniable, and both the girls marvelled over this a little silently within themselves.

Zaidee was no longer Miss Francis, Mary's companion, but Miss Elizabeth Cumberland, the adopted daughter of the house. This honour had been procured for her by the inadvertent compliment of a stranger, who, ignorant that one of the two young ladies he saw was not the child of the family, had complimented Mrs Cumberland on her beautiful daughter's resemblance to herself. Mrs Cumberland was greatly complimented by this, for Zaidee's growing beauty was already the pride of the household, and it was but a small trial to the young exile to part a second time with her name. Thus her position was greatly changed in every way, and indeed it was only the friends of the family who were aware that she was not in reality the daughter of those kind and whimsical people. But in spite of this, and in spite of her unusual beauty, it was certain that Zaidee had not yet met, in her own person, with the usual romance of youth. Mrs Cumberland's experience in woman's heart had deceived her, as it happened. Zaidee had neither loved nor grieved after the fashion which her patroness predicted for her: her "fate" had not appeared yet out of the heavens; and while Mary's suitors had been many, Zaidee, one-and-twenty years old, had none. She was slightly surprised at this herself, it must be confessed: she had no thought of her own beauty, but still wondered a little at her exemption from the universal lot. She was fancy-free, in the widest sense of the word; she had only her own sweet pure thoughts for her companions, as she went and came in her daily course, and never yet had approached in the most distant way the great question of young life.

"We are to meet some very distinguished people, Lizzy," cried Mary Cumberland, "where we are going to-morrow—not people of rank, you know, but people who are very fatiguing, notwithstanding,—authors and artists and people of science, and I am not sure that there is not a patriot. You ought to go rather than me: it pleases you, and I am so weary of papa's nonsense; I mean of papa's philosophy—I don't mean anything undutiful—it is quite the same."

"But it does not please me very

much," said Zaidee, with a reservation. "I do not think I care for philosophy either; but you will like it when you go."

"Well, now, when Sylvo talks, he talks of *things*," said Mary Cumberland, musingly; "it is not of this one's poem or that one's sonnet. I like gossip better. I like to hear of who is born, and who is married, rather than of verses which are 'nice,' and stories which are not appreciated. Nobody sends Sylvo a poem to criticise, nobody thinks of asking his opinion on a work of art. When Sylvo is excited, it must be about something that has happened—it is sure not to be about a new book; and that is far best for me, Elizabeth. It is, indeed, I can tell you. I like everything to be true."

"Do you see the moon?" said Zaidee.

"Do I see the moon? But that is not answering me. The moon is behind the house yonder, shining upon papa's table that he keeps for the spirits. Suppose it should dance along to us now, it would convert me, I think; but I am speaking of Sylvo, Elizabeth, and you speak of the moon."

"Because I see her yonder glimmering on the river," said Zaidee. "I think there is many a thing true besides being born and being married. Dying, too, that is truest of all; but stories are made of these things, Mary, as well as life."

"I cannot help it. I am hopeless, I suppose," said Mary, shrugging her shoulders. "You can listen yet, by the hour, to Jane and her tales. I can bear Jane. I like gossip very much—it is a great refreshment to me—and so do you; but I cannot bear to hear a parcel of stupid verses gravely discussed, as if they were things far more important than common life. Aunt Burtonshaw is worth all the authors in the world; they think their invention is quite an improvement on Providence. I can tolerate Sylvo, Elizabeth. I can put up with him; he is just as good as any other; but if mamma, by chance, had lighted on some famous author for me—some distinguished person, some genius! I ought to be very thankful. I could never have tolerated that!"

And Mary, shrugging her shoulders once more, complained of the cold, and left the window, to ring the bell for lights. A low night-wind had crept upon the river, crisping its flooded surface into rippling waves, and the moonlight shone and glistened upon it, clearing a little circle of silvery light and motion from the dark surface of the stream. The breeze sighed through the gateway of those willow trees, the hush of night came down upon land and water. Specks of light came glittering into the windows of the scattered houses on the banks. Zaidee was content to

sit there at her post, while Mary wandered about the room, singing as she went, waiting for light to take her book again. Zaidee was idle in her calm of heart. Sun and moon went over her as they went over the river; she lost her time, as a mind at ease is glad to lose it, watching all those slow gradations, those changes so softly blended into each other which passed upon the sky: it was but a confined bit of sky, with all those branches throwing across it their pleasant interruption; but it was doubled on the river, and it was quite enough for the tranquillity of Zaidee's dream.

#### CHAPTER III.—MAIDEN MEDITATIONS.

The sun has risen again upon a cloudless summer-day, and has shone unweariedly all the morning and through the noon upon the glowing Thames. Boats have been passing upon the river, and a continual flush and glory of sunbeams has given animation to all the scene. The willows throw their shadows upon the water; the water, which since last night has somewhat retreated, makes playful rushes at their uncovered feet; under the acacia the wind blows cool and fresh, dropping the blossoms upon Zaidee's hair. Mary has just gone with her father and mother to the party of "distinguished people," for it is a summer daylight party, a *de-jæner*, which last night she anticipated so ruefully, and Zaidee has been left at home to receive Aunt Burtonshaw, who is to return with her son from Sylvio's "place" to-day.

All by herself under the acacia, with the white blossoms dropping on her hair, Zaidee sits in her idle mood, her calm of heart and thought; behind her the great bow-window is open, and Mary's pretty bouquet lies on the marble step, where Mary dropped it in her haste. The room is vacant within, and the great silent mirror takes cognisance of every movement of that beautiful figure on the lawn, of every waving bend of the foliage above her, and every petal it sheds upon her head. Zaidee's mind is like the mirror, silent, open, calm, reflecting everything about her with a passive observation. The river flows

through her dream, the sun shines in it, the willows rustle on the silver wave. Through the arch of those long drooping boughs glimpses of the opposite bank and of the sky come in, to connect the populated earth and the great heaven with this fairy scene. She is not doing anything. She wants her eyes, but she does not want her mind, in this sweet quiet of hers. There is a book upon the grass, but Mary, and not Zaidee, has brought it there. The running of the great river is music and story together to this girl. She wants no further occupation; if any far-sighted neighbour ventures to criticise, she wots not of it in her pleasant self-forgetting. Zaidee is quite alone—so much alone, that neither the past nor the future are with her. She is pausing on the present moment, idle, acquiescent, solitary, in a sweet reverie of musing, without thought.

For Zaidee's young life has outworn the past. Fresh in her recollection, a succession of strange scenes, in which she can hardly believe herself the principal actor, are those days and months of struggle and suffering with which the poor child accomplished her innocent sacrifice. Now it is so long accomplished, that all that flush of girlish heroism which carried her through the trouble of the time, has fallen back to a shadow in her memory. Only one thing is warm in her heart—an unknown and pent-up force, which will never get issue, as she believes—her love for her old

home, and all who are in it. Zaidee's heart beats high when she hears the name of Vivian; her cheek flushes when she reads her father's and *his* father's name—silent witnesses to her relinquished right to bear her own; and her busy imagination will sometimes still exhaust itself with wonders and schemes to make herself Zaidee Vivian once more. Sometimes, too, she dreams of meeting with her own friends in her disguised name and strange position, and wonders if any shadow of recognition would come to them when they saw her. But she has heard nothing of them since she left the Grange; they have been dead to her, as she has been dead to them, for all these years. She knows none of the great changes which have come upon the household, nor could believe how they take account of her in all their family doings, nor what a marvellous revolution that will of Grandfather Vivian's, which in her simple heart she believes to have rendered harmless, has wrought in the ancient family home. The secrecy with which she has been obliged to surround her private history has given a strong and vivid force to the leading features of her life. As dearly as ever, and with a pensive visionary tenderness as we love the dead, does Zaidee love her lost friends; and with a proud thrill, every time she uncovers her Bible, she feels the inheritance which father and grandfather have left to her. But Zaidee's memory has retained only these leading principles; it has not retained its first dread of discovery, its first agony of sorrow: her young fair life is freed of its bondage—she has not relinquished all human possibilities and hopes, as she thought she had done, and intended to do. It is an inalienable possession this fresh spring of existence; it will not yield to any resolution of youthful despair: but one thing she has certainly succeeded in doing; her journey abroad, and her adoption by this kind family, have certainly been as good for her purpose as if she had died.

And thus sits Zaidee, conscious of the past, unaware and uninvestigating what the future may bring to her, though the touch of this very next to-morrow, which she anticipates without fear, may give the

electric thrill of life once more to all her difficulties and dangers—though she may discover an hour hence how bootless all her sacrifice has been, and may be thrown again into utter perplexity how to do justice, how to hinder wrong. Zaidee wots nothing of this—she never thinks of her own complicated position, nor how it would hap with her if tardy love came wooing to her bower. The acacia bloom lies motionless where it falls upon the beautiful head which is so still in this daylight dream—the softest calm and fragrance are about Zaidee—there is not a breath of evil to mar her perfect repose.

But this maiden meditation is broken by a noisy arrival; by Aunt Burtonshaw in her bright ribbons, and Sylvo bronzed and bearded still. Sylvo has made no great progress beyond his student period—he is some years older, but not a great deal wiser, nor much changed. But now he has a place in Essex—is a country gentleman; and it is hoped, when “he settles in life,” as all his friends are so anxious he should do, that Sylvo will make a very respectable squire, a good representative of the order. Aunt Burtonshaw has been on an errand of investigation to see that the place is in good order—she has come home in great spirits, delighted with it and with her son, but somewhat anxious withal. “My dear,” says Aunt Burtonshaw, “Mary is a dear, good child—she only needs to know Sylvo a little better to be quite happy with him. You don't suppose I would desire anything that was not to make Mary happy? and I hope we shall have it all over soon, my love. The very next estate to Sylvo's there is a young man who has been travelling among the savages—the real savages, my dear, who eat beefsteaks without cooking, and dress—I cannot mention how they dress. You will not believe it, but Sylvo has got quite intimate with this neighbour of his, and unless we can persuade Mary to let it be soon, I am very much afraid of Sylvo setting out to Africa with his new friend. Shooting, you know, and going where nobody has ever been before, and all sorts of adventure—and think of Sylvo turning savage, going barefooted, and dressing one can't

say how, as that Mr Mansfield says he used to do! Polite travel is quite a different thing. In my day, Elizabeth, the young men of education went abroad to finish. But to live in a mud hut, and put butter on one's hair!—and Sylvo might be tempted to do it—Sylvo was quite charmed with Mr Mansfield! I assure you I am quite anxious to have it all over, and see Sylvo settled down."

As Mrs Burtonshaw speaks, a little puff of blue smoke, visible among the trees, gives note where Sylvo smokes his cigar. His mother's eyes travel forth anxiously towards this point. "My Sylvo will make a good husband, Elizabeth—he has always been a good son," says Mrs Burtonshaw; "and I thank Providence there is nothing here to put savage adventures into his head. Mr Mansfield has written a book, you know, and has really the most beautiful collection of birds, and no nonsense about him, Sylvo says. Ah, Elizabeth! Maria Anna does not know how much harm she has done. Sylvo would never have taken this into his head if it had not been for all those people who talk about books and poems. But then what a comfort that Mary is of the same mind, my dear!"

And as Mary tried to persuade herself into content with Sylvester, Aunt Burtonshaw talked down her misgivings about the wandering inclinations of her boy. She brightened immediately, describing Sylvo's "place," how comfortable and commodious it was, how elegant Mary might make it if she pleased. Then so near town, and so easily reached—every circumstance of good fortune combined to make Sylvo's place the most desirable place in the world. Good society, too, and even *that* Mr Mansfield, a very good neighbour if he would not lead Sylvo away. If Sylvo was settled, of course

leading away would be quite out of the question; with a wife, and such a wife as Mary! the wilds of Africa would no longer have any attraction as compared with home. "For you see the poor boy has positively no home just now, when I am so much here," continued Mrs Burtonshaw, in her perplexity: "my love, you must help me to persuade Mary to have it over soon."

The drawing-room was full of the gay summer light, and the breeze came in at the open window full of sweet sounds and fragrance—but the great mirror that reflected the little stream of smoke among the trees which marked the luxurious retirement of Sylvo, reflected also the anxious face of his mother as she walked up and down before it disclosing her fears and perplexities, and *Zaidee* sitting by in silent sympathy.

"I think Mary will make up her mind," said *Zaidee*. "We were speaking only last night of Sylvo. Sylvo is very good and very kind, Aunt Burtonshaw—he will never harm any one wherever he goes."

"Harm, my dear! no, indeed, Elizabeth; no fear of that," said his concerned mother; "but some one may harm him, my love. To think now that we should choose that place in Essex, just close upon *that* Mr Mansfield. I do wish he had stayed away a year or two longer among his savages; and I do think it is a great shame to let such people write books, and lead away simple young men. All young men are fond of adventure, you know—it is quite natural; but there ought to be some law to suppress those travels that only put evil in people's heads. You may be sure my Sylvo did not admire the savages at all, till he came to know Mr Mansfield. It is just Sylvo's fancy, I suppose—every one has some fancy of his own."

#### CHAPTER IV.—SYLVO.

Aunt Burtonshaw is busy with some housekeeping business, investigating what everybody has been doing during her absence, holding up her hands in amazement at the extraordinary new cooking apparatus put

up for certain economical experiments which Mr Cumberland has in his mind to try, condoling with the indignant ruler of the kitchen, visiting her feathered family in a little poultry-yard fitted up with the most luxuri-

ous appliances, and, last of all, making a pilgrimage to Mary's room, to leave upon Mary's table a pretty trifle she has brought for her. These pleasant surprises are quite in Aunt Burtonshaw's way—she is always bringing presents to her favourites; and even Zaidee's store of ornaments, supplied by the same kind hand, is far from contemptible. While Aunt Burtonshaw goes about the house thus in her pleasant kindly bustle, Sylvo has joined Zaidee in the drawing-room. Sylvo sits in a great chair, stretching his long limbs across the breadth of the open window. The only thing that could enhance Sylvo's comfort at this moment is a cigar—an impossible indulgence here; so he is content to watch his companion instead. Zaidee is seated on a low chair, her soft muslin dress falling upon the carpet in a maze of folds, and her beautiful head stooping over the work she has in her hands. The young gentleman has an indolent satisfaction in looking at her—she is as good as a cigar.

“So Mary could not stay to welcome us, but you could: what's the reason, now?” said Sylvo. Sylvo looked somewhat complacent, and extremely satisfied with his beautiful companion.

“Mary is Miss Cumberland, and I am only Miss Elizabeth,” said Zaidee, smiling at Sylvo's reflection in the mirror. The mirror was malicious, and gave a shade of ridicule to its representation of this indolent hero, omitting no detail of him from his clump of mustache and look of satisfaction to the boots which occupied the foreground in the faithful picture.

“When are you girls coming to see my place?” said Sylvo. “There's Mansfield, now, a famous fellow—he'd like to see you, I know.”

“Aunt Burtonshaw does not like him, Sylvo,” said Zaidee.

“My mother has told you all that already, has she?” said Sylvo, with a ha-ha from behind his mustache, which sounded as if from a long way off. “What would she give, now, do you think, to any one who could keep me at home?”

“It would make her very glad,” said Zaidee. “I know that, too; but people may be savages at home

as well as in Africa, I think, especially when your friend knows the way.”

“I say, none of that, now!” said Sylvo, “or I shall think you as bad as Mary. So you know, do you? They are perpetually conspiring to marry Mary and me, who don't care a straw for each other. I'd rather marry you a long way—will you have me?”

“I!—what should I do with you, Sylvo?” said Zaidee, looking up in genuine astonishment.

“Do with me?—more than anybody else could, I can tell you. Why, you could keep me at home, and make a man of me. Mary's a very good girl, I don't deny it; but you're a regular beauty, Elizabeth!—now, you know you are.”

“Am I?” Zaidee took the compliment with perfect equanimity, and laughed a little low laugh to herself as she glanced at Sylvo in the mirror. Sylvo began to be very red, and not quite comfortable. He drew in his long limbs, and became more upright in his chair. “I suppose you don't mind what I say to you—I am not fine enough for you,” said Sylvo. The great fellow was decidedly sulky, and no longer thought Zaidee as good as a cigar.

“I do mind what you say,” said Zaidee, raising her head with unconscious dignity; “but I am not a child now, you know, and there are some things which must not be said to me. Do not go away with Mr Mansfield, Sylvo—Aunt Burtonshaw will be so much disappointed if you leave her again; and I am sure there is nowhere so good as home.”

“Much you care whether I go or stay,” said the mortified Sylvo, with a growl, as he lifted himself out of his chair, and stood direct between Zaidee and the light. He had no idea that his great shadow made an end of her fine needlework. He shook himself a little like a great dog, growled under his breath, and looked out upon the river for a new idea. The new idea at last dawned upon him, but it was not an original one. “I'll go and have a cigar,” said Sylvo, as he strode forth upon the lawn, and went away to his haunt among the trees. The complacency and the sa-



tisfaction had equally vanished from Sylvo's face. He swore a small oath—what the deuce did she stay in for, then?—lighted one cigar and tossed it into the river—amused himself with the hiss of indignation with which it disappeared—lighted another, and gradually composed himself into returning good-humour with its consolatory influences. The river, bland and impartial, gave all the music to Sylvo's soul which it had given this morning to the soul of Zaidee. If these two made different uses of it, the result was an indifferent matter to the Thames, which wandered at its own sweet will, and heeded none of the evanescent human moods chiming in with its perennial tide. Sylvo Burtonshaw, stretching out his lazy length upon the greensward, made his own use of this great melody; it soothed him out of his annoyance, and it soothed him into a cordial half-hour's repose.

Zaidee did not fare quite so well when she was left alone. Then the consciousness which had not come soon enough to embarrass this interview came very strongly in shame, and annoyance, and a feeling of friendship betrayed. She had done nothing, certainly, to divert from Mary, who was very indifferent to them, the thoughts of Sylvester; but it was at once disagreeable, and ludicrous, and embarrassing, the position in which she found herself. Sylvo was Mary's property—a lawful chattel—yet had thought proper to put himself at the disposal of another. Sylvo had been virtually engaged for three long years to his cousin, and his cousin was making up her mind reluctantly to put up with him, when, lo! Sylvo took the matter in his own hands, and made a choice independent of Mary. Zaidee glanced into the mirror which reflected in its silent panorama the waving boughs upon the water-side and the smoke of Sylvo's cigar. In its pictured breadth herself was the principal object, sitting in her low chair, with her soft dress sweeping round her. Zaidee met the glance of her own eyes as she looked into the mirror, and shrank from them with a momentary shyness and a rising blush. She did not know what to think of Sylvo's compliment now when it

returned upon her. She was quite familiar with her own face, and knew when she looked ill and when she looked well as well as another; but she faltered somewhat at this moment, and had an uneasy consciousness as she looked at herself. She felt that she would rather not take this question into consideration, or decide what a "regular beauty" meant.

But there, in this reflected landscape, is good aunt Burtonshaw crossing the lawn. Aunt Burtonshaw comes towards the house from the direction of that little pennon of smoke, which, however, is no longer to be seen among the trees. Very guilty feels Zaidee, bending with doubled assiduity over her delicate work, hoping Aunt Burtonshaw will not look at her, and eager not to betray herself. But the good lady pauses now and then in her way across that beautiful slope of greensward, and, picking up the book from the grass where Mary had left it this morning, and where Zaidee has permitted it to lie, shakes her head in disapproval, as she turns round for a moment to the window. Then she stands still, book in hand, below the acacia, where the evening sun comes sweetly on her, and the breeze ruffles her bright ribbons, looking down the river for her favourite's return. Zaidee shrinks within the window, and more than ever labours at her needle, not anxious either for Aunt Burtonshaw's entrance or Mary's return. What can Sylvo be about that there is no smoke among the trees? Sylvo is not much like a lovesick suitor given to meditation and melancholy. Is he so much cast down that he finds no comfort in his cigar? While Mrs Burtonshaw watches under the acacia, Zaidee grows distressed and nervous over her needlework. Poor Sylvo! he ought not to be always laughed at—he ought not to be rejected cavalierly, or put up with as a necessity—it is not fair—he is good enough to have some one care for him. Zaidee has great compunctions as she looks to these trees, longing vainly to see the ascending smoke. Now comes Mrs Burtonshaw leisurely towards the terrace, with the book in one hand, and in the other a sprig of sweet-brier. Zaidee is sure Mrs Burtonshaw will call to

her, "What is the matter with Sylvo? the poor boy is moping by himself among the trees," when she comes near enough—and the young culprit feels quite guilty and afraid.

But Mrs Burtonshaw is within reach of the window, and has not called to her, and at last comes in quite leisurely, as if nothing was the matter. "I thought Sylvo was sitting here with you, my dear," says Mrs Burtonshaw; "and where do you think I found the lazy great fellow? not even smoking—lying all his length on the grass, fast asleep."

Mrs Burtonshaw did not quite understand the tremulous laughter—which was quite as much at herself and her own vain apprehensions as at Sylvo—with which Zaidee greeted this announcement; but the good lady went into the room to replace the book she carried, without the least note of Zaidee's unsuspected embarrassment. "I daresay he finds it dull waiting, poor fellow," said Mrs Burtonshaw; "he wants to see Mary—it is quite natural. It is six months

now since they met, my dear. I think my Sylvo is improved, and I hope Mary will think so. Oh, Elizabeth, my love! if I only saw those two stand together hand in hand, I think I should care for nothing more in this world."

Poor Zaidee, who could have laughed and cried in the same breath, as she varied between regret at Aunt Burtonshaw's disappointment and a sense of the ludicrous, could make no answer. Mrs Burtonshaw had the whole of the conversation to keep up by herself.

"Everything is so suitable, you know," continued this kind schemer; "and, my dear child, I only wish I saw as good a settlement for you as I do for Mary. There are, no doubt, a great many people who admire you, Elizabeth, but you must not be led away by that, my dear. I would almost as soon be married for my money as married for my beauty, if I were you. People may admire you, and be proud of you, without any real regard for you. You must take great care, and we must take care for you, my dear child."

#### CHAPTER V.—DISAPPOINTMENT.

"What do they mean, I wonder?" They were only Sylvo and Aunt Burtonshaw, but they were enough to fill Zaidee's mind with novel thoughts. She sat again in this second twilight by the window, looking out upon the darkening river, and into the dim and glimmering world, which the night wind kept in perpetual motion in the mirror on the wall. Was *she* then in danger of being sought for her beauty? Had this strange and much-prized gift come all unawares to her? With a natural humility which would not receive this strange doctrine, Zaidee shyly threw it off, and her cheek burned with a blush of shame for the dawning vanity. Her mind was stirred and disquieted; she had lost the calmness of her morning reverie. Years had passed over her since disturbing events were in Zaidee's life. Since then she had seen half of the countries of the Continent, had learned a gradual youthful experience, and had come to many conclusions of her own. But since she recovered from

her illness, and put away Grandfather Vivian's sacred legacy, her days had known no occurrence to startle them into maturity. As she sat by the window alone in this English home by the Thames, she looked around and behind her with an indefinite awe. It seemed the eve of some discovery—the beginning of some new estate. She could not answer the vague presentiment which ran through her mind echoing and questioning. Something surely was about to happen to her—her placid life was to be disturbed once more.

But now there is a sound of arrival without, and some one hurries in to light the drawing-room. Zaidee rises slowly, not very eager for this one night to meet with Mary Cumberland; but before she has reached the door she is arrested by a loud exclamation of disappointment. "Not come home—left behind! Why did you leave Mary behind, Maria Anna? I know the dear child would never stay of herself when she knew her old aunt

Elizabeth was waiting for her—and at so important a time! Why did you leave Mary behind?”

“My dear Elizabeth, I am rejoiced to see you,” said Mrs Cumberland, “and you too, Sylvo. You forget how delicate I am, my dear boy, when you shake hands so fiercely. Yes, it was foolish of Mary to stay behind, but the society is delightful; there is a large party staying there, and it is, I assure you, only for her good. There is a note somewhere that she wrote for you, and one for Elizabeth; my love, you will find them in the great bag with my things. Was it not a sweet disinterested thing of this child to stay at home for you, Elizabeth?—and she would have been so delighted had she been there.”

As Mrs Cumberland spoke, Sylvo’s sidelong glance sought *Zaidee* once more; he could not persuade himself that his manifold attractions had not something to do with this staying at home.

“Extraordinary thing, now, sister Burtonshaw, that *I* can’t succeed as I hear other people do,” said Mr Cumberland, who had hastened to his favourite table, and was delicately manipulating this stubborn piece of furniture which would not speak. “Mrs What-do-you-call-her—that professor’s wife, Maria Anna?—carries on a conversation—positive conversation, I tell you—by means of just such another table; and that other lanky poet, who looks so like a weaver, spins the thing about like a living creature. Very odd that it will do nothing for me!—extremely odd that there is no recognition of my conscientious endeavours! Hush! did you hear a rap, sister Burtonshaw? Silence! are there any spirits here?”

“Are you mad, Mr Cumberland?” cried poor Mrs Burtonshaw, gazing aghast upon the great fathomless blank of the mirror. “For mercy’s sake, do not frighten us out of the house with your spirits and your raps! Are you not afraid to tempt Providence? It is a sin—I am sure it is; but Maria Anna always will give in to you.”

“A sin, sister Elizabeth?” said the philosopher briskly; “we have just

had a discussion on that subject. The poet says it’s sorcery, and that the old gentleman down below has a hand in it. Somebody else says there’s no such person: his satanic majesty is the grand Mrs Harris. The devil’s exploded, Sylvo! By the way, now, there’s a curious question in metaphysics. Hallo! where are you going, sister Burtonshaw?”

“I am going to read my dear child’s note—a great deal better than listening to you talking wickedness, Mr Cumberland,” said Mrs Burtonshaw with unusual severity. “I say it is all a great sin, your rapping and your manifestations. Do you mean to say it is right to bring up an evil spirit into a rosewood table, and set it dancing all over a Christian drawing-room? I will not have my Sylvo taught such lessons. Do you call that nature?—if it is, she ought to be ashamed of herself; and when I want to hear where you have left my sweet Mary, and how the dear child was persuaded to stay, and a hundred other things—to talk of a spirit, and sorcery, and the evil one himself!—at night too! I daresay that child will not sleep all night thinking of it. My love, come here out of the dark, and sit by me.”

*Zaidee* rose from her corner very quietly, and obeyed. Mrs Cumberland was reclining on a sofa. Mr Cumberland, seated before his sacred table, was playing daintily upon it with the tips of his fingers. Sylvo stood by, his great figure overshadowing his uncle, and with a set of the finest teeth in the world appearing under his clump of mustache. “You should see Mansfield,” said Sylvo; “Mansfield knows a lot of fetish tricks. He’s a capital fellow, uncle; shall I bring him here?”

“Why should you bring Mr Mansfield here, Sylvo?” said his mother, interposing, struck by the dreaded name, though she held Mary’s letter open in her hand. “Mr Mansfield is Sylvo’s next neighbour, Maria Anna. He has been travelling ever since he was a boy. He is a young man, with no *ties*, you know—nothing to keep him at home; and all that he cares for is savage life, where there is no such thing as cookery or costume either, Mr Cumberland—where all

the great people do for a grand toilet is to put a pot of butter on their heads, and where you lie on a mud couch, and walk barefooted, and forget there is a civilised country in the world. It is all freedom and liberty, he says. I don't understand what freedom means, I suppose. Sylvo, I tell you you are not to bring any savages here."

The perspective view of Sylvo's admirable teeth enlarges a little, while Mr Cumberland glances up from his inaudible piano-playing on the table.

"I beg your pardon, sister Burtonshaw; Sylvo's friend shall be very welcome—a genuine savage is a rare creature," said Mr Cumberland. "What do you call fetish tricks, Sylvo?—ignorance is always contemptuous, my boy—observances of an ancient religion, perhaps. Let us have this Mr Mansfield, by all means. I am a candid man, sister Elizabeth. I believe there are a thousand truths of Nature which a savage could teach me."

"Did you say a savage, Elizabeth?" said Mrs Cumberland, brightening a little out of the doze which it pleased her to call languor. "Would he wear his costume, do you think?—foreigners are so plentiful in society now, and we are all so conventional—there is no freshness in the civilised world. A true child of the woods! Yes, Sylvo, my dear boy, you must bring him here."

"Elizabeth, come to my room," said Mrs Burtonshaw, in indignant haste. "I can bear a good deal, Maria Anna, but a saint could not bear all this, you know. I am going to my own room to read my dear child's letter. When Mary is here there is always some discretion in the house. She can give things their proper value. Elizabeth, when you are ready you can come to me."

And Mrs Burtonshaw hurried to her own apartment to read Mary's letter without interruption. Zaidee, whose attention was not so easily disturbed, had already read hers, and was puzzled by it. It was not quite like Mary; Zaidee did not know how to understand either the unexpected staying behind, or the little epistle which professed to explain it.

"My princess, I am to stay for a day," said Mary's note. "You will be surprised, no doubt, though I don't see anything wonderful in it. The people are very pleasant people, and are kind, and want me to stay. I am not often away from home, and though very likely it will not turn out a pleasure, I may as well try. I have no time now, as mamma is just starting. I intended to have written an hour ago, but have been obliged to listen to an author talking. Such quantities of talk they do here, Lizzy, and roar you like any nightingale; for I give you to wit I am in the midst of a menagerie—one genuine lion and a great many make-believes. No more time. I am to be home the day after to-morrow. In the greatest haste, mamma waiting and papa calling, good night. M. C."

"Mary is sure to have told you who we met, my love, so I need not enlarge upon him," said Mrs Cumberland. "It was quite unexpected; but since he has come, they will not let him away. He said positively he would not stay at first, but afterwards yielded. He was very polite, and took Mary in to dinner. Well, of course, it was not called *dinner*, you know, but quite the same thing, my dear. Their rooms are very small; they had a great tent on the lawn, and Mary enjoyed the party, I am sure. I am glad to see Mary's taste improving, Elizabeth. I believe it is your influence, my dear child. She seemed quite pleased with this very refined and intellectual company to-day, and kept up quite an animated conversation. With such a companion, you will say, it is no great wonder; but she has always avoided our distinguished visitors heretofore. My dear child, I know *you* were never insensible to the claims of genius, but Mary has always followed her Aunt Burtonshaw so closely. I never saw her so interested as she was by this most charming young man to-day."

"By *whom*, Maria Anna?" cried Mrs Burtonshaw, in a voice of terror. Mrs Burtonshaw had read her letter, and could not be sulky; so, as it chanced, she re-entered the room in time to hear the conclusion of this speech. "Who was Mary interested in, did you say? I don't understand

what you all mean, for my part. You go on sacrificing everything for the whim of the moment. There is my Sylvo," said Mrs Burtonshaw, lowering her voice; "you tell him he is to bring his friend here, *that* Mr Mansfield who is tempting the poor

boy away; and you come home quite calmly, and leave my sweet Mary, and talk of her being interested, and of charming young men. I cannot help being quite shocked, Maria Anna! I cannot understand what you all mean."

CHAP. VI.—A CHANGE OF OPINION.

During the following day the mirror on the wall of Mr Cumberland's drawing-room reflected a most disturbed and solicitous face, surrounded with the pretty lace and bright ribbons of Mrs Burtonshaw. The good lady could not veil her anxiety. She was constantly looking out from her window, or making pilgrimages to the lawn for a little view of the road by which Mary, tired of her visit, possibly might return. But Mary, as it seemed, was not tired of her visit, for that evening there came a note desiring that she might be sent for on the following night—not sooner. Mrs Burtonshaw was much perplexed and troubled; she stood at the open window watching the little blue pennon of smoke from Sylvo's retreat among the trees, and grieving herself at thought of the visions of savagery and wild adventure with which the deserted lover might be solacing his solitude. The most alarming visions of charming young men assailed Mrs Burtonshaw's fancy; she beheld her dearest Mary in imagination beset by as many suitors as the heroine of the song, "Wooing at her, pu'ing at her." The Scotch language was an unintelligible language to this anxious mother; she did not quote the classic lyric, but she appropriated the idea, and it filled her with inexpressible terror.

"You see, my love, one never can answer for such things," says the distressed Mrs Burtonshaw. "Three days! I have known a great deal of mischief done in three days, Elizabeth. People get to feel quite like old friends when they spend a day or two together in the country. Why was Maria Anna so foolish?—of course, the dear child could not know her own danger. Why, my dear, I have known men quite clever enough to have everything over, and a poor girl engaged to be married, in three days!"

"But you always say Mary is so sensible—and so she is, aunt Burtonshaw," said Zaidee.

"Yes, my love," said Mrs Burtonshaw, shaking her head, "but I am sorry to say good sense is not always a protection. In these matters, Elizabeth—it is quite extraordinary—the wisest people do the most foolish things. If I only had come a day sooner! I never ought to go away from home—Maria Anna is so thoughtless—there is no one to take care of my sweet Mary when I am away."

The time of Mrs Burtonshaw's anxiety, however, came to an end; the second day rose and shone, and darkened into twilight, and Mrs Burtonshaw herself gave orders for the carriage which was to bring Mary home. When it was quite ready, this anxious guardian threw a great shawl over Zaidee, tied a boa round her neck, kissed her, and pleaded in a whisper that she should go for the truant. "And tell me if you see any one taking leave of her, my love," said the suspicious Mrs Burtonshaw. It was a beautiful summer night, just after sunset, and Zaidee was not unwilling. This quiet drive through these pleasant dewy lanes and along the high-road, which at every turn caught silvery glimpses of the river, would at any time have rewarded Zaidee, to whom this silent motion and solitude had a singular charm, for a more disagreeable errand than bringing Mary home. Her embarrassments on the subject of Sylvo had worn off by this time, since Sylvo himself, though somewhat piqued, and still a little rude to her, showed his remembrance of it in no other way. When she had released herself from the boa, and loosened the shawl, Zaidee leaned back in her luxurious corner, and watched the soft darkness gathering on the dewy hedgerows, and the soft stars, one by

one, appearing in that pale, warm, luminous sky. Her quietness was only broken by a little thrill of anticipation, a pleasurable excitement for her thoughts. What was it that could charm the sensible Mary into remaining among these people, whom she professed to dislike and be impatient of?—what effect on the prospects of Sylvo Burtonshaw might this inopportune visit have?—and who was the dangerous antagonist whom Mary's long affianced but happily indifferent bridegroom had to fear? The drive was a long one, and she amused herself with many speculations. She had no such interest in the matter as Aunt Burtonshaw had—she was in no degree inclined to advocate the claims of Sylvo; so Zaidee's interest and curiosity and expectation had no drawback—they gave her full occupation as she sped along the darkening way.

The carriage stopt at last before a large low house, surrounded by a still lower wall, and the trimmest of holly hedges; some one rich enough to build a mansion in the form of a cottage was Mary Cumberland's hospitable host. Zaidee, looking out with great curiosity, saw a number of figures on the lawn; the moon had risen by this time, and the night was one of those balmy nights which it is hard to leave for artificial light and closed-up rooms. Then some one called Miss Cumberland, and Mary's voice, not with an accent of delight, said, "Ah, they have come for me!" Then Zaidee saw her friend approaching the carriage, already dressed, as it appeared, as if she had been waiting for them: a lamp from the house shed an indistinct light upon the scene—on the trellised walls of the house itself, covered with green leaves and budding roses—on the vacant hall, where some white sculptured figures stood solitary under the light—and upon the group which slowly advanced to the carriage-door from the lawn. "Farewell, my love"—"Good-by, Miss Cumberland"—"Love to mamma," cried one voice and another; but Zaidee's ear only caught the under-tone of one still closer to the window, which said nothing but "Good-night." Neither good-by, nor farewell—nothing that sounded like parting—only "Good-night;"

and Mary, glancing back with a timid glance under her eyelids, sank into the nearest corner of the carriage, and did not perceive that Zaidee was there till they had driven from the door and were out of sight.

"Who was that, Mary?" asked Zaidee with great interest, after Mary, with a momentary fright and some embarrassment, had discovered that she was not alone.

"That?—you must be more precise in your questions, for indeed I cannot tell who *that* was," said Mary, laughing, but with no small degree of confusion. "Who could have supposed you would come, Elizabeth?—though I am sure it is very good of you."

Now Mary's tone did not quite confirm her words, and Zaidee saw that the thanks were very equivocal. She was otherwise occupied, however, than with this question of thanks. "I wonder where I have seen him before," said Zaidee, hurriedly. "Not very tall or big, like Sylvo, with all that wavy hair, and the cloud upon his face, that comes and goes—and eyes so brilliant and fitful—Mary, tell me who he was. I wonder where I have seen him, Mary—he who said, Good-night?"

"You have never seen him—it is impossible," said Mary. "He who said Good-night?—why, they all said Good-night."

"No, indeed," "Good-by," and "Farewell," and "Miss Cumberland," said Zaidee, whose old habits of close observation had never deserted her; "he only said, 'Good-night.' Mary, tell me who he was."

"He is a very famous man," said Mary. There was no satire in Mary's voice; on the contrary, she elevated herself with involuntary pride, and her companion could see a dewy gleam, altogether new to them, in her blue eyes. Zaidee waited for something farther, but nothing came, and Mary had dwelt upon the words with a secret exultation and joy, which the quick perceptions of her friend discovered in a moment. Zaidee looked into Mary's corner, but now could see nothing save the white and jewelled hand which held the shawl round her. It was very strange—it certainly was not Mary's way.

"I thought there were a great many

famous men there. Is this your real lion?" said Zaidee;—"but even lions have names. Tell me what he is called."

"There are a great many shadows and imitations," said Mary, with a little scorn,—“that is why one learns to mistrust everything which people call great; but there cannot be many famous men in the world, not to speak of Hollylee, Elizabeth—one is distinction enough."

With a marvelling gaze, Zaidee turned once more to the corner—was it Mary Cumberland that spoke? Yes, there is the jewelled clasp that poor Aunt Burtonshaw gave her sparkling at Mary's neck; and there are Mary's curls, warm and fair, that cluster over it, hiding the glitter of its precious stones. Zaidee is wise enough not to make comments on this wonderful conversion and change of sentiment; she can only repeat the question—"Tell me his name."

"There is no chance that you have ever seen him before," said Mary, "not the slightest chance, for I am certain I never did; but we have read his books many a time. They say he is half-a-dozen men, Lizzy; that he makes one reputation after another in play, and is a poet, a dramatist, a novelist, a philosopher; they say he could be the greatest of his time, if he would but devote himself to one thing; but instead of that, he scatters his riches round him like the princess that had pearls and roses dropping from her lips in the fairy tale. I do think Mr Vivian is a spendthrift, Elizabeth—he dazzles you with everything, his mind is so full."

"Mr Vivian!" A change came upon Zaidee still more sudden than Mary's quick conversion; she made no attempt to ask another question, but sat leaning forward, breathless, eager, and silent, while Mary, whose mouth was opened, went on.

"It is quite strange to hear how they speak of him: whenever he is successful in what he is trying, there he stops—and, of course, such a man is successful in everything. He publishes one book, and everybody is eager for the next; but instead of taking advantage of that, one gentleman told me, he is off as far as possible in another direction, and appears

where nobody expects him, and has just such another success again. Some people say he is volatile, and some that he is superficial. Oh, of course all sorts of ill-natured things are said of him; *he* does not mind; he knows what he can do himself, and it is nothing to him."

Mary was too much interested with the subject to observe that Zaidee asked no more questions, and in the darkness she could not see how the colour went and came upon the beautiful face beside her; how Zaidee's eyes were lighted up and expanding with a glad surprise, and how a quiver of emotion was on her lip. Mary took no notice of her companion; she went on almost without a pause.

"Yes, his name is Percy Vivian," said Mary, slowly, and dwelling somewhat on the sound: "he is a gentleman, the son of a good family; but they say he has not any fortune. It would have been too much to give him fortune—all the gifts of Providence; no, such a man ought to be poor."

Zaidee made no answer, she could not have spoken for her life; a host of overpowering recollections poured upon her. Was it Percy?—he who bade his mother take courage because she had "two sons?"—he whose frolicsome boyhood was the life of the house?—Percy, who was to be a student in the Temple, a counsel learned in the law? She fancied she heard his playful call to her—the host of nicknames by which the youngest child was known. An indescribable flush of pride came to poor solitary Zaidee, whom Percy Vivian would meet as a stranger. Notwithstanding, he was "our Percy;" she had a secret right to exult over him—to recall what he was, with family triumph. Mary, with no more questions to answer, sank back into her corner, into a silence charmed and full of visions; but Zaidee had forgotten to think of Mary—forgotten to smile, or wonder, or ask what strange new influence was upon her friend. The wavy hair tossing in the fresh Cheshire gale—the eyes that were like Elizabeth's—how well she remembered the privileged wit and household scapegrace. Yes, at Mary's certainty that *she* could never have seen Mr Vivian, Zaidee did smile again.

But the river again became audible through the coming darkness, as they approached those shadowy banks of Twickenham—they were close upon home.

“Mary,” said Zaidee, starting suddenly from her reverie, “I have some-

thing to say to you of Sylvo Burtonshaw.”

With a still more violent start, Mary turned away from her, holding up her hands in vehement deprecation. “For pity’s sake, Elizabeth!—for pity! let me never hear Sylvo’s name again!”

CHAPTER VII.—THE TROUBLING OF THE WATERS.

But while Zaidee, thus suddenly checked, endeavours with great surprise to put this and that together, they have suddenly entered the grounds, and are at home. Mrs Burtonshaw is at the door, and you can see by an intense red spark in the distance, which suddenly darts through the bushes like a falling star, that Sylvo also is in attendance, and that Mary’s entreaty never to hear his name again is quite an impossible prayer. But Mary goes through these salutations with very proper composure, shakes hands with Sylvo, and meets the warm embrace of Mrs Burtonshaw. “My dear, you look quite beautiful,” cries this kind voice, with its tones of affectionate gladness; “such a colour, and your eyes so bright: but I was very much disappointed not to find you at home, Mary; we were so anxious to see you, both Sylvo and I. Speak to Sylvo, my love; he has been by himself all day wishing for you. Though Elizabeth is a very dear, good girl, my love, the house is always dark to me without you, Mary. I do not know what I should do, if there was any chance of you marrying out of the family, and going away.”

To this Mary makes no answer, but, after having been quite an unnecessary time away in her own room taking off her bonnet, comes down with her eyes somewhat dazzled by the light, yet with an unusual illumination in them. Mrs Cumberland takes greatly to her sofa now in the evening, and is much afflicted with “languor;” she is reclining with a shawl round her, and her eyes shaded from the light. Mrs Burtonshaw sits by the table not doing anything, but disposed for conversation. Sylvo is yawning over the photographs. Mr Cumberland, with spectacles upon his curious eyes,

holds up a book before him so as to catch the light, and reads. Zaidee is reading, too, if trifling with a book and looking for Mary can be called reading. When Mary enters at last, she does not bring the degree of animation to this little company which all of them expected. Instead of giving that account of her visit which Aunt Burtonshaw looked for, Mary hastily takes a piece of work from her work-table, and, sitting down close by the light, begins working very assiduously. There is a variable glow, too, on her cheeks, and her eyes are unusually bright. Kind Aunt Burtonshaw is disappointed; this is not very kind of her favourite; and Mrs Burtonshaw’s good heart excuses Mary by an immediate fear that she is ill.

“Did you wrap yourself well up, my love?” asks the solicitous guardian; “are you sure you were not in any draught? You look a little feverish, Mary; why don’t you say anything? I have had so much to talk to you about since ever I came home.”

“Then do talk to me, Aunt Burtonshaw,” said Mary, pursuing her work, and scarcely raising her head. “You know I always like to listen to you.”

“Did you see many people at Hollylee, Mary?” asked Mrs Cumberland, waking up. “That delightful young man, did he remain all the time? and did you say anything to him about coming here?”

“I told him where we lived,” said Mary. Mary was unusually low-toned and gentle to-night, and had not the ghost of a mock for her mother’s delightful young man.

“Who is *he*, pray?” said Mrs Burtonshaw with a little asperity. “I think that is a very improper way to speak, Maria Anna. I thought there



were a great many people at Hollylee, Mary. I never expected to have heard of *one* person; and I don't think a young lady is the proper person to ask gentlemen here."

Mary had not a word to say in her own defence; she grew very red, and bent down over her sewing. All her saucy mirth was hushed for to-night. With wonderful meekness she bore the lecture of Aunt Burtonshaw.

"He is a great author," said Zaidee, interposing on her friend's behalf; "he is a very famous man, Aunt Burtonshaw."

And Zaidee's beautiful head was elevated unconsciously, and her face glowed with a generous pride; she had scarcely recovered the startling effect of this great author's name; but so great was her feminine liking for applause, that she could not lose the first opportunity of exulting over Percy, and proclaiming his fame.

"You all seem to think it a very great thing to be an author," said Mrs Burtonshaw. "I suppose we all might be authors, if we only would put down on paper everything that came into our heads, as some people do. It is all very well for you to seek famous men, Maria Anna, but Mary cares nothing for them, I know, and Mary is a well-educated girl, and knows what is due to her. It is quite out of the question for her to ask such people here."

"But I did not ask him to come here, Aunt Burtonshaw," said Mary, with guilt in her voice.

There was a considerable silence after that. Mrs Burtonshaw looked round the room, and round it again, pausing a little on every individual. Then the good lady rose with a little demonstration, and went for the paper which lay neglected on a side-table. "If nobody has anything to say, I cannot help myself," said Aunt Burtonshaw, and she applied herself with great devotion to the *Times*.

The light flickers a little by reason of a breath of air coming in through a half-opened window, and gives a wavy unsteadiness to that reflection in the mirror. The room looks somewhat dim, as fireless rooms will look after long days of sunshine, and again

the malicious mirror exaggerates Sylvio, who lies back on his chair with his long limbs extended, holding up a photograph to hide that yawning gulf and those magnificent teeth widely revealed under his mustache. Mrs Cumberland has just dropped off into her "languor" once more,—Mr Cumberland is reading very rapidly, so great is his interest in his book,—while Mary's needle flies through her fingers as if she worked for a wager; and though Mary is so silent, and no one addresses her, the colour wavers on her cheek as the light wavers on the mirror, and she is still unable to raise frankly to the light her dazzled eyes.

Zaidee is not so industrious as Mary; she has her pretence of reading still, and now and then idly turns over the pages of the book before her, but without the least idea what it treats of. Aunt Burtonshaw, now that she has fairly got into the newspaper, cannot keep the intelligence she finds there to herself. She is breaking upon the silence constantly, to read "just this half-dozen lines," "only this paragraph," and, even when hushed into silence by Mr Cumberland's complaint, breaks forth in little exclamations: "Why, there is something about Mr Mansfield; Sylvio, why did you not tell me? Come here and read this, Mary, my love; I would read it to you, if it were not for disturbing Mr Cumberland,"—a succession of irritating small attacks upon the patience of the head of the house. When Mr Cumberland can go on no longer, he glances over his spectacles at the offender, and closes his book upon his hand. "I am sure I do not care for the paper," says Mrs Burtonshaw, taking the first word; "but I really cannot be so hard-hearted as to read all to myself, and that dear child labouring there without any amusement. Sylvio, you great fellow, why do you not talk, and help to wake us? I think we are all going to sleep to-night."

So far is this from being the case, however, that when the household has actually retired to rest, three different watchers in three adjoining chambers find it quite impossible to sleep. Sylvio, it is true, faintly dream-

ing of the African wilds, and a hundred indefinite delights, sleeps like a tired hunter, much too soundly to have any disquiet in *his* slumbers; but his mother lies awake planning how she shall execute her final attack, and “settle” the unconscious Sylvo. At another chamber window a white figure looks out upon the moonlight—it is Mary Cumberland, quite unused to watching, who has too many thoughts pressing upon her mind to go to sleep. These thoughts, if they could but be disclosed to the astonished vision of Mrs Burtonshaw, would banish sleep from that good mother’s apartment once for all to-night. But Mrs Burtonshaw wots not of the charmed maze in which her dearest Mary wanders, and could not understand this thronging detail of recollection, this indefinite mist of anticipation, which Mary does not know how to strive against. It is all new to Mary Cumberland’s surprised and fluttered heart—life looks so tame and commonplace on the other side of these three magical days, and on this side expands into such a marvellous world of possibility and hope. Who has done it all, or what has done it all, Mary is not sufficiently enlightened to whisper to herself; but somehow there shines before her an ethereal existence—a way that is glorified and changed out of the common way—a life that lies upon a higher level than any she has known. With a strange and agitated pleasure her heart returns to this enchanted circle, this world of three days’ duration. What has made these different from all the other days of Mary’s experience? Hush! Mary is looking at the moonlight on the river, looking at the stars shining down upon the willow-trees, listening to the rustling of the boughs, and the sighing of the stream. She has no answer to give to this uncalled-for question, which no one has any right to ask of her. “Rational answers” are not quite in Mary’s way at this present moment, although they have been a daily necessity with her for two-and-twenty years. She evades the question in her new-born love for this sweet, bright glimmer on

the stream, and, leaning out of her open window with her fair hair blowing over her cheek, and the soft night air cooling her brow, is looking forth upon this glorious quiet, this wakeful sky and slumbering country, when Aunt Burtonshaw, perplexed and anxious, is just about to yield to sleep.

And in the next room Zaidee, with the candle before her on her little table, reads her chapter in her father’s bible, bends down her beautiful head upon its sacred pages, and with tears in her eyes, not bitter enough to fall, prays the prayer of her childhood for those at home. God bless Percy whom God has gifted; God bless all of them, every one. Name by name comes to the mind of Zaidee. Name by name dwells in her heart. Grandfather Vivian’s book is on the table beside her—she has been looking once more at the name which is hers too, as well as Percy’s, and thinking of this sacred and precious legacy, a legacy nobler than lands or gold, which is her share of the family inheritance. Zaidee does not need to close her bible when her prayers are over, and when she enters *her* enchanted land of thought. She thinks how at home they will rejoice over Percy—how his young fame will gladden their hearts. Her own heart warms with the family joy, the pride of love and kindred; under her breath, when no one can hear her, she dares to say “our Percy!” she dares to express the fulness of her wonder and her pride. Even Aunt Burtonshaw now, disquieted and anxious, has fallen asleep against her will before her plans are half completed, and Mary closes her window, and steals in softly out of the moonlight to betake herself to rest; but Zaidee still bends over her open bible, and is still busy with thoughts of her long-forsaken home. Percy Vivian has no suspicion of how he has roused this beautiful stranger, nor of those prayers of simple faith that rise for him to heaven. It may be that his own thoughts reward the unwilling fascination of Mary Cumberland, but he has no thought of Zaidee, the long-lost and unknown.

## NOTES ON CANADA AND THE NORTH-WEST STATES OF AMERICA.

## PART V.

## THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

As nearly as possible in the centre of the continent of North America, and at an elevation of about eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, extends a tract of pine-covered table-land about a hundred miles square, and which probably contains a greater number of small lakes than any other district of the same size in the world. It is called *Les Hauteurs des Terres*, and is, in fact, the transverse watershed between the Hudson's Bay and the St Lawrence waters, and those which run into the Gulf of Mexico. In one of its tiny lakes (*Itasca*) the Mississippi takes its rise, and flows due south. In another close to it the Red River finds its source, and runs north to Lake Winnipeg; while there are others, not many miles distant in a southerly direction, whose waters have an eastern outlet, and, after a short but rapid course, lose themselves in Lake Superior. It was upon a glorious day in this very month last summer that we transferred ourselves and our bark canoe, by a long portage through the woods, from one of these streams to Sandy Lake, which furnishes a tributary to the head waters of the Mississippi, and paddled along its silent margin. Sometimes hidden by the tall dark shadows which rows of lofty pines fringing the shore threw upon the water—sometimes emerging from them into the full blaze of the setting sun, and rounding long grassy peninsulas which stretched far across the lake—or wending our way through archipelagoes of little wooded islets—now and then overcome by the fatigues of the day, and the soothing influences of the scene—we lay back upon our blankets, and looked dreamily over the side of the canoe at the gentle ripple, and the evening fly that played upon it, until startled by the sudden plunge of the Black Bass or the Maskelonge; or watched the bright vermilion tinge upon the fantastic outline of the lower clouds fade

into a border of pale yellow, and gradually vanish, until roused to fresh energy by these indications of a failing day, and the recollection that the Indian village which was our destination was still some miles distant; and then with vigorous strokes we plied the paddle to the chaunt of the voyageurs, and shot rapidly along towards the wreath of blue smoke that betokened the wigwam of the Indian: doubly cheering to us, for we had not seen a human habitation of any sort now for many days. It was a solitary hut, with a single upturned canoe before it, and a single mangy cur standing sentinel at the door. Our shouts, however, soon brought to the edge of the lake a wild, half-naked figure, whose long matted hair hung nearly to his waist, and whose naturally dark complexion was increased by a coating of soot. A ragged filthy blanket was his only covering; and he seemed so transfixed with astonishment that he did not for some time recover his faculties sufficiently to enable him to answer our demand for some fresh meat or fish. When we held up a dollar, however, a flood of light poured in upon his bewildered intellects, and he dived into his bark wigwam, and immediately reappeared with a squaw, a papoose, and an armful of fish. The squaw was a degree more dirty and hideous and badly clad than her husband. The infant watched our proceedings with a sort of fixed, unconscious stare, arising probably from an inability to shut its eyes on account of being firmly lashed to a board, after the manner of papooses generally. Having been fortunate in thus procuring a good supply of fresh Bass, we pushed contentedly on, and reached the village just before dark. The scene that here met our eyes was somewhat singular. A collection of wigwams, some conical and some oval in shape like gypsies' tents, were grouped confusedly upon the sandy

beach, between which were suspended either fishing-nets, or lines from which hung rows of fish being cured. Two or three ruined log-houses indicated the former residence of white traders; but they had evidently not been tenanted for many years, and were quite dilapidated. A few canoes were fishing off the village; a number more lay upturned upon the edge of the lake, where a knot of persons were collected, evidently watching with some interest so unusual an arrival as a large canoe from the eastern shore with eight paddles. Their curiosity was still further excited when, as we approached nearer, they perceived that, of these, four were whites. Moreover, there was something novel in our style of paddling, on which, to say the truth, we rather piqued ourselves. The Indians themselves never attempt to keep time, but we commenced at starting to put both voyageurs and Indians into training; and now, at the end of a week's voyage, with twelve hours a-day of practice, we found ourselves in first-rate condition, and, with a "give way all," dashed past the village in a style that would rather have astonished the Leander, much less the unsophisticated Chippeways of Sandy Lake; and then, coming gracefully round opposite an amazed missionary, who was standing close to the water surrounded by the youth of his congregation, we "in bow," and beached our light bark with a violence that seriously imperilled the worthy man's toes. Paddling certainly has this advantage over rowing, that every one sits with his face to the bows to criticise the steering, and take an equal interest with the cockswain in the accidents and incidents of the voyage.

This same missionary was the only white man in the place, and we were delighted to find anybody who could give us information about our route, and help us with his advice. He told us that the village contained about two hundred and fifty inhabitants—that most of the warriors and young men were on the war path, and that very possibly we might fall in either with them or their enemies, the Sioux, in the course of our voyage—a piece of information which accounted for the determination of

our Fond-du-Lac Indians not to accompany us farther. He said, however, that the theatre of war was generally on the Minnesota, or St Peter's River, which falls into the Mississippi a few miles below the Falls of St Anthony. We regretted that our visit had not occurred a little later in the year, when he anticipated the assemblage of about six thousand of the tribe at this spot to receive their annual payment from the United States Government, and we should have been entertained with scalp-dances and other savage ceremonies. The origin of the war in which the Chippeways and Sioux—or, in other words, the Algonquin and Dakotah races—are now engaged, has long been forgotten. It is an hereditary quarrel, which was raging two hundred years ago, when Father Hennepin was the first white man to explore these waters, and live with the Dakotahs at Mille Lacs. The date of its commencement could not then be assigned, and it will doubtless continue until the ploughshare and the pruning hook of the white man will exercise their magic influence to exterminate, in a few years, both those tribes whose scalping knives and tomahawks have been so energetically wielded against one another for centuries, and with so little effect. The Sioux village at Mille Lacs, distant about seventy miles from Sandy Lake, is now inhabited by Chippeways, who are under the spiritual charge of the missionary with whom we were conversing. The Sioux have moved their hunting grounds to the banks of the Minnesota, and, except when they make a predatory expedition into the country of the Chippeways, never visit the eastern shores of the Mississippi. I afterwards saw some, however, upon the western bank, a few miles below St Paul's, in the course of my voyage down the river; but by the treaty concluded at Traverse des Sioux, in July 1851, they abandoned their villages in that quarter, and "cede, sell, and relinquish," to the United States Government, all their lands in the State of Iowa, and also all their lands in the territory of Minnesota lying east of the Red River of the north, and the Sioux River which flows into the Missouri; in consideration

for which they are allowed a long narrow reserve upon the head waters of the Minnesota River; the Upper and Lower Sioux together receive a pecuniary compensation of about two million eight hundred thousand dollars. In 1853 eleven counties had been already organised in the territory thus purchased. Still the Dakotahs number more than twenty-five thousand souls, and their territory to the east of the ceded districts, over uninterrupted buffalo prairies, extends to the roots of the Rocky Mountains. They are still amongst the most savage and warlike, as they are the most numerous, of the North American Indian tribes. Retaining all their barbarous customs, they only hasten, by their aversion to civilisation, the period of their extinction. The Chippeways who inhabit both shores of Lake Superior, and a great portion of the north-west country which intervenes between the Sioux and civilisation, number about eight thousand souls, of which about half reside in Minnesota. The Chippeways of the Upper Mississippi are, according to Schoolcraft, the advanced band of the widespread Algonquin family, who, after spreading along the Atlantic from Virginia, as far as the Gulf of St Lawrence, have followed up the great chains of lakes to this region, leaving tribes of more or less variation on the way. It is impossible to say how many years may have been expended in this ethnological track. Though insignificant and gentle in appearance, the Chippeways are brave and hardy, and have sustained with infinite credit their long contests with the Dakotahs. The villages of comparatively well civilised Chippeways in Upper Canada are not included in this enumeration, as their savage character has become so far modified by intercourse with whites, that they are almost qualified to be incorporated with the great mass of society. At present—even in Canada—they are divided into families, upon the totemic principle, which are in their turn subdivided. Large annuities are paid both by the British and the United States Government to the Chippeway Indians. The sub-agency had been transferred from La Pointe to Sandy Lake, where

it was subsequently abandoned; but the missionary told us that there was a probability of its being again permanently re-established here. The soil in the neighbourhood of Sandy Lake is good, and produces corn and garden vegetables. In return for all which information, we gave him a history of our travels and future intentions, while the voyageurs were enlightening an attentive group of natives upon the same subject; not, however, with any result beyond that of mystifying them more than ever, as they could not conceive what other object but trade could induce four palefaces to go through the hardships and fatigue of a bark-canoe voyage to a village so far removed from the usual haunts of Americans. Very often during a whole year the only white man they saw was their missionary. The voyageurs did not lose so good an opportunity of magnifying their own importance by marvellous accounts of our proceedings;—how, instead of allowing ourselves to be conveyed along by our men like gentlemen, we never ceased paddling ourselves;—how we did nothing but sing, and laugh, and bathe, and make huge bonfires of fallen trees, and insist upon shooting impossible rapids, and upon always having our own way in everything, and otherwise comporting ourselves in a manner totally opposed to the habits of sober-minded Yankee traders under similar circumstances;—a description which served to elicit from them a continued series of ejaculations of “waughs” and “ughs,” and which was regularly repeated to every individual, either red or white, whom we afterwards met. Indeed, the voyageurs used to treat us with a kind of condescending indulgence, as if we were wilful children who were not to be thwarted. A question now arose in which the extent of our authority was to be proved. It seems that American traders do not dispute daily arrangements with their voyageurs, whom they engage to take them a certain distance, and never interrupt or interfere with their proceedings. However disposed we might be to follow their example under some circumstances, now and then points of difference arose between us; and when our voyageurs informed us that it was

their intention to camp at the village, we assured them that our camping place for the night was to be a small island opposite. This did not agree with their views, as they would thus be cut off from intercourse with the village; indeed, they had looked forward to a short stay here from the beginning, and had often spoken in glowing terms of the pleasures of Sandy Lake, of the abundance of provisions, and *les belles sauvagesses*, who, they said, were celebrated for their beauty above the women of any other Chipewey village. It was not, therefore, to be wondered at if they made objections to our propositions. However, as we were strongly recommended by the missionary to put a few hundred yards of fresh water between our camp and the village, and as we anticipated some annoyance from human as well as canine intrusion by remaining on the main-land, we contented ourselves with looking round the smoky wigwams, and, being satisfied that neither they nor their tenants were less filthy than usual, pushed off—to the disgust no less of the villagers than the voyageurs—to a wooded islet, whither we were speedily followed by canoes full of inquisitive natives. Here they collected round our camp-fire in such picturesque groups, that, as its ruddy glow fell upon their swarthy half-naked figures, we could not regret their presence, since it served to complete a most characteristic scene. We had pulled up the canoe, and tilted it against the trunks of overhanging trees. A grassy sward, reaching to the water's edge, and smooth as a lawn, promised to afford an agreeable couch; and, seated here, we discussed, by the flickering light of a tallow candle in a horn lantern, broiled fish, and green tea served up in capacious tin pannikins. A few yards from us the voyageurs were bending over the fire, engaged in stirring the contents of a pot, from which ascended a savoury odour, and which was suspended over the crackling blaze from a wooden tripod;—savages passed to and fro, bringing firewood, or stood watching the culinary operations;—canoes were seen in the dim moonlight, like shadows crossing the lake;—the village lights twinkled in the distance, and beyond them an irregular, indistinct

outline marked the heavy forest, and formed the background of the picture;—and as we leant back upon the canoe, and listened to the jabbering of the natives and the splashing of their paddles in the water, we thought of a very different party at home, collected under very different circumstances,—for this was the night before the eventful twelfth of August, when shooting-boxes on the moors are inhabited by excited parties, and the gentlemen are speculating over whisky-toddy on the prospects of the morrow, and gamekeepers are sent for before the masters go to bed, and given last directions, and a potent glass to impress them on their memory, as with a graceful scrape they drink the health of the company;—and dogs are yelping in the kennel, and bare-legged gillies dancing reels in the kitchen, and ultimately turn into cribs curiously constructed in the walls thereof, where they are considerably better off than we were on our grassy island in Sandy Lake,—for we had scarcely rolled ourselves in our blankets, with our feet to the fire, than the sky became overcast, and thunder-showers and mosquitoes came together; so that, drenched and bitten as we were, we courted sleep under considerable difficulties. The ground seemed unusually hard, and there was either a stone under my hip, or a lump under my shoulder, or a stream trickling into my ear, or a discomfort of some sort, that kept me awake for hours, until, overcome by excessive fatigue, I was gradually lapsing into a state of unconsciousness, when the report of a gun at my ear roused us all with a start, and we gazed into the black darkness with bewildered senses, not knowing what had happened, or what to expect. We were soon relieved to some extent, for B. appeared, rifle in hand, and told us he had been the cause of our alarm, and had fired at some large animal which had disturbed his uneasy rest by snuffing in his face. Whereupon we loaded our guns, and watched with some curiosity,—rather glad, since sleep was not tempting, of an excuse to lie awake. Presently a heavy tread, accompanied by a no less heavy breathing, slowly approached, and, in a state of intense excitement, we peered into the obscurity, until we could

indistinctly discern the form of a large animal, to which we were on the point of giving a warm reception, when a shout of laughter from A. cooled our valour, and revealed to us the mortifying fact that we were about to display it by bagging a horse, whose curiosity, excited by such unusual intruders upon his solitary domain, led him to pay us a midnight visit, and to rub his rough nose upon B.'s physiognomy,—a liberty which very nearly cost him his valuable existence.

Sandy Lake has always been an important point in Mississippi exploration, and Schoolcraft and others mention the island of which we had taken temporary possession, as having formed their camping ground. It is singular that the source of the Mississippi should have remained undetermined until Schoolcraft fixed it at Lake Itasca only twenty-four years ago. It is clear, however, from his account, that British traders were well acquainted with the ramification of lakes on *Les Hauteurs des Terres* long before his visit. Its discovery had been attempted by United States expeditions many years previously. Lieutenant Pike, United States army, started on snow shoes from Sandy Lake in 1805, but only succeeded in reaching Leech Lake; and Governor Cass, now a veteran of the United States Senate, was appointed to command an exploring expedition to the head waters of the Mississippi, with the additional objects of enforcing, by a military display, the allegiance of the Indians to the United States—of prohibiting the introduction of spirituous liquors—and of inducing the tribes to transfer those commercial relations which they had been accustomed to maintain with the English traders, to those of the American Company;—a step they had hitherto shown themselves very unwilling to take. At Sandy Lake this demonstration was made, and Governor Cass hoisted here the stars and stripes—made a *depôt* of his heavy supplies—left with them his military escort and part of his French canoemen—and proceeded with light canoes and a select party to ascend the river. The trading fort at that time consisted of a stockade of squared pine timber thirteen feet high, and forming an area

of a hundred feet square, with bastions pierced for musketry at the south-east and north-west angles. It enclosed two ranges of buildings. Cass and his party only succeeded in discovering a few more little lakes. Schoolcraft calculates the number of lakes between Sandy Lake and the northern frontier at about ten thousand. They fall principally under two classes—those with clean sandy shores and a considerable depth, and those with marshy margin and abounding in wild rice. The former yield various species of fish; the latter serve not only as a storehouse of grain for the natives, who gather it in August and September, but they invite myriads of waterfowl into the region, and thus prove a double resource to them.

Before daylight on the following morning the missionary came off to us with letters. As means of communication with civilisation was somewhat rare, he was glad to avail himself of the opportunity which we afforded. We did not get away so early as usual, as the voyageurs had slipped across to the mainland during the night, and did not make their appearance until the sun was far up in the heavens. A sluggish winding river connects Sandy Lake with the Mississippi; and we were delighted to see some wild ducks, although we did not succeed in bagging any. We passed a deserted trading post and village, where *Le Fève* told us he had formerly lived. Its present condition was significant of the change which the country was gradually undergoing; and as our voyageur looked with a melancholy interest at the scene of some of his former trading exploits, it recalled to mind those associations which connect the early history of the North-west with the remarkable men of whom *Le Fève* and *Cadot* were the descendants. The first men who attempted to engage in trade with the Dakotahs were those who accompanied Father Hennepin upon his voyage of discovery to the Upper Mississippi. In looking through the annals of the Minnesota Historical Society, I find their names given, and they are worthy of being recorded as *Michael Ako* and *Picard du Gay*. In 1680

these men visited Mille Lacs, the Spirit Lake of the Dakotahs, with an outfit of a hundred and eighty dollars, furnished by the enterprising La Salle, and remained in captivity there for two months. On their return they met the *Sieur de Luth*, who afterwards performed the journey in which we were now engaged, and who was the first white man to come by way of Lake Superior to the Upper Mississippi. As yet, however, no trading posts had been established among the Sioux, and it was reserved for *Nicholas Perrot* to erect a fort for trading purposes upon the shores of Lake Pepin, a short distance below *St Paul's*. He and his comrades are those who, *Dakotah* tradition asserts, gave seed and corn to the nation; through their influence the *Dakotahs* began to be led away from the rice-grounds of the *Mille Lacs* region. His first interview with them is thus described:—  
 “The *Dakotahs* first met with white men while on the war path far in the South. The war party was a large one, and the white men with whom they met were few. The *Dakotahs* were penetrated with fear, and felt reverence for the white men, similar to that which they feel for the gods. The white men were also agitated with fear; they extended the hand trembling to each other, and freely exchanged presents. When a gun was exhibited, discharged, and presented to the natives, they drew back in utter amazement; they separated in peace, and the *Dakotahs* returned to astonish their families with the relation of what had happened.” *Le Sueur*, however, was the most active and extensive explorer of the *Minnesota* territory, and the first to ascend the river of that name; in honour of which the principal city on its banks, consisting of half-a-dozen log-huts, is now called the city of *Le Sueur*; and there is a magnificent plan of it hanging up in the hotel at *St Paul's*, with the squares, streets, and public buildings duly described and portrayed. After the cession of *Canada* to the English, the French still retained their control over the Indian tribes of *Minnesota*, and Englishmen for some years risked their lives in passing through the country. In

1774, however, the North-west Company of *Montreal* was established. As they employed old *Canadian* voyageurs exclusively, they succeeded in establishing posts to the west of *Lake Superior*. In 1796 they built the fort we were now passing, and a few years afterwards established posts at *Leech Lake* and other points of the *Objibeway* country. They were thus enabled entirely to monopolise the fur trade of *Minnesota*, of which *Sandy Lake* became the chief emporium. The principal traders at this time were invariably Scotchmen, whose shrewdness and sagacity enabled them to turn to good account the hardy endurance, and the knowledge of the country and its inhabitants, possessed by the half-breed voyageurs,—or, as they were more commonly called, “*Coueurs des Bois*.” This class had now become very numerous, on account of the intimate relations which the French had maintained with the Indians for upwards of a century, and their habit of marrying Indian wives. Their mode of life was wild and adventurous, and the deeds of daring of many a “*Bois brûlé*” are celebrated in the song of the voyageur, and their names handed down with veneration and respect. There is scarcely a river or a lake in the North-west to which some interesting association is not attached; and the tragedy of *Sandy Lake*, in which the principal trader, a Scotchman, called *Kay*, was murdered by an Indian, is among the most celebrated of these.

For many years the North-west Company continued successfully to carry on their trade in spite of the rival American factory established at *Prairie du Chien*, below the Falls of *St Anthony*, which was not conducted upon such principles as to induce the Indians to desert the English traders. In 1816, however, the *American Fur Company*, organised by *Jacob Astor*, purchased the *Sandy Lake* station, together with all the posts in that region; and the fur-trade of this district, which is still valuable, will continue to be carried on each year with less spirit and success, and bark canoes to ply upon the lonesome streams, and loaded voyageurs to tramp through these solitudes, until the hardy settler comes at last to wake the slumbering



echoes of the silent forest with the ringing blow of the axe, or to turn with the ploughshare the virgin soil of the rolling prairie. It is not too much to predict that in a very few years the agricultural produce of the white man, from the fertile banks of the St Peter's and the thriving farms upon the Red River—lumber from the head waters of the Father of Rivers—and minerals from the shores of the mightiest of fresh-water seas—will be hurried through the woods and forests of Minnesota—and the shriek of the engine scare away the startled waterfowl on distant lakes—or the plashing of paddles in streams, or savannahs deepened and connected by canals, considerably astonish the beavers. If the navigation of the Upper Mississippi were improved, and its rapids avoided by locks, it would only require a canal thirty-five miles long to connect the St Louis below the falls with a stream running into Sandy Lake, and thus enable a steamer entering the mouth of the St Lawrence to make its exit at New Orleans, and complete four thousand miles of internal fresh-water navigation through the finest country in "creation."

Turning sharply round a green bank about sixty feet in height, and covered with granite boulders, we now entered a deep and rapid stream, which, from its size and volume, we at once recognised as the Mississippi itself. It would be difficult to describe our feelings of satisfaction as we felt ourselves being swept along by its eddying waters, or our surprise at finding that even here, at a distance of two thousand five hundred miles from its mouth, this magnificent river had an average breadth of a hundred yards, and a current so impetuous that we looked forward with no little pleasure to being carried by it in our light canoe a distance of more than four hundred miles. The banks of the river differed entirely from those of the St Louis. The rocky banks, and tall pine-trees or scrubby underwood, were here exchanged for flat alluvial shores, covered with a luxuriant growth of elm, maple, ash,

and cedar, and betokening great fertility of soil. The water of the St Louis was of a dark chocolate colour, tinged by its passage through the northern pine and tamarack swamps; that of the Mississippi was light-coloured, and clear like the Minnesota river itself, which gives its name to the territory,—the literal meaning of the Indian word Minnesota being "The territory of the sky-coloured water."

We glided easily and swiftly along for fifty miles, before the growing darkness compelled us to think of camping. Our only delays had been caused by our attempts to stalk wild ducks, of which we were fortunate enough to bag three, and found them a most seasonable addition to our usual uninteresting diet. While they were being cooked, we amused ourselves by swimming across the Mississippi, a feat which is simple enough so near its source, but which, from its great breadth and rapid current, very soon becomes a somewhat formidable undertaking. Our camping place was a low, damp spot, overhung by magnificent trees, but infested by mosquitoes; so we were glad to be *en route* again at daylight, and put off breakfast until a fashionable hour. As we landed, we saw upon the soft clay the footprints of a bear which had paid a visit to the river during the night, and we regretted we had not chosen it as our camping ground.\* The character of the banks remained the same; the stream less rapid and more winding,—sometimes making such deep bends, that ascending canoes make portages across the narrow necks; and thus perform in five minutes a distance which it would take an hour to accomplish by following the course of the stream. We preferred, however, slipping down with the current. We observed a tree which had been barked for a space of about a foot square, and on the white stem the Indians had drawn, with charcoal, three canoes, one below the other. The voyageurs assured us that by means of these pictographs they were in the habit of making most elaborate communications with their friends.

\* The Indians, when bear-hunting, never kill the female with young, in order to perpetuate the existence of an animal so profitable to them.

Wild ducks were numerous, and we had very fair sport in the course of our day's voyage. Upon one occasion, as we were drifting silently towards a flock, hugging the shore as much as possible, for the sake of concealment, we suddenly came upon a canoe containing four squaws. They did not see us approach, and when we were within a few yards, Le Fève maliciously gave the Indian war-whoop, which is made by a shrill yell, rising in key, and rendered more unearthly by clapping the hand rapidly upon the open mouth; which terrified the unfortunate women to such an extent that we were disposed to be angry with him for his piece of mischief. We had ourselves, under his tuition, become great adepts in the art, and this exercise of our lungs derived additional piquancy from the fact that the possibility of our being answered by a *bonâ fide* savage in sober earnest was by no means remote. The women whom we so unexpectedly startled were evidently out upon a sort of general catering expedition, poking along the banks for musk-rats or mice, or visiting the mouths of the little streams which enter the river, and which are barred near the outlets with cruives somewhat similar to those used on salmon rivers in Scotland—so that sturgeon and large fish are able to ascend; but, on descending, they are arrested by the poles of the dam forced against them. The Indian, walking across the dam with a pole, to which is attached a hook, sees the pressure of the descending fish, and jerks him out. Most of these tributaries were small, sluggish streams, covered with wild rice, through which the women force their canoe, and, pressing the stalks over the side, beat out the grain with their paddles. They are, in fact, the commissariat corps of the villages, and have all sorts of ways of obtaining supplies, which more civilised nations would often be glad to know. The maple sugar which they manufacture is not only for home-consumption, but is largely exported. Thirty or forty boxes, of from twenty to seventy pounds' weight, are often sold by an industrious and strong-handed family in the course of one season, in addition to the quantity they have used themselves. Nicollet remarks, how-

ever, that there are probably no Indians anywhere more highly favoured than those inhabiting the country about the sources of the Mississippi. Besides their natural resources of fish, wild rice, and maple sugar, with the addition of abundance of game, the climate is found to be well adapted to the cultivation of corn, wheat, barley, oats and pulse. The potato is of superior quality to that of the middle States of the Union. In a trading point of view, the hunt is still very profitable. The bear, the deer and elk, the wolf, the fox, the wolverine, the fisher racoon, musk-rat, mink, otter, marten, weasel, and a few remaining beavers, are the principal articles of traffic. The American moose is said still occasionally to make its appearance, so that this region may be considered as the only one in the United States now capable of supplying the finer sort of peltries. The Mississippi continues to wind through wide alluvial bottoms, covered with forest, until the character of the banks and of the wood changes together, and towards evening we found ourselves between high banks covered with pine. On one of these we camped; and as the sun set, the view from the promontory on which we had established ourselves, at an elevation of about eighty feet above the river, was very beautiful, and amply repaid us for the trouble of dragging our camp equipage up the steep cliff. There was a portage 300 yards long from this point to Rabbit River, where some Indians were encamped, but we did not visit them. Rabbit River is a small tributary to the Mississippi, and runs parallel to it for some miles. As it has a very straight course, it is often ascended in preference to the main stream, a portage to which is made at the head, and sixteen miles are thus saved. We were awoke next morning by a pouring rain, in the midst of which we started, and passed the mouth of Pine River, up which a belt of magnificent pine timber extends for many miles: it is navigable for three days for canoes; then we shot the Rabbit rapids, and landed at mid-day to dry ourselves round a huge blaze of pine logs. A few hours after, we were cheered by the sight of a log-hut and a ferry-boat, with a Yankee leaning

over the rail, chewing a straw, and found we had reached Crow Wing, the highest white settlement upon the Mississippi, and about 150 miles from Sandy Lake.

The indications of civilisation which met our eyes here were quite refreshing. The town contained two log-houses and a pigsty. There were a few children, some cocks and hens, an acre of potatoes, and another of Indian corn; a waggon standing near the door of one of the houses, and the ferry-boat aforesaid, which enabled the inhabitants of Crow Wing to cross over to a large house, the gable of which peeped out from among the trees, and which, we were told, was the residence of the principal chief of the Chippeway Indians—a great warrior, and a person of much celebrity, with an unpronounceable name, which I did not think of recording at the time.

We immediately invaded the most substantial-looking house, and found ourselves in a neat room, which contained nothing but a few plain tables and chairs; so we continued our explorations, and were delighted to discover two women baking in the kitchen, who, seeing four famished ruffians thus unceremoniously intruding, were in no way disconcerted, but forthwith placed before us some excellent loaves of corn-bread, some delicious butter, and a can of fresh milk, which luxurious fare we attacked with a violence that explained more than words the nature of our necessities; and whilst we were burying our heads by turns in the milk-can, and making loaves disappear magically, other dainties were set before us in the shape of cold meat, cheese, and potatoes; with which at length we appeased our appetites, and then condescended to inform our hospitable entertainers, and the man who had lounged up from the ferry-boat, whence we had come and whither we were going, and suggested the propriety of trading for victuals on the spot. As the voyageurs, who knew him, guaranteed our being “safe pay,” he forthwith sold us sundry delicacies, which we transported in triumph to the canoe, getting, meanwhile, as much information out of our friend as his taciturn disposition allowed him to afford us. There is some practice re-

quired in fencing with Far-Westerners: they are very dexterous in “pumping,” and exceedingly difficult to “pump.” The only way is never to answer a question without putting a portion of the reply into an interrogatory form. We gathered from the male inhabitant of Crow Wing, that his occupations were farming and trading with the Indians; that the soil was good, and the country fertile, but chiefly adapted for grazing purposes; that the forest began here to be broken in upon by patches of prairie; and, indeed, we could see for ourselves the undulating grass-land stretching away, just sufficiently diversified with wood and supplied with water to afford a most pleasing prospect, as well as great natural advantages. Our white friend, however, very soon became more communicative in discussing the prospects of Indian trade for the ensuing winter, with Cadot. The two came to an arrangement for embarking in a joint speculation to Vermilion Lake; the white trader engaging to select the goods and have them conveyed in canoes from St Paul’s to Sandy Lake, where Cadot was to meet them, and accompany them to Vermilion Lake, thirteen days’ voyage from the mouth of the Savannah, the route being principally up the St Louis River. Cadot possesses a log-hut of his own on Vermilion Lake, where he intends to pass the winter. He told me that he could get six marten skins for a blanket worth  $2\frac{1}{2}$  dollars, and sell the marten skins at St Paul’s at 6 dollars a-piece, which is a very fair profit. Le Fève was hesitating between taking a share in the venture, and going to La Pointe for the autumn, to sell merchandise to the Indians assembled there for the annual payments, for which he was to be paid five dollars a-day from a private firm. As nearly as I could calculate, from their own account, our voyageurs made an annual income of about £300 a-year. We paid them £1 a-day each. Although we had so abundantly regaled ourselves, B., whose health and appetite had both returned, was unable to resist the bread and butter he was engaged in carrying to the canoe, and deliberately sat down upon the bank and recommenced operations, which

was such an unfair proceeding on his part, that we were obliged, in self-defence, to follow his example, and were thus engaged when we became suddenly aware of the presence of a tall Indian, who stood watching us with mute astonishment. He was the most perfect specimen of a Chippeway "brave" that I had yet seen: a magnificent fellow, standing proudly erect under his plume of hawks' feathers, that betokened a warrior who had taken in his day many a Sioux scalp. His red blanket, worked with many devices, was thrown gracefully over his shoulder; his belt was garnished with tomahawk and scalping-knife, and in his hand he held a handsomely mounted rifle. His feet were encased in richly embroidered moccasins, with fringed leggings reaching to the thigh. Altogether, his costume exhibited a combination of ribbons, feathers, beads, and paint, which was wonderfully becoming. Near him, in a respectful attitude, stood his attendant, likewise armed to the teeth, and carrying a formidable and curiously-shaped war-club, such as I had never seen before, and a red-earth pipe, with a long flat stem, ornamented with coloured hair. We were not surprised to hear that this was the celebrated chief himself, of whom we had heard so much, and who smiled with complacent self-satisfaction when we expressed our admiration of his person and accoutrements, and asked permission to examine his weapons. He told us, and his account was corroborated by the white settler, that only two months before, a war party of Sioux had visited Crow Wing and killed twenty-five men, women, and children, and it was to revenge them that the expedition, of which we had heard ever since leaving Lake Superior, had been organised. Of the success of that expedition he could give us no details, nor did he offer any explanation upon his own absence from it; and he was such an evident grandee, that we did not push our inquiries beyond the limits of politeness. The scene was one which might well be impressed upon the memory of a stranger. The steep bank strewn with provisions and camp equipments of all sorts, the voyageurs mending the upturned canoe, ourselves grouped

round loaves of bread and pyramids of butter, discoursing with a painted chief; the Indian behind wrapped in his capacious blanket, in attitude or countenance unmoved; civilised women carrying provisions to the boat; the brawny backwoodsman looking carelessly on the broad prairie, stretching endlessly behind; the rapid Mississippi sweeping past us; and the wigwams of the Indians on an island opposite, where the Crow Wing River falls into the Mississippi,—all combined to form a most interesting scene. The Crow Wing is about 200 miles long, navigable for canoes to its source, and, passing through a neutral territory between the Sioux and the Chippeway, it is consequently uninhabited by any Indians; but its banks are frequently the scene of bloodshed. Here, too, are some valuable pineries; and the theatre of war will doubtless before long be converted into one of extensive lumber operations. As there was still an hour of daylight, we pushed on for Fort Ripley, about ten miles lower down the river, in hopes of arriving in time to pay the officers stationed there a visit. It is the extreme post of the United States army in this direction. The evening was lovely, the air soft and balmy, the stream rapid, and we soon saw the stars and stripes fluttering above a neat white stockade upon the right bank of the river.

While A. and C. were choosing a camping ground, B. and I sallied forth to the fort, and, passing a sentry and gateway, found ourselves in a small square, in the centre of which stood two pieces of ordnance, and round which were ranged the men and officers' quarters.

We only found the doctor at home, the captain and his subaltern being out shooting; so we returned to a sumptuous repast, upon which the combined energies of the party had been expended; and had it not been for the mosquitoes, we should not have had a care in the world. Just as we had completed it, and were collecting round our battered old lantern to light our pipes, the three officers came down from the fort and paid us a visit. They were gentlemanlike, agreeable men, as I have invariably found the officers of the United States army to

be, and we discussed the war and European politics, lying upon plaids and blankets, and smoking near the blazing fire, which threw a lurid glare across the dark silent river. Then we talked of life and sport in the Far West, and were sorry to hear that we were only two days from buffalo, since we had not even a week to spare, and we were therefore obliged, with regret, to decline their hospitable invitation to make the fort our starting-point, and organise an expedition therefrom. The nearest and best hunting-grounds to Fort Ripley are at Otter-tail Lake and the head waters of the Red River, about sixty miles distant. At a late hour we adjourned to the fort, and were supplied with some spirits, a most precious commodity in the Far West. We had taken a very limited supply from Superior, which we had only just finished. The experience of every traveller will bear me out in saying, that there is no greater mistake than to suppose that ardent spirits fortify the constitution during a protracted period of exposure. I have always observed that those who abstained altogether from their use, except medicinally, have been enabled in the long-run to endure more hardship and fatigue than those who trusted to other stimulants than that which the inherent vigour of their constitutions supplied. B. and I were tempted by the novelty of a roof to accept the offer of the ferryman to sleep in his room by the river-side. We accordingly left our companions, as usual, coiled round the fire, and stretched ourselves upon his wooden floor, while he ensconced himself in a comfortable bed under musquito curtains. It is fair to say that he offered to share it with one of us, but we declined his invitation, which was given in such broad Irish that I asked his history. It was a very common one. He had deserted from our own army, and, unable to get his livelihood by his own independent exertions, had entered that of the United States. Here his knowledge of military duty soon enabled him to attain the rank of sergeant; but, as he assured us in a melancholy tone, he suffered from an infirmity which he was unable to overcome, and which had speedily caused his degradation to the ranks.

His propensity to drink was not likely to be gratified in his present remote quarters; and he expressed himself highly contented with his employment, and the income he derived from it.

The garrison of Fort Ripley consists only of 34 men. The principal object of a station at this distant point, is to watch the Indian war perpetually being carried on in the neighbourhood. After a plunge from the end of the ferry-boat, and a hearty breakfast, we were again *en route*. The banks had now become steep and precipitous; and at one place the voyageurs directed our attention to an Indian trail, which we landed to examine. They at once pronounced it to be the fresh war-trail of a party of Sioux; so we ascended the steep bank to see if there were any signs of them. We stood in the centre of a boundless prairie, dotted here and there with stunted oak, but extending without interruption to the Rocky Mountains. Many-coloured flowers were waving in the long grass—the air was fragrant with wild thyme—and the whole aspect of the country forcibly reminded me of the steppes of Southern Russia. In former days the buffalo used to cross the river at this point; but it is said that none have ranged the prairies to the east of the Mississippi since 1820. We saw signs of nothing larger than a badger, which was promptly bagged, and made over as a perquisite to the voyageurs. We descended the steep bank to our canoe, glad to have been induced to climb it when rewarded by such a view, though we were disappointed of seeing Indians. Shortly after we passed an isolated mass of rock, which is covered with their devices, and is hence called the painted rock, and then found ourselves being hurried down the stream with a velocity which somewhat resembled our former experience at the Sault Ste. Marie. When the Mississippi is high, the rapidity with which canoes descend from Crow Wing to St Paul's, a distance of more than 200 miles, is incredible. A hundred miles in eight hours has been recorded as a feat accomplished in these waters; and even in the course of our own voyage, when the water was unusually low, our day's performance, after leaving Fort Ripley, was eighty miles.

The first serious rapids are called the Little Falls of the Mississippi. The river is here compressed in a very narrow channel. The left bank is a bluff precipitous wall of rock projecting into the stream, and forming an angle, round which it sweeps with great impetuosity.

The excitement of this part of the voyage was somewhat increased by the confession of our voyageurs, that it was so long since either of them had made it, that they had nothing but their instinct and good luck to trust to. They therefore told us that they would not risk shooting the Little Falls, but make a portage; so we drew to land and jumped ashore, shouldering our usual packs, and left them to follow with the canoe. Instead of doing so, however, to our surprise and disgust we found that they had no sooner got rid of us than they shoved off. It was an exciting moment to watch them, as they neared the head of the foaming torrent, tighten their waistbands, make good their footing, and, standing one at the bows and the other at the stern, dash headlong with their fragile bark into the breakers. We ran along the rocky bank watching the canoe tossing like a cork upon the waves, and escaping destruction against some pointed rock by virtue of the vigilance and dexterity of the men; and in three or four minutes it was safely moored in the back-water, and we arrived breathless, to scold our voyageurs for their rashness in risking our boat, and their perfidy in not risking us along with it. We determined, however, to profit by experience, and amused ourselves, while the tea was being made for luncheon, by jumping in about half-way up the rapid, and swimming down, or rather being hurled down it, and seeing who arrived at the bottom first—which created much the same interest to those on the bank as boys experience when racing straws in a gutter. After this we found it of very little use to dress at all; and B. and I, having naturally amphibious habits, used to spend the greater part of the day with scarcely anything on but a pipe; and rapids or shallows followed one another so fast and furiously that we were almost as often out of the boat as in it. Le Fève was

in his glory on these occasions; and whenever we miraculously escaped going to pieces on a rock, his face expanded into a broad grin of satisfaction; indeed, our approach to a rapid was a season of excitement to us all, which was worth the whole of our former experiences put together. It is often difficult to judge from the appearance of the water whether the rocks are sufficiently covered to admit of the passage of the canoe; and I often thought we were going stem on to destruction when I saw a huge globular swelling ahead, betokening a sunken rock over which we passed harmlessly; when at other times we were startled by a sharp blow, and felt the ominous upward pressure upon the thin bark, when there was no indication of this sort, or even the usual breaker. The great art in shooting a rapid is to take advantage of every rock by scraping as close past it as possible, and getting into the eddy below. The man in the stern directs operations; and as we danced along, Cadot would give the quick orders, "Tire toi," "Change la main," "Au large;" which we all learnt very soon to understand and obey, and thus, by different modes of paddling, to cooperate with him in steering. The shallows were less interesting, but not less dangerous, to our boat than the rapids. They generally occur where the river is very broad, and only seven or eight inches deep all the way across. Then we are obliged to adopt a zigzag course, and poke about looking for water enough for our canoe—a difficult operation, on account of the rapidity of the current. There is nothing more disgusting than, after having discovered what the voyageurs called the "Chenei"—a corruption of "Chènal"—to find that the water is gradually shoaling, until the canoe grates rapidly over the pebbles for some yards, and is only saved from getting hard and fast, and having her bark bottom cut through, by two or three of us jumping out. Then we have to paddle or punt up stream again for fifty or a hundred yards, and attempt another *chenei*.

Upon one occasion, while thus engaged, we observed four wild-looking Indians, mounted on two horses, trotting along the bank. They were

armed to the teeth, and carried long rifles. In their savage attire and uncouth aspect, they resembled Bedouin Arabs so much more nearly than our old friends the Chippeways, that I asked Le Fève to what tribe they belonged. He said they were Winnebagoes going to their village, which was not far off upon the right bank; and that as they were the most notorious rascals in the country side, the further we camped from them the better. We therefore pitched upon a lofty bank on the left side, and set off in search of firewood, an unusual proceeding with us, for we had heretofore camped in forest. We had, however, preferred the prairie to the wooded island which divided the stream, here very broad, and had no reason to regret our choice, for the view was lovely. The river was smooth and quiet, brilliantly reflecting the red evening sky. The dark green wood on the island contrasted well with its burnished surface, where fish were rising so freely that B. went picturesquely wading about with his fly-rod, indulging false hopes, for he accomplished nothing beyond making a charming figure in the foreground. A little lower down, the Winnebagoes were fording or swimming the stream. The only signs of life were upon the river; the prairie on both sides of it extended in endless solitude. Our couch was softer than usual on the long prairie grass, and we dropped off to sleep, inhaling the agreeable perfume which was emitted by the red cedar logs, of which our fire was composed.

Shortly after starting, on the following morning, we passed the Winnebago village of Watab, extending for nearly a mile along the right bank of the river. It was very early, and the inhabitants were just getting up, and grouping picturesquely round their lodge fires. Blanketed figures were lighting their early pipes—squaws were washing themselves and their papooses in the river,—curs were prowling about everywhere—a number of men, about to start on an expedition, were mounting their horses, and riding them down the steep bank, with their rifles swung across the saddle-bow;—others were embarked in canoes, towing their steeds

after them. These canoes are called "periaguas," and are hollowed from a single log, there being no birch bark procurable. From the same cause their lodges were not made of bark, but of twisted reeds or canvass. As they are a weakly tribe, they can afford civilised tents, which I was surprised to see scattered among their wigwams. Scarcely two of these were of the same shape, and this variety gave a novel and picturesque character to the whole village, which was much increased by singular stages made of grass, and supported by four posts, which had been erected before many of their habitations. In the centre of the village stood the medicine pole, decorated as usual with skins and streamers; and near it a long oval bower, which, from its position, was probably the medicine tent, in which are performed those singular rites that Free Masons affirm connect the Winnebagoes with their fraternity. It is certain that there is a society in the tribe, the secret of which is kept most sacred, and one object of which is to relieve the poor. The members of this society, or medicine-men, are held in very high estimation by the tribe. They enjoy this distinction by virtue of possessing the medicine stone, which they are supposed to carry in their stomachs. When new members are to be initiated, this stone is vomited up, and placed in the medicine bag, and the candidates for admission are struck with it upon the breast, and, from all accounts, are thus thrown into a sort of mesmeric sleep, during which they are supposed to learn the mysteries of the society, and on awaking from which they become medicine-men, with the stone in its proper locality. In addition to these curious ceremonies, they also religiously keep up the scalp and war-dances of their forefathers, and retain their barbarous habits in spite of the attempts of missionaries and others to civilise and educate them. Le Fève had the worst possible opinion of them, which, he said, was shared by all their red brethren. They enjoy the reputation of being rich, drunken, brave, cruel, dishonest, and independent. The peaceful relations, however, which they manage to maintain with the Sacs, Foxes, Sioux, and other warlike neighbours, prove

that with these qualities they must combine considerable sagacity and tact. Le Fève said they could not get on without fighting, and succeeded in keeping on good terms with both Sioux and Chippeways, by taking either side indiscriminately.

They were found by the first French missionaries and explorers settled on Green Bay in Wisconsin, of which country they may be said to be the aboriginal inhabitants. From their language, however, it is evident that they are of the same stock as the Dakotahs. The name Winnebagoë, or Winnepeg, signifies turbid water; hence the many lakes of the same name. The tribe calls itself Hochungaras, or the trout nation. They were of great assistance to the British army in the war of 1812, having uniformly espoused the cause of the Crown against the Americans. They did not finally cede their lands in Iowa on the west of the Mississippi, but were very loth to migrate to their new territory, which was ultimately, in 1846, changed for that which they now occupy. They occasionally commit outrages upon peaceable white travellers, and think less of assassination than their neighbours. As is the case with all the Indian tribes, their numbers have been gradually diminishing; and their population, according to the last U. S. government census of the Indian tribes, amounts only to about 2500. The Winnebagoë agency, which was situated on Long Prairie River, about fifty miles west of this village, is now deserted, and in the year previous to our visit, a council had been held, at which the Winnebagoes agreed to relinquish the lands they held here for a tract on Crow River. I do not know whether this arrangement has received the sanction of the general government, but it was considered at St Paul's that the interests of the Whites would be injured rather than advanced by the exchange. Passing the Osakis or Sac River, which opens a line of communication by means of bark canoes with the Red River of the North, we reached in a few hours a substantially built house, the first we had seen since leaving La Pointe, in a distance of about 600 miles. It was

situated at the head of the most dangerous and celebrated rapids on the river. We found a comfortable tavern at this settlement, with a piece of refinement in one of the rooms which created quite a sensation. The tavern-keeper must have been somewhat astonished on entering it, to find four rough-looking characters crowding in an earnest and excited manner round a piece of looking-glass six inches square; but as we had been taking the most intense interest in the progress of our respective beards, the opportunity thus afforded of inspecting, for the first time, countenances which had undergone some change from exposure and neglect, naturally gave rise to some excitement and very invidious comparisons. The owner of the hotel was a farmer on quite a large scale, having under cultivation about 150 acres. His wheat averaged twenty-two bushels the acre, and his oats thirty-five. The other crops, with the exception of winter wheat, are satisfactorily raised here, and also to the north of this point; and a statement of the amount of the cereal produce per acre of the farms between this and St Paul's, is the best answer that can be given to "suckers" from the South, who, when they pay these "diggings" a visit, turn up their noses and say, "You can't make *cawn crap hyar* nohow you can fix it, stranger." A stage runs down the left bank of the river twice a-week to St Anthony, and log-houses are springing rapidly up upon the roadside at every ten or fifteen miles. Three years ago there was scarcely a habitation of any sort above the Falls of St Anthony. The village of Sauk is doubtless destined to be a town of some importance, for a steamer of light draught, launched above the Falls of St Anthony, has navigated the stream from that point to the foot of the Sauk rapids, a distance of eighty miles. The man at the tavern said that there was too little water upon the Sauk for us to shoot them with any safety; but Le Fève had been looking forward to this process with such glee, and professed such confidence in his own powers, despite his total ignorance of the channel, that we determined to risk our canoe, which had become less indispensable to our progress, since, in the event of



her being wrecked, we could now pursue our journey by land. When we got to the head of the rapids, and saw about a thousand yards of foam before us, it was evident that, notwithstanding the speed with which we hoped to traverse them, the excitement would be somewhat sustained. The danger of these rapids, however, did not arise from the velocity of the current, so much as from the quantity of fragments of pointed granite with which the bed of the river, here about two hundred yards across, is thickly strewed, and many of which are only two or three inches below the surface of the water. Stripping ourselves so as to be prepared for an emergency, we plunged our canoe into the breakers, and dashed merrily over the first quarter of a mile, making some narrow escapes, but keeping the canoe well in hand. Here, however, the current became furious, and in spite of our efforts, the canoe swung round, and the stream took her broadside on, and dashed her with some force against a rock, upon which she became firmly fixed. Le Fève, B., and I, were overboard in a second. At first B. disappeared altogether. He had jumped out upon the deep side, and finding no standing-ground, he had gone under. Luckily he managed to get hold of the edge of the canoe with one hand, as the current was sweeping him past it, and gradually drew up to its level his dripping face and extinguished pipe, which he still held firmly clutched between his teeth. Le Fève, more experienced, was standing on the top of the rock, not ankle deep in water, while I was vainly endeavouring to obtain a footing near him on another rock, against the edges of which I received sundry bruises before I succeeded in making good my stand against the current, which I was only enabled at all to resist by keeping firm hold of the canoe. Meantime we expected her to go to pieces every moment, and A., C., and Cadot, who were inside, looked anything but happy. However, by a united shove towards B., whose whole weight was hanging upon her, she dropped into the deep water. Le Fève and I jumped in at the same moment; B. trailed after a short way, and was hauled in, and so we let her drive, the

water meantime flowing freely in through a rent in the bark. We struck severely once again, but did not stick, and in a few moments we were in smooth water, and the faithful old craft was tenderly beached, and turned up for inspection and repair. The bottom was already so covered with scars and rents which had been skillfully darned and gummed, that it was like a piece of patch-work. However, by dint of a fire-stick, and some more bark and gum, she was soon pronounced fit to convey us the remainder of our journey in safety; and before evening we had varied the excitement of the day by a literal wild-goose chase, which was crowned with success. We stalked them carefully, and fired at them swimming, in defiance of the prejudice of Cockney sportsmen who have not to depend upon their guns only for dinner. It was a fine sight to see a flock of these huge birds rise noisily from the water, and soar away over our heads, and highly satisfactory to observe that one had preferred diving to following the example of his companions. He had only had his wing broken, and so continued to keep out of shot, and dive actively for some time, coming up in the most unexpected directions. As the river was here very wide, and divided into numerous channels by lovely wooded islets, the chase was a long and amusing one, and ended by the goose taking refuge on shore and being run down.

On account of these various delays it was late before we arrived at the mouth of the Elk River, which we had determined to reach, because the voyageurs held out the prospect of an inn at that spot. We found here a good house, occupied by twenty or thirty of the roughest characters I had ever seen. Our arrival created a good deal of curiosity and astonishment, and we went through the usual course of sharp cross-examination, which ended in not satisfying our questioners, who were principally regular Yankees, and discussed the merits of each other's claims and the advantages of Minnesota generally. Some had already profited from these, others had just arrived, and were acquiring information. We made a supper off mush, squash, hominy, and other Far

West delicacies, and then turned into two beds as a novelty. Our voyageurs slept on the river-bank near the canoe. We were struck, in the course of our next day's voyage, by the numerous farm-houses which began to enliven the banks of the river, and the signs of civilisation followed in rapid succession, to cheer us on our way, and encourage us with the prospect of a speedy termination to our journey. Not that we were desirous of relinquishing our bark-canoe life; but the apprehension of an accident, and consequent delay, had somewhat marred its enjoyment. We passed Rum River, which connects Mille Lacs, the former hunting-ground of the Sioux, with the Mississippi, and were delighted with the smiling aspect of the country through which we paddled. Great numbers of the settlers are Germans, who come penniless to Minnesota, settle upon a piece of land, which they improve to the value of fifty dollars a-year, at the same time earning a livelihood for themselves by obtaining employment in the neighbourhood. When at the end of five years they have thus expended two hundred and fifty dollars on their land, the Government presents them with sixty acres, and they thenceforward set up as small farmers on their own account.

The territory is thus becoming rapidly populated by an industrious and enterprising class, who appre-

ciate the good policy which has devised such liberal and advantageous terms to the emigrant. At last we came in sight of the well-built and picturesquely-situated town of St Anthony. The white houses rising upon the left bank of the river were half concealed by the trees amid which they were embowered, and looked substantial and comfortable. Saw-logs, booms, and other signs of lumber operations, crowded the river. Threading our way between these, we entered a narrow channel behind a green island, and, mooring our canoe under the spreading shade of some magnificent trees, congratulated ourselves upon having reached our last portage. We determined, in making it, to create a sensation in St Anthony, and to convey our trusty bark through the town to the bottom of the falls in a cart. This was, indeed, only a proper mark of attention to the craft which had outlived so many perils, and served us as a home for so long. So we despatched our voyageurs upon an exploring expedition into the town, and, sheltering ourselves from the mid-day sun, we lay dreamily upon the bank, watching the eddying stream, and wondering whether the voyage of three hundred miles with it, which we had still in prospect under very different circumstances, would afford us as much enjoyment as that which we had so nearly completed.

## THE IMPERIAL POLICY OF RUSSIA.

## PART II.

So deeply interesting is the time that is now passing, that an attempt to recall the past, even when the present cannot well be understood without it, appears almost an impertinence. Events are jostling and thrusting aside each other in such a manner, that the student of history might well be excused, if for the time being he were to leave the octavo on the shelf, and confine his attention to the broad sheet of the *Times* newspaper, for he would not ill employ all the intervals between its numbers in pondering on the matter contained in them. The modest historian of Athens, centuries before the Christian era, when he took in hand to write the account of the Peloponnesian War, divining at its beginning that it would be one of the most important of all time, perhaps secretly feeling that he could help to make it so, and setting to work honestly and impartially in collecting evidence, and making himself master of contemporary events, might furnish an example to those in our day who possess similar gifts, warning them not to let slip so fair an opportunity of recording this gigantic duel of the East with the West, which threatens to fill the habitable globe with the echoes of its war-cries. The reason why Greece and its little wars possess such undying interest, and why the record of one war of twenty-seven years makes Thucydides immortal to us, is, that Greece was a miniature world, and that the man whose pages give a microscopic view of its sayings and doings, is presenting, while he does so, an accurate picture of modern times, with their subtle contests of state-craft and wars of peoples rather than of kings. There is especially just now an abundance of exact parallelism. We have seen fulfilled the prophecy of the Delphic

oracle at the beginning of the Peloponnesian War—

“Ἡξεῖ Δωρικὸς πόλεμος, καὶ λοιμός ἀμ  
ἀντῷ.

—“A Doric war shall come, and a plague with it.” Latterly, another striking similarity has been observed. The principal actors with whom the drama began are not destined to bring it to an end; but even while it is Present, they belong to the Past. As Pericles, Demosthenes, Eurymedon, Brasidas, passed away to make room for Lysander and Alcibiades, so we have been destined to see, only in the second year of the war, removed from their earthly responsibilities, the Emperor Nicholas, and the two Generals-in-Chief of the British and French armies in the East. It is useful to reflect that the furies of war are less mortal than the men who set them to work, or are set to work by them. Again, there is found in that wisest of histories a salutary lesson for our impatience. When the account of a war is written popularly and carelessly, the consummations seem to wait on the beginning, and the changes of fortune seem to follow each other with romantic rapidity. Thucydides, after recording one or two unimportant expeditions in the course of a year, which scarcely showed which side was the stronger, simply adds, and “so the summer came to an end, and the second or sixteenth year ended for this war, which Thucydides described.” The impatience of his countrymen, who fined Pericles because events did not march fast enough in their favour, is aptly represented by the sinking spirits of those of our statesmen who would prefer a dishonourable peace to carrying out to the end the struggle to which they deliberately committed, not only their

SCHLOSSER'S *Geschichte des 18ten und des 19ten Jahrhunderts.*

*Histoire de Russie.* Bibliothèque de Lille.

*The Life of Catharine II., Empress of Russia.* 3 vols. London, 1799.

VOLTAIRE, *Life of Peter the Great.*

own reputation, but the honour of their country; forgetting that nations, like individuals, must be made "perfect through suffering."

But our excuse for reverting to the history of the Past must be found in the truth of the fact to which we just now adverted, that the Present cannot well be understood without it, and that on no historic ground does the Present appear in its prominent circumstances a mere repetition of the Past, more strikingly than on that which forms the subject of the present papers. This will especially appear when we come to speak of the Empress Catharine II. and her times. But we must not anticipate; and the history of Russian policy between Peter I. and his female rival is well worth a cursory view.

In endeavouring to give a kind of architectural finish to the edifice of Russian despotism, the genius of Peter the Great overreached itself. Not content with the absolutism of the living Tsar, he wished to lay down as a principle, that the dead Tsar should rule from the grave, and, in defiance of all legitimacy and commonly recognised rules of succession, appoint his successor by will. Never was the truth of the proverb "L'homme propose, Dieu dispose," more fitly illustrated. From the time of Peter to the present, the Russian succession has been the most anomalous in the world, independent alike of the legitimate or the elective principle; and the most autocratic of monarchs has generally owed his throne to the accidental success of some low intrigue of the camarilla, as has frequently happened among the despotisms of India. Yet, strangely enough, this uncertainty in the personality of the Tsar has had little or no effect on the imperial policy of Russia. We cannot give much credit to the account of the existence of a formal will of Peter, in which the policy to be pursued by his successors was laid down in detail, including a plan for undermining and gradually getting possession of Europe and the world. Voltaire expressly says, that in his last moments he had begun to make a will, but was only able to write the words which signify "Give up all," without saying to whom; at the same time, he argues

to the improbability of a man so systematic in all his doings, having died without providing for the future. We cannot help thinking that Voltaire's evident wish to believe that Peter did make a will, joined with his inability to produce facts to prove it, is a strong evidence of the omission; and with every deference to the opinion of a man who was emphatically the man of the world in his time, we cannot lay much stress on the improbability he speaks of. Those who are full of life, of youthful nature—*νεανικοι την φύσιν*—like the young themselves, have at best but a faint belief in death, and "think all men mortal but themselves;" and Peter was one of these. Nor, paradoxical as it may appear, is such faintness of belief in death inconsistent with the highest intellect, but rather its contrary. For intellectual, like physical activity, is naturally sceptical of inaction; nor need we go out of our way to blame human weakness for this result, which rather proceeds from a most beneficent law of nature. For were men perpetually taken up with that practice of death in life which Plato and certain monastic orders enjoin, life would find no energy to provide for it, and everything great here below would be left unachieved.

There is, however, little doubt that Peter did intend to make a will, and that he wished to establish as a fundamental law of the Russian constitution that every Tsar should name his successor before his death. Whether he did so in his own case or not, is more difficult to establish. It is quite certain that it was the interest of the courtiers to say that he did, as it was their interest in after times to keep up the policy of which he was the father, and to which, as we shall find hereafter, every monarch who did not forward it, after the example that Peter had set with his eldest son, was unscrupulously sacrificed.

It was argued by the courtiers that Peter, whether he made a will or not, by the solemn coronation of his wife Catharine—a thing unprecedented in the history of Russia—intended her not only to be considered as in every respect his partner on the throne in life, but his successor, to the prejudice of the natural living heirs. But the

circumstances of the case sufficiently explain themselves. Peter had put away his first wife Eudoxia, by whom he was the father of the unfortunate Alexis, who was as much the victim of his conservatism as any of the martyrs of the French Revolution, to marry the low-born Catharine, whose beauty and shrewdness were her sole recommendations. During the campaign of the Pruth, when his life and the safety of his army were in danger, he owed both to the astuteness of this woman; and thus it does not appear singular that, during her good behaviour, he was willing to heap extraordinary honours upon her, whether or not he meant to enact a law the reverse of the Salic law in her favour. But he was not a man to be crossed with impunity, and Catharine's latter conduct appears to have deeply offended him—in fact, to such a degree that her disgrace or death would have been the consequence of the prolongation of her husband's life. The courtier Menschikoff—a man of an origin as low as that of the Tsarina—was the partner in her offence; and during the last moments of the Emperor, this man, having gained over a great part of the clergy and officials, had the audacity to seize the imperial stronghold and the treasury, maintaining, when the emperor had breathed his last, that interpretation of his incomplete will, by which “all was to be given up” to Catharine. Thus, immediately after the most despotic throne in the world had reached its maximum of consolidation, it became the prey of a pair of obscure and impudent adventurers.

Voltaire adduces as a proof of the extreme solidity of the constitution of Russia as established by Peter, the fact that four women were able to hold with success the reins of government after him, and that in each of their reigns the imperial policy of Russia was more or less forwarded. He might have added that the fact of four such women having been able to reign at all was a proof of the utterly unscrupulous character of the courtiers, the symbol of whose power was but the dagger of assassination, and the degrading submissiveness of the governed.

It is worthy of particular notice that those nations who enacted a Salic

law in the middle ages, were especially those who held female character in the highest honour, and on that very account thought a woman unfit to fill an arbitrary throne, or one of undefined prerogative, because such a position would expose her to peculiar temptations—such temptations as, if yielded to, would forfeit for her the respect and obedience of the governed. This feeling was, no doubt, apart from that necessity of the middle ages, that a sovereign should head the armies of the state. Obedience and devotion to a woman without character would have seemed to the knights of old as difficult as allegiance to a king who habitually broke his word, or otherwise forgot his manly honour. This alienation of the affections of a chivalrous nation is instanced now in the case of a southern sovereign, whose deficiencies in self-respect have lost her the respect of her subjects, and bid fair to hand them over to a state of anarchy. We must not be suspected of advocating a Salic law in the case of a constitutional queen, for loyalty would be enhanced by chivalrous sympathies if the lamp of purity and domestic virtue shone for ever in the highest place, as it could, indeed, best if the throne were filled by a woman, and such a woman as a Victoria or a Eugenie. But as for Russia, the case is far different; and the fact that women, stained not only with feminine frailty, but even with that most unfeminine vice of habitual drunkenness, were able to rule her undisturbed, and even preferred to other rulers of better right, furnishes alone conclusive evidence of the innate and irretrievable barbarism of that nation.

That the Great Emperor himself, in spite of his predilections for exotic civilisation, lived and died a savage, in taste and feeling no better than the lowest of his subjects, may be seen by referring to the text of his admirer Voltaire.

“When he had created his nation, he thought that he might well be allowed to consult his inclinations in marrying his favourite—a favourite who well deserved to become his wife. He celebrated this marriage publicly in 1712. This famous Catharine was an orphan, born in the village of

Ringen in Esthonia, brought up, as a charity, in the house of a Lutheran minister named Glück, and married to a Livonian soldier! Two days after this marriage she was taken captive in war, and passed from the service of the Generals Bauer and Sheremetof into that of Menschikoff, a journeyman pastrycook, who became a prince and the first man of the empire. At length she became the wife of Peter the Great, and afterwards sovereign empress after the death of the Tsar, a position of which she was worthy. She had much influence in softening the manners of her husband, and saved many more backs from the knout and heads from the axe than General Le Fort had done. She was loved and respected. A German baron, an equerry of an abbot of Fulda, would not have married Catharine, but Peter the Great thought that by his side merit could dispense with thirty-two quarterings. Sovereigns love to think that there is no greatness but that which they bestow, and that all is equal in their presence."

That Peter dared to marry Catharine, and appoint her his successor, showed that he could dare everything with his people.

Setting aside the consideration that Peter's wife was not a gentlewoman, and the even more important one of irreproachable character, Catharine I. seems to have been fitted by other qualities to succeed her husband, her mental endowments marking her out as one to whom his policy might be intrusted, and her kindness of disposition as a monarch likely to secure affection. There is one anecdote which tells well for her feeling and temper. One of her maids of honour was sentenced to receive eleven blows of the knout. The empress endeavoured to beg her off; the emperor refused, smashing in his rage a vase of Venetian glass, and exclaiming, "You see that nothing but a blow from my hand is wanted to reduce this glass to the dust from which it came." Catharine gave him a look full of grief and tenderness, and said, "Very well, you have broken that which was the ornament of your palace; do you think that it will be embellished by such a proceeding?" The story adds, "These words appeased the emperor, but all

the indulgence that his wife could obtain at his hands was that the maid of honour should only receive five blows of the knout instead of eleven." It is not to be wondered at after this that the brutality of the husband led to the infidelity of the wife, as is too often the case. That Catharine should have been vaguely accused of poisoning him to save herself, is, though not probable, scarcely unnatural, though the surmise may have been entirely founded on subsequent occurrences in the Russian court.

But however Catharine may have behaved to Peter personally, she respected his wishes, and carried out his policy. Voltaire says emphatically, "Le palais a eu des révolutions après sa mort; l'état n'en a éprouvé aucune. La splendeur de cet empire s'est augmentée sous Catharine I. : il a triomphé des Turcs et des Suédois sous Anne Petrona; il a conquis, sous Elizabeth, la Prusse et une partie de la Poméranie; il a joni d'abord de la paix, et il a vu fleurir les arts sous Catharine II." It is well worthy of observation, that from the time of Peter the Great to that of Alexander I., it is the empresses, much more than the emperors, who seem to have kept steadily in view the imperial policy of Russia, as bequeathed to them by Peter the Great. This fact of itself shows that its maintenance depended, in all cases, as much on the traditions of an interested court as on the personal inclinations of the sovereign.

In the very coronation of Catharine during the life of Peter, the Russian longing for Constantinople, the key of the imperial policy, appeared to be symbolised. It was from the history of imperial Byzantium that Russia assumed her double-headed eagle, and that the Czar, in his proclamation, quoted the precedents for this ceremony. Thus did a woman, raised to the throne, seem bound, by injunctions particularly solemn, to carry out a policy by the maintenance of which alone she had a right to reign. And by the peculiar customs of the Russian court, a female sovereign was the most pliant instrument in the hands of that knot of courtiers to whom the policy of Peter was daily bread.

Catharine I. did not long survive

her husband; she reigned but two years, and during that time, although the external limits of the empire do not appear to have been much advanced, we may presume that its power suffered no diminution, and its internal organisation became more complete. Unless she is maligned, it appears that her constitution was undermined by the too free use of the delicious wine of Tokay. This was a taste naturally imbibed in the court of her husband, where drunkenness, after a certain hour, was the rule both for men and women, and sobriety the exception. If Peter did not make a will, it appears that Catharine did; and here it appears that she simply consulted the common usage in appointing Peter, the son of the outcast Alexis, to fill the throne of his grandfather. This may, if sincerely done, have been the effect of remorse, a natural love of justice, or the influence of her confessor. In case of Peter Alexievitch dying without issue, the succession was to pass to Catharine's elder daughter Anne; in case of Anne's dying, in the same way to Catharine's younger daughter Elizabeth, and to her *legitimate* heirs after her, it being provided that the possession of a foreign crown, or the profession of any other religion than the Greek, should invalidate all pretensions to the throne of the Tsars. But she added a clause to this will, which, whether intentionally or not, was calculated to nullify the rest. A regency being necessary, in consequence of the tender years of the heir-apparent, it was to be administered by nine persons, namely, Anne, Elizabeth, the Duke of Holstein, Prince Menschikoff, and five other senators—just the persons, of all others, most interested in setting the heir-apparent aside, notwithstanding that another clause in the will forbade them to do so—being added, we may suppose, if not in innocent misguidedness, for decency's sake. The Tsar was to come of age at sixteen, and until that time intrigue had its fling. Peter II. was proclaimed the day after the empress's death, for form's sake. But it soon became plain that Menschikoff was to be the only real regent. He disgusted the Duke of Holstein and his wife Anne into quitting St Petersburg, and then he

had it all his own way. His object was to marry the young emperor to his daughter, and then get him fully into his possession. But by his temporary exercise of power in the state and army, he became so unpopular that his ambition was soon frustrated. Peter II. was set against Menschikoff by one Prince Ivan Dolgorouki, a Russian noble of the reactionary party; and now taking the law into his own hands, he succeeded in degrading Menschikoff, and sending him to Siberia.

The young Prince Dolgorouki succeeded to the court favour which Menschikoff had enjoyed; and the young Tsar was on the point of marrying his friend's sister, when the small-pox—that scourge of the time—carried him off the 31st January 1730. When he came to the throne, he had recalled to court from her convent his grandmother Eudoxia, Peter the Great's first wife, although she had lived too long out of the world to feel herself at home in it, and soon went back to her retirement. This, with other circumstances, tends to show that, if this Tsar had lived, he would, if he had been able, have reversed his grandfather's system; and even thus early, the imperial policy of Russia might have been nipped in the bud. Providence had otherwise ordained.

By the death of Peter II. without issue, the male line of Romanoff became extinct. If Anna Petrovna had been alive, she would have been the next heir, according to Catharine's will; but she had died in 1728, leaving an only son, who afterwards reigned as Peter III., and would have reigned now, had the will of the deceased Tsarina been otherwise than waste paper in the hands of the omnipotent camarilla. Little did it avail Catharine that she named her last wish the *fundamental law* of the state. The supreme council assembled, and called Anne, daughter of Ivan, Peter the Great's elder brother, to the throne. In doing so, the council seems merely to have kept in view the perpetuation of its own power, for it endeavoured to bind its creature, the new empress, by guarantees of limitation, by which, if they had been permanently carried out, the imperial theory of irresponsible power would have been completely

ignored. But it was easier to set aside the wishes of the dead than to bind the living; and the aristocratic principle was too far gone in Russia to be resuscitated by any artificial galvanism. A deputation, headed by Prince Dolgorouki, the father of that Ivan who was the friend of Peter II., set out for the residence of the Duchess of Courland, to call her to the sovereignty—but under the condition that she should bring no strangers in her suite, and especially one Biren, who exercised a strong influence over her. A little common sense would have taught the deputation the futility of this mission, in all excepting the acceptance of the throne by the future empress. Anne swallowed all her pledges, signed her name to everything, and, as soon as she came to Moscow, began to set about breaking her faith with these foolish friends. She soon surrounded herself with a camarilla of her own choosing, at the head of which was the forbidden Biren. Then she called an assembly of the nobles, and, sure of success, threw upon them the responsibility of her usurpation. She excused the violation of her pledges on the ground that she acted under compulsion, having a right to the succession, and that those who endeavoured to violate the constitution by limiting the power of the sovereign were guilty of high treason in doing so. The assembly having justified her by acclamation, she publicly tore the agreement she had made, and proclaimed herself autocratrix of all the Russias. Biren had then his full swing of vengeance on his enemies, especially the family Dolgorouki. Ivan and Vassili were broken on the wheel, others beheaded, and others sent to Siberia.

This Biren, who filled the same position in the court of Anne that Potemkin and many others occupied in that of Catharine II., ruled Russia with a grinding tyranny, but extended her empire abroad. He succeeded in deposing the patriotic king of Poland, Stanislaus Leckzinski, and substituting Augustus III., Elector of Saxony, a mere creature of Russia. The armies of Russia, commanded by Munich, gave effectual assistance to the German Emperor Charles VI., conquered the Turks, and routed the

Tartars of the Crimea. At Biren's instigation, the empress took measures to plant offsets of Russian imperialism in Germany, by marrying her niece, the daughter of Charles, duke of Mecklenburg, and of her sister, Catharine Ivanovna, to the Prince Antony Ulric of Brunswick-Lunéburg, the nephew of the Austrian empress. At the same time, she nominated this niece as her successor to the throne of the Tsars. Biren, however, subsequently, thinking that a child would be more manageable than a woman, and foreseeing his own permanent preferment in a regency, managed to get the child of the Tsarina-elect—whose name had been changed from Catharine to Anne, with the same ease that her religion had been changed from Lutheran to Greek for the sake of the throne—nominated heir-apparent, to the prejudice of his mother, as well as of his aunt, Elizabeth Petrovna. It was scarcely possible, in the nature of things, that a marriage undertaken under such auspices as that of Catharine, *alias* Anne of Mecklenburg, could come to much good in itself or in its issue. Never was there, in the whole history of the pampered levity of courts, so flagrant a defiance of Nemesis or Divine justice. That barbarous court could be satisfied with no exuberance of festivity in which cruelty did not find a place. One anecdote is quite enough. A certain Prince Galitzin had during his travels embraced the Roman Catholic religion. When he returned to Russia, Anne condemned him to expiate his apostacy—not on the scaffold, but by acting the part of court-jester; a refinement of brutality similar to that by which the Spanish Inquisition sent heretics to the stake in ridiculous dresses; and though he was a man of forty, she made him associate with her boy-pages, and no doubt submit to all their impertinences. His wife died. Instead of respecting his bereavement, nothing would satisfy this—as the Germans might call her—raven-empress, but that the poor widower should marry again immediately, and, because he was of high rank, some rough country wench. This wedding was to follow and travesty that of her imperial niece.



It was the winter of 1740, one of the hardest of its century. A palace of ice was raised on the occasion, completely furnished in all its details with the same material, from which were also made four cannons and two mortars, which, placed in front of the palace, were fired several times without bursting—not that the authorities much cared whether they did or not. The governors of all the different provinces were obliged to send their specimens of all the subject races in their national costumes, to form a processional pageant which, under other circumstances, might have been interesting. The procession was formed of more than three hundred persons, and passed before the windows of the empress and through the principal streets of the town. The newly-married pair came first, shut up in a great cage, and carried on an elephant. Some of the guests were borne on camels, the others were distributed in pairs in drays drawn by rein-deer, oxen, dogs, goats, and even swine. The dinner was prepared in Biren's own establishment, and the representatives of each country were regaled with their peculiar dishes. It was followed by a ball, composed of a medley of all the national dances, and the whole ceremonial ended with the instalment of the bridal pair in their palace of ice. M. Chopin, who relates these doings, justly remarks, that those who set on foot this festival, not so much burlesque as cruel, were more degraded by it than its victims. We should not have cited this anecdote did it not tend to show one of the directions taken by the imperial policy of Russia. This was the systematic humiliation of the profession of the Roman religion.

This vile proceeding was of a piece with the vulgar jest of Peter the Great, when he created his fool Sotoff pope of Rome, and married him, when he was more than eighty, to a poor creature of his own age—the attendant ceremonies being such as to outrage all religion and decency; a piece of brutality which Voltaire relates with anything but disapprobation—probably condoning the offence against good taste for the sake of the insult to the Church of his country. These two instances of

practical joking, far excelling in ingenuity as well as cruelty anything done by the stupid idleness of youth under that name, taken together with a course of oppression against the Roman Catholic Poles, and coming to a climax in the cruelties practised on the nuns of Minsk in the reign of Nicholas, seem to prove that insult to the Latin religion was part of the system of the Tsars. Why it was so is more difficult to say. The Tsars, having done much to limit the independence of their own clergy, might have wished to throw a sop to their bigotry by persecuting a religion historically antagonistic to the Greek. And there is room to suspect political vindictiveness. It is mentioned as a fact by one of our authorities, that among the German princesses who were sought for Russian alliances, the Protestants were easily induced to abjure their religion, and to be rebaptised into the Greek Church, while the Catholics invariably shrank from such a compromise of principle. If this be true, it only tallies with recent observation of the vagueness and laxity of the Protestant faith of Germany, philosophised into Pantheism with the learned, and slumbering into immorality of conduct and political perfidiousness with the reigning houses and the courts.

The position which Biren occupied in the state during the reign of this empress, similar to that which Menschikoff occupied under Catharine I., seems to have become henceforth, during the times of the female sovereigns up to the end of the reign of Catharine II., a part of the constitution of Russia. The position of the husband of a queen or empress is a difficulty in every country, because his inferiority to her as a subject has to be reconciled with his regal superiority as a husband. We get out of the difficulty by enacting that the queen shall never marry a subject, binding the prince-consort to remain for ever in the position of a resident foreigner, visiting the crowned head on terms of equality. The Russians of those days preferred another expedient, by which the private character of the empress was sacrificed to her prerogative. They dispensed altogether with the marriage ceremony

in the case of her partner; and thus, just as the Sultan of Turkey is considered too high for any woman to share his elevation, and therefore never married, the Sultana being nothing more than the chief of his slaves, so the favourite of the Empress of Russia for the time being was nothing more than the chief of her slaves; but, notwithstanding that, if sufficiently able, frequently managing to rule the country in her name with despotic power. At the same time he remained attached to her court only during her will and pleasure, and, especially in the case of Catharine II., was kept under strict surveillance, never being allowed to leave the palace without special permission from his sovereign.

This custom is a subject which it is not very desirable to dwell on, being, in its circumstances, unholy ground—a kind of half-congealed stream of lava which lies in our way, and which we must trip over, but as swiftly and lightly as possible, for fear of burning the soles of our shoes. A cursory notice is necessary to enable us to understand this period of Russian history.

The imperial policy of Russia, as beginning with Peter and carried out by the empresses and their favourites his successors, was as immoral as the practices of their courts. Its most obvious characteristic is its utter want of heroism. Rome advanced to her conquests in a very different manner. She let the nations know beforehand that she meant to conquer them. After giving them this information, she was indulgent to the submissive, investing them at once with all her privileges of citizenship—merciless to the resisting, but knowing one only way worthy of herself to bear them down—fair and open fighting, as Virgil well describes her imperial policy. But that of Russia was, if imperial, not externally imperious. A great respect and deference to foreign powers, foreign usages, foreign persons, was assumed throughout. The Tsar was the humble scholar, cap in hand, waiting his time to distance his masters. Force was always ready in the background, waiting outside till wanted, like the myrmidons of a commissary of police making a domiciliary

visit on some state offender. It was Peter's especial care to make all safe. His navy was not generally to fight unless far outnumbering the enemy—a principle on which it acts in the present war. He would never have authorised running the gauntlet against a European league; and even now this war of ours would not be on our hands unless Russia had been deceived by our Ministers, and, from their pacific professions and extra civility, taught to think that it was not probable we should draw the sword against her as well as France. The action of Russian aggression on all surrounding countries may be compared to that element of frost which is literally one of her most powerful arms. Secret, cold, and insinuating, it proceeds by sapping and undermining; and just as the mischief of frost is latent till the great rock, or bridge, or wall, or railway embankment, comes down a heap of rubbish, so is her policy latent till a nation collapses, and there is nothing left for her to do but to plant her flag upon its ruins. The most difficult kingdom to maintain against her is ever one divided against itself—one in which there is a split or schism, no matter how small at first; just as it is necessary that there should be some cranny or chink in the solid mass to admit the sap of frost. Now, of kingdoms divided against themselves, and therefore not likely to stand, there never was a more glaring instance in history than that of Poland. Patriotism may have lingered amongst her nobles, but with an elective monarchy, and one to which foreigners were eligible, sowing a rich harvest of pretensions and pretenders, it must soon have become practically a dead letter. Not so many years after the heroism of John Sobieski at the battle of Vienna achieved the salvation of Germany, perhaps of Europe, and made the Crescent turn to its wane when it seemed on the point of becoming full, had Poland fallen so far in the respect of Europe that the question of its division in 1710 is said to have been secretly mooted in diplomatic conversations at the Russian court. It must have struck Peter at once that partition, though not so glorious, would be better than whole-

sale deglutition, because the latter operation, if successful, would have raised a compact phalanx of opponents in Germany; whereas, by allowing the complicity of the leading powers—and better of two than of one of them—their souls would be as it were sold to him, and they would either be disposed to wink at further aggressions not immediately concerning themselves, or else, when the light dawned upon them, they would not have the courage to resist his encroachments—being placed in the dilemma of becoming satrapies of Russia, or submitting to political dissolution. Is not this precisely the position of Prussia and Austria now? Though asleep morally, their senses are enough awake to see the monster of the nightmare growing larger and bearing down upon them, but they cannot fly or strike. Poland keeps them motionless, and with their hair standing on end, just as the coverings of his bed obstruct the hands and the feet of the dreamer. Why did we also finally acquiesce in the partition of Poland? Surely it was not for the sake of our trade. We may almost tremble at this insinuation, but, if it be true, we may have sold our souls likewise. We hope that it was only blindness. If so, it was not so much a crime as an error, but an error which nothing will atone for now but some of the best blood of our men, and some of the holiest tears of our women, shed because of its shedding. Other countries, though in a less degree than Poland, had presented the same opportunities of interference to Peter the Great. He had found a king in Prussia, Frederick-William, a rough-and-ready man, well-meaning but injudicious, inclined himself to Puritanical strictness,—driving people out of the taverns at nine p. m. on Sundays, and disgusting them, and then giving way, partly, it must be confessed, because it hurt his revenues; much in the same way as our Whig legislators, who have enforced the same law an hour

later, have given way on other points to mob-demonstrations, but left the original offence, and made the whole aristocracy unpopular. This Frederick-William was a mere child in his hands, as was the opposite character, the profligate Augustus of Saxony and Poland—the puppet whose strings he pulled. The Grand-duke of Mecklenburg was a tyrant, and at feud with his subjects; therefore did Peter court his alliance as a pretext for interference. Denmark was internally uncomfortable. He had managed to terrorise Copenhagen by the presence of a Russian fleet. China was a long way off, but he wished to colonise Kamtschatka and Siberia, and establish himself on the Pacific, and so he made a commercial treaty with China.\* Persia was in a state of civil war. He had supported the most unworthy of the pretenders, and, after three successful campaigns, got possession of the provinces of Astrakan and Ghilan, and the important towns of Derbend and Baku. But it was in Poland that he had made most way, and established the firmest basis for future conquest.

When Augustus, the free-and-easy friend of Peter the Great, died, the Poles declined to have his son to rule over them, and the majority of them decided in favour of one Piast, a born Pole; but the primate and nobles were sold to Russia, and sought a closer alliance with that power.

Hence arose a state of anarchy. After much intriguing, Stanislaus was chosen king; but the Russians and the Russianisers chose Augustus III., and under pretext of defending the old constitution, and the laws and liberties of Poland, and proceeding legally against Stanislaus, Marshal Munich came and besieged Dantzic with fifty thousand men. Stanislaus fled for shelter to Frederick-William, who refused to give him up. Russian legions swarmed over Poland, and appeared even in Germany and on the Rhine, so

\* It was mentioned a short time since, in the correspondence of the *Times*, that Russia had taken advantage of the embroilment of the Chinese empire to appropriate a slice of Chinese Tartary; and in the *Times* of July 10 we find, among the Californian news, an account of a new fortress at the mouth of the Amoor, said to be nearly as strong as Sebastopol. These statements were fully anticipated in our article on *China* in January 1854, p. 73.

as to occasion considerable uneasiness not only in Prussia, but at the court of Vienna. Biren was chosen Duke of Courland in 1737: when the Polish war had been ended to the satisfaction of Russia, he moved the Tsarina to act against Turkey. Some predatory grievances on the part of the Khan of the Crimea had before this furnished Russia with a pretext for attacking him; but General Leontiew, who directed the first expedition, brought but few troops back, the rest having been destroyed by cold and hunger. The Sultan was awakened to the danger which he incurred through his vassal the Khan by the Russians going to Azoff in 1736, but he was kept quiet by the menacing attitude of Austria. In 1737, however, Russia and Austria agreed on acting against Turkey in concert, and alarmed the maritime powers by setting on foot rumours of an intended partition of Turkey. Austria was beaten in the first year's campaign, and lost at the final peace all the conquests of Prince Eugene. Russia fared better under the generalship of Munich, who attacked Moldavia and Wallachia, gained a signal victory over the Turks and Tartars in August 1739, took Jassy, and was on his way to Bender, when he was stopt by the peace of Belgrade, to his infinite chagrin, as he saw that nothing but unprofitable glory, purchased in the usual Russian manner by a holocaust of men, would result from the war. Thus we may see, that although no very solid results were obtained by the Turkish wars of the Empress Anne, yet the imperial policy of Russia bore its fruits in Poland and Germany, and mines were laid in many directions, which might be sprung at some future opportunity.

The termination of the career of Anne Ivanovna was not far distant. Biren preserved his influence over her till her last moments. On the 23d of August 1740, Anne, the adopted daughter and real niece of the empress, having given birth to a son, and Biren having persuaded the empress, as we have shown, to adopt this son as heir to the throne, in preference to his mother, she died of an attack of gout, probably brought on by her too free living, in the forty-

ninth year of her age, and the eleventh of her reign. Biren's instrument in carrying out his designs, Marshal Munich, proved intractable. He had the army in his hands, and as soon as the empress was gone, resolved to overturn Biren. In the night of the 20th of November, Munich surprised the palace of the regent with a party of soldiers, and carried him off to Schlüsselburg. The Princess of Brunswick, who had been sent into Germany by Biren, was recalled, and made regent to her son under the title of the Grand-duchess. Biren was tried for his life by the senate, and condemned to death, but this sentence was changed for one of exile to Siberia. His fall was a special triumph to his own creatures. Munich, untaught by Biren's fate, at once began to imitate him. The regent, an indolent and luxurious princess, became a cipher in the state. It must not be forgotten that there yet survived a daughter of Peter the Great and of Catharine I., who, according to the will of the latter, was to be called to the throne after her sister Anne, in case of her posterity becoming extinct. This was Elizabeth, born in 1709, in the midst of her father's glory, a lazy and pleasure-loving woman, who would never have taken active measures for her succession, but was quite willing to be passively invested with the sovereign dignity. Her natural unfitness was anything but a disqualification in the eyes of the ambitious courtiers.

La Chétardie, the French ambassador, who wished to embroil Russia in order to weaken the foreign alliances of Maria Theresa, and who succeeded in goading Sweden into an ineffectual war against her, and Lestocq, a surgeon of French origin, were the chief agents in the revolution which ensued. The indolence of Elizabeth was the only obstacle. It was overcome by a bold stroke of Lestocq. He went to Elizabeth, and finding a card on the table, drew on it a figure of a wheel, and a crown, and said, "There is no middle course, madame; one of these is for me, or the other for you." After this the hour of action was fixed. This revolution was managed by an appeal to the Prætorians of the day, the Preobazinsky grenadiers, a party

of whom seized the regent and her husband in the night of the 6th December 1741, with the imperial infant Ivan, and carried them all to Elizabeth's palace. Munich and others were also made safe.

The dynasty was changed, and without bloodshed, at least for the present. Thus Ivan Antonovitch was deposed before he had really reigned at all, and Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great, was installed as empress on the 7th of December 1741.

The first thing she did was to dispose of her fallen rivals. Anne of Mecklenburg, and Antony Ulric, her husband, were sent about from place to place for safe keeping, until at last they were consigned to imprisonment in an island near the White Sea, not far from the arctic circle. The boy was separated from his parents, and shut up in the fortress of Schlüsselburg, where he remained captive till he was murdered in the reign of Catharine II.

Thus having disposed of her rivals, Elizabeth was crowned at Moscow, according to custom, by the Bishop of Novgorod, the 7th of May 1742. She took the opportunity of recalling at this time several exiles of the time of the regency, amongst others the notorious Biren. An agreeable surprise awaited him. On his way back he met his particular enemies going into exile, Munich amongst them, who was to take his place, and occupy the very house which he had planned for Biren. The same year Elizabeth named as her heir Charles Peter Ulric, of Holstein-Gottorp, her nephew, son of her sister Anna Petrovna. Some years afterwards, the Swedes offered their throne to the same prince—an extraordinary infatuation, only to be accounted for by strangely divided councils. Instead of seizing the opportunity of uniting Sweden and Russia under the same crown, this prince did not think he could hold both, and to his cost refused the Swedish certainty for the Russian prospect. Russia and Sweden were, notwithstanding this amicable offer, at war, and the war ended with the peace of Abo, greatly to the advantage of Russia, as the chief stipulations of the peace of Nystadt were confirmed thereby, and Finland was placed at

the mercy of Russia, ripe for final absorption. But Elizabeth had to fight it out with a more formidable antagonist than Sweden. A conspiracy against her having been discovered, and she suspecting that Frederick the Great of Prussia was at the bottom of it, embraced the alliance of Austria, which was at war with him. Marshal Apraxin penetrated into Prussia in the year 1757, took Memel, and beat the Prussians in a pitched battle. But instead of following up his advantages, he unaccountably retreated to take up winter quarters in Poland. The empress punished him for this by imprisoning him at Narva, and tried him for his life, but apoplexy anticipated her vengeance. Apraxin's successor, Fermer, beat the Prussians again, took Königsberg, and was pushing on his advantages when he perceived that the Grand-duke of Russia, a German still in heart, did not like it; so he retired from the command, the reason for his retirement being probably the same as that of the retreat of Apraxin. Soltikoff succeeded him, beat the Prussians on the Oder, took Frankfort, and pushed detachments as far as the gates of Berlin. At last he had the good fortune to triumph, in concert with the Austrians, over the Great Frederick himself, in a battle which lasted eight hours, and in which the Prussians left 8000 men on the field. The news of this victory was received with the greatest satisfaction at St Petersburg, and every soldier who could prove that he had been engaged in it, was exempted for life from all statute labour. The two campaigns which followed were decidedly advantageous to Russia, but Elizabeth was not allowed to finish the war. She died January the 5th, 1762, at the age of fifty-one. In this reign the weight and terror of Russian arms and influence, which had before pressed most heavily on the East, began to make itself more or less felt through Western Europe, especially in Germany. But it was easy to see, from the part which the representative of the Holstein-Gottorps, the Grand-duke Charles, who was rebaptised into Peter III. of Russia, played in this Prussian war, that he was not fit to be an instrument of the imperial policy of Russia,

and that, as eventually happened, his tenure of power was very likely to be cut short by some court intrigue.

Elizabeth, on her deathbed, had enjoined on her successor the fulfilment of her engagements with her allies. Peter, as soon as she was gone, did exactly the contrary. He was an enthusiastic admirer of Frederick II., nor, with his religion, had he abjured his nationality. He abandoned the party of Maria Theresa, made peace with the King of Prussia, and sent back the prisoners taken from him loaded with presents. Thus Prussia was saved, not by her own merit, as Sweden had been saved before, contrary to her deserts; and the indifference of the Tsar himself to the imperial policy of Russia, postponed for the present her further aggrandisement. It is impossible to estimate the consequences, had Peter III. inherited the astuteness or the ambition of Peter I., or possessed that of his own wife Sophia Augusta Frederica, princess of Anhalt-Zerbst. His antinational predilections, far more than any positive incapacity, were the seal of his doom.

As to Elizabeth herself, it does not appear that she ever acted independently, but, governed by a succession of favourites, whose interests were all bound up with the material progress of Russia, she was made, unconsciously to herself, one of its most effectual promoters. Peter III., during the lifetime of Elizabeth, had been the victim of court intrigues and misrepresentation, and somehow or other had contrived to make himself many and powerful enemies, whilst his wife Sophia, christened Catharine, pursued a diametrically opposite course. Directed by a vigilant mother, she was solely engaged in gaining partisans. Her strong disposition to pleasure was mute at the call of ambition, and if she had not captivated the heart of the reigning empress, she had at least extorted her favourable opinion, so that her position at court was more strongly entrenched every day. If we were here to attempt to give a sketch of the intrigues by which revolutions came to pass at the Russian court at this time, we should be led into a maze of plots and underplots connected with trickery and jugglery of

the vilest kind, generally originating in some domestic entanglement, by which all laws divine and human were set at defiance. It is a period which the back-stairs historians of immoral courts might revel in to their hearts' content. It displayed all the laxity of the court of Versailles under Louis XIV. and the Regency, without its elegance; all the effrontery of that of Charles II., without its facetiousness. When Peter III. came to the throne, the pitfall had already been laid into which a few steps made in the dark were certain to precipitate him. It was easy for him to efface his predecessor's memory, yet it was easy to observe an absence of that heartiness which generally greets a young prince on his accession. All tempers seemed out of tune; the emperor found no more real affection in the larger circle of the court than in the smaller one of his family. One cause of this was, that a reaction, which Elizabeth had flattered, had been gaining ground against the foreigners about court, and had gone so far that many of them had been forced to resign their positions. Peter, however, so far from respecting this old Russian feeling, continued to Germanise, and seemed to centre all his affections on Holstein, while he showed coldness, or even repugnance, to the concerns of his empire. He even omitted to make preparations for his coronation at Moscow, and consumed the time instead in preparations to meet Frederick, his great model, in Germany. Apart from his policy, the beginnings of his government at home were mild and popular. One of his first measures was to set free the nobility and gentry, and put them on a European footing; another was, to recall all the state prisoners from Siberia, amongst them the rivals Biren and Munich,—the former of whom was afterwards reinstated by Catharine II. in his duchy of Courland.

If Peter had known the hearts of the Russians better, he would have seen that mildness and justice were only thrown away upon them. While his private excesses continued to alienate his intimate friends, his public acts failed to conciliate his enemies. Not the least powerful among these were the popes, or Russian priests,

who continually instilled into the people that the prince was in heart a German, and in soul a Lutheran; so that the lower classes were set against him, as well as many of the higher. Instead of doing anything to heal this breach, the Tsar did everything to make it larger. He secularised the possessions of the Church, and put the clergy on yearly salaries; he took from the churches the pictures of the saints, and banished the Archbishop of Novgorod for objecting to it; and then, by recalling him, gained a character for weakness of purpose, while he did not in the least diminish the odium that step had occasioned.

But the most sacrilegious thing that he did, in the eyes of the people, was in naming two ships of war, one Prince George, and the other Frederick, instead of after Russian saints, as was the general custom. Catharine knew her subjects better, and rebaptised them by the names of the St Nicholas and the St Alexander—a consecration which, though it pleased the Russians, did not prevent them from being taken by the Turks in the war of 1768. But all these offences might have been swallowed, had Peter left the army alone. He was not contented without offending it as well, by introducing German tactics and German uniforms. All this was contrary to the advice of his friend Frederick, who advised him to be crowned at Moscow, *more majorem*, and to give up meddling with the tailoring of monks or soldiers, and with other little particulars of the same kind, which, in the eyes of a semi-barbarous people, are of the first importance. Above all things, Frederick advised him to keep on good terms with his wife, whose power was daily on the increase, as his own was on the wane. To sum up the causes of Peter's fall, he was untrue to the imperial policy of Russia, probably because he had not the genius to understand it. It is well observed by the historian of the life of Catharine II., that the power of the Tsars, though uncontrollable in its exercise, is weak in its foundation. No position in Europe requires greater vigilance, or a steadier hand on the reins. Just as a joint becomes weaker after dislocation, and increasingly liable to be dislocated again, the constant

changes of the succession in Russia made the throne singularly insecure, though its prerogatives remained the same, and its external power even increased till it reached its maximum. Peter, as we have seen, was not the man to be aware of these peculiar difficulties. His unpopularity at last grew to its head, and a conspiracy was formed against him, whose action was accelerated by the emperor's own imprudence. He happened, over his wine, to allow his intention to transpire of depriving the empress of the throne, and divorcing her, disinheriting his son at the same time. Catharine at once determined to be beforehand with him, and resolved on a *coup d'état* of her own. The thing was done in a few hours. The nobles, the people, the priests, and the troops, had already been gained, and Catharine found no obstacle to her usurpation of a throne to which, in her own right, she had not the faintest shadow of a claim. None were more astonished at the ease of their victory than the conspirators themselves. As for the unfortunate Peter, he heard the news at Oranienbaum, tried to escape from Cronstadt, but was ignominiously driven back, and conducted as a prisoner to Peterhof, where he signed a most abject abdication. This did not save his life. His enemies led him at last to the castle of Ropcha, where they strangled him, as is generally believed not without the privity of Catharine; at all events, by not taking subsequent cognisance of the murder, she made herself an accessory after the fact; and history commits no great injustice in branding her memory with the complicated crime of Clytemnestra.

In the reign of Peter III., which lasted but six months, little or nothing was done to forward the imperial policy of Russia. He does not, however, seem to have lost sight of her aggrandisement altogether, as he published a decree, setting forth her commercial advantages—perhaps being advised that conquest was not the best way to civilise a nation, or the only way to raise it to greatness. Catharine, though differently minded in most points, thought it worth while to take up this idea, and improve on it, probably because she saw that commerce

is a feeder of war, and especially necessary for the maintenance of the navy in an efficient state. It was obvious to her that the position of Russia was replete with advantages. She improved upon them, so that, during the course of her reign, Courland, on the Baltic, fell absolutely under her sceptre; while the possession of the sea of Azoff, and the adjacent ports, paved her way to Egypt, Africa, and Greece. The inhabitants of the extreme north-eastern part of Asia were at length obliged to submit to Muscovite power; and the Straits of Behring being easily overstepped, it was enabled to gain a footing in the northern parts of the American continent. Intercourse was opened with China through the frontier towns of Kiachta and Maimatshin; and Orenburg, in Asiatic Russia, was well placed for trade with India; so that at Balk, a town in Bactriana, or Khorasan, the Russian and East Indian caravans, which required but three months for their whole journey, met together. But all this was the work of time. The beginnings of Catharine's reign were not undisturbed by seditions. The first of these was founded on the pretensions of the old nobility, which had been revived during the late reign. Ivan, the deposed Tsar, who had only reigned in infancy, furnished, in his prison at Schlüsselburg, a rallying-point. This insurrection was nipped in the bud by the murder of Ivan by the Orloffs, and some others of the zealous partisans of the empress. Another insurrection, which, later in her reign, assumed formidable dimensions, was that of a Cossack of the Don, named Pugatscheff, who acted on the superstition of the serfs, thinking to play the same part which had been played by the impostors of former times. He pretended to be the deceased Tsar Peter III., and succeeded in kindling a servile war in the southern provinces of Russia and about the frontier of Asia, which was attended with the horrors of the *Jacquerie* in France, and gave infinite trouble to the Russian generals, resembling a fire running along the ground in dry herbage, which, as soon as it is trampled out in one part, reappears at another. This rebellion was at length stifled by the capture

and execution of the ringleader. The troubles which at the accession of the empress were fast thickening in the unhappy kingdom of Poland, did not render it necessary for her to look far for a fair field for her ambition. In the last decade of the eighteenth century the class of nobles played a part so distinct from that of former days, that the notion that it was a support to monarchy lost ground considerably. In Austria, Joseph II. was baffled in his plans of reform by the nobles, those plans appearing to them only a pretext for establishing a pure absolutism. In Sweden, the nobles were at feud with Gustavus III., and took the anti-national side, selling themselves to the enemy. But it may be doubted whether they did this consciously; probably they only wished to oppose the revolutionary tendency, whose general results were democracy and despotism. The state of Poland was the worst of all. From the nature of the constitution, it is not to be wondered at that nationality had disappeared. It became at length a matter of course to sell the kingdom and the king to the highest bidder. Catharine saw this state of things both in Sweden and Poland, and was not slow to profit by it. Gustavus III., a romantic and foolish prince, was induced to visit the Tsarina at St Petersburg. She completely duped him, playing off upon him, amongst other things, a practical joke of deep signification, inducing him to take home a uniform for the Swedish army, which, while he was told and gave out that it was national, was nothing more than a Russian livery. She befooled him again, by inducing him to enter into an armed neutrality with her which seemed to be hostile to England, then hampered with the American War—a power which she found far too useful to her purposes to wish to be on other than the best possible terms with. But it was a great point with Catharine to promote personal conferences with kings and emperors, by which she had an opportunity of fascinating them into her plans. In this manner Joseph II. of Austria, who nevertheless saw through her, as did indeed Gustavus, was induced, before the death of his



mother Maria Theresa, to form a treaty, by which the Turks and Tartars were delivered over to their fate. The Semiramis of the North knew how to play as well the part of Cleopatra, whose boast it was that she led captive with their eyes open the conquerors of the earth. As for Gustavus of Sweden, he had the meanness to accept a present of money from the empress, to pay his travelling expenses on a journey to the north. In concert with the Princess Daschkoff, a most efficient ally, she kept the King of Sweden amused with fêtes at Friedrichshausen, while she was steadily pursuing her ambitious policy in the east of Europe.

As for Poland, Catharine took the earliest opportunity of extending the power of Russia in that country, which once acted a conspicuous part in the politics of Europe, and from the extent of its territory, fertility of its soil, and the high spirit of its people, seemed formed to become of still more consequence, but nevertheless was doomed to loss all those national advantages by the radical defects of its government. This kingdom had long been influenced by Russia, even before the time of Peter the Great, but under Catharine that influence was incalculably increased. Augustus III., worn out by dissipation and vexation, was now fast verging to the grave. All pretenders at once began to examine their strength, and the court of St Petersburg was the centre of numberless intrigues. Catharine flattered all the rivals, fomented their divisions, and encouraged their hopes, while at the same time her own mind was made up. She had fixed on her own favourite Poniatowsky. If we would inquire here why Poland was so weak in spite of her apparent blessings, we must reach back far into history. Poland was first governed by nearly absolute native kings. To this race succeeded the Piasts, with regard to whom it is hardly known whether they were absolute or elective, who preserved at any rate the crown in their family for many generations. The power of the magnates, modified at last by Casimir III., was during this period a mine of disturbance to the mon-

archy, as it was to our early Norman kings. The nobles after this got the upper hand by making the supplies conditional on the sacrifices of the sovereign, until Sigismund Augustus was obliged to consent to the crown being absolutely elective. Being without a son, he was not so indisposed as he would otherwise have been to purchase personal repose in this manner.

The four principal articles of the charter signed by this king were the following:—

1. That the crown should be elective, the king being disqualified from appointing a successor.

2. That general diets should be assembled once in two years.

3. That every Polish nobleman might vote at the election of a king.

4. That in case of the king infringing the constitution, the subjects should be absolved from their allegiance.

All the successors of Sigismund down to Stanislaus Poniatowsky swore to this charter, at which we are not surprised, knowing that they got the crown by favour of the nobles. The latter abused their power the more they increased it. Not contented with freely giving their votes, these fine grandees sold them just like the incorruptible and independent electors of our reformed constituencies. Henry de Valois was the first who bought the throne of the Jagellons; thenceforth gold was all-powerful, only to yield at length to the terror of foreign arms. On every accession to the throne the nobility usurped some new privilege. During the reign of John Casimir the so-called *liberum veto* was created. This was a right given to each individual nobleman to stop the deliberations of the whole diet, just as a thunder-storm used to stop the comitia among the ancient Romans. Of course, it was only the legalisation of anarchy. Hence it was that for three hundred years and more the irrational ambition of the nobles was consummating their country's ruin, and a nation constitutionally brave, which had often defied the Porte in the plenitude of its power, and given law to Prussia and Russia, was subsequently unable to resist an attacking army. The

forces of Charles Gustavus and Charles XII. of Sweden found it an easy prey; and from the moment that Russia was able to oppose disciplined troops to its brilliant and licentious *pospolite* (a mere feudal levy), she found herself able to dictate laws at will. Still the Poles called themselves free, though Sarnisky, one of the men who best understood them, defied them to show more than two instances of a free election—of one, that is, which was not influenced more or less by the other powers of Europe. Such was the state of Poland at the death of Augustus III., displaying an ample arena for the political talents of Catharine II.

That sovereign, whom the courts of Vienna and Versailles hoped to detach from Prussia, began by artfully obtaining from them the pledge that they would not interfere in the affairs of Poland. In 1764, the ambassador of France at Warsaw declared at the diet that Louis XV. would have nothing to do with the election of a new king, and soon afterwards the Count de Mercy held the same language on the part of Maria Theresa. This was not enough for Catharine; she wanted to make sure also of the court of Berlin. Frederick had long been soliciting her to sign a treaty of defensive alliance: she consented on condition of his binding himself by an engagement, which she herself also undertook, not to attempt to influence the freedom of election in Poland. Catharine, now having the game in her hands, dismissed one after another all the other candidates; and, to the great astonishment and discontent of the Polish magnates, declared that she had destined Poniatowsky for the vacant throne. Poniatowsky was a man of agreeable person, a good linguist, and generally accomplished, but one who, without the favour of the Tsarina, could never have aspired to the dignity. He was the fittest instrument in her hands, and crown him she would. So without delay she wrote to Count Kaiserling, her ambassador at Warsaw: "Mon cher Comte, souvenez vous de mon candidat. Je vous écris ceci deux heures après minuit: jugez si la chose m'est indifferente." Count Kaiserling and the generals under his orders

knew her too well to disobey. The election was at first doubtful; the diet of Warsaw, cowed, elected Poniatowsky unanimously—not so some of the others. So the Russian troops entered Warsaw, under pretence of preserving *liberty and order*. They were seconded by a corps of 12,000 men from Lithuania, and fresh reinforcements were advancing towards Kief. So the Russian ambassador was all-powerful at Warsaw, and the republic was, as it were, compressed between these different army corps. The election was opened in the plain of Volo, three miles from Warsaw. All was tumult and confusion. Count Branichky and Prince Radzivil took up arms, and were beaten by the Russians after a fruitless display of bravery, and obliged to fly for shelter to Turkey.

In the interim, the ambassadors of France, Spain, and the German empire had retired from the diet in disgust, and Poniatowsky was unanimously elected King of Poland and Grand-duke of Lithuania, under the name of Stanislaus Augustus. All this happened about the time that Catharine's own throne was endangered by the conspiracy which ended in the murder of the ex-emperor Ivan in prison. And now Catharine's power began to assume such dimensions, that thoughtful politicians began to grow alarmed. The following remarks come from M. Spittler, a contemporary historian, in his sketch of the history of the government of Europe: "The volumes of modern history can produce no reign like this; for no monarch has ever succeeded in the attainment of such a dictature in the grand republic of Europe as Catharine II. now holds; and none of all the kings who have heretofore given cause to dread the erection of a *universal monarchy*, seem to have had any knowledge of her art—to present herself with the pride of a conqueror in the most perilous situation, and with an unusual and totally new dignity in the most common transactions. And it is manifestly not alone the supreme authority which here gives law, but the judgment which knows when to show that authority, and when to employ it." The same historian remarks of the interference of Russia in Poland: "It was an ingenious contrivance, formed

in a truly Roman style, and completed accordingly. Not only a numerous and free nation was to be deprived of its liberty and national subsistence, but all Europe was to be lulled asleep. The annexations of Louis XIV. were a trifling business compared with what Catharine II. performed in Poland and against that country. But what loud and violent cries were raised against the former, and in what soft murmurs did the voice of truth repeat the ancient law of nations, when there seemed to be no longer any law between Russia and Poland."

The secret designs formed by Catharine in crowning Poniatowsky were not long in unfolding themselves. Knowing herself sure of his submission, she traced out on the map the lines of demarcation by which Russia purloined a great part of the Polish territory, and impudently insisted on the recognition of the validity of these lines, and that the limits of the two countries should thus be fixed. She exacted, moreover, that the king and the republic should form with her an alliance both offensive and defensive, and that they should allow the dissidents to enjoy all the same rights with the Catholics, not excepting that of a capacity for being members of the senate. How strangely similar in this respect is the policy of Catharine to that lately pursued by Nicholas in Turkey. These dissidents were composed partly of Greek Christians, partly of Protestants. Though the sympathy with the latter must have been hypocritical, Catharine claimed the protectorate over them all, just as Nicholas claimed the protectorate over all the Christians in Turkey. Religion was in both cases the mere pretext for political aggression. By subjecting the dissidents to certain disabilities, the Polish government had furnished an excuse for the interference of Catharine, as the Ottoman had for the interference of Nicholas by continuing the inferior status of the Christian subjects of the Porte. The term dissidents, it must be observed, had not the same force that that of dissenters has with us, at least originally. At first it included all religions, even the Roman Catholic. When exclusiveness replaced toleration, it signified those who were not

of the state religion. When Russia was establishing herself in Poland, the Catholic prelates, with singular imprudence, took upon themselves to abridge the privileges of these dissidents, and the consequence was that they brought a Russian army, under Prince Repnin, to the gates of Warsaw; and thus religious freedom was purchased for the present, at the price of political slavery. This support of the dissidents by Russia was the signal for the outbreak of a civil war between the different Polish parties, in the midst of which Russian troops were every day entering the republic in greater numbers. In this extremity the puppet king assembled an extraordinary diet in 1767. In spite of the Russian army, the Bishop of Cracow and the High-Church party dared to make speeches against the dissidents, dwelling on rights which had no might to support them. They found out their mistake too late, when the bishop and several others of his party were arrested by parties of Russian soldiers, in violation of all Polish privileges, and carried off to Siberia. Repnin justified this outrage by saying that he had indeed violated the liberty of the Poles, but for the benefit of Poland. The king thought it best to demand the prisoners at the request of the diet, but of course his request went for nothing, and they only returned from exile at the end of six years.

What made these proceedings more fatal to Poland than they would otherwise have been was, that, in consequence of the oppression of the dissidents, Catharine was furnished with a plausible pretext for espousing their cause. King Stanislaus at this time had the consummate folly to think he could make himself popular, and serve both the empress who created him, and the country which he affected to govern. In consequence, the Empress was mortally offended with him, and he fell into general contempt. Prince Repnin acted as a despot in Warsaw, and let pass no opportunity of insulting the unfortunate king. For instance, one evening that the king was at the theatre, the ambassador, who was expected, was late. The piece began without him. The performers were in the second act, when,

a sort of bustle being heard in Repnin's box, the king sent to see what was the matter. Answer came that the prince was come, and was only expressing his surprise that they had not waited for him. The poor king ordered the curtain to be dropped, and the piece to begin again.

All Europe was now astonished that Catharine treated as an enemy her creature and old friend. But he had offended her, and she was only glad of the pretext to carry out the project that lay nearest her heart—namely, the absorption of Poland in Russia, or its partition in such a manner that Russia should get the lion's share. She was sure of the King of Prussia. She managed both Sweden and Denmark; one by her intrigues, the other by the hope she held out to it of the cession of Holstein. She flattered England by her alliance, and, alas, it must be confessed, by that powerful instrument with our money-loving nation, a commercial treaty. The first man who saw through her was the Duc de Choiseul, who perceived that the preponderance of Russia would be dangerous to France. He resolved to attack the growing evil at its source; and, in order to divert Russia from her projects westward, he conceived the design of embroiling her with the Ottoman Porte. In doing so, he was not ignorant that the Turkish empire was already on the decline; but he still thought it might give Russia employment for some time to come, whatever might be the success of the war. At all events, time would be gained, and in the interim the eyes of Europe would gradually open to the designs of Russia. In furtherance of this plan, he communicated with the Comte de Vergennes, French ambassador at Constantinople, who immediately seconded his views. Vergennes convinced the Porte that the Russian interference in Poland would be fatal to the security of the Euxine, and he advised a resolute opposition to the uttermost of the boundaries which Catharine proposed. The Porte had been already applied to by the Polish confederates, and accordingly presented a note to Stanislaus, begging

that the settlement of boundaries question should be postponed. But Stanislaus, always vacillating, and wishing to conciliate Catharine, ignored the existence of the proposal to alter the limits of Poland; and, having received this assurance, the Divan relapsed for some time into its wonted apathy. But the storm was gathering which should burst over the East. Russia and Turkey stood face to face with each other. Poland all the while was the theatre of a contention not more destructive in its consequences than singular in its causes and pretexts. The despotism of Russia had become in name the guardian of Polish freedom, and Catholicism had flown for shelter under the wing of Islam. Catharine saw what was coming, and was above all things anxious to secure the alliance and co-operation of England; she saw that the war must be a naval war, and she wanted British officers to command her ships; so she concluded a most liberal treaty with the court of London, lowering the import duties on British merchandise, and conferring other signal advantages. It is somewhat sad to think now that England, however unwittingly, should ever have made herself the cat's-paw of Russia; but it must be recollected that this was at a time when none but very far-sighted statesmen could see the ultimate tendencies of that power, and distinguish the bearings of her imperial policy. Having now come to the point when the policy of Peter the Great and his successors first began to be found out in its intentions, not of mere partial and local aggrandisement, but of sapping the foundations of the civilised world, we will reserve for another paper its development in the latter part of the reign of Catharine the Great, when the star of Russia seemed to reach its point of culmination, to be obscured a while by the tempest of the French Revolution, and for a while forgotten; but after the storm had blown over, to be found in the same pride of place, burning with an ensanguined light, like the face of the planet Mars, and ominous of disaster to the present and the future generations of the world.

## MR WARREN'S BLACKSTONE.

WE open Mr Warren's book at the following passage. The parts within brackets are Mr Warren's, the rest is the text of Blackstone.

"A mistake in point of law, which every person of discretion not only may, but is bound and presumed to know, is in criminal cases no sort of defence. *Ignorantia juris, quod quisque tenetur scire, neminem excusat*, is as well the maxim of our own law as it was of the Roman."

"[There is no presumption in this country, said Mr Justice Maule, in a late case, that every person knows the law : it would be contrary to common sense and reason if it were so. A person *may* be ignorant of the law ; but the rule is that such ignorance shall not *excuse* him, or relieve him from the consequences of a crime, or from liability on a contract. There may be such a thing as a doubtful point of law; for if not, there would be no need of courts of appeal, the existence of which shows that even judges may be ignorant of the law : and if so, it would be too much to hold that ordinary people are bound, to know it. The rule in the text of Blackstone, subject to the above judicial qualification, may be received as a fundamental one ; for otherwise there is no knowing to what extent the excuse of ignorance might be carried. It would be urged in every case, and paralyse the arm of the law in its attempt to deal with those who violate it. It is no defence on behalf of a foreigner, charged in England with having committed an offence against our law, that he did not know that he was doing wrong, the act not being an offence in his own country. In a case tried before Lord Eldon, he told the jury that the prisoner was, in strict law, guilty within a certain statute, making penal the act with which he was charged, if the facts were proved, though he could not then know that the statute was passed ; it having received the royal assent on the 10th May 1799, and the act having been done off the coast of Africa on the 27th of the ensuing June. That great lawyer said, under these circumstances, the prisoner's ignorance of the passing of the act could in no otherwise affect the case than that it might be the means of recommending him to a merciful consideration elsewhere,

should he be found guilty. He was convicted, but pardoned.]"

Whether we employ the older expression of Blackstone, that every man is presumed to know the law, or admit, with Mr Justice Maule, that such a presumption would be somewhat violent, and that the law merely says that it will excuse no man on account of his ignorance, the rule is substantially the same. The expression that every man is presumed to know the law, was but an amiable disguise for the necessary harshness of punishing in all cases, whether there was or was not a previous knowledge of the law. As to the curious decision that is cited here of Lord Eldon's, we should say, judging by this brief account of it, that this must surely be one of those "doubtful points of law" which, it is presumed, will occasionally arise. Where the reason of the law ceases, the law itself ceases, is a maxim we have often heard quoted with approval. The plea of ignorance cannot be received, 1st, Because it is the duty of every one to instruct himself of the law, and to instruct his children ; and, 2d, Because there is the utmost difficulty in proving the truth of such a plea, or disproving it, and therefore to admit it at all would be a cause of extreme confusion. But in the case here cited these reasons entirely fail ; the ignorance is indisputably proved, for we are told that it was impossible for the law, promulgated in England on the 10th of May, to be known off the coast of Africa on the 27th of the following June. And, under such circumstances, there could, of course, be no duty of self-instruction neglected. Here it seems that all the reasons of the rule ceased : the law would not act upon one gentleman off the coast of Africa with all the injustice of an *ex post facto* law.

However that may be, and whether it was necessary to carry the rule against reception of the plea of igno-

*Blackstone's Commentaries, systematically abridged, and adapted to the existing state of the Law and Constitution; with great additions.* By SAMUEL WARREN, of the Inner Temple, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S., Recorder of Hull, and one of Her Majesty's Counsel.

rance to the extent here described, it is plain that no more palpable duty exists than that each man should inform himself and instruct his children, to some extent at least, in the laws of the country in which he lives. Not only may the personal safety of each individual be endangered by his ignorance, but we are disposed to think that, by omission of the general study of the law, a great instrument for the education of the people at large is neglected, and suffered to remain unemployed. If we are told that the system of English jurisprudence is perplexed and intricate, and that the sound maxims of ethics which it at one time inculcates, it neutralises at another by the intervention of technical rules and distinctions, which, so far from cultivating, offend a nice sense of honour, we should make answer, that in proportion as the study of the law became general, would the law itself be liberated from whatever runs counter to our sense of justice. Nothing would operate more advantageously upon our jurisprudence than the general cultivation of it in all schools and colleges. The very study of it would tend to make it both a more perfect instrument of education and a more perfect system of laws. Neither is it irrational to say, that it is an additional reason for desiring to produce a simple and perfect system of jurisprudence that jurisprudence itself may be taught (up to a certain point, at least) in every school-room in the country, and become a fit instrument for an ethical and political training.

That a study of the laws of the land ought to be far more general than it is, appears to us so palpable a truth, and a truth supported by such weighty and abundant reasons, that we should be only weakening a good cause if we laid any stress on the occasional plea of a prisoner at the bar that he was ignorant of the rule against which he had transgressed. The cases must be very rare, indeed, in which the offender is not fully aware that he is committing some crime, although its precise legal definition, or the exact penalties attached to it, may be unknown to him. Every urchin who picks a pocket is quite cognisant of the fact that he is

transgressing the law, and that he will be taken to prison if he is caught; nor would it make the least difference in his conduct, to be able to determine whether his crime were felony or misdemeanour. Nor is the offender of a higher class who forges, or embezzles, or cheats his fellow-citizen in any of the thousand species of fraud which may be committed, ever led into guilt by a simple ignorance of the law. No man plots an injury to another without both knowing that it is an injury, and that he runs the risk of being punished for it: he has a lively apprehension that there is somewhere a rod hanging up for his own shoulders, though he may not be very solicitous to inquire into the exact nature of it. It is the innocent man, and not the rogue, who really pays down a personal penalty for his ignorance of the law. The honest citizen who in his civil transactions with his neighbours finds that he has lost the protection of the law, or has become its positive victim, is mulcted of his property or entangled in lawsuits by reason of the neglect of some rule or some formality, which was, indeed, devised for the very protection of the innocent man. But even the hardship of the honest and ill-informed citizen is not the topic on which we should most confidently insist when advocating the more general study of the law; for we should probably be told that every man of ordinary caution consults a professional lawyer in all cases of difficulty, and that his perplexities and losses (as they occur even when he walks by the light and guidance of his attorney) may more fairly be attributed to the imperfection of the laws themselves, than to his negligence in the study of them.

We should strenuously advocate the introduction of jurisprudence as a branch of general education, because it is the very instrument for educating men into good citizens,—because obedience to the law is the great and comprehensive duty of every member of a human society,—because law is no other than the system of practical ethics by which men are to comport themselves during life. And if it is objected that our system of jurisprudence still retains much that is either hostile or quite foreign to a

rational system of ethics, our answer, we repeat, is, that there is no more certain way of improving the law, and finally purging it of all such extraneous matter, than by letting in upon it the light of an intelligent public opinion. We should propose to introduce the study of the law into every school in the kingdom; first and chiefly for the effect on the student himself, for the moral training and intellectual discipline involved in the study, and also for the reflex influence which such general cultivation would exert upon the laws themselves. Thus our jurisprudence would advance towards a perfect code of laws, and become itself more and more efficacious as a means of educating the individual.

We would, in our schools—especially in those which Government undertakes to model—we would make jurisprudence the central subject of their secular education. It is always well to arrange the various topics of study so as to show their relation to each other, and, if possible, to some one central subject. None can be more indisputably important than this of jurisprudence; and the cognate subjects of ethics, politics, political economy, arrange themselves naturally around it, or else are integral parts of it. Society and Law are almost equivalent terms. Two mortal men cannot live together without wishing for the same thing, and they must fight for it, or separate, unless they can make a rule to determine which of the two shall peaceably possess it. Men soon found out, we presume, that they could not expect others to respect *their* possessions—the fruit of their ingenuity or labour—unless they also had respect to the like possessions of another. The great fundamental rule of ethics, “Do to others as you would that others should do to you,” thus lies at the very root of society. Not that it would be, in the first instance, enunciated as an abstract rule: it makes its first appearance in the very simple form of *the only means by which an end desirable to all can be attained*. If I want to keep my hatchet to myself, I must refrain from taking my neighbour's. Whether we look at the most barbarous, or at the most refined epoch of

human society, jurisprudence represents the terms and conditions on which the society becomes possible. And now, take your stand on the great fundamental subject of jurisprudence, and note how it radiates into the other great divisions of study. From what point could you better enter upon ethics or moral philosophy?—for what is law but that portion of morality which is enforced by the community, and by specific penalties? And what is morality, but that wider law which also embraces many dictates which the community leaves to be enforced by the voice of friends, and parents, and of public opinion? There is no better treatise upon ethics than a good text-book upon the law of *contracts*. Incorporate it with Paley's chapter on Promises; you will improve them both. All that is valuable in works of casuistry is best approached from the side of law. Since a code of laws must regulate commerce, and speak of taxes, we are at once inducted into political economy; poor-laws, the laws which regulate benefit-clubs and trade-unions, plunge us into the very heart of the subject. By what avenue can we so safely approach the study of politics? To know what really are the constitutional laws of your own country, and on what rational grounds they rest, is a most indisputable condition to the formation of any opinion on the changes proposed in those laws. Besides which, the merely speculative student should never lose sight of the simple truth, that Politics form, in fact, only a branch of Jurisprudence—that branch which regulates the manner in which laws are to be made, preserved, and administered. Half the wild ideas that ferment in the brains of our ardent youth, when they discourse with vehement oratory upon Freedom and Tyranny, are traceable to the custom of plunging into politics without any previous training in jurisprudence. They have never learnt the full significance of the simple expression, *obedience to a law*; and what great virtues are contained in it! As to the subject of History, our law is more closely allied to it than is advisable; but the great department of constitutional law, if no other, must at all times conduct the student into

a knowledge of the history of his own country.

In that educational controversy with which England rings from side to side, this teaching of the law has not received the prominence it deserves. While jurisprudence presents problems for the highest intellects to solve, there is yet no school-room in the country so humble in which the first elements of English law might not be taught. Whilst the sanction of religion will never be overlooked either by us or by any man living in a Christian land, still the simplest intellect can perceive that human law, like human industry or human science, has its own great ends to answer, and can be studied alike by a school-room of Presbyterian or Episcopalian or Arian children. Something, we say, might be taught to the poorest and simplest scholars, if it were only a list of offences, with the punishment assigned to them, giving the reason why they are offences, and teaching every child to associate disgrace with the infringement of a law. Here, at all events, is a ground on which all religious parties might unite. Here there can be no disagreement. To obey the law is pronounced by all to be the great comprehensive duty of every man; to learn what that duty comprehends, must surely be necessary and wise. Even those who desire change in the law, admit that obedience to the existing statute is the duty of the citizen. Not to admit this, would be to declare themselves incapable of living in human society; for unless we can submit our opinion to the opinion of the majority (so far, we mean, as to obey that opinion whilst it is the constituted law, though we should still in speculation retain our own), we may as well throw a knapsack on our back, and march forthwith out of all human communities. Let us teach every man, woman, and child in the country what and how great a thing law is; let us confess that it stands rooted in the soil of human reason—stands by no permission of this or that sectarian, but this or that sectarian stands here, and can preach and teach, by virtue of the protection it extends to all.

And then, as we have hinted, the wide diffusion of the study of the law

would react upon our jurisprudence itself, making it a better system of law, and a better instrument of culture. An intelligent public would be formed, beyond the limit of the professional circle, to which the scientific jurist could appeal. There is still much learned quibble to be got rid of, and traditional definitions that define nothing. A mass of erudition quite alien to the science itself of jurisprudence still takes its place in our clearest text-books. It is not enough that the complicate transactions of a commercial people, who must have a rule for all cases, yet retain withal the most unfettered liberty of action—it is not enough that this state of things inevitably gives rise to an intricate system of jurisprudence, but we persist in encumbering the law with definitions and distinctions which have no rational relation to existing circumstances or the real nature of the subject, and which no man can explain without entering into a long history of their origin. He explains their origin; he is compelled to be quite silent on their present advantages; he can show that they *once* were reasonable (it is all the satisfaction he can give us); and that the wisdom of our ancestors, by being too long retained, has become the folly of their posterity.

It is the want (till very lately) of an intelligent audience, out of the pale of the profession, that has made the work of legal reformation so slow. Those who have not only to study, but to practise the law, are apt to become blind to lucrative anomalies; or if a generous disposition raises them above this bias, they become attached to a species of knowledge which has been obtained with difficulty, and which has to be constantly made use of. But those students whose sole interest in the law is to be well governed by it, who investigate it as a system, having for its professed object the well-being of the existing human society, will be very little disposed to tolerate the intrusion of mere antiquarian tenets and traditional definitions into the living rules of jurisprudence. They will not long endure to be presented with an historical account of *its origin* as a sufficient reason for the actual existence of any portion of our law.



They will not be persuaded that what is now senseless should still be preserved because it once had a meaning and a purpose. "Our fines and our recoveries" we have got rid of some years ago, but our feudal tenures still remain amongst us for our mere perplexity; and we have our "fee simple" and all its occult properties, and how it must comport itself as "remainder or reversion." Such subtle learning our professional lawyers cling to with marvellous tenacity. We have no respect ourselves for any learning here which does not strictly belong to the science of jurisprudence. Those who are peculiarly interested in historical traditions can satisfy their taste to the utmost in the proper fields of history; but let us no longer meet in the real business of life with mere traditions of the past. Law is assuredly the most ancient matter in this world—the oldest, as well as the newest: it has a species of eternity, and cannot need to be set off with this antique and Gothic tracery. It cannot be indebted to any source of interest which an antiquarian society might supply. It stands pre-eminent, and has ends of its own, which ask no foreign aid, and which ought to be tampered with under no pretence whatever. If you are fond of old armour, let it hang up in your museums, or in your old halls, if you will, but do not bruise our living limbs by forcing them into it. Let it hang dead and empty against the wall, and see that it *be* quite dead: it would be an odd story to tell if it should move arm or leg to eject the living proprietor from his domain; or, like the giant helmet in Walpole's romance, should nod some terrific sentence against the present owner of the castle.

It is not only in the law of freehold and copyhold lands that we meet with tradition where we have a right to expect science; even in criminal jurisprudence, and amongst those terms which express, or ought to express, degrees of guilt and of punishment, we are compelled to content ourselves with an historical dissertation instead of a legal definition. Felony and misdemeanour seem to point to a classification of offences, according to their comparative magnitude; but ask a lawyer for his definition of felony, and

all he can do for you is to explain what in olden times wrought a forfeiture of lands and goods, one or both. Seeing that the class of men which people our jails have not an acre of land amongst them, it does not appear very rational to describe their criminal *status* by an element in their punishment which can never affect them. Such terms as felony, misdemeanour, treason, sedition, or the barbarous but sometimes necessary term of a *præmunire*, instead of giving us intelligible and useful classifications, will be found, each one of them, to comprise a heterogeneous compound—a mere chance-medley of crimes and offences.

Towards this desirable end of popularising the study of the law of England, no living man has done half so much as the writer of the volume we have now to notice, Mr Samuel Warren. His *Introduction to the Study of the Law* we have heard pronounced by younger students to be no less entertaining than instructive. His *Extracts from Blackstone* has been received into many private schools, as well as those under the supervision of the Government. And now we have a far more elaborate work than either, founded on the same favourite commentator, Blackstone, and yet still bearing the impress of a popular and elementary treatise. In the compass of one moderate volume we have an abridgment of the Commentaries, or a considerable portion of them (an abridgment of the whole in so limited a space would have become a dry analysis, or mere synopsis of the work), with such revisions and additions as adapt it to the existing state of the law. It would be hardly possible, we think, to have projected a more valuable work for the purposes of tuition. It seems peculiarly fitted for the higher classes in all academies, and for the student at college, whether he intends or not to pursue the profession of the law. As an epitome of Constitutional Law, it may perhaps be useful for occasional reference to the barrister on circuit, who must have his law packed in portable volumes. The kind of book which is here offered to the public, may be best understood by the following extract from the Preface:—

"It is not unknown to many in the legal

profession that for nearly twenty years I have been laboriously engaged, at every interval of leisure, in preparing an edition of the entire Commentaries:—but so vast have been the changes effected, increasing latterly in rapidity, number, and magnitude, that I have been reluctantly compelled to give up the hopeless task; having ‘toiled after’ the legislature ‘in vain.’ The labour of a whole long vacation has several times been rendered useless by the alterations effected in the ensuing session of Parliament. It is my intention, however, if life and leisure last, to write an original work, in a comprehensive, practical, and systematic plan, illustrating our laws in their newest phase by those of the United States, and of the Continent, and by the civil law.

“When I came to consider how best to prepare the little work of 1836 for a new edition, and had scanned every one of the ‘extracts’ from *Blackstone*, so great proved to have been the ravages in the text, by changes in the law during the last twenty years, that I was nearly abandoning even *that* task in despair. At length, however, and at the earnest recommendation of those for whom I entertain the greatest respect, I resolved to avail myself of some of my laborious collections for the former work; and that now offered to the public is the result. Two-thirds of it consist of new matter, which it is hoped will be found a safe and useful incorporation with the text of *Blackstone*. Those portions of the latter which I was able to retain unaltered, are few, and, like the others, required incessant vigilance, to avoid the retention of expressions and allusions inconsistent with the existing law. Many portions of the text, after having repeatedly altered, I have been forced at length altogether to discard, substituting a new paragraph, and even chapter.”

We can hardly regret that Mr Warren has thought fit to relinquish the greater task of re-editing the whole of *Blackstone*. It is only on the subject of Constitutional Law that this favourite writer could be now re-edited to any advantage; in every other department, the changes which have taken place render the text almost useless—useless, except for tracing the history and progress of the law. The present work, though far less ambitious than the one originally designed, may be more applicable to the real wants of the age; and we earnestly hope that Mr Warren may accomplish that other project at which

he hints—a book, as we understand it, which shall bring together in a lucid form the principal laws of ancient Rome, France, America, and England. Were the legislation of these four countries on certain great topics, as Inheritance, Marriage, Debt, and the Punishment for Crime, brought together and compared, it would form, in the hands of so popular a writer as Mr Warren, a most interesting volume, and do much to advance the general study of the law. We sincerely hope that nothing will occur to prevent the completion of this design.

There is something almost touching in the picture we have here of the legal author “toiling in vain” after a reforming legislature. But we cannot promise to bestow much compassion on those perplexities of legal authorship which originate in a succession of legal improvements. We must congratulate the country on the many excellent reforms which have signalled the history of our law during the last twenty years. Nor can we yet give undisturbed rest to any of our text-books, or promise that the lawyer will not have to unlearn every year some portion of his laborious erudition. This incessant change is painful, but unavoidable. We remember the time when the question of *codification* was repeatedly discussed, and when many affected to despise a *bit-by-bit* reform. We said then, what it is hardly necessary to repeat now, that the *bit-by-bit* reform was the only practicable course. We have to live in our house while we are repairing it; common caution demands that changes should be introduced gradually, and with such pauses between each as will enable us to test the propriety of one step before we proceed to another: if a code is to be constructed, it must be *after* the requisite changes have been effected in the substantial provisions of the law. What we wrote then we repeat now, that our law must *grow*—must put forth Act after Act of Parliament, that happily many separate Acts will coalesce and combine into one succinct and comprehensive statute—and then, behold! a code is veritably formed by that same despised process of gradual reform. Such a work as this which Mr Warren has now pre-

sented to the public, enables us to take note of the progress we have been making; nor can we look back upon our course without feeling a debt of gratitude to those who, by dint of severe toil and unremitting perseverance, have carried us on thus far. Amongst those strenuous and beneficent labourers, there is one whose name stands so pre-eminent that it is doing no injustice to the claims of others to mention it, and mention it alone. When the asperities of political conflict shall have ceased, men of all parties, the present age, and a remote posterity, shall honourably and gratefully unite the name of Henry Lord Brougham with the cause of law reform, and the incalculable advantages of cheap and speedy justice.

It seems an ungracious task, when so much has been done, to be calling still for more; but we must repeat, what we found ourselves uttering fifteen years ago, that our very task is one of time, of successive labours, and that of many generations of men; and that it is the very nature of such improvements as we are speaking of, to kindle hope and animate to renewed exertion. Every step in the right direction makes the next step more easy towards the accomplishment of a perfect system of jurisprudence—perfect so far as the works of man can hope to be perfect. When the law lay encumbered on every side with antiquated formularies and traditional lore which (to use a phrase of its own) seemed fated to descend for ever with the land, men felt that, as it was beyond human power to remove the whole mass, it was useless to touch any one fragment of it. They sat themselves down before it in despair. To talk then of jurisprudence as a practical system of ethics, finding on its own proper soil—in the good of a loving community of men—the sole substantial reason for all its enactments, was to speak of a dream or of an impossibility. But in proportion as anomalies are banished, as arbitrary and fantastic maxims are displaced, as mere traditionary logic gives way to sound juridical reasoning, a hope arises that jurisprudence may at length wear a systematic or scientific form. Men's thoughts take a happier direction. All these burdens of a feudal age will

not descend with the land: the land will remain and they will disappear. Men here, as elsewhere, by exerting, recognise their strength, and, gaining courage as they gain experience, they will at length boldly demand that the rule of law shall be in fact what it professes to be, simply the rule of reason.

About one-half of Mr Warren's book is occupied by an epitome of Constitutional Law. It is that portion which is the most complete, and which probably will be read with the greatest pleasure. Nevertheless, it is to the latter part that we shall at present turn, and, following up the train of thought into which we have been thrown, we shall select a few extracts which may have more or less bearing upon legal reform, showing what has been done, or perhaps suggesting where there is still room for improvement.

We have made some allusion to the distinction between felony and misdemeanour. Perhaps the reader would like to refresh his memory with this legal curiosity. It is certainly neither new nor interesting. The only strange thing about it is, that it should be found in a text-book of our criminal law dated A. D. 1855.

“Felony, in the general acceptation of our English law, comprises every species of crime which occasioned, at common law, the *forfeiture of lands and goods*. This most frequently happens in those crimes for which a capital punishment either is, or was, liable to be inflicted. Treason itself, says Sir Edward Coke, was anciently comprised under the name of felony. All treasons, strictly speaking, are felonies; though all felonies are not treasons. And to this also we may add, that not only all offences now capital are, in some degree or other, felony; but that this is likewise the case with some other offences which are not punished with death—as suicide, when the party is already dead—manslaughter, and larceny: all which are, strictly speaking, felonies, as they subject the committers of them to forfeitures. So that, upon the whole, the only adequate definition of felony seems to be that which is before laid down, viz., an offence which occasions a total forfeiture of either lands, or goods, or both, at the common law; and to which capital or other punishment may be superadded, according to the degree of guilt.

"To explain this matter a little further : the word felony or *felonia* is of undoubted feudal origin, being frequently to be met with in the books of feuds, &c."

In short, Sir William Blackstone decides that the word Felon is derived "from two northern words—*fee*, which signifies, as we well know, the fief, feud, or beneficiary estate—and *lon*, which signifies price or value."

Thus far Blackstone. What next follows is within brackets, and is Mr Warren's.

"[The true criterion of felony is forfeiture ; and, accordingly, to this day all felonies punishable with death occasion a forfeiture, to a greater or less extent, of the *lands* of the offender, and the total forfeiture of his goods and chattels ; and even such felonies as are not capitally punished, occasion the total forfeiture of the convicted person's goods and chattels. In misdemeanours there is, no forfeiture, nor are there any accessaries ; all being principals.

"[Felonies and misdemeanours are the creatures of both common and statute law ; the latter, in modern times, having been very active in declaring, and that often somewhat arbitrarily, what acts shall or shall not be referred to the one or other category. To obtain, for instance, ten thousand pounds' worth of goods or money, by the grossest false pretence, is declared a misdemeanour only ; to steal a farthing, a felony. Similar punishment, moreover, may be inflicted in both classes of offence : except that a fine can be imposed in misdemeanour only : since on a conviction for felony there is, through the forfeiture, nothing left to satisfy the fine. The legislature seems latterly to have become sensible of the frequently shadowy nature of the distinction, in at least a technical point of view, between a felony and a misdemeanour ; and has endeavoured to avert a failure of justice on that account in the way pointed out in a former chapter ; namely, *that if it appear, on the trial of a person for a misdemeanour that the facts amount in law to a felony, he shall not by reason thereof be entitled to be acquitted of such misdemeanour ; and he shall not be liable to be prosecuted afterwards for felony, on the same facts, unless the judge think fit, in his discretion, to discharge the jury from giving a verdict, and direct the prisoner to be tried for the felony ; an enactment aimed at the removal of difficulties arising out of the doctrine that a misdemeanour was merged in the felony.*"]

We have here a very significant intimation of some of the trammels we have escaped, and may congratulate ourselves if these terms of art be simply nugatory, and are deprived of all mischievous power.

There seems to have been a time when the judges of the land—the learned Twelve—brought up in the logic of the schools, worked out their judicial problems more as logical than social questions. Some maxim, applicable to a few cases, was hastily adopted as a fundamental principle, and reasoned for accordingly, till, threatened by some altogether too flagrant absurdity as the result of their principle, they abruptly left it for some rival maxim, or other fundamental rule. Traces of such a mode of judicial reasoning may still be observed. We turn to the chapter in Mr Warren's book, headed "Husband and Wife."

"By marriage the husband and wife are *one person in law* ; that is, the very being or legal existence of the woman is suspended during the marriage, or at least is incorporated or consolidated into that of the husband, under whose wing and protection she performs everything. Upon this principle, of a union of person as husband and wife, depend almost all the legal rights, duties, and disabilities, that either of them acquires by the marriage. I speak not at present of the rights of property, but such as are merely personal. For this reason a man cannot grant anything to his wife, or enter into covenant with her ; for the grant would be to suppose her separate existence, and to covenant with her would be to covenant with himself ; and, therefore, it is also generally true, that all compacts made between husband and wife when single, are voided by the intermarriage. A woman, indeed, may be attorney for her husband ; for that implies no separation from, but is rather a representation of her lord. And a husband may also bequeath anything to his wife by will ; for that cannot take effect till the married state shall have been determined by his death.

"In the civil law, husband and wife are considered as two distinct persons ; and may have separate estates, contracts, debts, and injuries ; and, therefore, in our ecclesiastical courts a woman may sue and be sued without her husband.

"But though our law in general considers man and wife as one person, yet there are cases in which she is separately considered as inferior to him, and acting by his compulsion ; and, therefore, all

deeds executed and acts done by her during her coverture are void. She cannot by will devise lands to her husband, unless under special circumstances; for at the time of making it she is supposed to be under his coercion."

Does not all this look more like an ingenious exercise of logic, kept in check by some consideration for flesh and blood, and the welfare of human beings, than a series of rules laid down for the direct attainment of the well-being of society? Indeed, we cannot commend the reasoning, even viewed as a mere logical display.

The following inconsistency seems still to be *good law* amongst us, whatever may be thought of it as a specimen of ratiocination:—

"If the wife be indebted before marriage, the husband is bound afterwards to pay the debt [however improvidently contracted, and though he may have received no portion with her], for he has adopted her and her circumstances together.

"[On her death, the husband's personal liability would cease altogether, *although he might have received a large fortune with her*, unless he were sued as an administrator to his wife, in respect of certain rights not reduced by him into possession during her lifetime.]"

In the one case, a man is compelled to pay a debt he knew nothing of, and where he had received no funds that might justly be held to come to him burdened with the debt. In the other case, he has received such funds, and is yet exonerated. In the first case he had "adopted her and her circumstances together;" he had married the debt. In the second case, the death of the wife has dissolved the relationship, and he is no longer married to the debt, *though he continues married to her property*. Not much better logic, it strikes us, than it is justice.

Speaking of some of the difficulties which surround this great topic of the law of marriage, Mr Warren makes the following judicious observations:—

"The difficult subject of divorce has for some years occupied the attention of the Legislature, which contemplates important changes in the existing law. In any which may be projected, it is to be hoped, that whether the occasion for actions for 'criminal conversation,' as it

is called, be or be not made again an offence punishable in our temporal courts, such actions by which a pecuniary compensation is sought by the husband may be abolished; if for no other reason, because they entail public disclosures of a disgusting, degrading, and demoralising character, attracting to this section of our jurisprudence the contempt of foreign jurists, and the indignation of all the virtue and intelligence of our own country."

This very valid objection against actions for criminal connection which Mr Warren states with so much force, would equally apply to the law which would treat adultery as a crime, and punish it accordingly by fine or imprisonment. The Puritans, during the brief period they legislated for the country, denounced it as a capital offence, and punished it by death. No one, we presume, intends to revive *this* law, which during its short existence was never once acted upon. And indeed the very project of punishing a breach of matrimonial fidelity as we punish a theft or an assault, runs counter to the spirit of our times. We can only call to mind one living authority, one noble lord (who, from his judicial position, must certainly demand our respect to his opinion), who has publicly expressed his willingness to include adultery in that catalogue of crimes which are punishable at the Old Bailey.

We were not aware that the subject of divorce had so far occupied the attention of the Legislature as to warrant us in supposing that it "contemplates important changes in the existing law." A measure was lately introduced into the Upper House, which merely proposed that such divorces as are constantly granted by separate acts of Parliament, should be decreed in a regular judicial manner, by a court of law. But it met with no countenance; there seemed to be an extreme unwillingness to legislate at all upon the subject, even to the extent of declaring that to be part of the law of the land which has long ago virtually become such.

So far as the wealthier classes of English society are concerned, we are not aware that there is any practical grievance which calls for a revision

of the law of marriage. By the operation of marriage settlements, the wife enjoys as absolute a control over her own property as the fullest acknowledgment of an equality of civil rights could possibly bestow. When a divorce unhappily becomes desirable, an amount of expense is indeed occasioned which is onerous even to the wealthy; but to this it may be answered, that it never was the policy of the law to facilitate divorce, and that if what is now done through an act of Parliament were to be accomplished by a suit at law, and at a moderate expense, it would become a question whether divorce should be granted at all on the mere ground of the infidelity of one of the parties. It might be the wiser plan to leave parties to such relief as they can obtain through a deed of separation. With regard, therefore, to the higher classes of society, we do not see any practical evil there is to remove, or any ground there is for a modification of those laws which determine the relationship between husband and wife. Even if certain gross and barbarous rights are still reserved to the husband by the letter of the law, the law is here a completely dead-letter, and has as little influence upon our manners as that imaginary right which French novelists persist in investing an English husband with—that of selling his wife in Smithfield.

It is otherwise, perhaps, with the poor. It is here, if anywhere, that some change is demanded in our marital laws—either some modification of the civil rights of the husband, or the institution of a fitting court for decreeing divorces on the special ground of cruelty. It is the operation of a late act of Parliament, passed for the protection of the wife, that has revealed to the public at large an apparent necessity for some legislation in this direction. That act punishes the brutal husband with six months' imprisonment, accompanied by hard labour. It was imperatively called for by the general indignation of the public, roused by numerous cases of extreme cruelty on the part of the husband; nor does the magistrate ever enforce the act without carrying with him the sympa-

thy of all bystanders. The general feeling is, that the sentence is not half severe enough. And yet if nothing else is done for the suffering wife, this measure of retributive justice has rather increased than diminished that domestic misery which she has to endure. For what must be the condition of the woman who has to live again with the husband she has committed to prison? Conceive the meeting after such a separation. What a *home!* What a domestic union! And how has the wife supported herself and her children in the interim? If at the end of six months she has found herself in some profitable course of industry, the husband returns, and claims all that she has earned, or may continue to earn; she is little better than his slave. Here there is no marriage settlement, no deed of separation to mitigate the extreme rights of the husband; and though cruelty enough has been exercised to justify fifty divorces in the ecclesiastical courts, or in the House of Parliament, we need not say that divorce is here utterly unattainable. We do not require to be reminded that a blow is not the same offence in every class of life; but we think we may venture to say that such a course of cruelty as justifies a magistrate in committing the husband as a criminal to jail, might justify a court in decreeing a divorce if the wife should petition for one. Nor would it be according to truth or policy to legislate for any class of the community as if they were entirely destitute of those higher sensibilities on which friendship or domestic affections are founded. We have said enough, however, upon the subject; we know the extremely difficult nature of the task which would here devolve upon the Legislature; we share the reluctance felt by all discreet people to move the question at all. But a case *does* seem to be made out worthy at least of the consideration of Parliament. We may add, that if a sense of equity, and a wish to promote domestic happiness, should induce us to extend the privilege of divorce to the poor, this must be done by a court where justice is not only cheap, but where it is absolutely free; experiment must be made

of a plan, often advocated by speculative reformers, of a court in which fees are altogether abolished, every official or practitioner being paid by a fixed salary charged on the national revenue.

Following the relationship of Husband and Wife, are those of Parent and Child, Master and Servant, Principal and Agent; but we miss (as the title of a distinct chapter) that melancholy relation—so unsatisfactory, so full of unmingled bitterness to both parties—of Debtor and Creditor. Some account, however, of the amelioration of our law in its dealings with this relation, will be found in the general summary at the close of the volume, "On the Rise, Progress, and Gradual Improvements of the Laws of England." In this department of our jurisprudence we have made signal advances. Not very long ago we treated debt as a crime. No distinction of cases was made; the professed swindler, and the honest debtor, who even in jail regretted the loss of his honour more than the loss of his liberty, were alike sentenced as criminals to imprisonment. Whilst the law was thus severe on the person of the poor debtor, property in land was liable to no debts of simple contract, as they are called. We have changed all this. We remember that some alarm was expressed by mercantile people that the partial abolition of imprisonment for debt would shake that *credit* on which so much depends. No such result has ensued, and we are persuaded that the habit of looking to a vindictive punishment of the defaulter as some security for the debt, had as little to do with the cause of commercial credit, as it had with promoting the sentiment of humanity.

How much is contained in the two following brief paragraphs which we now extract from the valuable summary to which we have alluded:—

"Among changes respecting the *general administration of the laws*, may be enumerated the alteration of the amount for which a debtor may be legally arrested, from the sum of ten to that of twenty pounds; the act which sweeps away the old intricate system of process, and substitutes an easy and intelligible method of commencing actions in the

courts of common law; the Law Amendment, which destroys several antiquated forms, expedites and cheapens the trial of causes of slight importance, enables the judges to amend and obviate technical errors, arms them with a power which they have not been slow to exercise, of introducing regulations calculated to render our system of pleading more effectually subservient to the ends of justice, and renders more efficient the tribunal of the arbitrator; the consolidation of the Welsh and English judicatures; the appointment of an additional judge to each of the superior courts; the act dispensing with a number of useless oaths, the multitude of which tended to undue disregard of those most solemn invocations of the Deity, by rendering their use too frequent in matters of trivial importance; the destruction of the numerous and antiquated tribe of Real actions, and the remodelling of the court of Privy Council for judicial purposes.

"Among enactments concerning the *regulation of private property* may be enumerated the act which renders a man's real property liable after his death to the claims of all his creditors; the acts which ascertain the period at which rights and titles shall be rendered secure by lapse of time, and uninterrupted continuance of possession; which define the right of the wife to dower out of her husband's, and that of the husband to curtesy, as it is called, out of the wife's real property; which alter the law of descents, by allowing the parent to inherit to the child, and letting in the half-blood, who were formerly excluded by an arbitrary rule of feudal policy; and that which substitutes easy and simple forms for the complicated and abstruse ones of fine and recovery."

These are only some of the alterations which took place between the year 1825 and the year 1836. Since that latter period, the Legislature, we need not say, has not been idle. But it would be a vain attempt on our part, and with the limited space at our command, to follow out the course of its proceedings.

There is one other topic—the reforms made in our Law of Evidence—which Mr Warren, by his just and powerful observations, induces us to touch upon. With some remarks on this very important branch of the law we will close, and leave our readers to the perusal, if they are so disposed, of this useful and agreeable epitome of the laws of England.

It is well known to every one, professional or not, that our law of evidence dealt largely in *rules of exclusion*—sometimes referring to the evidence itself, excluding whole classes of documents or statements; sometimes to the witness, excluding him at once from all hearing in a court of justice. Objections, which it is now universally admitted ought to go against the *credibility* of a witness, were declared to render him altogether *incompetent* to give any testimony whatever. He was not allowed to make his statement, under such disadvantages as the infamy of his character, or his interest in the suit, manifestly laid him under; but his infamy as a convicted felon, or his pecuniary interest in the suit, were pronounced to be reasons for not hearing him at all. In the technical language of the law, these objections went not against his *credibility*, but his *competency*, as a witness.

These rules of exclusion would have been intolerable, but for the introduction of a multitude of exceptions, and numerous devices for their evasion; which, though they relieved from the pressure of the rule, added nothing to the simplicity or consistency of our laws. The attempt to separate, beforehand, the true from the false testimony by certain general presumptions—the attempt to do that without hearing the witness, which it is the province of a jury to do, after having listened to him, and observed him, and compared his testimony with other evidence in the cause—the attempt, in short, to protect the ears of the court from hearing whatever is not worthy of credit—is now generally felt to be quite preposterous. It could not succeed, and was sure to be more or less pernicious in exact proportion as the scheme of protection was intended to be more or less complete. The value of evidence, the credibility of a witness, depends on so many collateral and varying circumstances, that rules of peremptory exclusion must invariably terminate in the rejection of good as well as bad testimony. Under certain circumstances, the evidence of the greatest rascal the parish ever bred, may be quite as trustworthy as that of the respectable

parish clerk himself. The rejection of good evidence may be fatal to the ends of justice, whilst the alternative evil, the admission of the false or the weak, would but, in general, prolong the judicial inquiry, and impose some additional labour on the judge and jury. Labour, indeed, upon the judge! Our rules of exclusion, by favouring incessant appeals to the judge on the admissibility of this or that evidence, seemed to have been framed for the very torture of the bench.

At the commencement of every text-book on the Law of Evidence, there used to figure a list of those disqualifications which rendered a witness *incompetent*. These disqualifications were not all of them, strictly speaking, rules of evidence: that is, they were founded on other reasons than the suspicion which would be attached to the evidence of the person excluded. They were, some of them, intended to protect the confidence which should subsist between certain relations of life—as between husband and wife, attorney and client. To allow, for instance, counsel or an attorney to disclose communications received in their professional capacity, would be utterly incongruous with the existence and purpose of such professional advisers. The grounds of incapacity, not forced upon the court by the nature of the case, but devised by its own judicial wisdom, were these three: 1. A pecuniary interest in the suit; 2. Infamy of character; and, 3. Such dissent in religious belief as is incompatible with the taking of an oath. It is the first of these which was the great embarrassment in the administration of justice; for, not only the parties to the suit, but all who had a pecuniary interest in it, however small, were prevented from giving evidence.

“Such fundamental changes,” writes Mr Warren, “have been effected in the law of evidence within the last ten years, or even a much shorter period, that it may be said to stand upon quite a new basis, and to be thoroughly illuminated by the light of good sense. In no department of our jurisprudence has the hand of innovation been bolder or more successful. The Legislature has liberated the law of evidence from shackles which had for centuries impeded the search after



truth; and whoever can contrast the present with the very recent state of that law, will feel astonishment that such impediments should have been tolerated so long. English law-books swarm with complex rules, and decisions of courts carrying out those rules with a sort of relentless and excruciating ingenuity, the effect of which is now seen by all to have been only to shut, carefully, as many apertures as possible through which that truth might be seen which courts of justice were instituted to discover. This arose from a marvellous distrust of the conscientiousness of witnesses, and the intelligency of juries, together with an inversely strong confidence in the means resorted to by law for obviating such evils. To see whether these remarks are well or ill founded, it may be observed that down to the year 1843 the law excluded from the witness-box a person of spotless integrity, of the greatest intellect, and beyond all suspicion of undue bias or motive, if it could only be made out, by a train of subtle reasoning, that he might have a farthing's interest in the ultimate issue; while the same law admitted into the witness-box those influenced and tempted, by the strongest ties of natural affection, to deceive.

"At length, in the year 1851, after a series of steps in this direction, the Legislature, by a single section of statute 14 and 15 Vict., c. 99, let in a flood of light on every question thenceforth made the subject of legal investigation, by removing the incapacity of *the parties themselves* to any legal proceeding. This effected a complete revolution in this extensive department of the law. Those who had for ages stood with sealed lips in courts of civil justice, while their characters, properties, rights, and liberties were assailed by falsehood and fraud with perfect impunity—those who alone knew the true facts in dispute, and yet were compelled to look on with silent indignation, while futile and illusory efforts were being made to prove those facts—were, by the *fiat* of the Legislature, suddenly given the power of speech, and enabled in their own persons, *vivâ voce*, or by affidavit, to state those facts before competent authorities. From that moment fraud and chicane received a desperate check, and claims were justly enforced and resisted which would otherwise have continued to be withheld, or submitted to unjustly."

We hope that the attempt to sift evidence *before it is heard*, by certain wide and general rules of exclusion, has been, or will be, entirely relinquished. However well-intentioned

it may originally have been, it has led to incalculable mischief. First, a rule has been made which has been felt to be too wide; then the court has caught at some reason for granting an exception; this reason, perhaps, has been a mere subterfuge, for the sake of obtaining substantial justice in the individual case before the court; but of course this exception, with the *make-belief reason* on which it was founded, becomes a guide, such as it is, for future cases. Thus an endless controversy, unprofitable and mischievous, arose upon the admission of evidence, and the cause was as frequently decided according to the success of the adverse counsel in this preliminary contest, as by the weight of evidence really brought to bear upon the point in dispute.

Mr Warren has alluded, in the quotation we have made, to the egregious inconsistency of refusing to hear the testimony of any man of whom it could be said that he had the least pecuniary interest in the suit, although it was a clear moral impossibility that such an interest (often of so remote a kind that the witness himself was unconscious of possessing it) could have any influence upon his mind, while the strong bias of natural affection or intimate friendship was not (by good fortune) seized upon as a ground of incompetency. The length to which this rule of exclusion was carried will scarcely be believed in future times; yet the Acts of Parliament passed during its ascendancy will illustrate the nature of the rule by the precautions taken against its operation. In certain Acts it was thought necessary to introduce a clause rendering the inhabitants *of the parish or the county* competent witnesses in the several cases of settlement or boundaries, or in prosecution for the repair of bridges, *notwithstanding the pecuniary interest such persons must have in the parish or county rates*. So, too, when an Act was passed for punishing assaults in a summary manner, after declaring that the fine of £5 should be paid over, under certain circumstances, to the rates of the county or riding in which the assault took place, it was deemed necessary to enact that an inhabitant of the county or riding might be a witness to the assault, notwithstanding

his interest as such inhabitant in the said penalty of £5.

A rule so irrational and so extensive in its application, was of course combated in every possible manner. Specific Acts of Parliament were passed to restrict its operation. The court allowed a witness to "release his interest," and thus establish his competency, leaving him, however, to qualify himself or to remain disqualified at his pleasure. In defiance of all consistency, it made a still bolder exception: it pronounced that the interest which renders incompetent must be present and vested, not uncertain or contingent. Therefore, while an existing claim of five shillings could drive a witness out of court, the heir-apparent might support, by his testimony, the title of his father to estates of any magnitude.

It may, perhaps, amuse some of our readers, if it will not greatly edify them, to take notice of another and opposite use which the court made of this ground of pecuniary interest. If so grave a suspicion must always fall upon the man who gives evidence in favour of a pecuniary interest, how very trustworthy must that testimony be which runs counter to such an interest! Now, therefore, if there should be a case where, owing to some *other* rule of law, the evidence is excluded, might not this circumstance of its being against the interest of the witness, attach to it so extraordinary a credibility as to justify the court in making an exception in its favour?

There is a broad rule against admitting hear-say evidence; and what is called hear-say, technically includes written as well as verbal statements. The chief reason for excluding hear-say evidence—namely, that the witness may not repeat with accuracy what was really said—does not apply to a written document. Nevertheless, the technical rule of law includes, or did include, both of these in the same category. The letters of an absent or deceased person were as inadmissible as a report of what he had said: his journal or memoranda would not be received; the Diaries of Evelyn and Pepys would have been, in law, *no evidence*.

We believe that all that is valuable

in the rule which excludes hear-say evidence, would be found to be retained under the very safe and intelligible rule—that the best evidence which the case admits of should always be brought forward. Thus the court would never listen to the report of what another man had said, or even to what he had written, without having the man himself there in person before it, if this were possible. In all cases, *demand and admit* the best evidence that is attainable. If the best is so weak that no reliance can be placed upon it, the same result is arrived at as if it had been excluded by some rule of law; but make no attempt to exclude a whole class or description of evidence on any *a priori* ground that it cannot be credible.

But we were about to show how the law had dealt with one branch of this rule of exclusion. When it had been decided that the memoranda or entries of a deceased person could not be admitted, as falling under the technical description of hear-say evidence, it was felt that the rule had been carried too far. Ingenuity was taxed to find a ground of exception. What if these entries acknowledged a debt, or pecuniary obligation (as to pay rent), they would then be so highly credible, as being made *against the interest* of the writer, that they might safely be admitted. Thus a tax-gatherer's book was ruled to be admissible, because it charged the writer with having received taxes, and it was against his interest to make such an acknowledgment. We have now a sub-rule or ground for exception, the application of which gives, in its turn, its due share of embarrassment, as the following two cases will testify:—

CASE 1. Entry of a *deceased tenant* adduced to prove the payment of rent: admissible, because, as it went to show that he was responsible for payment of rent, and was not absolute owner of the estate, the entry was made *against interest*.

CASE 2. Entry of a *deceased landlord* of the reception of rent, adduced to prove the title of his representative to the property: *inadmissible*, because, though the landlord acknowledged the reception of rent—and in this respect the entry was against his interest—

yet, so far as the title was concerned, (and the title was here in question), it was not an entry "against interest."

Thus the entry was admissible or not, according to the use which was to be made of it, without any attempt to prove that the writer of it *foresaw* what use it would be applied to. It is the supposition that the writer was *manufacturing evidence* that throws suspicion on such entries; and the probability of this supposition must depend, in each case, upon the review of the whole circumstances. This sub-rule of its being "against his interest" was only one, and a most deficient test (as the law applied it) of rebutting this supposition. But we must not proceed farther amongst the briars and brambles of a past condition of the law. We hope that all this "learning" is entirely defunct.

Infamy of character is also no longer a ground of *incompetency*. It was made part of the punishment of crime, that the convicted criminal should be incapacitated to give evidence in a court of justice. It was overlooked that the punishment might really fall on an innocent party who needed his testimony; or that such an incapacity might gravely interfere with the ends of public justice. The rule, of course, yielded to emergencies: it was held that the incompetency of a felon could be cured by the royal pardon. Whether it was to be regarded as a punishment of the criminal, or as a rule of evidence, this ground of exclusion was long seen to be a mere hindrance to the course of justice. Mr Warren will tell us that now "a person convicted of any crime whatever—even of perjury—is competent to give evidence, even against those with whom he is jointly indicted, as well as in other cases. His conviction affects merely his credit as a truthful witness in the estimation of the jury."

The only remaining ground of imperative seclusion is, that defect of religious belief which incapacitates from being sworn. This affects infidels, and also very young children, or such ignorant or simple-minded youths as might possibly give distinct enough evidence on what they had seen, and yet be unable to respond even to the few theological questions which should or

may be asked previous to administering the oath. The widest provisions are now made for the relief, not only of peculiar sects of Christians, but of all who have a conscientious scruple against taking the oath. "An oath may be suspended," Mr Warren informs us, "and a solemn affirmation or declaration substituted in the case of any person solemnly, sincerely, and truly affirming and declaring that the taking of an oath is, according to his religious belief, unlawful."

The question occurs, whether it would not be advisable to substitute the solemn affirmation universally for the oath? We understand that the majority of those who, as judges, counsel, or attorneys, are engaged in the administration of criminal justice, would regard this, *at present*, as a dangerous experiment. We must bow to their judgment, if this indeed is the opinion they would generally give, and content ourselves with expressing a hope that the time may not be far distant when, owing to the better instruction of the people, the experiment may be safely made.

We would observe that, whilst many Christians think that the oath is expressly forbidden, no single Christian thinks that it is a religious rite anywhere enjoined. The abolition of the oath would offend, therefore, no one section of the Christian community. This is happily not one of those cases where we cannot legislate without wounding the religious feelings of some class of society. There is nowhere a single Christian who would feel hurt or distressed at *not* being required to swear.

How low must we descend in the scale of intellect or education before we encounter the man so ignorant as to believe that it is the oath which makes the giving false evidence a sin? or that it would not be equally sinful if unaccompanied by an oath? or who seriously believes that the judgments of Heaven would not be put in force against him, unless he made direct appeal to them, and called them down upon his own head? We hope that it is necessary to descend very low before we come to this *stratum* of public opinion. The oath, let us remark, may be explained and interpreted so as to render it consistent with the

most enlightened views of God's moral government; but when so explained and interpreted, it ceases to express any more than a solemn affirmation, which reminds the Christian that he is acting and speaking under the eye of God.

When, out of a court of justice, we hear a man support his assertions by appeals to Heaven, and dire imprecations on his own head, we never believe him any the more readily on this account. On the contrary, if our suspicion of his veracity had not been excited before, it is called forth the moment he begins to swear. It is notoriously the greatest liars who make these appeals to the judgments of God. When a man swears in a court of justice, we know, and he knows, that he is liable to punishment if he swears to a false statement. If the penalty of perjury were removed, what would be the value of the oath? If the penalty were attached to the solemn affirmation, should we not instantly recognise that *this* had become invested with all the binding force of the oath?

We argue the case as between Christian and Christian, and on the broad admitted principle that this is a Christian country; but we must add, from a strictly judicial point of view, that it is not a satisfactory state of the law which permits any individual who chooses to brave the stigma of infidelity, to withdraw himself from a court of justice, and probably, by withholding his evidence, defeat a criminal prosecution of great importance. When a witness is once sworn, if he then refuses to answer such questions as the judge authorises to be put, he can be committed to prison for contempt of court. But there is no way whatever of reaching the man whom the court itself declares to be incompetent to take the oath. It has laid down the principle that an oath is necessary, and finds this man has such a state of religious belief, that it would be a mockery to swear him. The court has bound its own hands. It cannot punish him for refusing to take the oath, for it pronounces that the oath cannot be tendered to him. Our law has lately added to the necessary provisions for securing the presence of a witness, and

it is not without means for compelling him to speak, or, if a Christian, to be sworn; but all these provisions and powers may be rendered nugatory, and set at defiance, by a simple *non credo*. The man slinks out of court, having excited, it may be, the odium of all present, but no hand can touch him. He returns, perhaps, to rejoice amongst his companions over the success of his stratagem.

This cannot be a satisfactory condition of the law. We must pass some measure for taking the testimony of such a man on his declaration or assertion, attaching to it, of course, all the penalties of perjury. And then, when we have relieved from the oath every Christian who conscientiously objects to it, and every man who is not a Christian at all, and cannot take it, we shall probably find that the ground is so narrowed where it would be really applicable, that it will be the wiser plan to abolish the oath altogether.

We have thus ventured to touch upon some of the topics of legal reform, chiefly felicitating ourselves on the alterations that have been lately made. As the work before us remarks, "experience will probably show that, like other human institutions, they contain evil mixed with good. But the very experience which detects the former will help to point out the true method of correcting it; while the continuance of the latter may, and let us trust will, be insured, by that willing obedience to existing laws—that steady attachment to the constitution—that charity to fellow subjects, and loyalty to the crown, which have ever remarkably distinguished the English people."

Jurisprudence must unavoidably begin with rude essays, and must reach perfection by slow degrees; or rather, it will be always approximating, in this changeful and perturbed scene, towards an unattainable perfection. It is shaped at first to the present emergency, and by the momentary passion; it is violent because it is weak; it strikes uncertain blows, and seeks a rude compensation in the severity of that blow which *does* reach the destined criminal; it has often to crave aid from superstition, or from tyranny, and becomes the slave when

it should exercise dominion. Like the noble river which gives life to a great city, it is in its early course both ductile and violent, running with torrent speed, vehement and capricious, along a channel from which, nevertheless, it may be diverted by slightest impediments; till, widening by degrees, and growing ever more tempe-

rate as it grows more powerful, it takes its broad and peaceful way, and pours its uninterrupted waters through the heart of populous towns, its banks everywhere covered with signs of that civilisation to which it has so mainly contributed. May such, with us, be its potent, tranquil, beneficent maturity!

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MODERN LIGHT LITERATURE—SCIENCE.

A LITTLE knowledge went a long way in the old times. From those professors of occult sciences, whose small amount of real information made a world of guesses possible to the unlearned, we have come by a wonderfully rapid progress to an age of universal acquirement, where every man is bent with the kindest liberality in making his neighbours as wise as himself. No longer a hoarded commodity, carefully reserved for one's own benefit, or transmitted to one's own disciples with all the awe and mystery of forbidden wisdom, a piece of uncommunicated knowledge seems to burn the fingers of its possessor in those days, till he is able to fling it abroad into the world. "It is scarcely more than a century," says one writer, "since the several sciences to which we apply the general name of natural history began to rouse themselves from a sleep into which they had fallen nearly two thousand years before." Scarcely a century! and now we study it in our drawing-rooms, and learn it from the prelections of our children. Alas for the magician's cap and gown—the solemn retirement—the mystic accessories—the awful solitude and seclusion of him whom princes took into their counsels! There is scarcely a young lady, who has had the most "ordinary advantages," who could not enlighten the philosopher now.

To us who have to confess and lament, with a distinguished statesman, that we were born in the pre-scientific age—to us who do not know a pistil from a stamen, an ichthyosaurus from a megatherium, or an *actinia* from a mollusc, there is something rather mortifying in this universal information. That little curly-pated

rogue, whom we were buying cakes for half an hour ago—the urchin is delivering a small lecture to us, before we are aware, upon the aquarium, or the collection of ferns, or the case of fossils, to which we in our innocence have led the juvenile philosopher, after the same fashion by which ourselves were taken to see the dwarf and the giant in *our* holidays ever so many years ago. Youth! youth! thou never-dying Jacob, that will always be supplanting what came before thee! But our self-opinion is by no means flattered by this popular philosophy, which mounts the imp on stilts, and sends him off amphibious, through all the elements, with his traps and tools and incomprehensible machinery in his learned hands.

Putting this little private pique aside, there is no denying that there is very much that is fascinating and attractive in these most popular departments of science. No man shall outdo us in reverence for the works of God; they are all wonderful, from the smallest to the greatest of them; and though we dread the name of Museum, and tremble at the sight of a collection of specimens, we can perfectly appreciate the delight of stumbling over the slippery rocks at low tide, or hunting timid wild-flowers into the crevices of the hills, or the nests of sunny turf on bank and brae. We do not object to the *thing*; but woefully, and from our hearts, we object to the talk, the explanations, the universal instruction. Teaching in itself, after all, is not a great good; it is rather, to tell the truth of it, a necessary evil, a thing to be endured, but not to be chosen. No fear that we will seek too many of the hard lessons of experience, the lore of ad-

versity, and suffering, and pain. Yet these are lessons of a loftier kind, in general, than words can convey to us. We can see nothing beatific in the prospect of living among a race of lecturers, even should we ourselves by some extraordinary revolution become able to lecture in our turn. Not long since we heard an eminent scientific teacher speaking of some favourite pupils of his, who would not be content with the experiments he showed them, without due explanation of the same—and contrasting these with another class of schoolboys, whose delight in those same experiments was only damped by the dreadful consciousness that they must be explained. Commend us to the wisdom of the schoolboys. We like the experiments. We are very glad to see the things, oh most learned, ingenious, and patient philosophers; but if you love us, let us have no explanations. To speak seriously, this is the greatest danger in the present universal diffusion of knowledge. The works of nature are always great and wonderful, but we are very poor creatures, we mortal men. We make pedagogues of ourselves over every little morsel of that grand world of half-discovered beauty which lies around us, and are but too apt to make our fellows pray that we had never begun to “improve our minds.” Also, it would appear that to improve a mind is quite a different process from improving a man—and there is no such bore as your clever dabbler in sciences, who may very well cram his memory, and even elicit now and then some dull spark from his imagination, without at all increasing the abstract agreeability of himself or his companionship. Let us premise, however, that science, as a pursuit, an occupation, rises far above the field of our comments. We do not presume to interfere with the more elevated and stately efforts of human understanding—it is only science as an amusement—science for the million, the pretty books and plans, the pretty machinery and implements by which it is made familiar to the mass of the unstudying public, with which we have anything to do.

Let us take an example. We are going to the sea-side. Everybody is bound for the sea. The trees are burnt brown in our London squares; the grass in Hyde Park, scorched and trodden, is much more like the grass of tapestry than that of the fields; and the whole world is setting forth to plunge into the blue water somewhere, and forget the dust and the turmoil, the noise and the excitement of the modern Babel. That is all very well, our good friends; but what are you going to do when you get there? Mr Kingsley asks the question very seriously.\* Happy little children who can dig into the pebbles, and build their houses—innocent, unconscious prophets—on the sand and on the rock, as fancy guides. Thrice happy boys who can wade and swim, who can tumble into the sea and out of it with a glorious impunity, and nothing to fear but the reproof of mamma, who is not more afraid of their freaks than proud of them! But all the rest of us, what are we to do?

Nobody will deny that the question is a hard one. Yonder is the sea, curling in upon the beach under the sunshine, turning over in a long wreath of whitest foam—a glorious, blessed creature, laughing a low laugh among the rocks—good-humoured scorn of us, our admiration, our timidity, our darning. Dancing shells of boats afloat upon the rising tide—grey heads of rocks and boulders gradually disappearing under the water. In our first ecstasy, we are quite content to do nothing but look out upon the scene, and congratulate each other. Everything cries holiday to our delighted ears. The waves croon upon the beach, growing wilder, sadder as the evening falls, and our restless human eyes wander out upon the undulating line, and beset the grey horizon yonder, piercing further, further, if we might but see. We have a soul above the parade, the promenading visitors, the reading-room and the curiosity shops. We are occupied with the lights and shadows, the headland in the twilight yonder, the retreating coast still reddened with the last look of the sun. What are we to do? We throw back the words with scorn—To do! With

\* *Glaucus*; or, *The Wonders of the Shore*. By the Rev. C. KINGSLEY.

such a scene before us, it is an insult to ask the question.

But Mr Kingsley makes no account of the rapture of arrival. He sets us down at once as extremely commonplace people, really not much worth his trouble. He says, "You foreknow your doom by sad experience. A great deal of dressing—a lounge in the club-room—a stare out of the window with the telescope—an attempt to take a bad sketch—a walk up one parade and down another—interminable reading of the silliest of novels, over which you fall asleep on a bench in the sun, and probably have your umbrella stolen." Now we distinctly object to have our instructor write us down an ass after this summary fashion. It is bad policy; our vanity is aroused. *We carry an umbrella! We sleep upon a bench in the sun! We beg Mr Kingsley's pardon.* Instead of the silliest of novels, it is an old volume of *Fraser's Magazine*, where there is *Hypatia*, or *Yeast*, or *Mr Broderip's notes*, to make us wise, which we are lugging under our arm. And to tell the very truth, if these little heroes on the beach, with their wooden spades and straw baskets, their brown holland overalls, their straw hats—and those pretty poky sun-bonnets, with the pretty face hidden in the depths of them, looking out of their cool recess of grateful shade—beguile our eyes and thoughts a while from the philosophic page, we humbly conceive that the amusement is quite as elevated as if we were picking up stranded starfishes, or seizing upon common bits of sea-weed with the indiscriminating enthusiasm of a beginner. If we, as a matter of individual taste, prefer a game of romps with our bairns upon the shore, or even march in true Cockney felicity at the head of a procession of donkeys baby-ridden, what right has Mr Kingsley to conclude that we are less worthily occupied than he? We hold it a fundamental point of our creed, that no man has any right to think less worthily of another than of himself. Ye who affirm so stoutly concerning the multitude—the hapless multitude which does not write books, and is not "gifted,"—who conclude with so much ease that all of us, voiceless people, do our religion as a mat-

ter of form, and spend our time of rest and pleasure, "wandering up and down, still wrapt up each in their little world of vanity and self-interest, unconscious of what and where they really are, as they gaze lazily around on earth and sea and sky, and have

No speculation in those eyes,  
Which they do glare withal!"

—who gave you a warrant to set down your fellow-creatures so summarily? To be disdainful of one's neighbour is the poorest sign in the world of one's own superiority. We remember us affectionately of Chaucer's touch of delicate art in his description of the early summer. It is the time, *he says*, "when folk are longen to gon on pilgrimages." The old poet knew better than the new philosopher what a genuine natural thrill it was, and how it was by no means confined to clever folk, or people who could tell all about it in a book. Does Mr Kingsley suppose that such a man as he describes afterwards as the proper and fully qualified naturalist, could ever drone out his sea-side holiday, or his holiday anywhere, as does the humdrum and stupid individual whom Mr Kingsley has the presumption to identify with us, his reader?—or, is his beginning address and exhortation only a new way of expressing his gratitude that *he* is not as other men are? However it may be, we are not at all disposed to assent to this summary settlement of our own character. There may be but one Rector of Eversley in the world, and only a few Mr Gosses, but we are not all blockheads either, all the hapless rest of us. We have sundry speculations in our brains, if our eyes are not so eloquent as those of the Rev. Charles Kingsley. The sea that booms upon the coast brings voices in it even to our ears, though they are not the voices of the *Actinixæ*. Perhaps we have troubles in our lot that our philosopher wots not of: perhaps, when we turn to the sunset yonder, which he counts us gazing at in mere fatuity, we are bracing our faint hearts with thought of certain glorious creatures yonder, who were once ours, and will be ours again, when our Lord withdraws the feeble planet of our life into the other heavens; perhaps we are comforting

ourselves with unwitting similitudes, seeing our cares in those bold waves which God has bound and limited that they shall not overwhelm us. Yes, we are no great things the best of us—but some certain spectres have met with us all in our wayfaring, as eloquent as the weedy Muse of Natural History—and we really do not find ourselves primarily awakened by shells and zoophytes to our first faint observation of the wonderful works of God.

Again we repeat, we have no quarrel with science, nor even with scientific amusements, and those popular expositions which bring it down to “the meanest capacity.” Our quarrel is purely with the assumption that there is something, wholesomer, more elevating, improving, and noble in this branch of knowledge than in other branches—in this amusement or accomplishment, than in others of the same. We were actually at the sea-side the other day, as it chanced, in bodily presence, and not merely in imagination. The breeze, though it was of the chilliest—the rush of the foaming water, and the full triumphant sunshine, which never seems to enjoy its own glory so thoroughly anywhere as on the sea, charmed us out of ourselves for the time. Public opinion, seated on the Parade within sight, forbade us emulating the happy urchins—the doubly happy shrimper, who trudged with heavy step through the water up to his knees. No, we had to keep out of it; we had to content ourself upon the wet and glistening margin, watching how, as the sun went down, the wreathed crest of the incoming waves was lighted up behind with a magical touch not to be described in words; for the sun by this time was lower than we, and the white illuminated foam came between us and that last ray which gleamed behind the water, so that we might have called it a very sea-nymph’s lamp, had it not been unspeakably more glorious. But by-and-by we came upon sundry low rocks, with tiny pools about them, as clear as light itself, and sundry curious creatures dwelling in the same—zoophytes of the meanest order, we suppose—for they were far from being gorgeous or beautiful—with those long ends of green ribbon clinging to the stones about, and merry little crabs

busy in the water. We are no naturalist, but our curiosity is not less than another’s, so we straightway forgot the sunshine—forgot the illuminated wreath of foam—the silvery ringing of the waters—the wonderful shading of the sky. Were we the better for it? Did we rise in the scale of intellectual enjoyment, because we were poking into the pool, instead of maintaining our common altitude, and looking at what lay before us? Were we a more elevated being, or doing more service to ourself or our fellows? We cannot believe it. We came away, alas! pricked in our conscience, because of a hapless living thing which we had unwittingly detached from its rock—and we really did not feel that curiosity about those unknown atoms of existence was in any way a nobler sensation or a more profitable, than the charmed gaze on sea and sky from which we had been beguiled.

But this has nothing to do with science! True, it has not very much to do with it; it only has to do with the inordinate estimation which amateur investigators give to their own studies, and to the assumed superiority of these pursuits over other pursuits. Mr Kingsley’s respectable head clerk, who sallies out at midnight to sugar the trees for moths, has a perfect right to his fancy; and we may be charitably permitted to hope that the honest man was a “single gentleman,” and had no family at home to be disturbed by his nocturnal studies; but how he is a better man on this account than his brother clerk, who has no drawers of insects, but who contents himself with overlooking Johnny’s copybook, and hearing Matilda play her last tune, and reading the newspaper in his lawful leisure by the fireside, that is all the brighter and all the better ordered for his presence—we cannot at all make out. Neither, though Mr Gosse’s Aquarium—the case of glass full of sea-water, sea-plants, and living creatures, by which he makes us acquainted with modes and customs at the bottom of the sea—is the prettiest toy in the world, and one of the most interesting, does it particularly strike us, why a young lady who has managed to become the happy possessor of one of those mimic oceans, has an immediate call to look down



upon all the other young ladies who only have embroidery-frames. Let us see how Mr Kingsley treats this feminine view of the question :—

“Your daughters perhaps have been seized with the prevailing ‘Pteridomania,’ and are collecting and buying ferns, with Ward’s cases wherein to keep them (for which you have to pay), and wrangling over unpronounceable names of species (which seem to be different in each new fern-book that they buy), till the Pteridomania seems to you somewhat of a bore ; and yet you cannot deny that they find an enjoyment in it, and are more active, cheerful, and self-forgotten over it, than they would have been over novels and gossip, crochet and Berlin wool. At least you will confess that the abomination of ‘Fancy Work,’ that standing cloak for dreamy idleness (not to mention the injury which it does to poor starving needlewomen), has all but vanished from your drawing-room since the Lady ferns and Venus’s hair appeared, and that you could not help yourself looking now and then at the said ‘Venus’s hair,’ and agreeing that Nature’s real beauties were somewhat superior to the ghastly woollen caricatures which they had superseded.”

Now, a case of ferns is pretty enough in its way, but a pretty figure stooping over an embroidery-frame is about as much *prettier*, in our old-fashioned opinion, as it is possible to conceive ; and it seems to us that there is a far higher and nobler human sentiment in the labours of the young mother who clothes her infant in the “clean linen, pure and white,” put together, every dainty morsel of it, by her own tender fingers, and wept, and smiled, and prayed over through her sweet days of hope, than in the rarest collection of ferns which she could possibly have accumulated, while all those pretty things were being made for her by hired and careless hands. We have no objection to the Lady ferns and the Venus’s hair, but we have a tenderer liking for the girl’s pretty love-tokens, the woman’s work, the primitive occupation of feminine wit and feminine fingers. The little frocks and pinafores, that are mamma’s making, are agreeable to our prejudiced eyes, we confess ; and we humbly opine mamma would not have made them, had she been utterly scornful of “fancy-work” in the days of her young ladyhood. We are extremely sceptical, more-

over, of the superior moral influence of the ferns. Wrangling over unpronounceable names is not a *priori* evidence of self-forgottenness ; neither is it at all good moral discipline to consider *our* study or *our* amusement so much loftier and better than other people’s, that we are able to look down from our platform upon the frivolities around us. Cakes and ale may be extremely refreshing to our neighbour—though we are virtuous, and prefer “strawberry ice and a wafer ;” and if their researches into natural history make our young people as arrogant as Mr Kingsley would have them, we had almost rather see natural history return into the gloom of the unknown, than spoil a parcel of fresh minds with undue self-estimation, or rob our sons and our daughters of a morsel of the sweet natural humility of youth.

We will leave *Glaucus* immediately—only a moment’s patience more, and we are done with him. We can get all the science Mr Kingsley is pleased to give us in other books, especially in Mr Gosse’s *Aquarium*, from which, besides smaller contributions, *Glaucus* is pleased to quote as many as eight or ten pages at a stretch ; but we could find few more perfect specimens of the assumption and self-importance which is so unpleasant an adjunct of the pretensions of science, and which, we fear, threatens to become an un-failing attribute of the “superior” people—the “enlightened class,” who do us the favour to direct our opinions in these days. This is not only wrong and bad, but extremely foolish and short-sighted, and leads our talented friends into sad mistakes sometimes. This poor world requires a vast deal of ballast to keep it steady. We are not all intellect—naked spirits soaring into the impalpable skies ; and there are other kinds of power recognised among us than even the power of genius, or the inferior gifts of cleverness and talent. Mr Kingsley says : “A Cromarty stone-mason is now, perhaps, the most important man in the city of Edinburgh, by dint of a work on fossil fishes.” We are amazed, and rub our eyes, and read again. The most important man ! We have read the books and the articles of Mr Hugh Miller with great

admiration. He has a fluent and graceful style—a good command of language—a genuine acquaintance with external nature. We, who skipped the geology in them, had, nevertheless, great pleasure in his books; and when a scientific work interests an unscientific reader, the fact is a considerable testimonial to its powers. But an important *man!* A literary man, to our thinking, is only a man in his own circle, like any other private individual. Outside his circle, he is a Voice and no person—an influence it may be, and in his way a power, but not a man. Literature is not standing-ground enough for such pretensions. He who is to be a man in his age must be something more than a writer; and the writer who is not content to be a Voice ought to make at once another and clearly separated platform, if his ambition is to present *himself* before the world. When we mount upon our pile of books, and call upon the world to hear us, because talk is our vocation, and we are its true guides, the world will certainly laugh and turn to the prosaic hustings opposite, where, perhaps, the speakers have not our genius, yet, somehow or other, are more tangible personages than we. No, sir; you are a very clever writer—we acknowledge your influence—we read your books—we accept your ideal characters into our acquaintance, and quote their speeches as we quote the speeches of our friends. We have the highest admiration of your genius, your powers, and your accomplishments, but we do not acknowledge you as an individual,—and if you are wise, you will never build your importance as a man upon your claims as a writer: it is a bitter and sad blunder in the experience of many a shipwrecked life. The poor writer who has once been a lion, and who imagines people are seeking *him* when they are only seeking “the author of” some popular volume, is but a gentle type of the mortifications which must await the man who hopes for an important place in the crowded stage of life because he has written books. No; every one of us is man enough in his own home and sanctuary. Let us be sufficiently generous to rejoice that our work is no

drudgery, but the work of all others most enjoyable, and, if we choose it, most noble—that our day’s work brings us those day’s wages which are not ignoble pieces of money, but comfort, and peace, and happiness to our own home, help and succour to the homes of others; and the man among us who is not content, besides all this, with touching hearts, and lightening cares, and winning bits of light and beauty out of the dusty world to cheer the wayfarer, but fumes to have his class regarded as important *men*, is no true brother of our craft and guild!

Alas and alas, there is no science in *us!* Whither did we stray from—but, indeed, to step from *Glaucus* to the *Aquarium*\* is no toilsome journey. If we want bits of Mr Gosse, we have only to turn the page, so largely indebted is Mr Kingsley to his brother naturalist; but we prefer taking up the pretty, modest, simple-hearted volume, which, if it has none of Mr Kingsley’s gorgeous descriptions, has nothing either of the pretension or importance of this reverend philosopher. Mr Gosse does not make much attempt at fine writing; he does not at all condescend to his audience—indeed, he is happily unconscious of us, doing his own natural business, thinking of what he is about, and not of the train of wondering disciples at his side. He is not a great writer; but, though now and then we find him employing his *Actinia* and *Uva* to point a spiritual reflection, or symbolise a Christian sentiment, after a fashion which we are rather doubtful of, he is beyond question a good and pious man. He is no amateur either;—one feels that it *is* his business, which he goes about so unpretendingly; and his book is, without doubt, not only what people call “a very instructive,” but also a very handsome and indisputably agreeable volume. Notwithstanding, it is one which we warn all prudent papas who, in this year of war and income-tax, have no great margin of superfluous sovereigns to meet the whims of the young people, carefully to keep out of their houses; for if it once gets a lodgment in drawing-room or school-room, we may safely trust to every boy and girl of

\* *The Aquarium.* By PHILIP HENRY GOSSE.

spirit that there will be very little peace in that devoted household till it has made an attempt at an Aquarium.

Yes, there it is, an oblong glass box of greenish water—a mimic world. The forest trees are thin, but they are growing; the bits of rock throw shadows great enough to be gigantic to the busy multitudes who shelter under them. Little creatures are gleaming about hither and thither, in that state of perfect passive happiness, of which, lucky fellow, your little fish on a hot summer day, and in his native element, is the true exemplar. Curious unknown “things”—bundles of the most delicate little thongs of soft brown leather tipped with pink—and blunter petals of diverse colours, which you might suppose, if your imagination was unfurnished with any better simile, to be specimens of the flowers which cooks cut from turnips, executed by an *artiste* of first-rate abilities—are dwelling upon bits of stone everywhere; and here are pretty little red flowers growing out of complicated tubes of stone or shell—very pretty tiny blossoms, rare ornaments for those serpentine cylinders out of which they grow. Hush! here comes a merry fellow, a half-transparent shrimp, prancing like a little marine centaur on his front paws. He touches the red blossom accidentally as he passes, when, lo! it sinks into its tube, swift as a breath; and those long coils of soft brown, swaying about upon the water, and finding one of his aforesaid legs in their way, do presently, as it seems, bestow a noiseless pinch upon the unwary passenger, whereat Sir Shrimp draws in his limb, rubs it dolefully across his mustache, and meditates reprisals. But here comes a more formidable antagonist, a heavy dragoon among these flying horse—a creature of the lobster kind, carrying his house upon his back, and stumbling along with great noise and clatter, ringing his shell against the stones. On he comes, the blind or careless monster, striding his long legs over the very crest of this brown Briareus with the hundred arms. One can see that he is pinched too in some noiseless imperceptible fashion, and winces for a moment; but his coat is stouter than the transparent mail of his little cousin; and as the big fellow

sprawls and stumbles on undismayed, the arms of the Anemone close and shrink, and recede before him, till there is nothing but a brown soft leathery tuft upon the rock. Wait a moment—the mailed giant has plunged over to the abyss of sand below, and he has scarcely descended, when the hundred arms are waving forth again, coiling and uncoiling, gathering in invisible prey to an invisible mouth, as undisturbed and serene as if there were no monsters in the world. A hundred other little contests, where small harm is done, are going on within these four walls of glass. It is a wonderful little world, but it is not exactly an Eden; they have their misunderstandings and “difficulties” these small active people. Enterprise, activity, unflinching spirit, are among them. They never know when they are beaten, like our obstinate old troops in the Peninsula, but persevere in their dogged way till they have overcome, or else wisely bend before the storm, and vanquish it by yielding. As you gaze, you cannot help investing with human qualities and passions these far-off creatures, a long way down the scale of existence, yet not a whit less wonderfully made than we—nay *more* perfect in their limited range, more fully equipped and provided for all the chances of their life, and far more completely acquainted with the little world in which they have their being. Strange it is when one considers it—how doubtful *our* reasonings are, and after what a confused and blundering fashion, and ages of experiment, we reach to our conclusions—conclusions to which instinct comes unerringly, without a moment’s pause or thought. What poor mistakes we would be, with all our pride and mightiness, in God’s wonderful creation, if we did not recognise that grand and marvellous incompleteness which takes us out of the grasp of our present sphere and circumstance, to be perfected by nothing less than God and heaven.

Such as we have tried to describe—only containing a hundred marvels more than can be noted at a glance, or studied in a year—is the Aquarium, the most wonderful little microcosm ever presented to the bigger world—and which her Majesty’s lieges may not only examine in the Regent Park

Gardens, at their leisure, but form for themselves in their own parlours, halls, or conservatories, for very small cost—sea-water being procurable not only from the briny depths of ocean, but from a certain chemist in Holborn, to whom Neptune, through Mr Gosse, has communicated the secret of preparing it. Speak of your *jardinière*, your clusters of forced exotics, which are scarcely at all out of place in the perfumed and luxurious air of drawing-room or boudoir—*these* living flowers are living at the bottom of the sea, although you, most worshipful naturalist, at present examining the same, are standing in patent leather boots upon a Turkey carpet, instead of having wet sand and delusive *fuci* under your feet, and a spring-tide flowing in upon your uncertain standing-ground. Among those plants, and buds, and blossoms far inland, where the horizon is broken only by rural trees and church steeples, or by roofs of houses, spires, and chimneys, the outline of the town—where there is no breath of ocean in the breeze, and not a single gleam within sight, far or near, of the dazzling wavy surface, the broad mirror of the heavens—it is, notwithstanding, a true sea into which the curious gazer looks—a morsel of genuine life—of nature that cannot be sophisticated—a corner of that wonderful world, where the old Tritons play and mermaids sing—where Fancy once had undisturbed possession—where hoary Neptune knew no prying intruder in those cool green halls of his, where the sea-nymphs lighted him with silvery lamps, and the Nereids played about his pearly car. These are the very blossoms of his flower-garden, far under the shining wave—the very gems of his marble columns—the rubies and the sapphires of his crown; and Neptune himself is probably not so well acquainted with them by this time as is Mr Gosse, who has not been wearing them about his wrists and ankles these few thousand years, and consequently has not yet come to regard them with that familiarity which breeds contempt.

The principle of the Aquarium, however, discloses to us other truths of nature, and other discoveries of science, than merely the habits and history of

those strange and beautiful creatures, and this world under the water. We have always had a great dislike to the custom, so common among our poorer neighbours, of blocking up their own small window, in their full room, with dusty geraniums and sickly fuchsias, things which in our ignorance we denounced, as shutting out no small amount of air and light from the apartment, which had need of all it could get from the breeze and the sky. In our ignorance we said it; and there in brightest confutation stands the mimic sea. God's beneficent self-compensating laws have so ordered it, says the voice of Science, that as His living creatures exhaust the atmosphere He has made for them, the trees of His planting, the flowers of His painting, the humblest members of the vegetable kingdom are daily, hourly, noiselessly, renewing it, breathing from every leaf, and twig, and blossom, fresh life into the fainting air. Your shabby poplars in your suburban garden, your tiny laburnums, your quick-growing aspen, your elder and hawthorn, in your little squares, they are all silent, unobtruding benefactors, doing their almsdeeds with never a thought of gratitude; and all those odours of the flowers, which poets sometimes show to us as incense rising up to heaven, are of the nature of that truest incense which disperses itself in blessing and tenderness to earth and man. It is one of those wonderful and exquisite balancings in which the economy of God abounds. The vine and the fig-tree, under which the peaceful man reposes, the humbler elm and ash that shelter ourselves, are busied in their invisible vocation, replenishing the atmosphere which we exhaust,—while, perhaps, a vague admiration of their foliage, and the light and shadow playing among their leaves, is all the thought of them that comes into our minds as we lie under the grateful shade, and are revived unwittingly by the breathing of the leaves. It is this principle of life which makes such a beautiful toy as an Aquarium a possibility. Their sea and their air would be exhausted in a day or two, if these beautiful creatures of the waters were placed alone in their placid ocean; but when you introduce there, first of all,

the plants familiar to these waters—the delicate and wonderful leaflets, finer than the finest web that ever silkworm spun, the graceful branching stems and mimic forests, in which every eye must see beauty, but few could see *use*, you secure perpetual freshness, perpetual life, and health, and animation to your miniature sea. The animate creature and the plant, which it seems a cruel injustice to call inanimate, so beautiful are its delicate leaves as it sways upon the water, are mutually communicating strength and existence to each other,—and life goes on in this calm ocean here, as it does in the great tempestuous one a hundred or a thousand miles away, and in the wilder sea of civilised and human habitation, by a subtle and scarcely recognised inter-communication of the great principles of existence. Science has never taught us anything stranger or more beautiful than this universal power of nature, nor anything which more emphatically proclaims to us the exquisite harmony of God's ways and works; and a great discovery of natural laws had never a more beautiful or fitting development than this has in its translated sea.

To return to Mr Gosse. He takes to himself no merit as the inventor of the Aquarium; indeed, he does not seem to have been the first person to whom the idea occurred, nor even the first to put it in practice; nevertheless it is, and will be, Gosse's Aquarium, and there can be no doubt that this gentleman has brought the suggestion to perfection, by whomsoever it was first given. His book details, first of all, his own experience in collecting and preserving the inmates of his salt-water museum—the sea-weed, as we call it—the wonderful zoophytes, crustacea, and molluscs of the collection. The weeds most suitable he describes as those wonderful, wrinkled, puckered leaves of delicate green tissue, with which we are all acquainted, which fisher-folk call sea-lettuce, and which Mr Gosse calls *ulva*; and some others rarer, and still more beautiful, of brilliant tints and fairy texture. But we will let our author describe them himself,—the scene being a rocky beach, far under high-water mark, where the tide has ebbed to its

lowest point, “laying bare large tracts of surface that are ordinarily covered by the sea,” and where Mr Gosse has pursued the tide, and, armed with sundry jars and hammers, pursues his avocation close upon its margin, on the ledges of black rock that project into the sea. He says—

“An unpractised foot would find the walking precarious and dangerous, for the rocks are rough and sharp, and the dense matting of black bladder-weed with which they are covered, conceals many abrupt and deep clefts beneath its slimy drapery. These fissures, however, are valuable to us. We lift up the hanging mass of olive weed (*Fucus*) from the edge, and find the sides of the clefts often fringed with the most delicate and lovely forms of sea-weed; such, for example, as the winged *Delesseria* (*D. alata*) which grows in thin much-cut leaves of the richest crimson hue, and the feathery *Ptilota* (*P. plumosa*) of a duller red. Beneath the shadow of the coarser weeds delights also to grow the *Chondrus*, in the form of little leafy bushes, each leaf widening to a flattened tip. When viewed growing in its native element, this plant is particularly beautiful; for its numerous leaves glow with refulgent reflections of azure, resembling the colour of tempered steel. . . . Turning from the hidden clefts, we explore the deep pools that lie between the ledges. High wading-boots are necessary for this purpose, as we have to work in the water. The great oar-weeds and tangles (*Laminaria*) are growing here, large olive weeds that wave to and fro with the undulations of the sea. . . . Among these grow clusters of an elegantly frilled species, of delicate thin texture, and yellow brown hue, bearing no slight resemblance to the tresses of some fair lady; this also is a *Laminaria*. . . . In these pools grow also those bunches of broad dark red leaves which are probably the most conspicuous of all the marine plants in the collection. My readers will recognise them when I say that they are generally about as large as one's hand, smooth and glossy, of a dark crimson hue, but apt to run off into a pale greenish tint towards the tips. This plant is the Dulse, or *Dillis* (*Rhodyminia palmata*), which is eaten by the poor of our northern shores as a luxury. This is a showy plant, very beautiful when its tufts of large deep red fronds are seen in the sea, where the perpetual wash of the waves keeps their surface clean and glossy, but not very suitable for an aquarium.” Higher up upon the shore “a weed is

found growing in dense patches on the perpendicular and overshadowed edges of the rock, which, when examined, looks like a multitude of tiny oval bladders of red wine, set end to end in chains. This pretty sea-weed is called *Chylocladia articulata*. Here also grows the stony coralline, a plant of a dull purple hue, bearing some resemblance to that just named in the peculiar jointed form of its growth."

So our readers will perceive that there is abundant colour in the flower-gardens of Father Neptune, while, for texture and delicacy, no production of our duller soil can rival those fairy leaflets, so exquisite in their forms and hues; and this is the vegetation of the Aquarium, the oxygen-giving and life-preserving leafage which keeps the airs and currents sweet in the little sea.

Now for the creatures. Mr Gosse's affections are large and expansive. He does not refuse to the merry crab, the industrious little winkle, the silver-finned and darting fishie, a place in his heart; but Mr Gosse has his weakness, and confesses it. The *Actiniæ* are the darling children of our kind philosopher. Not the little prancing prawn, the cavalier of the sea, nor the ferocious little goby, its Turk and cruel Saracen, can at all rival the love he bears to those serene existences rooted on the rock, which are flowers and yet creatures—wonderful links between the animate and inanimate—things that eat and breathe, that move and fight, and yet are scarcely to be called organised existences. Formed and coloured like the loveliest blossoms, the sea anemone has yet the powers of self-preservation and of self-sustenance, as neither trees nor blossoms have. When dangers approach, it shrinks and hides itself till the peril is over, and night and day it caters for its healthy and vigorous appetite; and, fixed upon its morsel of rock, is as truly predatory as any Border rider that ever harried Northumberland. The zoophyte is the standing marvel of the Aquarium; every movement of its waving fingers looks miraculous, and we gaze with wonder, which can find no words, upon its rapid retreat from danger, its noise-

less effusion of malice, its self-defence, its instantaneous recovery when the attack is over. The pride of Mr Gosse's heart are these wonderful living flowers. Their beauty, their habits, their instinctive characteristic action, though it is strange to use such words concerning these watery blossoms of existence, it is his particular pleasure to dwell upon, and we do not wonder at his partiality for things so wonderful imagination never made.

We cannot pause to tell how Mr Gosse collects the animals for this little world of his, though we had intended doing so; nor how he has his own board of health and incorruptible sanitary officers in the small universe of sea-water; but it is no Eden, this primitive phase of existence—aggressors and resistants, tyrants and victims, are among the inhabitants; frightful little cannibals, furious duellists, improper people; yet, in spite of crushed individuals and oppressed races, law and order keep always the upper hand in the little world as in the big—and the grand economy goes on, employing and improving everything. When we say again it is a beautiful toy, we mean no depreciation of the higher pretensions of the Aquarium—all of us may learn our lesson from it, and few, we think, could learn the principle clearly demonstrated by its construction, without interest or without gratitude.

But to confine our admiration to the Aquarium is to do injustice to the manifold efforts of popular science for our amusement and occupation. Talk of a sea, as if we needed *that*, even in miniature, to amaze us with undiscovered wonders!—why, a drop of water is space and verge enough for mysteries of nature as marvellous as behemoth or leviathan; and there is not a pool by the wayside in which we might not find, among the floating water-lilies, nations more numerous than all the clamorous tongues and peoples which spread our human follies through the world. In a little book, pretty and unpretending, which calls itself simply *Drops of Water*,\* and is written by a lady, leisurely people may learn a mode of amusing themselves not much inferior to that of the

\* *Drops of Water*. By AGNES CATLOW. London: J. Reeve.

Aquarium, and involving less cost and trouble. Here you want nothing but a microscope and a drop from a pool; the little greenish globule of stagnant water demands no case of glass to enclose, no careful search to populate its tiny universe. We bend our uninstructed eye to the lens with a smile, wondering, in the presumption of our ignorance, what there may be here to call for our notice, when, lo! a score of merry creatures are revealed before us, little dancing atoms of bright colour, things which have eyes and stomachs, and may doubtless be shortsighted or bilious as well as we. Without these magic circles of glass, we could never have discovered the tiny monads; and when these hapless creatures, in some gigantic devastation, are swallowed up, a nation at a time, by a gloomy Tartarus, immense and desperate, we have no reason to suppose that they will ever guess at the name of the abyss, or know it is a human throat which annihilates their race. It is curious to note, in the illustrations of this book, some score of small extraordinary shapes in every little globe, each endowed with a learned euphonious name rather longer than its own tiny person. And these invisible morsels of life have their *habits* too—their ways of working, of devouring, of multiplying—their raids and wars, their idiosyncrasies, their characteristic peculiarities. The infinite Creator of all has not made two of them entirely alike—they are as diverse as we are in our powers and capabilities, and they are very much more diverse than we in shapes and forms of beauty. To this curious world one can penetrate with very little exertion. A goblet of stagnant water will give forth a universe to every possessor of a microscope; a leaf from his garden will disclose a kingdom; and, indeed, there seems scarcely any limit to the wonders which we may discover in every inch of this material globe, if we will but take the pains to look at it aright.

And here is Botany building its palaces, laying out its acres, whispering in weird consultation with the occult sciences, and making climates for itself. We have the tenderest affection for flowers of every class and name, and the superb results of scientific

gardening can have no more admiring spectator than we, who, however, can boast more personal acquaintance with the speedwells and the primroses, the wild-brier and hawthorn in the hedges, than with anything of loftier birth or longer name. But of all the popular sciences, we are tantalised and provoked more perpetually by this science of botany than by all its brethren put together. Sir Joseph Paxton may build a Crystal Palace, but he cannot invent such names as rose or violet; and what mortal man, we crave to know, could take an *Escholtzia Californica* into his heart? Do you know the *Oxalis acetosella*, most courteous reader? What do you think it is? The wood sorrel, the fairy blossom, the flower of the poets! After this, we humbly opine any enormity is possible. We have a standing quarrel with a dear friend of our own, who, to our intense irritation, insists upon informing us, when we look up to the graceful shade of the acacia over our heads, that the correct and proper name is *Robinia*, and that we are entirely mistaken in our nomenclature. A *Robinia*! doubtless called after some respectable Mr Robins, who supposed himself the finder of it. Of course, our only plan is to retire in dudgeon from the degraded tree, and breathe a secret anathema against the offending science. No. A *Victoria Regia* may be a beautiful stranger, but never can be the flower of our hearts like a water-lily; and our botanists have a wonderful deal to learn in the science of *names*—a sadly neglected cognate branch of their especial lore. Something might be done, perhaps, if Parliament, at its leisure, would consider the wisdom of making it penal for any botanist to learn the Latin tongue; but our governors have so many private squabbles to get through, in the first place, that we fear public questions of importance like this must bide their time.

While we are thus reminded of the Crystal Palace and its crowds of beautiful floral inhabitants, we cannot help glancing aside to intimate our dread that Professor Owen's "restorations," however true they may be, are rather a damp upon the fervour of geological visions. When we

read one of Mr Hugh Miller's retrospective glances—one of those panoramic views of his—of the old, old world, before human creatures were, and of the grand animals who were monarchs there, among the tropical plants, and under the glorious sunshine of the first primeval earth, we are fascinated with the gleam of the strange bright picture. The fervent style and glowing language of the dreamer touch our imagination to a kindred enthusiasm. All dazzling with sunbright seas, with banks of reedy, palmy verdure, with gorgeous unknown flowers, is this magnificent original world; and its inhabitants are only vast vague ideas of power, and size, and wonderful instinct to our unscientific soul. But, heaven help us, what are these?—these frightful scaly monsters—these giant reptiles—these gaping jaws, and eyes in which no speculation dwells? Are these the heroes of your earliest romances? Are these the primitive possessors of the virgin universe? It may be so; and they may be brave monsters—wonderful developments of Titanic bone and sinew; but it is rather hard upon an author to take the poetry out of him after this remorseless fashion. When we read Mr Hugh Miller's vision now, some wicked imp presents another vision to us, of the grave and sober individual whom we see from the railway as we approach Sydenham, ponderously embracing the trunk of a hapless little "genteel" modern home-born birch-tree, which the vast brute could eat up at a mouthful. Tropical flowers and verdure, and the glorious brightness of the new sea, seem to have very little in common with the heroes presented to us in the grounds of the Crystal Palace. Pure mud, and nothing brighter, speaks *those* scaly leathery hippopotami. We suppose Professor Owen is infallible, and that the creatures are, as creatures were, in that first rescue from chaos and the unknown. But now that we have seen, we humbly submit that it were safest to make no more romances about them. Let science have her will of her own gigantic offspring; but poetry, we are afraid, cannot look a second time into these fishy eyes. Inexorable fact and Professor Owen

have made an end of all our pretty pictures; and we beg of every young geologist, who has a lover's enthusiasm for his science, to close his eyes very hard as he comes towards the fairy palace, and never, for any inducement, to be tempted to stray far into the grounds.

It was fashionable, when we began to be popularly scientific, to say that Science was inconsistent with Poetry; and it has been fashionable, in later times, to congratulate Poetry upon the widened field opened up to her by the researches of Science. Neither proposition seems to us worth very much. Poetry, of all things in the world, must be least influenced by steam-engines and electric telegraphs. The external world is but scenery for your true poet, though it is true of him, notwithstanding, that one of his highest faculties is the power he has of throwing heart and personality into the vast abstract of Nature, and making the great mother weep with us, and smile with us, in all the changeable moods of our humanity. But poetry is human. In the vast bright blank of an uninhabited world, she has nothing to do; one glance at its flowers and its sunshine—one sigh over its solitude—is all the sympathetic angel can waste upon the scene. Not even heaven itself is patent ground to this delicate spirit. Everlasting summers, and bowers of blessedness, are pretty things to play with in rhyme; but the true and only sphere of poetry is human life, with its woes, its changes, and its triumphs. Let us not be afraid of progress; neither let us entertain any expectation that our next Shakespeare will be much superior to him of Stratford and the Globe Theatre, who was sadly ignorant of electricity. The rhymster who makes verses is neither worse off nor better off than he used to be; and the poet who makes *men* can neither be elevated on scientific stilts, nor straitened by universal discoveries. The heart and the soul, love, grief, and peril, are primitive and permanent, and from the gates of Eden to the eve of judgment, we are one race, and one wide bond of sympathy unites us, with which the world without has small concern. Our argument is not touched by Mr Gosse's quotations



from the weird story of Kehama; for, good man as he was, and gentle spirit, Southey had not much pretension to the highest class among poets; and his "coral bowers, and grots of madrepores;" his "arborets of jointed stone, and plants of fibres fine as silk-worm's hair," prove more completely than any words of ours could do, what mere adjuncts and bits of drapery these are, and how little poetry is likely to be influenced by the flying progress of the external world, or the new lights of scientific development. Her science is at once the oldest and the least superannuated of all the sciences of earth; and it is wonderful to note how little real difference there is in the man, the grand centre of all improvements and discoveries, from the time he first set about acquainting himself with the niggard earth, which differed so sorely from the fruitful slopes of Eden, until now, when that soil of thorns and thistles is his natural and lawful subject, and he has exhausted his ingenuity in laying bare its secrets. We look back upon the philosophers of all the intervening ages, and have many a smile to spend upon their erring guesses at the truths of nature; but we smile our smile of superior information no longer when they come to discuss the heart of man; *that* was patent to them as to us; and we and they had alike as much to experience, as much to learn, as many depths to fathom, and difficulties to fight through. We are not all capable of appreciating an accurate and brilliant description of the "grots of madrepores;" but we all have some natural insight into the more universal science of the poet, and know, by an intuitive perception, when he reveals to us a real heart.

The science of poetry, however, is not exactly one of the popular sciences. We give no rank to the diviner faculty in comparison with that which we bestow upon its plodding brethren. Your man who discovers zoophytes is a man of science; your poor trifler, who only meddles with the passions, the affections, and such other human rubbish, is greatly honoured if his craft is admitted to the name of art.

All the dignity of research goes to the "Natural Philosopher;" *he* makes sacrifices for his truths; whereas the poet does it all for pleasure, and we are privileged to despise him accordingly.

However, we have strayed a long way from our proper subject, in considering the dangers and immunities of this lighter individual; and as there are other branches of popular science abounding in light literature, besides the wonders of the microscope or of the sea, we betake ourselves once more to those ranges of pretty books, which look as if they were made for drawing-room tables and the pretty hands of young ladies. Here are a whole series, with a pleasant, chirruping, merry name upon them. What has *Acheta*\* to tell the young people who will rejoice over those pretty volumes of hers—prizes, or presents, or gifts of love? *Acheta* has a great deal to tell; and the science of this kindly companion is of a very human sort of science, more delightful to boys and girls, and at the same time more natural to them, than the teachings of her graver brethren. Open air and sunshine, birds, flowers, and insects,—those sweet bits of nature which rural people unconsciously gain some certain knowledge of almost whether they will or no—a knowledge which gives them a constant superiority over townsfolk, though it might possibly happen that the unfamiliar citizen surpassed the peasant in admiration for the beauty which was known to him only by books,—these are the subjects of *Acheta*. That pleasant lore which names every tree in leafy byways, distinguishes every flutter and twitter among the branches, tells you what these specks are winging across the sky—mere moving motes in the sunshine—and what the dancing crowds of inquisitive midges that throng about the passenger—could scarcely be called science if that were all, for one only needs to be country-born, to breathe in such delightful learning with one's earliest breath. But our graceful author goes a great deal farther. We can all manage to appreciate to some extent the pretty

\* *Episodes of Insect Life. March Winds and April Showers—May Flowers.* By ACHETA.

things about us; the most worldly soul in the world does not grudge to admire the flower by the way, or the butterfly fluttering across the blossoms. But Nature, which is always wonderful, has other developments than butterflies and flowers, and certainly our gratitude ought to be more full towards those observers who find out beauty for us, where we had only seen decay and blight, than to those who but discover the superficial flush which every man discovers for himself. We confess that when we find upon the scanty dusty rose-bush in our town-garden the marks of "insect appropriation,"—when we find "a group of leaflets spun together," or "a single leaf rolled lengthwise, edge to edge," we have no admiration whatever, at the first glance, for the wonderful ingenuity of the little operators. Instead of consoling ourselves for our lost hopes—our forlorn expectation of triumph—our one poor rose grown "in our own garden," by study of the little monsters who have eaten the life out of our tiny tree, we are a great deal more disposed to tear off the devastated leaves with wrath and disgust, and pronounce the clever aphides the pests and ringleaders of sedition in the little commonwealth. Well, they are not agreeable at the first look—but there is a soul of goodness in things evil; your rose would have been smoky and short-lived—a languishing, pale exotic among all those overshadowing walls and chimneys. *These* merry little wretches are everywhere at home. Look at them; they are God's making as much as you are; they are neither disgusting nor uncomely. Far better shields and houses than your ingenuity can devise are given them of their Maker; and when Acheta places one of her appropriated leaves in your hand, and shows you the little nest of life—the small creatures all busy about their common business, unconscious of you, your hopes and your disappointments, and as honestly pursuing the chief end of their existence as you yourself do—it may chance to steal upon your mind that this very self in its day has unwittingly blighted somebody's roses, and you will no longer regard with mere wrath and indignation those feeders on the leaves. Here is a

"miner," who has ensconced himself within the slender branching tissue of one of your leaflets—actually *within* it—with a green silk coverlet on either side of him, and the sunshine, no doubt, coming in deliciously through those cool shades, where, happy fellow, he lies and munches, the most exquisite of epicures, a tenth of an inch in circumference round and round! Or perhaps he is a tent-maker, and rolls the leaf into a secure well-enclosed dwelling-place, puckering the edges closely together, and joining them as he knows how; and there he dwells, and grows, and dines, till either death or that beautiful mockery of resurrection, which changes the worm into the painted moth or butterfly, delivers the little inmate from his temporary house. The leaf certainly is none the better for him—neither is the tree; yet one learns to be less intolerant of these small poachers on one's own demesne, when one sees how the universal providence takes care for them, and how wonderfully fitted for all the small requirements of their lives these little creatures are.

But, alas! amid all its beauties, there is not a morsel of Eden left in the wide range of nature. They all prey upon their brethren, these denizens of air and water, these tiny inhabitants of this terrestrial world. The microscopic creatures have some invisible race of victims, too small for the powers of the microscope, and they are food for larger monsters in their turn, till our turn comes, the biggest monster of all—man, who, if he does not cater more carefully for his beloved appetite, does it after a much more cumbrous fashion. It is not, however, the highest view of created things to trace them all to their natural conclusion, in one great abstract stomach of humanity; but it is very well, and seemly, to see how all our naturalists of these days unite in giving God thanks for the plenitude and magnificence of all His works,—how it is *His* overflowing superabundance—the wonderful wealth which He dispenses in every corner of His vast dominions—that is the burden of almost every voice. While this spirit continues, there can be no pursuit more suitable to human minds than that of natural

history; and to see the pains which God has taken with the minutest morsels of life, is enough, if we consider it, to make us a great deal more wary of our own performances, and careful of putting nothing bad or unlovely out of our hands. Like those honest old craftsmen of the elder times, who elaborated even unseen corners, and giddy, unbeholdable pinnacles, we had need to do everything well and honestly—this whole money-making, hasty race of ours—if we would imitate in the faintest fashion the works of God.

Notwithstanding all this, Natural History very often is something of a bore. One cannot take up a cheap publication—a magazine or journal for “the people,” but there is a coarse woodcut of some uncouth brute or other, and a biography of the same; and our learned brethren are but too apt to suppose that we, who are not very much enamoured of beasts either in real life or in fossils, are very poor ignoramuses indeed, and scarcely worth being cultivated. We object to this—we decidedly object, when we buy a picture paper at the railway station, to have a walrus or a crocodile inevitably thrust upon us. Science is good, but science has its drawbacks. That dreadful society for the diffusion of useful knowledge, which once filled every cheap publication with elaborate descriptions of every manufacturing process, has happily intermitted its well-intentioned labours; and of the two, perhaps, we will conclude to prefer the ingenuity of insects to the ingenuity of cotton-factories. But life has things more beautiful than either, and quite as important. We do not want to know how everything is made, and we do not care for a very intimate acquaintance with the great ant-eater or the hippopotamus, important as their pretensions are.

Then there are books of *false science*, a multitude innumerable, which come in for a very fair share of public patronage. There is one remarkable volume we wot of, called the *Marvels of Science*. This distinguished work has gone through eight or nine editions, and, doubtless, is selling still

to that large and deluded class of individuals who are perpetually on the look-out for “proper books” to “put into the hands of youth.” Put the *Aquarium* into the hands of youth, good friends; put the *March Winds and April Showers* or the *Episodes of Acheta*, if you want science; but, for pity’s sake, do not deluge the hapless young folk with the *Marvels*. Holloway’s pills are a joke to the pretensions of this author, for it is his boast to dispose of all the various branches of philosophy, all the discoveries of modern times, in one small volume of some three or four hundred pages. This great work, however, is unfortunately out of our sphere. If we ever should have occasion to turn our affrighted attention towards the *heavy literature* of modern times, we will then be able to find time for a glance at Mr Fullom’s book.

We do not doubt or deny the good services which Dr Hassall\* has rendered to the public; but we tremble either to eat or to drink after his book has come into our hands. We look askance at the innocent grocer, the virtuous and respectable milkman. The wretches—have they not been poisoning us secretly in their back parlours—mixing one knows not what abominations in our milk and in our tea? Yet the tea and the milk, where can we get substitutes for them—we, who can neither freight Chinamen nor keep a dairy?

We are doing shameful injustice to Professor Johnston, to bring him in in a concluding paragraph; yet we cannot be content to pass altogether a book which is the most pleasant reading in the world, though it is still as serious as its theme demands. *The Chemistry of Common Life* is a very different production from the other volumes which have come under our notice; more interesting, in so much that our own life and its ordinary accessories is the subject matter—yet more serious, because it is not connected with any scheme of amusement, and is very well worthy to be received as an authoritative exposition, no less than as a most agreeable disclosure of the subject it expounds. But let nobody fear Professor John-

\* *Food, and its Adulterations.*

ston; *he* has not hunted up all the London shopkeepers to discover their iniquities. What he does is to tell us a great many curious things which he knows and we do not know; facts of strange, universal interest, bearing on those wonderful universal habits of the creature, Man, which mark him as the same creature wherever he flourishes, and make a vast distinction between him and all his neighbours who inhabit the same world. Not to speak of the most popular papers in the collection—those which everybody quotes, and which have already insensibly become part of the general intelligence and information of the age, though we do not recollect hearing anything about them before—the papers, we mean, upon the Beverages we infuse, and the Narcotics we indulge in—how very curious a chapter is that upon odours, or, as the author wisely distinguishes them, Odours and Smells—the pleasant and the unpleasant. How constantly we are moved by this strange, invisible influence. How the comfort of a house or a community gets shipwrecked by some unknown pest, and how the most exquisite soul of pleasure in a balmy summer night is the breath of flowers in the air, we all know, or at least acknowledge in a moment; but we never knew the magician's caskets—the *repertoire* of potent spells—which the chemist holds in his hands. We had to learn that it was possible to *make* every imaginable variety of balms or of horrors—nay, of the latter something unimaginable, a pestiferous and deadly breath, which no man could endure. A wonderful power—and it might be a most frightful one, if Providence had not wisely ordered that the finders-out of these strange scents should be the kindest helpers of their race—is the power of chemical knowledge. The vulgar poisoners of tragedy, with their cup and phial, are entirely put out of court in the presence of the new magician; and we presume Mr Johnston and his apparatus could put to flight an army of Cossacks without blow or bloodshed, and march triumphant over a sniff of alkarsin or kakodyle over all the fortifications in the world.

But sober science is always chary of developing itself, save for the good

of man,—and we may well be thankful that there are no Firmilians, capable, as it would seem, of penetrating into the mysteries of the laboratory, or patient enough to work out its secrets for our undoing. We have no space to look at Professor Johnston's book as it ought to be looked at; but it is one of the best conjunctions of pleasant and valuable reading of which our modern literature has to boast.

Men of science must, of course, remain always a limited class, as men of great knowledge, pains and thought, must be in all pursuits; and we have a great dread of the *smattering*—the top-dressing of imperfect information which is the plague of our time; but for that extent of knowledge which makes an audience interested in the greater discoveries, which opens our eyes, if not even to a perception, at least to a consciousness, of some of the wonders about us, and which impresses us with the wonderful divine harmony and perfectness of all creation, we can scarcely have too much: only let us not be overwhelmed by the assumptions of one branch or another of our modern philosophers. Knowledge, even if it were power, is very far from being superiority; and he who knows most is seldom the one of our acquaintance most cherished in our hearts. Though you have eaten of the charmed weed with *Glaucus*, yet glory not over us, philosopher; though our thoughts are not your thoughts, we have our cogitations—and many a simple soul marvelled with love and thankfulness over the works of God, before there ever was a work on popular science. We are learning every one of us; and certain grand lessons lie before us all to learn, before we reach the ending of our way. We are the most imperfect creatures in the universe: there is not an aphid nor a sea anemone that has not more reason to glory in the perfections of its structure and its tools than we have; therefore let us learn our lessons humbly, and never take the trouble to conclude upon our neighbour's. If he should have something tugging at his heart while we are dislodging sea-weed from the rock and despising him, it is within human possibility that he is learning a better lore than we.

## THE WAR, THE CABINET, AND THE CONFERENCES.

THE war still languishes, and Russia holds us at bay. The colossal tyrant of the North—the Power whose encroachments upon European liberty render it the Evil Genius of the nineteenth century—still makes head against us; and, through its hundred spies and envoys, mocks at us in every Court of Europe. With the two strongest fighting Powers of the world leagued against her, the Colossus keeps them at arm's-length, —combats them on nearly equal terms in a distant corner and extremity of her empire, and finds herself unassailable at every other point of her far-stretching frontiers. Poland is secure,—Finland is secure,—Georgia is unthreatened,—Cronstadt and the Baltic fortresses frown defiance upon the mighty fleets which watch them,—in irresponsible brutality she massacres a truce-party at Hango, and dictatorially assumes to virtually abrogate the privileges of the white flag on her Baltic coasts. With savage energy and civilised skill she pushes on the war. “*Rien n'est changé!*” was the prophetic remark of the French Emperor when he heard of the death of Nicholas. The new Czar has accepted his father's policy as a sacred legacy. “To the last man and the last musket,” is still the imperial motto. Like a god the Czar disposes of the lives and fortunes of his seventy millions of fanatical subjects, and is now hurling them as from a sling against the front of Europe. It is a crusade of the East against the West, of the North against the South. The essays of France at universal empire under Charlemagne, Louis XIV., and Napoleon, were but sudden and ephemeral leaps, the result of the genius of isolated chiefs;—the march of Russia is like the growth of Rome, steadily absorbing one province after another, and threatening to reach a position of power in which she will dominate over the whole Continent. It is a glacier from the North,—and we must either be crushed before it, or dislocate the mighty mass. It behoves us to take care lest the former alter-

native overtake us before we can accomplish the latter. Already Russia is so powerful that Austria crouches before her,—half from fear and half from love, Prussia cleaves to her,—and the German Courts, menaced on the one side by the salient bastion of Poland, and still more on the other by the smouldering fires of democracy, lean, as the lesser evil, to the Czar, the great champion of “order” and absolutism.

A crisis has come in the history of Europe, and what are we doing to meet it? In this the seventeenth month of the war, and two years and a half since the crisis declared itself, what is the attitude of England? It is still the old story: the Militia neglected, and at only one-third of its numbers,—even the army not at the complement ordered by Parliament,—hardly a gunboat in the Baltic,—no land-transport corps to enable the army to take the field in the Crimea, instead of knocking its head against the mud walls of Sebastopol, and no reserves ready to fill up its inevitable losses. Not a battalion of the foreign legion or of the Turkish contingent is yet in the field; while our Ottoman allies are in danger of being overwhelmed by a greatly superior Russian force at Kars and Erzeroum. It is strange that matters should be so. Never was a war so popular. The last war, although nobly, and to the discomfiture of Napoleon's calculations, supported by the nation, was primarily the work of the aristocracy; the present one is peculiarly the work of the people. The whole heart of the nation is in it. Wiser than their chiefs, they felt at once, as if by an inspiration, the real character of the contest. The future of Europe was at stake, and they would not be held back. Spurning at degradation, and casting to the winds the meshes of an antiquated policy and the devices of a double-dealing Cabinet, they forced their way into the lists, and took up the gauntlet which the Russian giant had flung in the face of Europe. And yet, what has been done? Marching with a nation

at their backs, what manful and decided course have our Ministers adopted? The facts of the case admit of but one reply. By timidity and vacillation they have scared away friends and disheartened sympathisers; and by a never-ceasing cringing and whimpering after peace, they have inspired our enemies with confidence and other nations with contempt. At Munich, Hamburg, Dresden, Berlin, and Vienna—where the name of England was once a spell of power—even at Brussels, the pitiful capital of a State which we created and a King whom we pension—men now sneer at the proud Islanders, ridicule our efforts, and magnify our disasters. Any one acquainted with Germany knows that the public feeling there, which was at first decidedly in our favour, has now veered round and set in as strongly in favour of our adversary. A lamentable truth,—but how could it be otherwise? With the eyes of Europe upon us, we have stood like a timid bather, one foot only in the water! After themselves opening the sluices of war, the British Government have stood shivering and shrinking on the edge of the flood, as higher and higher rose the red tide, until it now threatens to submerge us if we stand another moment hesitating. In truth, it is “now or never.” Bold efforts are needed, or the cause is lost; and Russian influence, already half-enthroned in Germany, will spread supreme to the shores of the Atlantic. This warning is needed in these slumbrous times. We trust it will not become a prophecy, but, if neglected, it will be found a true one.

With these interests at stake and those prospects before us, it will seem a madness incredible to future historians that the Ministers of Great Britain should have so long slumbered at their post, and, instead of availing themselves of the warlike temper of the nation, have sought only to daunt and repress it. While the despotic Czar was proclaiming to his subjects his ambitious aims in the contest, vaunting the success of the ancestral policy of his line, pledging himself to recede not a hair's-breadth in his demands, and invoking alike Heaven and his people to aid him in the war,—the free Government of England ig-

nored the nation, refused all volunteer offers, and instead of being the guiding-star of the country, have kept us groping helplessly in a cloud of darkness produced by official lies and an imbecile diplomacy. Rather than face the inevitable war without, they sought to extinguish the war-spirit at home. Instead of rallying to themselves, as a Chatham or a Canning would have done, the manly spirit of the British nation,—instead of making it a confidant of their views, and engaging it heart and soul in the contest, our Ministers have done everything to shut out the people from the question, and, with fatal self-sufficiency, have attempted to master the crisis themselves. They have failed,—failed utterly and ignominiously; and now the country is grieved because unsuccessful, and angry because deceived. Like its predecessor, the career of the Palmerston Cabinet has hitherto been one of continued disappointment to the nation. In February we remember to have seen, in our English *Charivari*, Palmerston and Nicholas represented as a couple of prize-fighters, each sitting, stripped to the buff and with tucked-up shirt-sleeves, on his second's knee, ready to engage. British pluck shone in the good English face of “Pam” as he eyed with glee his formidable antagonist,—and below were the words, “Now FOR IT!” That print expressed to the letter the hopes and wishes of the British nation. They then trusted in, and were ready to have followed Palmerston to almost any extent, and to have thrown themselves hopefully heart and soul into the contest. Now, if it be incorrect to say, with Mr Disraeli, that the spirit of the nation has been “daunted” by the mismanagement and defection of its leaders, the truth is too nearly so; while, moreover, our indefatigable adversary has employed the interval in exertions to which our Government has made no adequate reply. For the last three months, from the frontiers of Poland to the lines at Perekop, the roads have been covered by marching corps, and cut up by the ceaseless transit of waggons with stores of food and warlike *matériel*; and while we write, the arrival of the advanced-guard of these picked corps is

announced by Prince Gortschakoff from Sebastopol. It is clear that the results of a year's fighting have now been lost—that another campaign has been thrown away, and with it an amount of prestige which was in itself a tower of strength, and which it will take us years of a bold policy and successful fighting to regain. It is even announced now that the siege of Sebastopol may last for a year or years, with all the attendant expense and horrors of winter-campaigns.\* Unless the full strength of the country be instantly put forth, the Present will be lost to us, and the war will be continued only for the sake of the Future. Let the gallant spirit of the nation, then, have way. "Strip and go at it," while there is yet time; or, for every month of sunny opportunity now lost, we shall have a year to spend in the chilling shade of reverse. Remember the three-and-twenty years of the last war, during by far the greater part of which we had to wage a losing fight, and struggle on not for success, but for self-existence. Do not let us, by initiatory sluggishness, entail upon the empire a similar contest now—or prepare for our own lips, a short time hence, when daunted by the far-reaching spread of Russian power, the mournful words of the dying Pitt, uttered after a long silent contemplation of the map spread out on his bed—"Take it away: the map of Europe may be rolled up for the next fifty years!"

If the war languishes, the country is not to blame. Again, as ever, the Ministerial carriage stops the way. And the nation, wroth at its leaders,

gives way to utterances akin to the fierce cry heard from our soldiers in the trenches before Sebastopol, after the blundered assault of the 18th June,—“If our leaders would but let us alone, we would take the place ourselves!” In last Number † we traced the career of Ministerial treachery and mismanagement down to the Parliamentary debates in the last week of May. The six weeks that followed deserve a chapter for themselves. More revelations, and more shame! As if the Russianism and double-dealing of the late Cabinet were not enough,—as if the avowed apostasy of the Peelites had not brought sufficient stain upon the character of our public men, we now find that a new Peace-plot has been attempted, and still more palpable and unblushing deceit practised, in which Lord John Russell has played the chief part, and his colleagues have aided and abetted to the best of their ability. Let us briefly recall the facts of this astounding and disheartening discovery.

About the middle of May, as may be recollected, startling rumours became rife in the political circles of London that Lord John Russell had returned from the Vienna Conference, a convert to the Russo-Austrian views of the Peace party,—that a number of his colleagues, especially the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Charles Wood, Sir George Grey, and the Duke of Argyll, shared in his opinions,—and that the whole Cabinet had it in contemplation to accept some new and dishonourable propositions concocted by Austria. The Peelites, elated at the prospective

\* The Premier's organ, the *Morning Post*, now says (21st July):—"The siege may, and probably will, run on until this time next year, or even the year after that. The sooner we make up our minds to this the better. It is quite time that we gave up expecting tidings of anything particularly dashing as against Sebastopol. That everything our troops are called to do will give proof of their worth as British soldiers, is not to be doubted; and should they but have the chance of engaging the enemy in the field, the ancient glory of England will be adequately sustained by them; but the probabilities seem to be against their having that opportunity at present, so it is better not to look for it. If this be true, it follows that the British army will pass another winter upon the heights above Sebastopol; will have to do over again the work of last year—passing whole nights in the trenches and on picket, when the thermometer is twenty degrees of frost, and the wind from the cruel north is biting almost to death. Hideous experience has taught us what the disasters of an army may be under such circumstances; and, therefore, no one ought to feel surprise if a general thrill of horror passes through the country at the thought of our brave friends passing another winter there."

† "Two Years of the Condemned Cabinet."

whitewashing of themselves by others proving as black as they, went about proclaiming that though they had sacrificed themselves, their cause was triumphant. Mr Disraeli, however, who generally comes into inconvenient possession of such State secrets, at once with patriotic energy moved a vote of want of confidence in the Ministry, in order to stop their treachery in mid-career. The debate came on on the 24th, and there was a general expectation in the House, as well as out of doors, that Lord John Russell would make a speech bridging over the chasm which separated him from the Peace party. The very opposite occurred. The Peelites, indeed, emboldened by knowing how the Ministry had committed themselves, no longer thought it necessary to conceal their long-latent Russianism. Probably, calculating that the Peace party in the Cabinet would declare themselves, they expected to reap a great advantage from being the first to announce their views. Never were men more mistaken. No sooner had Mr Gladstone finished his elaborate arithmetical statement as to how many integers and fractions of the Four Points had been in his view acceded to, and his protest against humbling Russia or continuing the war, than up rose Lord John Russell, and set about refuting the opinions of his ex-colleagues, denouncing the ambition of Russia, and vehemently counselling an energetic prosecution of the war! The Premier abetted the scheme of deception, by praising Lord John's conduct at the Conferences, and stoutly asseverating that no Cabinet could be more united in its views as to the prosecution of the contest. The deceit succeeded. Mr Roebuck, as he has since told us, and many other members of the House, who had come to vote against the Ministry, in consequence of the current reports, put faith (as well they might) in Lord John Russell's statements and professions, and by vote and speech helped to keep the shameless Cabinet in power.

But falsehood is short-lived. Naturally irritated at the ex-envoy turning round and vituperating the very proposals which he had expressly approved at Vienna, Count Buol

forthwith published a circular, in which he disclosed the actual concurrence of Lord John Russell in the Austrian proposals. In the face of Europe, the British Minister, and indirectly the British Cabinet, now stood branded with the charge of falsehood. In these circumstances, Sir John Walsh (June 20) rose in his place to ask if Count Buol's statement was correct; whereupon Lord John Russell replied shortly, that "everything contained in the despatch was accurate and correct." The announcement made considerable sensation; and a few days afterwards (July 3), Mr Milner Gibson rose to ask the Premier "what was the present policy of the Government with respect to the war?" and, referring to Count Buol's statement that Lord John Russell had approved of the last solution of the Third Point prepared by Austria, and had agreed to recommend it to his Government, wished to know "how it was that the noble lord was a member of the Peace party at Vienna, and a member of the War party in Parliament?" Smitten with confusion, and probably relying that the supposed despatches would not be brought to light, Lord John now reversed his former statement, and affirmed that his questioner had "altogether misrepresented the facts of the case." Whereupon the Ministerialists cheered him, and Mr Gibson was snubbed by the Speaker in his attempts to point out Lord John's unblushing self-contradiction. The Manchester slot-hound, however, was not to be driven from the scent. A British Minister's word nowadays no longer passes current as invariably sterling, and Mr Milner Gibson intimated that he would repeat his question in a more formal manner. The night came (July 6), and the thinness of the House showed alike how callous the Members had grown to Ministerial duplicity, and that on this occasion they expected nothing very extraordinary. The Premier was almost the only man, besides Lord John, on the Treasury bench, when the latter rose to answer his persecutor. The Head of the Ministry did not reckon upon what followed. Lord John, he knew, had never asked permission from his Sove-



reign to reveal the arcana of the Cabinet, and he did not anticipate that his subordinate would treat State-oaths as cavalierly as he treated truth. The speech that followed exploded like a bomb-shell. As usual, a considerable proportion of misstatement was mingled with the confession, to make it less unpalatable—and, in particular, Sir George Grey had to contradict his colleague's averment that Austria had engaged to make the rejection of its proposals by Russia a *casus belli*; but enough was evident, from Lord John's own statement, to show that he, in concert with the Cabinet, had hitherto, and especially during the discussions from the 24th May to the 8th June, been practising the grossest deceit upon Parliament and the country.

The indignation of the country, great as it had been at the disclosure of the Peelite apostasy, was still more unanimous and overpowering at this fresh exhibition of disgrace. On the part of the Opposition, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton gave notice of a motion condemnatory of Lord John Russell and the Cabinet, on the ground of their proceedings in regard to the Vienna Conferences. This was on Tuesday the 10th July. The Premier, declaring he would "stand or fall" with his colleague, on the 11th set about buying up the votes of the Irish Brigade, by promising the active support of the Government to the re-insertion of a pernicious clause in the Irish Tenants Bill, which had been previously struck out by a large majority. By altering the order of business for Friday, also, he succeeded in compelling the postponement of Sir E. B. Lytton's motion until Monday the 16th, in the hope that a success at Sebastopol or some lucky accident might come to his aid. In truth, he was unwilling to part with the old leader of the Whigs, if he could possibly help it, because he was afraid lest, if thus further weakened, his Cabinet would not be able to stand. Never before did his acquiescent optimism shine forth more marvellously. But the crisis was too grave to be thus tided over. On Thursday the subordinate Members of the Administration rebelled, and, represented by Lord John's protégé Mr Bouverie (who

afterwards set the House in a roar by stating that he thought he was acting as Lord John's "true friend" by thus becoming the fugleman of the mutineers!)—intimated to the Premier that, unless the ex-Envoy withdrew from the Cabinet, it was hopeless to attempt to face the adverse motion, and that they would not do it. This was a severe cut. It was retorting upon Lord John Russell the very game by which he had ousted Lord Aberdeen and the Duke of Newcastle six months before! The arch-plotter was "hoist with his own petard!" And so, with the dread motion pending, he was compelled to take what there can be no doubt will prove to be his *last* farewell of office.

But the fall of Lord John Russell was accompanied by circumstances still more worthy of notice, because more deeply affecting the credit of constitutional government. Sir E. B. Lytton's motion had perilled the existence of the entire Cabinet; and under pressure of the emergency, certain documents connected with the Conferences were produced, which hitherto had been studiously concealed. There can be no doubt that this correspondence was submitted to the House by the Premier from no higher motive than to set off the firmness of Lord Clarendon against the weakness of Lord John Russell, and to appropriate to the Cabinet the credit of the former at the expense of the latter. Certainly nothing could have done more damage to Lord John Russell's character as a statesman, and as an honest man, than the despatches thus remorselessly produced by his friend (!) and colleague.

The whole correspondence connected with the Conferences, we feel persuaded, has not yet been given to the public. No despatches are given up to the date of the 3d April, although the Conferences commenced more than two weeks before; and it may also be conjectured, from some expressions in one of Lord John Russell's "explanations," that he had other correspondence with the Cabinet than is represented by Lord Clarendon's despatches. We shall revert to this subject in the sequel. Meanwhile let us say that we entertain a deeply-felt conjecture—founded,

among other things, upon the views contemporaneously promulgated in the Premier's organ, the *Morning Post*; upon the early defection of the peaceful Peelites from the Cabinet; upon the sudden interruption of the Conferences when the Third Point was reached; and upon the fact that the first instructions of the Government to our Envoy have hitherto been unaccountably withheld from publicity,—we conjecture, we say, that these instructions contained a demand for the dismantling of Sebastopol,—that “standing menace” to Turkey upon which Lord John Russell so eloquently descanted a year ago. We likewise remember to have seen it stated at the time, in a Continental journal, that on the Western Envoys making this demand, Prince Gortschakoff took up his hat, and was about abruptly to withdraw. If, as we conjecture, this first proposal of the Allies was rejected, we can better understand their strange proceeding in thereafter requesting the Russian diplomatists to “take the initiative,” and make a proposal themselves,—as well as the fact of fresh deliberations taking place in London (March 29), and fresh instructions being sent out to our plenipotentiary. In these remarks we do ample justice to the Premier, and if we are forced to question the accuracy of the above conjecture, it is owing to the pusillanimous and highly Aberdonian observation of Lord John Russell at the Conference on March 20th, that “in the eyes of England and her Allies the best and only admissible conditions of peace would be those which, *being the most in harmony with the honour of Russia*, should at the same time be sufficient for the security of Europe.”

But to come to certainties. The first two Points were settled without much difficulty,—the British and French envoys taking almost no part in the discussion, and the sole contest being one as to whether Russia or Austria was to have most influence in the Danubian provinces. That these two Points were ultimately cancelled by the rupture of the negotiations, ought to be a subject of congratulation rather than of regret; for they would have inevitably produced greater entanglement, and been more

detrimental to Turkey than the treaties in existence prior to the war. Then came the consideration of the Third Point, and with it the tug of war. We cannot but regard it as a piece of gross obtuseness, that the Western envoys should have requested the Russian diplomatists to “take the initiative” on this Point; for, on the plea that they had no instructions to do so, they thereby obtained permission to refer the matter to their Government; and so eighteen days were lost! And how was this interval employed by the astute Ministers of Russia? The First and Second Points provided for everything affecting the interests of Germany and Austria; and, these being settled, the Russian Government issued a circular to the German courts, stating that she had frankly and fully acquiesced in the wants and desires of Germany, and calling upon them in return not to go to war in support of the ambitious projects of the Western Powers in regard to the other Points. An appeal which certainly was not without its effect on the wavering councils of Germany.

On a deliberate review of these Conferences, it seems obvious, not only that the representatives of the Western Powers were no match in finesse and manœuvre for the trained diplomatists of Russia and Austria, but that the Four Points themselves were unsuited to meet the difficulties of the case, and indeed that the whole project of the Conferences was based on an erroneous and perilous policy. We have already expressed our belief that, if the Vienna settlement of the first two Points had become part of the international law of Europe, the position of the Sultan, and of the Moldo-Wallachian and Servian populations, would have been more exposed than ever to the perfidious action of Russia and Austria. To the Third Point, if rightly interpreted, we have little to object. But the Fourth Point was in many respects badly conceived. The Allies went to war to resist an assumed right of protectorate over the Sultan's subjects by Russia, yet they proposed to give this same right to the Five Powers. It may be said that the common law of nations, by which one state is forbid-

den to interfere in the domestic affairs of another, is in principle a bad one, and in point of fact has been broken by every European Power in turns, when occasion has offered for doing so with success. Be it so,—but then let the principle be fairly enforced. Do not let Russia howl, should the Catholic states of Central and Western Europe make a crusade against her, on the ground of the gross oppression she exercises towards the members of the Latin Church; nor let England complain of injustice if these same Catholic states should interfere on behalf of their fellow-religionists in Ireland, who certainly are not behind in considering themselves aggrieved. Accept the principle of intervention if you will, but accept also its consequences. In practice, it will be observed, it ever resolves itself into a question of Might. “Is it my interest, and have I the power to interfere?” is the sole thing thought of by intervening States. Whether it be Russia interfering in the affairs of Poland, Hungary, and Turkey,—Austria in those of Italy and Switzerland,—France in all its neighbour states,—and Great Britain in Spain, Portugal, and Greece,—the question with the intervener is merely one of self-interest and of power. States, in fact, never will be guided by other considerations than these; and as States, like individuals, ever think their own cause right and that of their adversaries wrong, it is hopeless to appeal to abstract principles of justice. The European Powers, then, should act warily when legitimating the very principle sought to be established by their powerful adversary, and which ever, in practice, resolves itself into

“The good old rule, the simple plan,  
That he should take who has the power,  
And he should keep who can.”

The really grave objection, however, to the European protectorate proposed by the Western Powers in the Fourth Point, was, that it tended to sow dissension among the Allies themselves. The Ottomans, who cherish the feelings of national honour and strict justice as keenly as any European nation, would, it is known, have strenuously opposed the project contemplated in the Fourth Point. The consequence would have been,

that dissension would have sprung up in the camp of the Allies; and the discouraged Turks would have asked themselves, What better are we than if we had acceded to Menschikoff's ultimatum? For, be it observed, if the Porte has more to fear from a Russian interference than from that of the European Powers collectively, still there was a better plea for the former than for the latter; and, moreover, the protectorate of Russia would have given more satisfaction to the Greek subjects of the Porte than one exercised by Powers chiefly belonging to the heterodox Churches of the West.

If the terms of the Four Points were thus open to grave objection, this, we believe, was occasioned not by any want of discernment on the part of the Western Powers as to what was really desirable, but from their over-anxiety to propitiate Austria. The Four Points were originally framed in concert with that Power: hence their weakness. Had the Allies assured themselves that Austria interpreted these Four Points precisely as they did, and that she would take an active part in the war if these Points so interpreted were rejected by Russia, then they would have acted as it became statesmen to do. But to agree to renew negotiations on these Points, with no security that Austria and they were at one in opinion, and with no actual pledge that she would co-operate with them in arms in the event of these terms being rejected by Russia, was a great mistake. In truth, we repeat, the consent of the Allies to the late Conferences was a grave error. Governments are guided solely by self-interest. Had it been in the power of the Allies to have presented to Austria the prospect of an immediate and tangible gain,—could they have offered to put her in possession of the Principalities and Bessarabia, or had they put forth such an amount of military strength as would have convinced her that theirs was much the stronger side, and that she had nothing to fear from Russia if she sided with them,—then her alliance might have been reckoned upon with the certainty of an arithmetical problem. As it was, they brought no argument to bear upon Austria but the argument of the tongue. They did

not make it her interest (we mean the interest of the dynasty, not of the empire) to incur the expenses of war, and they left her with more to fear from the arms and intrigues of her colossal neighbour than from theirs. Such was the relative position of the Allies, Austria, and Russia a year ago, and such it has continued ever since,—with this difference for the worse, that Austria, having manœuvred herself into possession of the Principalities, has now still less inducement to go to war, except to defend her ill-gotten gain against its rightful owner! Was it a sane proceeding, then, for the Allies to plunge once more into the perplexities of negotiation and expose themselves to the hazard of fatal divisions, for the sake of obtaining the mediation of, and acknowledging as arbiter, a Power whose interests were not synonymous with their own? Certainly not; and yet, as Lord Clarendon himself tells us, “It was *solely* out of deference to Austria that England and France agreed to the Four Bases, and consented to enter upon negotiations for peace.” Such a course never would have been taken, we feel convinced, had the Aberdeen Ministry been intent to uphold the honour of the country and the interests of Europe. But—as we sufficiently showed last month—they had no such intention. Peace with Russia—peace at any price—was their sole desire. It was this that induced the war,—it was this that mismanaged it,—and it was this that gave rise to the renewal of the Vienna Conferences. In these Conferences the Aberdeen Cabinet saw a means of closing the breach between them and Russia, under cover of a show of verbal concessions from the latter Power. For the interests of Turkey they cared nothing,—as to the future of Europe, we are willing to believe, they misunderstood it. The Russian alliance was what they cherished,—peace at any price, as the means of renewing that alliance, was what they negotiated and intrigued for. Hence the Conferences,—hence our humiliation,—and hence, as will be seen in the future, our danger.

To negotiate with a Power in the position of Austria was to invite deceit,—to meet its protestations with unquestioning belief, was the wildest

folly. So we now know to our cost. The very origin of these Conferences displayed the astute duplicity of Austria, and our own readiness to be deceived. We unhesitatingly walked into the trap. What are now known to be the facts? For more than four months before the 2d December, the British and French ambassadors at Vienna had been assiduously pressing Austria to sign a treaty of co-operation with them, but with no success,—Austria ever breaking away when things seemed coming to a point. In the end of September, when the mythic Tartar’s report of the capture of Sebastopol set all Europe a-ringing, the Austrian Emperor sent a letter congratulating Napoleon III. on the auspicious event,—a circumstance corroborating our opinion that the Austrian alliance might have been secured had the Western Powers entered early and vigorously on the war. But when that famous hoax evaporated, Austria, ashamed at being so easily caught, and not without apprehensions of the wrath of her colossal neighbour, relapsed into her former lukewarmness and temporising. By-and-by, however, came the battle of Inkermann, in which the last reserves Russia could throw into the Crimea until spring sustained a terrible repulse, and the Allies appeared to have drawn a girdle of iron around Sebastopol. This event inclined Russia to temporise and Austria to treat. Accordingly, on the 1st of December, Lord Westmoreland and Baron Bourquenev were surprised by an intimation from their coy friend Count Buol, that he was ready to acquiesce in their wishes, and even to fix one month as the entire time to be allowed to Russia for arranging the terms of peace. The representatives of the Western Powers were delighted, and so next day the famous treaty of the 2d December was signed. But what was the cause of this unbending of Austria? *Unknown to the Western Powers*, four days before (28th November) Prince Gortschakoff had expressed to Count Buol the willingness of the Emperor to negotiate on the basis of the Four Points! Fearful lest the late successes of the Allies might tempt Austria to join them, the Czar made a show of desiring

peace,—knowing that at any time he could break off the discussions if it suited his purposes to do so, and meanwhile anxious to tie up the hands of Austria, and to take from himself the odium of being the cause of hostilities. It was not till *after* the treaty of the 2d December had been signed that the Western Powers became aware of this fact. Russia sought to propitiate Austria, and Austria humbugged us. Independently, however, of this suspicious antecedent of the treaty, the Western Powers had little reason to plume themselves on the piece of parchment they had thus obtained from Austria. Austria then began the game she has continued to play ever since. The treaty was a net with a hole in it. It pledged the Allies to assist Austria if she were attacked by Russia, but it contained no pledge that Austria would assist them. Very menacing were the allusions to the danger of Europe from Russia, and very business-like was the stipulation that only one month was to be allowed to the Russian government to make peace; the preamble was excellent, but the treaty had no conclusion. If Russia refused to accept the Four Points, then Austria was—to fight?—by no means: only to “deliberate” with the Allies as to what should be done! The treaty was an elaborate mystification, but such was its only import. In brief, it said,—If Russia refuse to accept the Four Points in the sense which Austria may put upon them, in a month’s time, then Austria will have a talk with the Allies as to what is to be done, but reserves the right of afterwards acting as she thinks best for herself. A very inconclusive treaty certainly!

As Russia attached no importance to the project for negotiations, save as something to fall back upon in the case of grievous reverses, she was in no hurry to begin the Conferences, and Austria was equally willing to procrastinate. Meanwhile the Aberdeen Cabinet, probably the only party who expected any definite result from these Conferences, and who had resolved to purchase peace there at any price, were suddenly and summarily ejected from office, and another Ministry reigned in their stead. Not

a new Ministry, certainly,—rather, as Disraeli said, “the old firm, with new partners,”—but with another Minister at their head, and very plainly warned by the House of Commons, that if they did not prosecute the war with more vigour, and the negotiations with more regard for their country’s honour, the fate of their predecessors would soon be their own. Thus impressed, Lord Palmerston, we incline to believe, was desirous to adopt a more decided line of policy than the “antiquated imbecility” of Lord Aberdeen. And the Peelites, devoted to the late Premier and the Russian alliance, found a plea for resignation in Palmerston’s tardy acquiescence in the vote of the Commons, for an inquiry into the state of the Crimean army. Lord John Russell’s amazing versatility and love of prestige probably rendered him as willing to adopt a change of measures as the Premier; and his vigorous and somewhat rodomontading denunciation of Sebastopol seven months before, pointed him out as the very man to go beard the lion in his den at Vienna, and to straighten the crooked policy of the Austrian Court by the whisper of disagreeable alternatives. Having thoroughly lost caste by his insidious and ungenerous conduct towards his colleagues in the fallen Administration, Lord John, on his part, was not unwilling to go for a time into honoured exile, and to exchange his humble seat on the back benches for the pomp and consequence of a Plenipotentiary. What his instructions were, we can only conjecture; but evidently a hitch very soon occurred in the proceedings, and new deliberations were necessary at home. No sooner did the Conferences come to a stand-still, on account of the Third Point, than the French Minister of Foreign Affairs came post-haste to London. On the 29th March, a council was held between him, Count Walewski, and the British Ministers, at which certain proposals—we believe fresh proposals—were concerted; and on its termination, M. Drouyn de Lhuys instantly set out to co-operate with Lord John Russell (now appointed Colonial Secretary!) at Vienna. The instructions agreed upon at this interview were, that the Third Point should be carried out either by enforcing the

principle of "neutralisation,"—that is to say, by excluding from the Black Sea *all* ships of war; or by the system of "limitation,"—*i. e.* Russia and Turkey to have no more than four sail-of-the-line and four frigates each in the Black Sea, and England, France, and Austria, *each* to be permitted to have half that number of ships there. Almost at the same time that these conditions were agreed upon at London, Count Buol wrote to say that, in his opinion, "recourse must be had to the system of *counterpoise*,"—that is to say, Russia to have as many ships as she pleased in the Black Sea, but the other Powers to be allowed to maintain a proportionate number, to watch her and keep her in check. Such a proposal, it is now agreed, was a mere elusion, not a solution, of the Third Point. It was so, because, instead of imposing terms upon Russia, it imposed them only on the Allies;—because the secret treaty wrung from Turkey by Russia in 1841, being annulled by the fact of the war, no new treaty was needed to allow the Sultan to permit the passage of as many foreign ships as he pleased into the Black Sea;—because the existence of a large Russian fleet in the Black Sea would have compelled Turkey to be always looking to her defences, and to maintain at great expense a corresponding armament;—because it entailed a similar hardship upon the Allies, who could not afford to keep a fleet constantly in the Black Sea for the mere purpose of watching this menacing fleet of Russia's;—because the Western Powers had no ports in the Black Sea to shelter their ships, and even the Sultan had no good ones, the best being all in the possession of Russia;—because the fleets of the other Powers, being each far inferior to that of Russia, might be pounced upon separately, as happened to the Turks at Sinope;—because the Russian fleet was always close to the object of its attack, being within twenty-four hours' sail of Constantinople, whereas the arsenals and ordinary cruising stations of the British and French fleets were far distant, so that a blow might be struck at the heart of Turkey before their squadrons could arrive to prevent it;—and, lastly, because there was no good reason why this menacing

fleet of Russia should be kept up at all, seeing that she had no commerce to protect in the Black Sea, and that the only possible use of that fleet was for purposes of aggression against Turkey.

Lord Clarendon immediately recognised the hollowness of this proposal on the part of Austria, and in answer wrote to Lord John Russell (April 3) that "Count Buol must be aware that his proposed system of counterpoise was both *inadequate and impracticable*." The Foreign Secretary likewise apprised Lord John that the British and French governments had agreed that the projects of neutralisation and of limitation were the sole alternatives to be acceded to by their envoys; and that "if Austria should refuse to bind herself to co-operate in war with France and England in the event of Russia rejecting that one of the two proposals which Austria might concur with France and England in proposing, then France and England should propose the plan of *neutralisation* [the strictest, and by far the best], and if it be rejected by Russia, *the negotiation must be broken off*." Lord John Russell understood his instructions, and at first acted up to them. In reporting what occurred at a meeting (April 9) of the British and French plenipotentiaries at Count Buol's, he says—"I showed that the project of counterpoise was *ineffectual*, as we could not always have a large fleet at hand; *humiliating to Turkey*, if she were always to lean on France and England; and *unsafe for Europe*, which would be kept in a perpetual ferment of preparation for war." And he added the very true comment—"This has been, in my opinion, an attempt on the part of Austria to induce the Western Powers to *relinquish their proposals on the Third Point*. As such it has entirely failed." We regret to say the failure was only temporary. Count Buol's only definite statement at this meeting seems to have been, that he "would not engage in hostilities for two ships or more;" and at another meeting, two days afterwards (the 11th), he preserved the same attitude of non-acquiescence in the proposals of the Western Envoys. "We both," says Lord John Russell, "appealed to Austria to

make the plan of neutralisation, or that of limitation, a *casus belli*, and expressed our belief that if this were done, Russia would at once give way; but Count Buol declined to accede to this proposal, and maintained his former reserve." On receipt of those communications, Lord Clarendon wrote approving of Lord John's proceedings, and stating that "the opinions of her Majesty's Government could not have been more faithfully represented, or more ably expressed."

But a marked change now occurred in the views and language of the Western Plenipotentiaries. On the 15th April—two days before the Conferences with Russia were to be resumed—another meeting took place between the British and French envoys and the Austrian minister; on which occasion Count Buol (doubtless apprised of the tenor of the Imperial instructions then on their way from St Petersburg) showed himself more than ever averse to imposing restrictions upon Russia. "Austria," he said, "would not make war for *ten* ships more or less. He did not consider that a fleet of fifteen sail of the line was excessive, or could be dangerous to Turkey." A modest proposal, truly,—seeing that Nelson had not fifteen sail of the line when he fought the battles of the Nile and the Baltic. In short, Count Buol, playing into the hands of Russia, proposed to resort to the *status quo*, and to fix the limitation of her fleet "at the number of ships she had before the war." Lord John Russell justly observed, that "the British Government had always pointed to the Russian fleet in Sebastopol (he no longer said Sebastopol itself!) as a standing menace to Turkey, and to provide by treaty that this very force might again be constructed and assembled, would be a course they could not justify to Parliament or the nation." And both he and Drouyn de Lhuys concurred in representing that "the

state of the Russian naval force before the war was the very state of danger against which we were anxious to guard." The Ottoman minister, who very unjustly had not been invited to attend this meeting, strongly protested against the Austrian proposition; and maintained that "it would be injurious to the Porte to require that she should devote her revenues to the fortifications on the Bosphorus, when internal arrangements so urgently required her attention; and (in common with the best military authorities) he doubted whether any forts in the Bosphorus could save Constantinople from attack."\* The British and French envoys, however, now met the Austrian proposals halfway. M. Drouyn de Lhuys observed that he was ready to consent to the Russian fleet being maintained at the number of ships which she had now above water. "I added," says Lord John Russell, with characteristic self-sufficiency, "that, although I had no authority to do so, I would undertake the same engagement." And on the day after this interview (the 16th), his lordship, in the teeth of his reiterated instructions, wrote home—"If other hope is lost, I wish to propose to the Conference the following plan:—this plan being, permission for Russia to increase her Black Sea fleet indefinitely, on condition that the allies of the Sultan should be allowed to make a corresponding increase in their fleets in that sea! In other words, he proposed the very plan which Lord Clarendon had so expressly declared "inadequate and impracticable," which he himself had explained to Count Buol to be "ineffectual, humiliating, and unsafe," and against which, we believe, we have already advanced an ample sufficiency of good arguments. The Government at home lost not a moment in warning back its reckless and conceited envoy from his proposed course,—Lord Clarendon replying by telegraph on the 18th: "We

\* The *Moniteur de la Flotte* states that, when the Allies appeared before Sebastopol last autumn, the harbour contained seventeen line-of-battle ships, and that the entire naval force of Russia in the Black Sea numbered 108 sail of all sizes, carrying 2200 guns. This was the *peace* establishment which the far-seeing policy of the Czars kept ever ready to second the efforts of its astute diplomacy, and which Austria, as the friend of Turkey and the Western Powers, thought there would be no harm in restoring!

think the limitation of the Russian fleet should be *absolute*, and that it would be made too conditional by the plan you wish to propose. We must avoid as much as possible the system of counterpoise, the objections to which you have fully explained to the Austrian Government."

Lord John, however, would have his own way. On the 17th, when his letter was still on its way to England, he attended the first meeting of the resumed Conferences; and on that terminating unsuccessfully—that is to say, with Russia obstinate, and Austria refusing to interfere—a meeting of the Allied representatives took place at Count Buol's. His lordship commences the despatch in which he gives a report of this latter interview (No. 9), by remarking that "the waste of life and money in the war would be enormous,"—and then proceeds to set forth the Austrian plan of compromise; namely, "a system of counterpoise in the Black Sea, and the limitation [?] of the Russian force to the number of ships maintained before the war." His lordship allows that this would be "an imperfect security for Turkey and for Europe," but that, in his opinion, it was better than a continuance of the war. He added, that "it *ought* to be accepted by the Western Powers," and that if her Majesty's Government, in concert with that of France, did not think such a peace could be accepted, "he hoped to be allowed to be heard personally before a final decision was made." Within three days of this date, and while this shameful despatch was still on the road to London, Lord Clarendon, in very different language, told Count Colloredo (who had communicated to him Count Buol's proposal), that "England and France were not prepared to sacrifice to the alliance of Austria their honour and the future security of Europe, and that peace upon the terms proposed by Count Buol would be as dishonourable as it would be hollow and unsafe. There is much reason to fear," bluntly added the Foreign Secretary, in words that deserve to be noted, "that Austria will propose nothing that Russia would be unwilling to accept; while, on the other hand, it seems probable that Russia will agree to nothing

that will interfere with the determination that the Emperor Alexander has announced of carrying out the policy of Peter and of Catharine." In other words, the Foreign Secretary expressed his belief that Austria would make no opposition to the hereditary policy of Russia, by which the conquest of Turkey is aimed at as an initial step to the subjugation of Europe! It is a pity our statesmen should have been so long of making this all-important discovery.

Lord John Russell—who himself (April 16), before the Russian ague had smitten him, was of opinion that the only result of consenting to the Austrian proposals would be "a peace which would give Russia leisure and means to prepare a new attack on the Ottoman empire,"—now pledged himself to the Austrian Government to support these proposals to the uttermost. "I said to Count Buol," says his lordship very self-complacently, "that I could assure him, and that he could convey that assurance to the Emperor of Austria, that I would lay the case before the Cabinet of this country, and that I would use my best endeavours to put these propositions in such a light that they might hope for their adoption." Inspired with such sentiments, and fettered by such pledges, Lord John Russell returned to England on the 29th of April, and next day a Cabinet Council was held, at which he unfolded his peace views to his expectant colleagues. For the next five days, we are told, the subject was anxiously debated in the Cabinet,—a circumstance which implies there was much division of opinion among the members,—and, if we may judge from the tenor of the Ministerial speeches and confessions, the Austrian proposals were either agreed to, or within an ace of being so, when an unexpected event occurred. The French Emperor, after considering the matter, resolved to reject the Austrian proposals; and on the evening of the 4th May, he ordered his resolution to be communicated by telegraph, through Count Walewski, to the British Cabinet. "Circumstances occurred—or rather came to our knowledge," says Lord Palmerston, which convinced Lord John and his party that the Austrian scheme was impracticable;



and we believe that the French Emperor, along with his veto upon the Austrian project, communicated some private information to the British Cabinet which satisfied them of the justness of his decision.

This chapter of our foreign policy, which we have endeavoured briefly to chronicle, is one of the strangest and least creditable to be found in our annals. Taken in connection with, and viewed as a sequel to the policy of the Aberdeen Cabinet, which we reviewed in last Number, it constitutes a portion of history as dreary as it is destined to be memorable. Though England may strive to forget it, injured Europe will keep its memory alive. Our previous article discussed Ministerial proceedings much more injurious to the interests of the empire and of Europe than those which we are now recounting—for it was then that the war was made and spoiled; but they do not present phenomena more strange, or personal errors so prominently displayed. The former regime was a blacker one, but it was better concealed, and the revelations of duplicity and Russianism occurred long after the events, and when the injury had been fully completed. This time the veil has been torn aside somewhat prematurely, and the indignation of the country is more lively because the Ministerial criminality is more recent. The spectacle of Conferences entered upon only to be blundered,—of an “ally” trusted in, only that we might be elaborately deceived,—of Ministerial errors not more glaringly committed than they have been studiously concealed and unblushingly denied,—of a Cabinet without union and without a policy, living upon false pretences, and continuing to exist only that it may multiply errors and accumulate disgrace,—is an exhibition of which the country has grown impatient and posterity will be ashamed.

A little reflection will suffice to explain the true cause of Lord John Russell's extraordinary proceedings at Vienna. His subsequent speeches and dying confessions are so contradictory and confused, that they throw little light upon anything save his own inordinate self-sufficiency; and, moreover, the true source of his ter-

giversations was of a nature so little complimentary to himself and his colleagues, that he might well be excused for not publishing it. When his lordship returned from his mission, and the news of his conversion to peace-principles was first bruited abroad, it was averred, as the cause of his conversion, that he “had seen a wolf at Vienna.” And so he had. In the course of those confidential interviews, of which a few only are reported in the Correspondence, Austria so far unrobed herself as to let the British envoy see she was not the lamb he and his colleagues had taken her for. We have already shown how absurd it was for the Allies to rely upon the friendship of a power like Austria, whose interest it was to be neutral, and which they neither sought to win by a prospect of gain, or to concuss by an overpowering display of strength. Having once entrammelled themselves, and entered upon the Conferences, the mischief was done, and there was no escaping the evil consequences. A most plausible and singularly astute man, Count Buol for long impressed the ministers and envoys of the Western Powers with the belief that he wished to limit the exorbitant power of Russia, and would certainly declare war against her if she would not come to terms. Grown impatient, however, and compelled at last to bear hard upon Austria, in order to induce her to take a positive course, our envoy, greatly to his surprise and bewilderment, became aware that not only would she not fulfil the expectations she had held out to the Western Powers, but that, if pushed into a corner, she would actually aid the designs and subserve the policy of Russia! Perhaps Lord John hinted that Austria must march out of the Principalities if she remained neutral, or, suggesting coming troubles in Italy, reminded Austria that she need no longer look to us to guarantee her possessions;—in which case, Count Buol's rejoinder would probably be, that Austria would take good care to keep what she had got, and that, if the Allies would not help her against her disaffected provinces, she knew by former experience where to look for effective aid! Perhaps, too, Lord John's elaborate exposition of the

evil to Austria should Russia get possession of Constantinople, was mildly replied to by the hint that the acquisition of Servia and Bosnia might compensate for such eventualities! Anyhow, the denouement came, and Lord John Russell was thunderstruck. Like fools, he and his Cabinet had never looked for this; and now, like a poltroon, he sought to back out of a war of which he and his late colleagues had been the originators. They had induced it by their sycophancy to Russia;—they had declared it “just and inevitable,” and embarked the empire in it;—by their procrastination and mismanagement they had doubled its dangers,—and now they sought to flee from it, leaving Europe in danger, and England disgraced!

Thanks, apparently, to the interposition of the French Emperor, the design of accepting the Russo-Austrian terms of peace was set aside by the British Cabinet,—although it is clear that it was against the wish of Lord John Russell and his party that such a conclusion was come to. “There were circumstances,” said Lord John, in the last of his manifold explanations, “which arose in the course of these discussions, which made it appear to my mind impossible to urge the acceptance of these propositions,—circumstances quite independent of the merits of the case, and which did not alter my opinion of those propositions.” These words are in strict accordance with those in his first explanation, wherein, speaking of his opinion at Vienna that the Austrian proposal “might be, and ought to be, accepted,” he added, “I thought so then, and think so still!” And yet, in Parliament, his lordship’s voice was still for war!—and before the very first week in May was out (May 6), he made a speech in the House so opposite to his peace-views, that even his colleague, Sir George Grey, heard it “with surprise and regret.” At the end of the week, the Cabinet, we are told, was unanimous that the Austrian terms should be rejected as inconsistent with the “interests and dignity of the country,” and on the 8th Lord Clarendon wrote to this effect to the Austrian government. But how long did this Ministerial unanimity last?—and what was it that so soon made

the Cabinet reconsider its opinion? Although forced to reject the Austrian project brought home by Lord John Russell, the Cabinet, shrinking from the crisis which their own imbecility and the Russianism of their predecessors had induced, still dunned Austria for new proposals,—a request with which that most accommodating person Count Buol most willingly complied. His faculty of concocting elusive notes was perfectly inexhaustible; and so great has been his success in the art, that he well deserves the title of “Netmaker to the British Government.” It is to be noticed that in Lord John’s last (published) despatch before quitting Vienna, and after the *first* snubbing he received from Lord Clarendon, he says:—“I asked Count Buol, as the third system was not in accordance with our instructions, what, supposing we supported it, and Russia rejected all the three systems [proposed by Count Buol,] what would be the conduct of Austria? Count Buol declined to give an answer to this question, but hinted at some *fourth* system [O rare invention!] which might arise out of the ashes of the three systems now floating in the air.”

This fourth system—so great were the net-making capabilities of Count Buol—when it took definite shape, was found to have branched into *two*. The first of these propositions stipulated, in brief, that the Russian fleet in the Black Sea should remain at its present reduced amount,—the Turkish to be henceforth of equal force,—and that each of the other contracting powers should be authorised to maintain two frigates in that sea. Limitation to this extent might have been accepted as sufficient by the Allies, but the proposal was not a *bonâ fide* one. Like all Austria’s proposals which threatened to impose satisfactory terms upon Russia, it “had a hole in it.” There were no stipulations binding Austria to go to war in the event of its present rejection or future violation by Russia. The second of the new Austrian propositions was of a different character. It proposed to allow Russia to restore her fleet in the Black Sea to its amount at the commencement of the war,—each of the other Powers, as a “counterpoise,” being allowed

to keep a fleet of half that force, for the purpose of holding Russia in check! and any increase of the Russian fleet above the stipulated amount was to be regarded as a cause of war. Thus the former of those alternative propositions suggested satisfactory conditions, but bound Austria to nothing; the latter contained terms which could be acceptable only to Russia, and bound Austria to enforce their observance. Hence the former proposition was useless to the Allies, and the latter was clearly inadmissible. So Austria played her game; ever willing to protract the negotiations, and preserve the eminently influential position of an arbiter and courted neutral, which our easily duped Ministers had assigned to her, and putting forth cleverly-worded project after project, which either bound her to nothing, or stipulated in effect for the counter-propositions of Russia. In point of fact, even the latter of Count Buol's final propositions could not be relied upon as securing the armed co-operation of time-serving Austria; and had they been accepted, and Russia subsequently raised her naval force in the Black Sea beyond the enormous amount at which it stood at the commencement of the war, there was a difficulty in saying how that original force was to be estimated, and, moreover, there was every reasonable ground to believe that if Austria shrank from a contest with her colossal neighbour now, she would still more do so at a future period. As Lord John Russell remarked, after his discoveries at Vienna (despatch No. 8):—

“In the case of such an attack renewed five years hence, could we rely on the Austrian guarantee of the integrity of Turkey? I apprehend that the same financial embarrassment, the same doubt of Prussia and the German States, and an army reduced to the establishment of 1852, would paralyse her then, as they did in 1853. The occupation of the Principalities by Russia she felt to be dangerous to her existence as a great Power, and she risked war to put an end to it. But, that point accomplished, I fear we must not count upon her aid to save Constantinople from the encroaching ambition of Russia.”

These last Austrian overtures were transmitted from Vienna on the 16th May, and they were not rejected by

the British Government until the 29th;—what occurred in the interval? If the Cabinet were so united as we are expected to believe, and if no idea of accepting the Austrian proposals were entertained after the first week of May, how came it that Count Buol so grievously misinterpreted the language of the Cabinet as to send two new and elaborate propositions on the 16th, and that the Ministry should have been so singularly tardy as not to have rejected these overtures till the end of the month? We must leave it to the future to fully expose the deceit of the Cabinet on this point; but it needs something more than the word of the present Premier, or of the ex-Secretary of the Colonies, to convince us that Count Buol and the English public were alike wrong in imagining that the Ministry gave ear to the Austrian proposals, and that the well-informed leader of the Opposition was mistaken when he brought forward his famous motion charging the Ministry with “ambiguity of language and uncertainty of conduct” in regard to the Conferences. In fact, we know that Count Buol's final proposals must have been received at the Foreign Office on the 19th of May; in the morning of the 21st a Cabinet Council was held; and in the evening the statement made by Lord Palmerston, which induced the withdrawal of Mr M. Gibson's motion, was the express assurance that the Government “*did not consider all the modes of solving the questions at issue as exhausted*, and that Austria was still charged by her own voluntary assumption with the task of discovering a means of bringing about an accommodation between the contending parties.” “There were no questions with regard to any *fresh* negotiations which created any *long* deliberations in the Cabinet,” is the ambiguous phrase of Lord John Russell in his farewell speech (July 16); and Sir George Grey, on the same evening, while declining to make any direct statement in answer to the charges of the Opposition chiefs on this subject, expressed his defence of the Ministry in a form eminently suggestive of suspicion. “*I, at the close of that week*,” he said—referring to the first week of May—“*should have been prepared to assert*, that it was the una-

nimous decision of the Cabinet that the Austrian proposals should be rejected." It is abundantly evident that every word of the speech from which this sentence is extracted was carefully weighed before it was uttered; and yet, what is the actual import of it, when stripped of its circumlocutory vagueness, but that Sir George Grey speaks only for the *punctum temporis* at the end of the first week of May, and refused to vouch for the unanimity of the Cabinet in the three weeks that followed? That there was a division of opinion, and a desire to accept the Austrian proposals, in the Cabinet, during the latter half of May, we firmly believe; and in corroboration it is to be observed that, contrary to his custom of answering despatches the day after receipt, Lord Clarendon's reply rejecting Count Buol's proposals was not written till the 29th,—the intervening period having been spent in feeling the pulse of the House of Commons, after a vain attempt to evade its vigilance. The country is not yet sufficiently aware of the debt of gratitude which it owes to Mr Disraeli for his prompt interference on this occasion, and to the Opposition generally for the energetic following up of a debate which compelled the Ministry to abandon their deceitful efforts after an ignominious peace. When thus found out, they were actually carrying their mines under the very citadel of British honour and the Empire's safety; and if, instead of being simply unearthed, the whole perfidious Cabinet had been blown into the air, it would have been a relief to the country, and a "material guarantee" for the better conduct of our statesmen in the future.

They escaped this richly-merited fate solely by turning their backs upon themselves, and by denouncing the very terms of peace which they would have accepted, but for "circumstances" over which, fortunately, they had no control. The deceit practised by the Ministry in the debates from the 24th May to the 7th June is without a parallel. It was so pettifogging, and so mean! Most justly did we complain a month ago that the want of confidence of the country in the Government, and the apathy of the Commons, were due to

the frauds which the Government of late years has stooped to practise. But the evil is only growing greater. Ministerial life seems to be becoming every month more rotten. Individual now takes the place of collective duplicity. It is no longer a Cabinet concealing documents, but individual Ministers boldly uttering the most disingenuous misrepresentations. Such was the conduct of Lord John Russell during the memorable debates to which we have alluded. Twice he spoke, and both times it was to gloss, to misrepresent, and deceive. To hear him, he was a very Hector for the fight—a very Scipio in his denunciations of peace, until the dread "*delenda est*" had been accomplished against our gigantic foe. And yet he was the reverse of a hero at bottom,—bullied by Gortschakoff, duped by Titoff, and timidly seeking to make things straight at home by denying his frailties. With all his vaunting self-sufficiency, he was "taken in" even by Palmerston. The Premier, playing upon his love of office, and his dread of being known to have done anything unpopular, induced him to continue in office when he should have resigned; but no sooner did Sir E. B. Lytton's motion threaten the existence of the Cabinet, and the Premier found that Lord John had become a Jonah instead of a pillar of strength, than, amidst a thousand protestations of friendship, it was resolved to let him go, and the Ministerial subordinates were incited to mutiny against the too adhesive tenant of the Cabinet. All that an individual could do to bring disgrace upon the character of public men, Lord John has done,—and he is meeting his reward.

Monday the 16th was a famous night in the House. Sir E. B. Lytton's motion was to come off, and so was Lord John's valedictory address. The public flocked to witness the official execution of the ex-Envoy, and even the green benches of the members were well filled, considering the season. The little man whose dying speech they had met to hear, managed to enter the House quite unobserved; and when the Speaker, by calling the orders of the day, brought him to his legs, he appeared suddenly like a Jack-in-the-box in the third seat behind Ministers. On occasion

of his former fit of recalcitrancy in February, he betook himself one bench more to the rear. But this time he was resolutely opposed to playing the part of penitent. Hardly had he got on his legs, than he was off on another tack; and after sheltering himself for some time from the impending speech of Bulwer under a cloud of mystification, he somewhat astoundingly broke cover in the righteously-indignant style, and fired off a poetic quotation against those who had deserted him in his hour of need. Long habituation to the chicaneries of office seemed to have rendered the once great Whig chief incapable of understanding the humiliation of his position; and the men who had signed the "round robin" to compel his resignation, doubtless were greatly taken aback by the low estimate in which he, the dishonest dupe, declared to the House he held them! To be condemned by their old leader was a sore trial for the young Whiglings; and commonplace Mr Bouverie was so completely put out, that, in attempting an explanation, he floundered deep and deeper into absurdity and contradictions, while louder and more hearty grew the roars of laughter around him; and at last when, in a state of visibly excruciating perplexity, he made an *ad-misericordiam* appeal to Lord John, to say whether he were not, in actual fact, his "true friend," neither the House nor the Speaker could stand it any longer, and the peroration expired amid bursts of uproarious laughter.

The leaders of the Opposition that night never spoke better, nor acted with sounder discretion. Sir E. B. Lytton's motion was so well-worded, well-timed, and so obviously called for by the best interests of the State, that he completely carried the country and the press along with him. As had fared with his motion on Administrative Reform, a month before, the Ministry found it impossible to resist his attack—a singular honour, to have twice triumphed over the Government by the sheer excellence of his cause, and skilled accuracy of his terms! We do not think we overrate Sir Edward's speech on this occasion, if we rank it as the finest of the session. His orations in the Lower

House somewhat resemble those of Lord Lyndhurst in the Upper. With an equally remarkable spirit of fairness, with nearly equal judicial calm in his verdicts, and greater point and brilliancy of style, than the veteran orator of the House of Peers, Sir E. B. Lytton is not only highly eloquent, but never fails deeply to influence the judgment of the House. On this occasion, although he withdrew his motion, his masterly *resumé* of the case against the Government seems to have stung the Premier deeply—especially his home-thrust at the "Austrians" who still remained quietly on the Treasury benches.

"I should like to hear (said the hon. Baronet) the expression of opinion on the part of other members of the Cabinet besides the noble Viscount. There are gentlemen in the Government who have not as yet expressed their opinion upon the nature of the war or the propositions for peace. What are the opinions of the Chancellor of the Exchequer? What are the opinions of the First Lord of the Admiralty? Are all the members of the Government united for this subject? Again I ask, is Lord Clarendon the spokesman of a united Cabinet? If so, I am glad of it; but you told us the same in May, when you now own that the noble lord (Russell) was dividing your councils, when Lord Clarendon did not represent the entire Cabinet,—and you will pardon me if for the present I suspend my belief."

The ebullition which followed from the Premier was in all respects a melancholy exhibition. He raved and accused Sir E. B. Lytton of "the grossest possible ignorance" or "deliberate insincerity" in presuming to suggest whether there were not still divisions of opinion in the Cabinet,—as if such a suggestion were not most natural in the circumstances, an obvious inference from the events of the last two months, and deserving to be keenly pressed against the Ministry, lest the reign of chaos in the Cabinet should continue to afflict the country with disaster. The Premier forgot himself, and the assembly whom he addressed; and his intemperate harangue showed in painful contrast with the classical and courteous periods of the gentleman whom he so coarsely assailed. It was anger in its dotage,—noisy

but pointless. But it did not escape unpunished. Mr Disraeli replied; and never was the brilliant leader of the Opposition more happy in his hits, or more cruelly cool in the delivering of them. The passages in which he chastised the "patrician bullying" of the Treasury Bench have rarely been surpassed for polished and effective sarcasm. But soon, sweeping away the Premier out of sight, his oration, widening in purpose and deepening in tone, broke like a thunder-storm over the heads of the Ministerial delinquents. The following sentences contain a charge, startling and extraordinary certainly, but which we believe will prove thoroughly well-founded:—

"The point is," said Mr Disraeli, "whether or not the noble lord, the member for London, communicated with other Ministers than those who appear on the papers presented to Parliament, giving them the outline and spirit of the policy which was developing under his auspices at Vienna—(loud opposition cheers)—and whether he received any discouraging reply? (Renewed cheers.) I have reason to think that communications were made, and that the noble lord did not receive any discouraging reply. If that was so, we ought to receive extracts from these letters. Is it or not the fact that, for at least a day—I believe for a much longer time—these terms were accepted by the Government of England, and that they were sanctioned by the noble lord the First Minister? I know not whether the present Session of Parliament will last six weeks more; but if it do, I believe I shall find these remarks which I am now making—which are being received now by some so suspiciously—received at length by the great majority of this House. I make the statement on the greatest authority, and I now express my profound conviction of its truth."

The "black fate," as Orientals say, is certainly upon our Cabinets. But it is a fate of their own creating,—engendered by want of principle, and culminating in the most flagrant deceit. Neither the safety nor the honour of the country is safe in their hands; they imperil the one by their wavering imbecility, and barter the other from their love of power. Their amplest professions are coupled with the minimum of performance;—Russellite denunciations of Russia go hand-in-hand with Aberdonian apathy in the con-

duct of the war;—all is union and energy on the surface, all is dissension and paralysis within. The faith of the nation has departed from the Palmerston Cabinet, and the minds of the people, again deprived of a rallying-point, waver to and fro like aimless billows. Do not call the nation fickle, impatient, impossible to please. Surely the continuance in power of a Cabinet like the present is proof enough that they are not over-fastidious. Give them but a Ministry on which they may rely—not one made up of men discredited by former misdemeanours, and ever rushing into new shapes of error and duplicity,—and they will follow it, we believe, with earnestness and energy. Perhaps a new House of Commons is needed ere we shall have a right Ministry. Elected to decide a question of commercial policy, the present one is not pre-eminently fitted for the conduct of a mighty war. It clings with desperate tenacity to Free-trade names, and to points long since submerged by the rush of mightier principles. One by one, however, the advocates of Russia and deceivers of England are dropping into obscurity; they are rotting out of the Government. The men who have sought to barter the honour and mortgage the glory of their country, are becoming known and ostracised. *Self*-ostracised, because self-condemned. Aberdeen and Newcastle are extinguished—Graham, Gladstone, and Herbert are likewise exiled from office—and now Lord John Russell, the great Whig chief, has sunk beneath a burden of shame which would have driven any less self-sufficient man into permanent retirement. The atmosphere is clearing. Palmerston "alone is left." One charge of the Stanley chivalry would sweep the thinned and broken array of the Ministerialists from the field; but that charge comes not yet. In a crisis like this, when party and place-seeking have so discredited our cherished Constitution, the noble leader of the Conservatives has no desire to increase the State-embarrassment. It may be that he is over-cautious—it may be that, in his anxiety to avoid the charge of factionsness, he is risking overmuch the welfare of the State. But the denouement cannot be long delayed.

## INTERNAL SUFFERINGS OF RUSSIA FROM THE WAR.

BY AN EYEWITNESS.

[THE writer of the following statement left Russia, where he had resided for many years, in the course of the present summer.

It will be observed that he apologises for any defects of style which appear in the narrative, on the ground of the length of time during which he had been unaccustomed to write his own language. No such defects will, we feel satisfied, be found; as the facts, so deeply interesting in themselves, and so important in their bearing, are told in plain sensible terms, leaving no doubt of the writer's sincerity, and his desire to tell nothing but the truth.]

HAVING recently left the interior of Russia, I think it my duty to lay before the public a plain statement of the results already produced by the events that are now passing. About the court and capitals I can give no information, as I was only in them for a few days on my way home; but all that I advance here relative to the particular part of the country I have lived in so long, is the truth, and to be relied on. I had the honour of giving the same information to some of the highest personages in the kingdom soon after my arrival, and apparently they did not think it without importance; so I have ventured to lay it before my country, trusting that what has hitherto been dark will now appear in the light of truth; for I have put nothing down that did not come under my own personal observation, or that I did not obtain from sources on which I could rely. I had thought of publishing a larger work upon Russia, but was deterred by reading the books already published, which showed me that I should be obliged to repeat much that has been already written by abler pens, and which may be relied upon; I have therefore confined myself to what relates exclusively to the influence exercised upon all classes in the interior by the war. There is, doubtless, much left unsaid that might be of interest, but of which I possess no information upon which I can depend; and, true to my resolve of only advancing what I know to be facts, I have left out all that is in any way doubtful. I am quite unused to writing for the public, and have employed my native language so little of late years, that I trust the garb in

which I have clothed my truths will be excused if it be a little foreign in appearance; for the heart of the writer beats with a truly British enthusiasm, and breathlessly awaits the moment when his country will have triumphed over all her enemies.

The persons who are the greatest sufferers by the present war are the landed proprietors. If the war continue, they will, for the greater part, be brought to ruin. This will be seen by the following facts, which came under my observation upon an estate where I have resided for some years, and which I can give as an average specimen of the whole country. (It must be remembered that I only speak of the south of Russia; of the north I know comparatively nothing.) The estate in question consists of about 40,000 acres of land, with about thirteen hundred serfs. Its principal productions are linseed, corn, and wool, which are all sold for exportation by way of the ports of the Azoff and Black Seas. These two seas having been closed for some time, all the raw produce remains rotting on the hands of the producer, with the single exception of wool, which finds a ready market in Germany, being transported overland through Austria; still the price diminished sensibly last year, on account of the increased cost of transport. I will now proceed to state the details of the losses experienced last year upon this one property. The average income amounts to about £6000, out of which £1500 has to be paid as interest of the mortgage—for this, like most other estates, is mortgaged to the government. Last year there

were about 1500 quarters of linseed, which, sold on the spot, would fetch upon an average 16s. per quarter. Of this not a bushel has been sold; so, on this article alone, there is a loss of £1200. The wheat grown was about the same quantity. The average price of wheat is 12s. per quarter, and now only a limited quantity can be sold at 8s.; but, supposing the whole to be sold at that price, the loss will still amount to £300. This, however, is not the case, and the loss is not less than £500 upon wheat. Last year the price of wool was, upon an average, 15 per cent below the usual price; in some instances there was a loss of 20 and 25 per cent; the quantity sold usually fetched about £1400—so there was another loss of more than £200. Upon this same estate there are kept about eighteen thousand sheep, of which there are generally sold every year two thousand for their tallow and skins, at an average price of 7s. a-head; now, on account of the difficulties of exporting tallow, the price is only 5s.,—another £200 out of the pocket of the proprietor. It will be seen by the foregoing statement, that the income of the possessor of this one estate is diminished more than one-third, by restrictions laid upon trade by the closing of the ports of the Azoff and Black Seas; and as this may be taken as a good criterion of the whole southern part of Russia, the loss is consequently something enormous. A few of the proprietors, it is true, sold their produce, at almost nominal prices, to merchants who speculated upon the results of the Conferences at Vienna, and bought up largely and transported the corn to the different ports of the south, to be ready to take advantage of the first opening of the trade, had the Conferences led to the much-desired peace. The immense quantities of corn destroyed during the late expedition to the Azoff, did not, as was stated, belong to the Russian government, but was the property of private speculators, among whom I know one who bought largely in wheat in the month of March, transporting it to Berdiansk, and I have no doubt he is a very large sufferer by the late events. I do not assert,

however, that no portion of the corn belonged to the Imperial government, but certainly not more than a fifth of the whole quantity destroyed was intended for the use of the troops, although it might have all been seized for that purpose later in the war, under the name of *voluntary contributions*.

I have attempted to show the losses that the present war occasions the landowner, by the trammels it imposes on trade: we will now take into consideration the enormous taxes he is subjected to, in order that the government may be provided with means of carrying on the war, or ruining him, which is synonymous. The most severely felt tax at all times is the conscription. This in time of peace does not take place oftener than once a-year, and the number of recruits required is generally seven from every thousand serfs; but since the war broke out there have been two conscriptions in the year 1854, and already one in 1855, each of twelve in the thousand, being, for eighteen months, thirty-six able-bodied labourers out of every thousand males, old and young together. I do not know what the proportionate number of able-bodied men there is in a thousand males, but the effective strength must be considerably diminished when such a large number is taken away. This is not all. When the recruits are sent to the town to be examined and passed by the proper authorities, there must be for every twelve men at least eighteen more, in case the others should be rejected: these are sometimes kept away from their work two or three weeks, without any indemnity whatever. By this statement it will be seen that, during the last eighteen months, the possessor of the estate I have quoted above has given to the government forty-seven conscripts, being the proportion of thirty-six in the thousand for thirteen hundred, and lost the labour of about seventy men for a space of fourteen days; which latter loss, at 6d. a-day, will be £24, 10s., without counting the entire loss of forty-seven men for ever. But every proprietor is obliged to pay a sum of money (about £8) to provide the recruit with an outfit and arm him;



this will give again a sum of £376 for the year and half. The southern governments, in consideration of their vicinity to the seat of war, are exempted from the militia of thirty in the thousand, which is being raised in the northern governments. If they have not the militia, they are subjected to exactions under the name of *voluntary contributions*. In the spring of 1854 the estate was obliged to send forty oxen as rations for the troops then in the Danubian provinces; at the same time there were required five waggons, with a pair of horses and a driver to each, which are to be returned at the end of the war. These were for the transport of baggage and troops upon an emergency; and it was upon them that the armies who fought the battle of Inkermann were transported last autumn. In the autumn of the same year (1854) there were required half a pood (18 lb.) of biscuit from every male serf for the army, which, for 1300, would amount to 650 poods; but the proprietor offered 1000 poods, which had to be made and despatched in about three weeks. While the preparation of the biscuit was going on, there came another order for ten waggons, with a driver and a pair of horses to each, to be ready and delivered up to the authorities in ten days, as the case was urgent. This was just before the news of the descent in the Crimea reached us. All these exactions were made just at the time when the harvest was going on—the end of August—so that the hands were of the greatest consequence to get all the corn housed before the autumnal rains broke up the roads and rendered the transport impossible. The number of oxen required to transport the biscuit was twenty pairs, which were absent nearly four months, as they had to carry it a long distance after the roads were broken up, and when the mud was knee-deep. A little later in the same year, there was required a number of oxen again for rations. I do not remember the exact number required; but having sent so many away with biscuits, and the murrain being very bad among the cattle at this time, instead of sending them, the proprietor forwarded to the proper authorities £90 in money.

In the April of the present year, double the quantity of biscuit of that contributed last year was required; and as I travelled through the country in the month of May, I saw thousands of tons piled outside the towns, ready for transportation to the army, which of course has to be done by the proprietors and peasants of the crown. I met upon the road long strings of waggons going to load with this biscuit, and stopped and talked with the drivers, who were for the chief part peasants belonging to the crown. They lamented bitterly their hard fate, being obliged to leave their homes just as the haymaking was about to commence; and as they had to perform a journey of some 1500 versts, going and returning, it would be late in the autumn before they reached their homes again, and consequently too late to make any preparations for winter. Many of them said to me: "Batushka! we suppose that we are intended to starve this winter; last winter we suffered enough while the troops were passing, but now we shall not be able to provide anything for ourselves, for there are only the *babas* (old women) at home, and what can they do?"

The peasants of the crown are subjected to many of the same exactions as the proprietors—I think to all of them, except only the waggons, and about them I am not sure. I know they had to provide the biscuit just as their superiors had, and the oxen, too, for rations. It is, however, extremely difficult to ascertain the amount of contributions exacted from these poor, mis-called *free* serfs; for the employés by whom they are managed exact so much from them for their own use, saying that it is required for the service of the government, that it is impossible to distinguish what is really for their use, and what for that of their master. The war is a rich opportunity for the employés to make money, because they make all their demands upon the peasants without producing any written authority from a superior officer, merely stating, in their written or verbal orders, that certain articles are required on such a date, and of course they are ready without any demur or inquiry, as it may happen that the government actually, in this particu-

lar instance, requires what is demanded: then the man who sought ocular demonstration is considered refractory, and sent to Siberia to improve his manners, and to serve as an example to others, who, after this, will be ready to give all that is required of them without inquiry.

Another exaction to which all the agricultural population is subject, is the furnishing means to transport all the munitions of war through the country. At the beginning they were paid for this service in a kind of government check, called *contremark*, which was received again at the treasury in payment of the poll-tax; but since August 1854 this has been changed, and this service is paid in money—*i. e.*, not paid at all, for the employés pocket the money, which it is never prudent to ask: the *contremark* was of no use to the employés, consequently the service was always accurately paid, but now the peasants get nothing but kicks and cuffs for their trouble.

The sufferings of the inhabitants of those villages situated on the lines of march taken by the armies that traversed the country from north to south, during the winter of 1853 and 1854, were so intense that even the soldiers themselves pitied them; and it takes something to touch the heart of a Russian soldier. The troops, in order to obtain sustenance, were obliged to disperse themselves over a large tract of country, marching in a parallel direction, and falling on the poor peasantry, whose stock of winter provisions was only prepared for the wants of their own families; like locusts, eating up everything, and reducing the inhabitants to the greatest distress; while the male population, who generally earn something considerable with their horses during the winter, in transporting merchandise from one fair to another, was engaged on the main road in the transport of artillery and tumbrils, which, by the wise arrangements of the Russian government, had to be dragged over a country covered to the depth of six or eight feet with snow, upon wheels; so that tumbrils, which could have been drawn easily by four or six horses if placed upon sledges, required twelve or fifteen to move them with their large wheels imbedded in

the snow. During a journey I was obliged to make in February 1854, I met more than 500 tumbrils transported in this laborious manner. It made my heart bleed to see the treatment both horses and peasants received at the hands of the soldiery who were with them. When they came to a hill, they were frequently obliged to use double, and even treble, the number of horses required on the level ground. Roads had to be cut in some places through the snow, to admit of the passage of the heavy artillery. The peasants are seldom kept at this work for more than a fortnight together; but they are frequently a hundred miles from their homes; so that after an absence of a month they return only to find their home swept clean by the hungry warriors whose fighting materials they have transported with so much difficulty. That many died of the artificial famine caused by these preparations for glorious war, I have no doubt. The Russian soldier, too, is much imbued with a strong propensity for thieving, and there is nothing he will not steal if the opportunity of so doing should present itself. Finding all the houses where they were billeted without the master, of course many of the little articles of furniture were missing after their visit. These things were generally taken to the next halting-place and sold for brandy—only, perhaps, to be stolen again by the next party. It frequently happened that soldiers and recruits met in the same villages, and the number billeted in one house was so great that the master and his family were obliged to sleep out in the sheds with cattle, or upon the snow, for *slujba* (as the peasants call the soldier) must have his lodging. Nor were the sufferings of the troops themselves less acute, marching as they did at such an inclement season of the year. They strive, however, to enliven their dreary marches by songs and jests, for in every company there is always a certain number of singers, who march in front, led by a man with a tambourine or an old violin, who dances, sings military songs, of which the other singers take up the chorus, or else he cracks jokes at any one's expense. It is a curious sight to meet a party of soldiers in the midst of a

snowy desert, where nothing is to be seen but snow below and snow above; for the very air is impregnated with it. These armed men are wending their way to destroy, or be destroyed, as the case may be.

The immense amount of misery the present war is causing in Russia is little imagined; but that country cannot boast of its *Times*. Everything is hidden from view; and only those who actually take part in these scenes, or are involuntary spectators, can know what is the real state of affairs. Even at St Petersburg, nothing is known but what appears in official reports; so that in many instances far less is known in that magnificent capital, of the state of the interior of the country, than in England, where such excellent works as the *Englishwoman in Russia* are, or ought to be, universally read. Everybody is afraid to speak on these subjects, except to laud all the measures of the paternal government. I remember an anecdote that was current in Russia in the spring of 1854: A Russian, who had attained the rank of general in the civil service, spoke in the theatre of the absurdity of the returns of killed and wounded published in the Russian papers. The police master, who was present, overhearing what he said, observed that he should be obliged to report his words to the Count Orloff; for if he did not, somebody else present might, and he would fall into disgrace. The next day the general received an intimation that it was the Emperor's pleasure that he should join the army on the Danube immediately, in order to satisfy himself of the truth of the returns, by counting the killed and wounded after each battle, and that his military rank should be that of major. The same day there appeared in the official gazette: "Le conseiller d'état actuel, —, was received, by *his own wish*, into the army with rank of major!" It is extremely probable that, had these remarks been made in private, and reported, the consequences might have been worse.

Among those who feel the pressure of the war in the towns, are the working tradesmen, such as tailors and bootmakers. In all regiments there are a certain number of men who

work for their comrades in time of peace, making for them their clothing, boots, &c.; but as now all are called upon to bear arms, they have to quit the needle and awl for the rifle and bayonet. The duty of providing the troops with their grey greatcoats falls upon the tailors, who are suffering enough from the depressed state of all trades. They are supplied with so much cloth or leather, as the case may be, and are required to return a certain number of articles ready for use; but the materials have already passed through the hands of the officials, who make their profit out of the affair by keeping back for their own use a good per-centage of the materials, exacting at the same time the required number of articles. The poor tradesman has to make good the defalcations of this grasping rapacity out of his own pocket, besides the loss of the labour he is compelled to perform. Before I left the town where I was last May, I could not get a pair of boots made, as all the bootmakers were working upon this government work, to the detriment of their own interests and that of their customers. For this work they get a mere nominal price, the greater part of which goes into the pockets of the same men who robbed them of their cloth; but they can obtain no redress for this, and look upon it as a necessary evil.

The merchants are not subjected to such heavy losses as might be supposed, considering the perfect annihilation of all external commerce. It is true they are obliged to subscribe largely to the *voluntary contributions* for the expenses of the war; but as nearly all business is carried on with ready money, they merely withdraw their capital, and wait patiently the course of events. It is among this class that the greatest number of patriots is to be found; for, as they understand no other language but their own, and are strongly attached to their country, not knowing any other, they get all their information of what passes, from the highly-coloured misrepresentations that are published for them by the Russian government. They were enchanted with the patriotic verses, that were to be found in all the Russian papers, describing the prowess and victories (future?) of the

holy Muscovite armies. Lord Palmerston is represented to them as a monster, and the author of the war. In one of these poetical effusions his lordship is caricatured as a great warrior, who fights his battles on a map with his forefinger. Since the battles of Alma and Inkermann, these productions have become less frequent. There is one that appeared in the spring of 1854, that I must mention. It is an allegory, composed by an actor, I believe; and relates that a Russian *molodetz* (young man) was going quietly on his way, when he found his passage stopped by three men—a turbaned Turk, a bearded Frenchman, and a red-headed English merchant. With a few swings of his powerful arm he made the Turk and Frenchman bite the dust, while the Englishman was glad to escape the same fate by surrendering the contents of his pockets to this fine fellow. These may serve as specimens of what is allowed to poison the minds of those who can read; while those who cannot are excited by yet grosser fictions. The attack on the monastery of Solovetzki, in the White Sea last year, was spread with great rapidity through the country, with many comments, improvements, and additions by the priesthood. I heard one account of it from a peasant, who said that all the monks had been impaled by the English barbarians, who had no respect either for the holy place or the holy men who inhabited it. I have frequently heard it asserted that there were no soldiers in the place; and, if I remember right, the report by the head of the monastery to the synod was to that effect, stating that there were only a few invalids, who were employed as servants about the place. It is for those who made this brutal (Russian account) attack upon a quiet religious retreat, to prove that it was a fortified place, although no Russian will ever be convinced of it. Messrs Bright and Co. are wonderfully popular with this party, for all their speeches are diligently translated and commented upon in the Russian papers. They are generally represented as the only true expositors of the feelings of the majority of the people of England; so that the Russians are firmly convinced that the

populace is ripe for a rising; and I have no doubt the disturbances, which unfortunately took place recently in the metropolis, were misrepresented as a serious revolution, caused by the burdens entailed on the people by the expenses of the war. Last March there was an absurd story spread about a similar occurrence, without any foundation whatever. Russia, like a drowning man, catches at straws!

Since the beginning of the present year there has been a great scarcity of silver and gold coin in the southern provinces of the empire, though gold was very plentiful last autumn. This scarcity may be accounted for by the merchants withdrawing their capital from trade. As few of them have any confidence in the paper circulation, they availed themselves of the gold, then very plentiful, which all disappeared in this way in a very few weeks. A friend of mine, who was in Simpheropol in February, wishing to change a hundred-rouble note into notes of one, three, and five roubles each, was obliged to pay ten per cent for the exchange; and he assured me that, if any small article were purchased, the value of which did not amount to a rouble, the merchant would rather lose the sale than give coin in exchange, though he was perhaps making a profit of a hundred per cent upon the article. This state of things is gradually travelling northwards. In Ekaterinoslav it was the same in April; and in Kharkoff, in May, there was a great difficulty in procuring coin, especially gold and the smaller silver money. Kharkoff is a large commercial town, and the capital of the Ukraine. The issue of notes has recently been very great. All this tends to prove that every sinew is now strained to bursting to carry on the war.

Many persons have expressed surprise at the smallness of the returns of killed on the part of the Russians after an engagement; but, to any one who understands the Russian system, this will not appear strange at all. The practice is to send in returns of only a small proportion of the killed, while the remainder are supposed to be in the field, and receive pay and rations, to the benefit of the colonels.

As a great personage, to whom I related this in England, remarked, "the colonels eat the dead men's rations!" Nor is there any danger of detection, for the greater part of the generals have done the same thing before, and are practising something similar at all times, while the subalterns hope some day to become colonels themselves. I know an instance of a man commanding a regiment, who, from the time of his regiment taking the field in the summer of last year up to the end of last November, was in the habit of sending two or three thousand roubles every week to his family, while he is known to possess no private fortune. All this money was of course squeezed out of the soldiers' rations and forage, for it is a cavalry regiment. The life of a Russian soldier is so miserable, that I think half of them would prefer to be killed to dragging on such a wretched existence. They are torn from their homes by the arbitrary hand of despotism, and made to form part of an immense machine called a regiment, which again forms part of another called a division; but they have not the remotest idea why they are made to execute certain movements. The English officers who were taken prisoners at different times admired the severe discipline of the Russian army, little thinking that it was purchased at the expense of every moral feeling; for the soldier is brutalised by the treatment he receives, every officer having the right to buffet and cuff him as he may think proper. An old cavalry officer once told me, that, if a horse died, there was a rigid inquiry into the cause of his death; and if the least thing appeared to show that it had been neglected, the subaltern in command of the squadron was placed under arrest; but if, on the other hand, a man died, on his death being reported to the colonel he would say, "Poor fellow! I hope he is in heaven!" This may be accounted for easily enough. The colonel receives an annual sum to provide horses for his regiment, so that every loss affects directly his pocket; whereas the men cost him nothing! The men are allowed meat by the government three days a-week,

except during the fasts, and brandy on Sundays and great holidays. The officers generally propose to the men to accept, instead of meat, the money, and to provide themselves. To this, of course, the poor fellows agree, as a proposal from an officer is tantamount to an order; but they never see more than one-fourth of the money, which is disposed of as follows:—The colonel takes one-fourth, the majors commanding battalions another, and the captains of companies a third, while the other goes to the soldiers themselves! This may account for the finding only black bread in the knapsacks of the killed and wounded. I have given these examples in order to show the system under which these men fight so desperately, and which prevails throughout the whole empire,—one vast system of fraud, peculation, and pillage.

Notwithstanding the immense establishments for the education of military men that exist in Russia, great difficulties are experienced in obtaining officers for the new levies. All the officers must be nobles, and undergo an examination in various branches of science. A colonel, sent to obtain officers to a certain town in the south, persuaded a number of copying clerks from the government offices to enter the army. These men, though of noble birth, only knew how to read and write. As they were earning a miserable pittance, they were glad to embrace the offer, which opened to them a prospect of advancement; but they expressed their fears of not being able to pass the required examination. They were, however, reassured by the colonel, who said that he would examine them himself. This he did in the following manner:—*Col.* "What is geography?" *Ans.* "I don't know; I never heard of it before." *Col.* "Nonsense! you must know! On which bank of what great river is situated the town of E?" (the town they were in). *Ans.* "On the right bank of the river D." *Col.* "There, I was sure you knew all about geography!—you are passed." Another time the subject was mathematics. *Col.* "What are mathematics?" *Ans.* "I never saw them." *Col.* "Add two to two." *Ans.* "Four."

Col. "There, that will do—you are passed!" Of course I was not present at either of these *examinations*, but I had the facts upon good authority. These are the men who are to replace those polished gentlemen, whose knowledge of the European languages and *suave* manners have been the admiration of all who have met them.

The militia is chiefly officered by those who have been in the army before and are retired; but if in any of the governments there should not be enough of these, the nobles choose them from among their own body. There is in general a great reluctance to enter this service, as well as military service generally, for the majority of the Russian people is anything but warlike, notwithstanding their boasted martial prowess.

The want of proper medical aid is much felt in the army now. The students of medicine from all the universities are forced to enter the army before they have completed their course of study, which ordinarily occupies five years, but is now curtailed to three and a half years. It may be objected that I use the term *forced*, when they are only *invited* to join the army; but, with few exceptions, the invitation, if not accepted, will speedily be followed by an order. Many surgeons have lately arrived from America and Prussia, who are at once despatched to the seat of war. In Simpheropol nearly all the wounded English prisoners were attended by Americans.

As illustrative of the difficulty experienced in Russia in transporting their armies, may be mentioned the journey of the Sisters of Mercy from St Petersburg to the Crimea last year. They left the capital about the middle of November, and, as far as the *chaussée* extended, travelled without any mishap; but from Koursk—where the *chaussée* finishes—to Kharkoff, they met with great difficulties, as they travelled in large diligences like those of France. It was on leaving the latter town that they experienced all the pleasures of a Russian autumnal road. They left the town with fifteen horses to each carriage, and reached in safety the first station, situated in a valley, about ten miles from the

town; but on attempting to ascend the mountain, the wheels stuck fast in the mud, and the fifteen horses could not stir it; the number was increased to thirty, but without moving the vehicle. Eventually oxen were procured that dragged them out, and in this manner they proceeded on their way to the Crimea, to attend the sick and wounded, at the rate of two miles an hour! This was a case of the most urgent necessity. With such a state of things, would it not be better and wiser for Russia to employ those means in improving the internal state of the country, which she is now wasting on a ruinous war?

The English prisoners of war will be able to give a good account of the evils of Russian travelling. I saw them all, poor fellows! as they passed through the town I was then residing in, and can say that their sufferings were more intense than those of their comrades who were left behind. Those who were taken first, and who arrived at their destination before the severe colds set in, suffered comparatively little. Then they were still a novelty, and excited a great deal of curiosity, which in a Russian is never without compassion. Of this the first parties who passed reaped the benefit. Besides, they were all fine men, taken at Balaklava and Inkermann, about which battles every one was eager to get what information he could from persons who had assisted at them. Still these suffered severely from deprivation of all the comforts they had been accustomed to, and which they were unable to procure in the villages they passed through, even when they had the means; for tea and coffee are unknown luxuries to the Russian peasant, but would have been very acceptable to the prisoners after their long march of fifteen or twenty miles through the mud reaching to their knees, with the prospect of a miserable billet in a mud-hut, in which so many were placed that there was scarcely room to lie down, and a piece of black bread washed down with a little brackish water, or *kras* (a sour liquor, much used in Russia). But those who left Simpheropol in December and January, underwent hardships that were heart-rending to listen to, for then they ex-

perceived all the severity of a Russian winter during a march of about six hundred miles to Voronege, the depot. They were about seventy days upon the journey through the snow, and frequently subject to the most vile treatment at the hands of those to whose care they were committed. They are allowed by the government 20 copecks a-day (about 8d.) This would be amply sufficient to supply all their wants, for provisions are very cheap,—the best meat 3 and 4 copecks per pound, bread about 1 or 1½ copeck per pound; but the soldiers who served as their guard usually set the prices in the villages at about three times the ordinary rate, out of which they made their own profit; while our poor fellows, not understanding the language or the prices, were obliged to pay whatever was demanded of them, or go hungry to bed. They were even made to pay for the very water they drank. This happened always in the prisons of small towns. Once they refused to pay for it, and two men offered to fetch water for the whole party if a soldier would show them where to procure it. The soldier, not wishing to lose his perquisites, took them to a distance of about three miles, to a well of brackish water, while there was plenty to be had within two hundred yards of the prison. After this they always preferred paying to fetching it themselves. In the large towns they are generally well treated, and allowed a certain liberty. They may go out to the market to buy themselves provisions, alone if they know the way; or if not, one soldier is sent with them as a guide. They are even allowed to sleep out of the prison, if some inhabitant of the town will become responsible for them. I have had several staying with me; and two, who were ill, lived with me three months till their health was perfectly established, and the warm weather rendered travelling no longer difficult. One circumstance I cannot help mentioning, if only that it might be known to the Russian government by this means. In December a party of prisoners, of all nations, numbering either seventy-three or seventy-five—I am not quite sure which—left Simpheropol in charge of a captain, a Greek, with the usual escort. He,

*kind, humane man*, proposed, through my informant, an English soldier, who spoke a little Greek, to provide the whole party with provisions, alleging that the country they were about to pass through was nearly exhausted, so that, with their ignorance of the language, it would be next to impossible for them to procure anything. To this proposal they all agreed without hesitation. Instead of giving them good food, he gave them little more than black bread; so that out of the entire number only nineteen reached Ekaterinoslav! a distance of about 270 miles from Simpheropol, the remainder being left sick at the different hospitals, or perishing miserably on the road! I do not vouch for the truth of this; but the man, who was one of the sufferers, appeared to be intelligent, and told his story clearly, and without hesitation. I know that this can be possible, for there are such men, who, in order to gain a few roubles, will inflict any amount of misery on their fellow-creatures. The English inhabitants of Moscow and St Petersburg have nobly come forward to assist their poor fellow-countrymen; and Mr Grey, the English clergyman at Moscow, has exerted himself greatly on their behalf; but unfortunately there are few English on the line of march, so that it is very difficult to render them assistance where most it is wanted, although all is done that humanity could dictate by those who are able to see them. I cannot omit this occasion of speaking of the kindness shown by the authorities of the town of Kharkoff to all the prisoners. They never refused any prayer of which they saw the justice, and tried all they could to help the poor fellows; and had the same spirit been shown by all parties, there would be little to complain of in the treatment with which these unfortunates met. Many of the Russian families received them into their houses, and at their own tables. When remonstrated with by the would-be patriots, they replied,—“These men are no longer to be looked upon as enemies: they have fought for their country, and by the fortune of war are our prisoners, only that we may treat them as our guests.” To sum up all, the prisoners are well treated by all the

higher classes, and suffer only from the cupidity of those who have an opportunity of making a few coopecks by them, and from the natural evils imposed upon them by their ignorance of the language, manners, and customs. I do not speak of the treatment the officers have met with, as they will be able to speak for themselves when they recover their liberty.

It will be seen, by a careful perusal of the foregoing statement of facts, that all classes in Russia must ardently desire peace, as the only means of preserving them from ruin, to which the serf-owners are more exposed than any other class, from the continual drain upon their resources, already much diminished by debts. They are an improvident race. Many of the lower orders hoped for a great improvement in their position from the success of the allied armies; but they are disheartened by the length of time they are obliged to wait. They cannot define what they expect; but that they hoped for great advantages, I have no doubt, from several conversations I have had with intelligent men in the peasant class—men who can neither read nor write, but who, by the force of their natural shrewdness, can understand that a change must and will come. They looked upon the French and English as the heralds of this change. Had the war been pushed with sufficient vigour from the beginning, there is no doubt but that the power of Russia would have been humbled effectually by defeats on the frontiers and internal dissensions; for all the south would have risen had the Allies taken possession of the Crimea when they first landed, which might easily have been done,—at least this is the opinion of all the Russian officers whom I met, and who were there at the time. But this is no place for the discussion of the merits of military plans. There have been grave faults, of which the price is now being paid in the blood of our brave countrymen on the heights of Sebastopol. Nothing remains but to push the war with all

the vigour that the Allies, with their mighty resources, are able to do, and to let no “penny wise and pound foolish” policy interfere with what they have in hand. Even what has been done has caused great suffering to our enemies, and what is undertaken will cause yet greater, till Russia, humbled and conquered, is brought to sue for peace at the feet of the British lion and the Gallic eagle. The time is gone by to hope for any co-operation in the interior of the country. As I said before, the people are disheartened by the length of time they have had to wait, and are excited by the reports spread so assiduously of the barbarity of the English to their prisoners, and the taking of the monastery of Solovetzki. The Russian government is never slow to improve its advantages; this has been proved in the manner the fortifications of Sebastopol have been thrown up, and it has improved the breathing-time given by the long duration of this too celebrated siege. There is now telegraphic communication from Odessa to the capital, through Kief, so that news from the seat of war arrives in two days. When the news of the descent first reached us, everybody was filled with consternation, and said we have now lost our Italy, as they call the Crimea; but when it became known that, after the battle of Alma, Sebastopol did not fall, and that it withstood successfully the bombardment of the 17th of October, hope again revived, and, by a reaction of popular feeling, everybody expected to see the invaders driven out of the country, which the brilliant victory (?) of Liprandi seemed to prognosticate. What is more feared by the Government, though less spoken of, than the war itself, is its results upon the population, as ideas of liberty and civilisation may be introduced with conic balls, and at the point of the bayonet, that will destroy the whole fabric of despotism erected by the Czar and his subalterns, and that in its fall must crush, and bury beneath its ruins, all those who helped to erect or support this monster of injustice. So be it!



## THE STORY OF THE CAMPAIGN.

## CHAP. XXV.—THE CONFERENCES AND DEBATES.

THE conduct of the Vienna conferences, and the tone of the parliamentary discussions on the war, were not such as to inspire respect either for the politics or diplomacy of the age. Europe fixed its attention on the former, and, while failing to receive any lessons of wisdom, was not even gratified by an exhibition of skill. The three greatest nations of the earth were at war, and before either side had obtained a decisive advantage, all had agreed to treat for peace. Seldom has diplomacy had such a field for display, and seldom has it appeared in a less respectable light. No cunning of fence was shown, and the advantages obtained were of the paltriest description, and not worth the playing for, such as when Russia suspended the conferences to consider the request of the other powers that she would originate a proposition, and then, after securing unnecessary delay, declined to propose anything. The negotiations and the war seemed mutually to await each other's chances, and there appeared no man of sufficient political or military foresight to afford his colleagues the means of adopting a decided course. Perhaps the most curious feature in the spectacle was the lofty bearing of beleaguered, distressed, and defeated Russia. When at the conference Lord John Russell, as a precedent for Russia to consent to limit her power in the Black Sea, quoted (not very happily) the cession of Dunkirk by Louis XIV.,—"Ah!" said the Russian plenipotentiary, with extraordinary assurance, "but we have met with none of his disasters, and the case does not apply." Met with no disasters! when the banks of the Danube were strewn with dead Russian armies—when the despised Turks had defeated them in every action, and when a fortress like Silistria had defeated their whole power deliberately cast on it! Met with no disasters! when the defenders of the soil were beaten from their strong position at Alma, when they had been repulsed from our weak point at In-

kermann, when half the Black Sea fleet was at the bottom of the harbour of Sebastopol, and the other half penned therein as in a trap!—when a daily augmenting force was establishing itself in the Crimea, and preparing for fresh assaults on the city!—when Bomarsund with its fortifications was demolished, and the Baltic equally with the Euxine blotted from the highways of Russian commerce! Yet such effrontery passed without the obvious rejoinder, because the English nation had proposed to itself the capture of Sebastopol as the true and only meed of victory; and the wily Russian, adopting the absurd assumption with which we had ourselves furnished him, asserted that, while Sebastopol had not fallen, Russia had suffered no disaster.

But, in truth, the whole conference was an absurdity. The terms offered by the Allies, so far as their vagueness allowed them to be intelligible, were ridiculously easy, and, on the other hand, Russia was insane to refuse them. She might have accepted them, have procured an armistice, have secured a seeming triumph—and then, when it suited her, and if still disposed for war, she might have broken off the negotiations on a question of details. All this would have been quite consistent with the usual course of her policy, and with the diplomatic resources of her ministers. Instead of this, she assumed the airs of a conqueror—condescendingly agreed to treat—was undisguisedly insolent in conference; and when she deigned to make any proposals, they were such as were insulting from their absurdity. And this was at a time when the Allies were accumulating a force sufficient to take the Crimea in a month—when her own army was pressed for supplies, and its communications so ill-secured that a detachment cut their main branch irremediably without a struggle—her coasts were threatened, her towns burnt; and the fortresses which she had acquired, with great expense and

trouble, were so ill provided for defence that, at the first approach of an enemy, the garrisons abandoned them. Yet her envoys could comport themselves as if her great credit for resources and strength were unblemished—could not merely veil discomfiture, but assume the tone of undoubted success, and half Europe was disposed to admire their supercilious demeanour. If such finesse is admirable, great empires may be dexterously lost.

But, whatever the disasters of Russia, she at least enjoyed one advantage over us. Whether her councils were directed by wisdom or presumption, they were secret, while all our elements of weakness were laid bare in the national discussions, and were paraded far more ostentatiously than those resources and successes which should have bid us be of good cheer. Every shade of policy between vigorous prosecution of the war, and peace on any terms, found its spokesman, and such want of unanimity could not but give confidence to the enemy.

Of the Four Points discussed at the conference, the Third was the only one bearing directly on the circumstances of the war. In the parliamentary debates on this point, it was asserted that Russia never would consent to such humiliation as a limitation of her fleet in the Black Sea. The objectors spoke as if that fleet were still riding the Euxine unmolested; in which case it might, indeed, be derogatory to the dignity of the Czar to consent to its diminution. But force had already confined the few remaining ships of the Russian fleet to their port, dooming them to hopeless inaction; and, whatever turn the affairs of the Allies might take by land, it was evident that Russia could never, during the war, by any effort or any success, regain her naval supremacy in the East. A more reasonable objection against the Third Point was, that it left the essential article of limitation indefinite and dependent on the chances of the war.

Mr Disraeli found an easy task in criticising the conduct of the Government and its envoy, but was by no means so successful in amending the

plan of the campaign as in exposing its errors. He denounced the aggressive movement of the war as the cause of all our disasters, maintaining that a purely defensive policy would have been the true one, and, like some other speakers of great reputation, assumed that Russia was invulnerable.

Since to blockade the ports of Russia is in itself an aggressive movement, it is to be presumed that Mr Disraeli meant that our operations by land only should have been restricted to the defensive—that our troops should have occupied Turkey in sufficient force to render her territories secure against the armies of Russia.

But, to maintain in Turkey a force sufficiently large to be effective, would be almost as costly as to make war in the Crimea; at any rate, it is difficult to see how occupying Turkey could shorten the war, or cripple Russia more effectually than assailing herself. To capture Sebastopol was to solve the knottiest question of the war—it was to give security to the shores of Turkey, to deliver her capital from the apprehension of invasion, and to enable her to concentrate her powers on her land defences. It has been said that we could have no security that Russia would not rebuild her fortifications and renew her fleet; but it is not likely that the war, if concluded tomorrow, would leave the finances of Russia in a condition so flourishing as to enable her immediately to set about accumulating expensive means of aggression.

The assumption that Russia is invulnerable by land, is surely a mistake—to an enemy commanding the sea, the Crimea is especially an assailable province. Far removed from the heart of the empire, her ponderous powers cannot be vigorously transmitted to so distant an extremity. In any season it would be almost impossible for her to maintain there a force sufficient to cope with ours; the losses in marching an army into the Crimea are necessarily great, and still greater in maintaining it. Our fleets ought to give us an incalculable advantage in moving from point to point of the coast, threatening and harassing the enemy, and enabling small bodies to check large ones; and with such a force and

such means as the Allies possessed, Russia had no right to calculate on calling the Crimea hers for two months. Once ours, the difficult question of how we were to dispose of it remained; but as that consideration was not broached in the debates, it need not be alluded to here, though it may not have been without important influence on the war. But, however that might be settled, the Crimea ours, and Sebastopol dismantled as a sea-fortress, we should hold the guarantee we needed, and might withdraw, besides the greater portion of the army, all our fleet, except a few war-steamers to watch the coast. With the Crimea lost, with the Circassians on their old frontier, with the trade of the Sea of Azoff cut off, and its towns ruined, and with the Baltic blockaded, it is difficult to see what end Russia could propose to herself in continuing a war in which she could assail none of her enemies but Turkey, who had already repelled her single-handed.

We, on the other hand, would have obtained by force of arms, what Russia had refused to diplomacy, the security of Turkey; and while suffering far less from the war (which might then become a blockade) than our adversary, we could have no more reason than she to wish to prolong it. It would be a question of endurance, where Russia would have most to endure.

The facts of Sebastopol being yet uncaptured, and the Russian army in the Crimea still able to oppose us, do not alter the real state of the case, because the vulnerability of the Crimea depends, not on a chance combination of military and political circumstances, but on its natural and unalterable features. A temporary failure does not lessen our chance of ultimate success, nor give Russia greater security of retaining the province. While we are able to encompass its shores with our ships, and to land and supply our troops, while the internal resources of the peninsula are insufficient to maintain large armies, and the barrenness of its northern portion forbids Russia to supply adequately, by convoys, those necessaries which the country does not afford, so long must the Crimea remain an arena where the chances are all in our favour, and

where alone are neutralised the advantages which our enemy derives from herenormous military power; and nothing is wanting to secure the prize, but a man able to grasp it.

Such is the aspect which the present conjuncture wears to some of those whose thoughts have necessarily been deeply intent on it, and than whom none can be more powerfully interested in a creditable termination. But in England, while our most resolute statesmen have laid far less stress on the "vigorous prosecution of the war," than on its inevitable associate phrase, "a safe and honourable peace," there are many of spirit so abject, that it would be quite consistent with their views if six of our most venerable commanders were to present themselves, like the citizens of Calais, before Sebastopol, in their shirts, and with halters round their necks, and humbly beseech the best terms the enemy might please to allow us. The puzzled public is busily patching the body and members of the prostrate political and military machine, while the defect is in the brain. There is sufficient strength and completeness, but the Promethean spark is wanting. Meantime, amid councils so varied and irresolute, the nation, like the Prince in the Arabian Nights, pressing onward to its goal, is stunned and bewildered by so many voices warning it against false dangers, that it pauses, looks back, and is turned into stone.

Of all the arguments used against the war, none reflects so much discredit on its propounder, as one by Mr Bright, who, in the course of a clever and much-applauded speech, put it to the House, "whether they believed that when the capital of the greatest banking-house in Lombard Street can be transferred to the United States on a small piece of paper, in one post, the imposition of £75,000,000 of taxation over and above the taxation of an equal population in the United States, will not have the effect of transferring capital from this country to the United States—and if capital, then trade, population, and all that forms the bone and sinew of this great empire?"

Had this been merely a warning to Government of one of the difficulties

they would have had to provide against, by rousing the feeling of patriotism till self-interest should be in great measure lost in the nobler sentiment, such a reminder would have been timely and politic. But the whole tenor of the speech showed that the speaker, in all whose views there is an ignoble consistency, believed that no capitalist could be actuated by any higher motive than the desire to make the most of his money, and that to transfer one's self with one's property to another country, when our own was engaged in a struggle which rendered it no longer capable of affording profitable investment, was a natural and sensible act, such as British merchants might acknowledge without reproach.

If a man's first duty is to think of himself, and if his best interests are centred in the increase of his capital, then Mr Bright's argument was just,

and worthy the applause of the representatives of the nation. The Carthaginian women who cut off their hair to serve as bowstrings for the defenders of their beleaguered city, had much better have sold it to make wigs for the Roman ladies. But if there be anything to admire in the sacrifices a nation makes to sustain a contest with a powerful enemy—if it be more heroic to struggle to the last than to submit—what can be found worthy of applause, at a time when Mr Bright's countrymen are spending their energies and blood to uphold the honour of England, in an appeal to a principle, which, however legitimate in commercial questions, or in the ordinary transactions of life, can never obtrude itself either in public or private affairs, where higher interests than money are concerned, without the risk of fettering justice and staining honour?

#### CHAPTER XXVI.—ATTACK OF THE MALAKOFF AND REDAN.

The cannonade subsided with the capture of the Mammelon and Quarries, and trenches were pushed out from these works towards the Malakoff and Redan. From the Quarries, zig-zags led to a trench sixty or seventy yards in advance, where riflemen incessantly exchanged shots with the garrison of the Redan, while a battery for guns and mortars was constructed close in rear of it. When this was armed, the guns swept so completely one of the communications of the Malakoff, that the enemy could scarcely use it, and the eight-inch mortars dropped their shells into the Redan with great accuracy. But neither the advanced trench, the Quarries themselves, nor the communications in front and rear, were by any means secure, either against the cannon or riflemen of the Redan and its flanking batteries, and many casualties occurred there every day—inasmuch that, except securing the favourable position for the battery, the possession of the Quarries did not seem to bestow any advantage adequate to the loss suffered in their capture and occupation. But it is probable that, when the French resolved to attack the Mammelon, we considered ourselves bound to make

some corresponding advance, without nicely balancing the advantages to be gained. Such is one of the difficulties attending the combined operations of an allied army.

On the 17th the cannonade recommenced. For three hours the fire was warmly returned, and then the Russian batteries grew almost silent. Several causes might exist for this; their ammunition might be failing—their guns might be disabled by our fire—or the losses in the batteries might be so great that the enemy could no longer man them. But this slackening of their fire, from whatever cause, seemed favourable to the success of another assault, which had been planned to take place on the following day, as follows:—

After two or three hours' cannonade, the French were to assault the Malakoff. That work carried, the English were immediately to assail the Redan, which would not be tenable by us unless the Malakoff were first captured. Three columns, of four hundred men each, were to be ready in the Quarries and advanced work, with strong supports in the trenches and approaches close behind. At the signal they were to rush out: the one on the right was to attack the angle

at the left face and flank of the Redan ; the one on the left, the angle of the right shoulder of the work ; and the centre column was to advance on the salient, and make a lodgment there. Twenty artillerymen under an officer were to accompany each column, to spike the guns or turn them on the enemy, and parties of sailors were to carry the scaling-ladders. The right and left columns, uniting in rear of the Redan, were to drive the garrison towards the water, and to attack the Barrack Battery should the enemy make a stand there, in which operations they were to be assisted by a brigade under General Eyre, which was to descend the great ravine towards the inner harbour, and, when their first attempt had succeeded, effect a junction with them.

This plan was changed, at the instance of the French, on the evening of the 17th, when it was resolved that the assault should be made at day-break, without a previous cannonade. The other arrangements remained the same. This change was regretted by the English artillery officers, who were very confident of rendering the Russian batteries nearly harmless in a fire of three hours. Notwithstanding this alteration of the plan, which, made at the eleventh hour, seemed to betoken indecision, confidence was at a high pitch in the allied camp. At length we were to close with the enemy ; the dreary vigils in the trenches, the wearisome life on the heights, were to be at an end, and, with the assured capture of the city, a new era would dawn for us and for Europe.

At two o'clock on the morning of the 18th, we rode towards the lines. It was very dark : the camps were still silent as we clattered through them, and we were near the trenches before a faint glimmer of daylight tinged the gloom. A point in an advanced trench, which commanded a near view both of the Redan and Malakoff, had been selected as Lord Raglan's post of observation, and he was already there.

Day broke rapidly, and we could see our troops destined for the assault in the Quarry and advanced trenches, while the supports occupied the lines in rear. The interval of suspense was short before the rattle

of musketry showed the French to be assaulting. It continued, increased, and seemed to encompass the Malakoff, though we could not see the actors in whose success we were so deeply interested. After a few minutes the guns of the Malakoff deepened the din, and covered the ground with the spray of their grape, the steadiness of their fire showing that the work was not yet entered in force by the French.

However, their success seems to have been considered sufficient to warrant the giving of the signal to attack the Redan. The party of rifles and 33d, who were to lead the stormers on the right, at once quitted their cover, and, gallantly led by the engineers and their own officers, ran across the smooth grassy slope between the Quarries and Redan, till, reaching the abattis which surrounds the latter at a few yards in front of the ditch, they lay down there and fired on the embrasures, which now began to pour forth grape. Probably, on the previous day, the guns had been run behind the parapet for security from our fire, which they could not effectually return, and were thus preserved from its effects ; for, warned by the attack on the Malakoff, they were already run out, and opened on our men with a violence that nothing could withstand. In vain the officers stood up amid the iron shower and waved their swords—in vain the engineers returned to bring up the supports—the men could not be induced to quit the parapets in a body. Small parties of half-a-dozen or half a score ran out only to add to the slaughter. The party of artillerymen, whose business it was to follow this column and spike the guns, sallied forth, led by their officer, and, of the twenty, only nine returned unwounded ; and the sailors who carried the scaling-ladders, and the naval officers who led them, also suffered very severe loss. Sir John Campbell, calling to the nearest troops to follow, left the trench, led the way to the abattis, and was shot dead under it. The men drawn up behind the Quarry suffered almost as severely as those who had advanced ; and the remainder of these latter, after continuing for nearly a quarter of an hour under this tremen-

dous fire on the ground before the abattis, ran back to the trenches.

The point where Lord Raglan stood was the focus of the fire of the Malakoff and Redan, and such a storm of shot of all kinds came over and through the parapet, which was low and thin, as rendered it a very indifferent post of observation. First a soldier was wounded by a grape-shot; another struck General Jones on the forehead, plunging the skin; then a shot, entering a neighbouring embrasure, carried off the head of an artilleryman, killed a sapper, and struck off the right arm of Captain Brown of the 88th; and the fire rather increasing, his lordship was recommended to exchange this position for one in the first parallel.

The musketry still continued to rattle around the Malakoff, and, from the eight-gun battery in our third parallel, which now began to fire, I saw several hundreds of the French clinging to scarped spots in the ground before the Malakoff, and firing on the parapets, which were lined with Russians. The French guns in the Mamelon (where General Laboussinière, of the artillery, had been killed) were silent, while our artillery now opened both on the Redan and Malakoff, principally on the latter. The practice was admirable. The Russians speedily left their parapets, where whole sections of them must have been swept away, and our shells, bursting just after grazing the edge of the work, must have been most destructive to the troops drawn up in its defence. A couple of the guns of the Malakoff were directed on the French still clinging to the hill, and the grape rattling among them put them to flight; but the vigour of our artillery fire enabled them to retreat with but little loss from the enemy's guns, which, in their own defence, were now directed on our batteries.

When it was known that the French did not mean to repeat the assault, the greatest disappointment prevailed. On our part the disaster was rather a blunder than a repulse; for an attack so feeble against such a work as the Redan could not be called an assault. Probably its garrison of thousands never beheld from their ramparts more than three hundred enemies ad-

vancing upon them, and they must have been puzzled to account for such a futile attempt, taking it, perhaps, for an ill-concerted feint. The French attack, though made in greater numbers, was no better managed than our own. The business of the stormers was to lose no time in reaching the ditch of the enemy's work, and, collecting there in sufficient numbers, to swarm over the ramparts. Instead of this, they appear to have lain down and commenced firing their pieces at the embrasures and parapets, and the supporting columns, of course, stopped also, instead of pressing into the work, and driving out its defenders with the bayonet. It is doubtful whether any French soldiers got inside the Malakoff, though two battalions are said to have held their ground in it for a short time; but had that been the case, the guns of the work could scarcely have fired so unremittingly as they did.

It was not till the afternoon, and while we felt the first soreness of disappointment, that it became at all generally known that Eyre's brigade (consisting of 1800 men of the 9th, 18th, 28th, 38th, and 44th regiments), which, as before said, was to proceed down the great ravine towards the Dockyard Creek, had actually advanced into the suburbs, and had been all day hotly engaged with the enemy. Turning a corner of the defile, just in advance of the allied works, the head of the column came on a small cemetery occupied by Russian sharpshooters, whom they drove out, and, pushing on, occupied the houses which skirt the course of the ravine. A little further on, the Woronzoff ravine joins this one, and a broad flat piece of ground extends to the water, near the edge of which is a long, low battery, sweeping the approach. At the junction of the two ravines, and resting against the slope of the high ground which separates them, are a number of houses sufficient to rank as a small town, some mere hovels, some of better appearance, and these were taken possession of, while the advanced parties extended in front of the low battery, and, scaling a hill on their left, reached a battery for three guns on a shoulder of the cliff-like side of the ravine,

from whence they saw no obstacle to their advance on the town, which stands on a rounded hill, bounding the Dockyard Creek. They had now reached a point from which they could operate on either side of this Dockyard Creek, or inner harbour. If the attack against the Redan were successful, they could, by scaling the cliff of the Woronzoff ravine on their right, effect a junction with the stormers; or, had the French penetrated into the works covering the town, they would have received powerful help from Eyre's brigade. This latter contingency, however, there was no reason to provide for, as it was never contemplated; and it is one of the most unaccountable features of these operations, that, with our immense forces, no diversion, far less any real assault, was made on this point. Even the artillery of the French lines before the town was silent.

To meet Eyre's force, the Russians, issuing from the Garden Batteries which crown the left cliff of the ravine, descended some distance to a long, low breastwork, from whence they began to pick off our men. Growing excited, they stood upright on the parapet, and exchanged volleys with our troops, who poured on them so destructive a fire as in half-an-hour forced them again to have recourse to the shelter of their work. The guns in the Garden Batteries above sent round and grape shot through the houses and low walls of the gardens and enclosures; the stones from which, as well as from the tombstones in the cemetery, flying in all directions, caused a great number of casualties. A shot, however ill-directed, seldom failed to dislodge stones enough to give it all the effect of a shell, and none of the walls were thick enough to resist the heavy missiles, which riddled them through and through, so that the wounded, laid in houses for shelter, were covered with dust and fragments, and sometimes killed. The riflemen, who occupied the ground in front of the Barrack Battery, descended towards the ravine, to oppose our people there, and the fire, thus almost surrounding the assailants, searched through them with deadly effect. General Eyre was wounded

in the head early in the action—with-drew into a house, where he got his wound dressed—and returned to his post. The brigade was dispersed in small parties, wherever cover was to be obtained; the regiments were mixed, and all unity of action was lost, as indeed no attainable object remained to strive for. In front was the low battery before the creek, some guns from which (luckily it was not fully armed) swept along the course of the ravine; on their left, the Garden Batteries, whose shot plunged into them, extended towards the Bastion du Mât, which appeared far in rear; and on the right rose the cliff, by ascending which they might indeed communicate with our works before the Redan, but the whole intervening space was swept by the formidable Barrack Battery, as well as by the flanking fire of the Garden Batteries across the ravine. Nothing could be finer than the spirit displayed by the troops under these circumstances. Ignorant of the fortunes of the day at other points of the line, they probably imagined they were destined to carry the town, and their eagerness to attempt it was so great that they were with difficulty restrained from pressing forward beyond a point from whence extrication would have been impossible. All day the fight continued, and whatever the French (whose parapets to the right of the Bastion du Mât looked down upon the arena) may have thought of the prudence of the movement, the manner in which our troops maintained themselves throughout the day in so desperate a position, must have excited great respect for their gallantry. Uncheered by any hope of solid achievement or success, the brigade held its ground, and at nightfall withdrew unmolested, with a loss of six hundred killed and wounded. We continued to hold the cemetery, and thus the contest was not entirely barren of result, while the valour of the troops engaged brought some consolation for the loss, and rendered this the least painful to dwell on among the unhappy mistakes of the day.

Supposing, for the sake of argument, that to prosecute the siege actively was the right strategic policy, and that the Malakoff and Redan

were the best points to assault, yet the execution of the measure was such as to invite failure. I have already mentioned how feeble were the attacks in themselves, and how much it was to be regretted that the original plan, by which the artillery was to fire for some hours before the infantry advanced, should have been changed. But, though the immediate cause of failure is to be found less in the plan of assault than in its very defective execution, yet it seems extraordinary that, with the vastly superior force which the Allies could command, attacks were not made on points so numerous as to bewilder and divide the garrison, especially on the bastions before the town, from whence, if the enemy had been induced to place there a large proportion of troops, they could not have been easily transferred across the creek. But, so far from making any demonstration which might induce the enemy to believe that point menaced, the French batteries in that quarter did not open in the first day's cannonade till afternoon, and on the day of the assault scarcely fired at all. The small number of Russians who opposed Eyre's brigade, and the circumstance of the riflemen in front of the Barrack Battery leaving their post to meet our people in the ravine, seem to warrant the conclusion that the great mass of the garrison was placed in support of those works which alone were threatened.

Faulty as the assault would seem, the general plan of which it formed part, or rather which was absorbed into it, is no less open to criticism. Whatever reasons may have dictated our mode of operations, it is not easy to deny that, in assembling so large a force on the extremity of the peninsula, in allowing a great portion of the army to remain idle while the remainder pressed the siege on the old plan, and in concentrating our efforts on the strongest of the Russian outworks, where numbers were neutralised to a great extent by the defences, we were doing what the Russians themselves would most wish us to do. Notwithstanding our altered circumstances, our plans were unchanged, and were of the most simple and unscientific character. With an army

of two hundred thousand men, we persisted in staking success on the attack of two works which ten thousand men might defend, and by the failure in which attack these hosts were for a time paralysed. If we gained Sebastopol we gained nothing more, for the Russian army could then retreat upon its communications. We had far more troops than were necessary to conduct the siege and to defend the plateau, yet the superfluous force attempted no enterprise of importance, while the heats of summer were at hand, and the more anxious and far-seeing began already to anticipate another dreary winter here as inevitable. Meanwhile the Russian army was invisible, and its movements and state unknown; but it seemed as if the mere *vis inertiae* of a force like ours must press the enemy back, and that any forward movement, however blind, must cause us to blunder into victory.

About this time death was busy among the chiefs. Admiral Boxer, whose great energy and activity had established order in the crowded harbour of Balaklava, and created commodious wharves there, had been dead of cholera some weeks. General Alexander La Marmora, brother of the commander of the Sardinian forces, had fallen a victim to the same disease; and a few days after the attempt on the Redan, our Adjutant-General Estcourt, a man of remarkably kind and courteous disposition, died after a short illness. At the time of his funeral it was known that Lord Raglan was indisposed, and next day he kept his room; but although the symptoms caused his medical attendants to be apprehensive, he did not appear in immediate danger till the afternoon of the 28th June, when he rapidly sank, became insensible, and expired at half-past eight in the evening, tranquilly and without pain.

On the afternoon of the 3d July his body was conveyed to Kazatch Bay for embarkation. The funeral was a very strange and splendid spectacle. The generals, staffs, and numbers of officers of the four armies—French, English, Turkish, and Sardinian—assembled at the appointed hour in the large courtyard of the



house which had been the headquarters of the deceased marshal. Before the porch waited, with its team of bay horses, a horse-artillery gun, destined to be the appropriate hearse of the old soldier. The courtyard was crowded with the uniforms of the different nations—the gaudy colours and laced Louis-quatorze hats of the French staff—the green plumes and dresses of the Sardinians—the red skull-caps of the Turks, unadorned, except Omer Pasha's, in the front of whose fez blazed a large ornament of diamonds—and our own costumes, in all the diversity of cavalry, infantry, and artillery. The Guards furnished the guard of honour, drawn up fronting the house to salute the body of their general, which had been enclosed in coffins of lead and iron, with a plain wooden one outside. It was brought out, placed on the gun, covered with a flag, and the procession moved on through the garden and vineyard surrounding the headquarters. As it appeared round the corner of the house a battery on the opposite slope saluted with nineteen guns, which were echoed by the desultory fire of the batteries in the trenches and the guns of the enemy. The road from the house to Kazatch Bay was lined throughout its extent on each side with infantry, French and English, the men standing a few feet apart. First the procession passed between our own men, who had been last night fighting in the trenches, till it reached the French headquarters, when a French battery saluted, and our own troops were succeeded by those of our Allies: first, the Zouaves, wearing to-day green turbans; then the Imperial Guard, with their tall bearskins and long blue frocks; and then regiments of the line—each corps marked by its colours inscribed in gold letters with the victories of the Consulate and the Empire. A body of cavalry and artillery escorted the coffin, the white pall of which, with its cross of St George, was conspicuous at the head of the long procession, which covered miles of the road. Crossing the ridge of a slope beyond the French headquarters the sea appeared, and, upon the right, the now familiar puffs of smoke and sound of the guns marked where the

siege still dragged on its weary length, to the cares, the honours, and the disappointments of which, so all-absorbing to us, he whom we escorted was now insensible. Slowly we journeyed along the plains, the dust rising in clouds from the dry soil, till at sunset we reached Kazatch. The water of the harbour was almost hidden by the number of boats thronged with seamen in their white frocks, whose uplifted oars looked like a grove. At the end of one of the wooden piers a crane had been erected, under which the gun-carriage was drawn—bareheaded sailors slung the coffin to the crane, hoisted it, and lowered it into the boat destined to take it to the Caradoc, the steamer in which Lord Raglan had come from England, and which was now to take home his remains. A parting salute was fired as the boat left the pier, and we had seen the last of our kind and gallant old chief. To most of us he appeared as the relic of an age now historical, and his name, associated with the Peninsular victories, caught a large share of the lustre reflected on all the companions of the great Duke. During the long period in which he transacted business at the Horse Guards, his reputation for suavity and kindness spread widely through the army, and was amply supported by his demeanour as commander-in-chief in the present campaign. His rank, his dignified manners and appearance, his former services, and his long experience, combined to gain for him the respect and willing co-operation of our allies; and the regret felt throughout the allied armies for his loss, proved how sincere was the regard he had inspired in his associates and followers.

On the day of Lord Raglan's death, Sir George Brown, the next in seniority, had embarked for England at the recommendation of a medical board; and on the 1st of July a telegraphic message from England confirmed General Simpson, late chief of the staff, in the command of the army, which had devolved on him by seniority.

During the early part of June the successes of the Kertsch expedition continued without any check. At Taganrog and Berdiansk, on the north shore of the Sea of Azoff, the public

buildings, stores, and grain were destroyed, as well as at Genitsch, at the upper extremity of the Isthmus of Arabat. The fort of Arabat was fired upon by our gun-boats, and a magazine was blown up, but no landing was attempted there; and, intimidated by the presence of the force which thus ravaged the coast without hindrance, the garrisons of Soujouk-kale and Anapa, blowing up their magazines and destroying the fortifications, abandoned their posts.

On looking at the map, the reader will perceive that the peninsula of Kertsch narrows to a neck of land between Kaffa on the Black Sea, and Arabat on the Sea of Azoff, the distance across being about twelve miles. When Kertsch and Yenikale had been so easily captured, the garrisons of those places, in number about 5000, marched unmolested towards the interior of the Crimea. It is evident that had Kaffa been attacked immediately after we had secured an entrance into the Sea of Azoff, on capturing it, a force might have marched on Arabat, with which our gun-boats could have co-operated from the sea. The experience we had gained during the enterprise, warranted the belief that those places would have fallen at once; and, the neck of the peninsula thus occupied by a sufficient force of

the Allies, the enemy's troops remaining in it must have laid down their arms, and whatever resources the country from thence to Kertsch afforded, must have been lost to the Russians. As it was, the expedition terminated with the conquests already enumerated. 6000 Turks, one English, and one French regiment, remained to garrison Yenikale and St Paul's, the points commanding respectively the two entrances to the straits; lines were constructed for the defence of those places against an attack by land, and guns were brought from Constantinople to arm the batteries, as the Turkish gunners were not sufficiently familiar with the construction of the Russian ordnance to work the captured pieces with confidence. Kertsch itself, which stands retired within the bay, was occupied merely by a guard for the protection of its inhabitants; and the presence of a few Cossacks hovering nightly outside the town, showed that the enemy had not entirely withdrawn from the peninsula. The town of Kertsch, which had been a flourishing and pleasant place, containing 17,000 people, presented a melancholy spectacle; the houses had been broken open, ransacked, and in part burnt, and the inhabitants were not secure from ill treatment.

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## LIFE IN THE INTERIOR OF RUSSIA.

[THE writer of the article in last Number, on the "Internal Sufferings of Russia from the War," having intrusted to us his papers, containing his observations during his residence in Russia, we extract from them the following intelligent statement of the Social Condition of the Russian people—a subject at present possessing unusual interest. Russia, the Power of all others which has most to fear from such a course, is now bringing on a War of Opinion in Europe, the political effects of which will in due time extend into her own dominions. In order to apprehend what may be the effects of such an event, we must first know the elements upon which the new ideas will have to work; and viewed in this light, the following sober and authentic *resumé* of the social state of the Russian nation seems to us to possess more than ordinary importance in the present times.]

*Landed Proprietors—Nobles.*—Many of the landed proprietors in Russia, especially the small ones, would like to see serfdom abolished, as it would be more profitable for them to cultivate their land with hired labourers than with serfs, who eat up the greater part of the produce. I am very well acquainted with one small proprietor, who possesses about 1500 acres of land, and possibly some 70 or 80 peasants, and I know well that he does not get more than £100 per annum from his property. He is, however, an exception to the general rule, being very easy with them; but it is not to be supposed that they are better off for that; on the contrary, they are in general much poorer than the peasants of the neighbouring great estates, though their master pays the poll-tax, which is never the case in large properties, where there is more trade, and the peasant has an opportunity of disposing of his produce, and where there

are fairs held, which gives him a chance of selling many little articles, such as hay, oats, &c.

In general, the state of the smaller landowners is one much to be pitied, for in many cases they are as ignorant as their own peasants, and yet have all the pride of caste, which is in general very strong in Russia, where much of the old feudal feeling remains. If they enter the public service and leave home, their small properties become still smaller, as their means will not allow them to keep an intendant; nor is the service sufficiently remunerative to live in ease, or even without running into debt, for in general officials are very badly paid indeed. Of this I can give you an example in the case of a young man, the son of a small proprietor, who pinched himself in order to give his son a good education at the university, where he remained till he was twenty-three years of age, when the father thought he

would be able to obtain some good government employment—at least that he would be at no further expense. After waiting nearly a year, he obtained a place with a salary of four roubles a-month, one of which was deducted for his rank, leaving him three (rather less than 10s. a-month) to provide himself with a lodging, table (which are to be had for about 30s. a-month), clothing, and everything necessary for a gentleman! After that, is it wonderful that the Russian officials accept bribes *à tort et à travers*?

None but nobles have the right to possess serfs, though it does not follow that all nobles possess them, for there is a very large class of poor nobles in Russia who possess nothing, never did possess anything, and are never likely to possess anything—and these are the most miserable of all the others; for they are nothing—neither peasants nor gentlemen. It will naturally be asked how they became possessed of their nobility? They are for the most part sons of ambitious clerks of churches, &c., whose fathers or friends have taught them to read and write, and through the interest of some great man got them admitted into some government office as copying-clerks, where they receive a rank after a certain number of years, and become noble, and of course their children too, who do as their fathers have done before them—leading a wretched existence, without any prospect of advancement, upon a miserable pittance, unless they have great abilities for plunder, when, by dint of accepting bribes, they get a small sum together. There is no sum so small that they will not accept: you may even offer them articles of wearing apparel—anything; and this latter is too frequently done when the poor suitor has nothing more to offer. I myself have given such small sums as 4d. and 6d. for trifling services which they have seemed reluctant to perform, which has always had the desired effect of accelerating their movements, and saved me the ennuï of waiting half-an-hour for them to perform their duty. Some, again, of this class, live by going from house to house in the country. They stay at a house till the master gets tired of them; then he sends them to his

nearest neighbour, who does the like. The Russians in general are very hospitable; and in the country, where they lead a very solitary, monotonous life, are glad to see any one who can procure them a little variety, as they have no sources of amusement whatever except shooting or coursing; but when a man is not a sportsman, even these fail him, for books are very rare, very expensive, and not very interesting, on account of the extreme severity of the censure that is exercised: a really good work is a great luxury, and seldom to be met with in a Russian country-house; hence they are glad to see anybody who can give them a little news, be it ever so stale. But I must give the Russians their due: they are, from highest to lowest, very hospitable; a general invitation there always means, in town, that you are expected to drop in two or three times a-week about dinner-time, and, without being asked, take your seat at table like one of the family. If you decline staying, they will feel quite hurt; even the very servants will press you to remain and take dinner with the family. When you are asked to go to the country, you are never expected to give any previous notice of your intended visit, but to go at any time you feel inclined; and you are sure to meet with a warm reception, and are expected to remain just as long as it may suit your own convenience.

Some of the smaller proprietors, from leading such a solitary life, get into habits of beastly intoxication, in which they consume days and nights, while their property goes to ruin. I have even known instances where they have kept casks of spirits in their bedrooms, and been in the habit of crawling on all-fours from the bed to the cask—seldom being in a state to walk—drinking out of the tap, and then crawling back again to bed, to sleep till they should be ready to take another slight refreshment in the same manner. This must seem very much like exaggeration; but I can assure my readers that I advance nothing but the pure truth, and what fell under my own personal observation. Without doubt such are exceptional cases, and are soon brought to a conclu-

sion by death; but some can support this life for two or three years.

One great cause of the poverty of the nobles is the subdivision of estates that takes place on the death of the proprietor. Every son has an equal share in the property, with an equal share of the debts. Some, though few, of them may acquire more land, and so add to their heritage; but with the greater number the reverse is the case, so that the debts are increased, and the estate in a similar way subdivided; and thus eventually the heirs are obliged to sell off their portions to pay the mortgage, or surrender the land to the crown, and the son of the late proprietor becomes a beggar. With all this before their eyes, they raise a terrible outcry against the English law of majority, which, if it were the law of their country, would preserve it solvent, whereas they now have national bankruptcy to look forward to.

Many of the poorer class of nobles obtain admittance into the universities at the expense of the crown, where they are educated as army surgeons. They receive their education, board, lodging, and clothing—everything during the time they are in the establishment—on condition that they serve the government during two years for every one they spend in the university, with the same emoluments that the other army surgeons receive. These men are generally very unfortunate, as they are for the most part appointed to situations for which there would be no volunteers—such as small forts in unhealthy parts of the Caucasus, in the interior of Siberia, or in the fleet, to which many Russians have a great aversion. There are not many of these crown students, as they are called, who do not feel themselves under a kind of noble slavery; for when once they have finished their studies, they cannot, upon any consideration, refuse to serve, though they may obtain their liberty by paying, before they have finished, a certain sum for every year they have been on the establishment; but even then it requires powerful influence to secure their liberation. Others are received into the faculties of mathematics and *belles lettres*, for the purpose of becoming

masters in the different educational establishments; but they always receive appointments that others who are free will not accept. The number of these is very small—army surgeons are what the country wants, and will have. At the present moment there is a large bounty offered to all young men who are finishing their course of medicine to enter the army; and instead of the five years' study that are generally required before they can pass, they are examined and passed in three years and a half if they volunteer, which, of course, nine-tenths of them do, as those who remain are very suspiciously looked on by the government as disaffected; and they are expecting an order to join, *volens volens*—for the want is now greater than ever it was before. [The results of this pernicious system were pointed out in the article in last month's Number.]

*The relation between the Nobles and their Serfs.*—The relation between the peasant and his master, when looked upon on its fairest side, does not present anything very shocking either to the mind or feelings; for, with a kind master, the position of the serf is anything but pitiable in the southern districts of Russia, where the soil is very thinly peopled. The serfs are obliged to give half their time to their master, and to do any work he may require of them. Of course, the cultivation of the land is their chief employment, in which the women take their part as well as the men. The general arrangement is, that the peasant should work three days a-week for his master, and three days for himself, during which time he tills his own plot of ground; and as land is very plentiful in those parts, he can always have as much as he chooses to plough; so that an industrious man will always have a great advantage over one that is idle, more so than in any other country. I have known instances of hard-working, labour-loving serfs, who possessed their 20,000 or 30,000 roubles; but these instances are rare. Having worked the three days for his master, the serf is quite at liberty to work for wages, either for his richer and more fortunate neighbours, or for his master, which is very frequently done, as

it is not every one of them who possesses oxen, or the means of tilling land on his own account. Those, however, who possess cattle, are obliged to bring their oxen with them when they go to their task, which are employed in ploughing, or anything else that requires draught cattle; and as the soil is very stiff, there are generally eight oxen yoked to each plough, and never less than six—so that the number required to cultivate some 5000 or 6000 acres of land is enormous. Where the master is an absentee, the intend-ant will sometimes force the serfs to work their own days without paying them any wages, as he will promise to do. The average rate that a labourer can earn is from 6d. to 8d. a-day; but during hay-time his earnings are much greater—from 1s. to 1s. 4d. a-day, with his food.

In case of a failure of the harvest, every proprietor is obliged to feed his own peasants; and to provide against that emergency, there are established in every village what are called provident magazines of corn, in which there is obliged to be kept a certain quantity of rye and barley—(I think it is three quarters for every soul; but as only the males are taken in the census, of course it will only give half that quantity per head). As it rarely happens that the harvest is a complete failure, these stores are seldom drawn upon more than two or three months in the worst of years, although, in the years 1848 and 1849, they were completely exhausted, on account of the failure of the crops for two successive years. In fact, in the spring of 1849, some places were rendered desert by the entire population dying from want, and scurvy produced by bad living. Even in the best organised villages, where the owners spared neither pains nor expense, the mortality was fearful. In the most favoured districts the mortality was at the rate of from five to ten per cent in the course of the winter. What is very remarkable is, that at this very time, at a distance of perhaps 300 miles, corn was very plentiful, and selling at prices little above the ordinary rates; but as the tracks were all broken up, there were no means of transporting it—there being no roads,

properly so called, in the interior of the country; and when the frost breaks up, the mud is more than knee-deep for a space of perhaps three weeks or a month, and sometimes two months, when the frost breaks up very early—as it did in the year 1849, and again in 1853.

To give a faint idea of what a Russian road is like in its worst state, I shall just relate what occurred to a friend of mine who was obliged to travel from Ekaterinoslav to Kharkoff in the month of March, 1853; the distance is about 200 versts, or 140 English miles, and is generally done in twenty-four hours or less in the winter or summer. He was quite alone, without servant or luggage, except a small portmanteau, and travelled in the ordinary post-waggon, which will not weigh altogether more than 3 or 4 cwt.—had five post-horses to it, the usual number being three; and, notwithstanding all this, he was seven days and six nights on the road, travelling day and night, as is the custom in Russia, there being no inns on the road where to stop. Now, if travelling by post is attended with so many difficulties in the spring of the year, what must be the expense and trouble of transporting corn at that time? It is utterly impossible, for its value would be doubled in about twenty-five miles! I remember the attempt being made for rather less than a hundred miles with horses, but over such fearful roads they could not load more than 4 or 5 cwt. to each horse: about a third of the horses perished on the road, and a portion of the corn was consequently abandoned, while the keep of the cattle on the journey cost as much, or more, than the corn itself, for hay was very dear that year; and they were about a month going and returning—the men and horses being all that time away, and consequently unable to do any useful labour.

The sufferings of the people during the years 1848 and 1849 were really dreadful. At that time I was in the town of K—; and as there are never any accounts published of the calamities that may befall the people, of course it was only afterwards that I obtained my information from medical

men, who were sent by the government to inquire into the state of affairs, and to render such assistance as the state of things required, from the stewards of estates, and from the proprietors themselves, who were resident on their properties at the time. There was one who, I remember, told me that he was obliged to leave his village, which was a small one, as all his peasants were dead, and he only made his escape with one man, who was his servant—that all the others were lying dead in their huts, without anybody to bury them. Scurvy in its most malignant form was the disease that carried them off, which was no doubt produced by improper food, for in many instances straw was chopped up and mixed with the flour to make bread, which at the best of times is not very good, being quite black, and very coarse in appearance. Of this the quantity was so small that it was insufficient to keep body and soul together.

Happily for the country, it is not often that this state of things occurs, but then it was produced by the cholera in 1847 and 1848 and bad harvests combined.

The want of medical aid is severely felt in all parts of the empire, for the immense number of surgeons required for the army completely drains all the establishments of their medical students, and leaves the country a prey to all the diseases known, which, when serious, are generally fatal. In a large district, containing perhaps four or five hundred square miles, there will be not more than two doctors, and sometimes only one. It is true that some of the larger proprietors, who reside on their own property, keep constantly a medical man in their house; but these instances are very rare, though on most large estates there are two or three barber-surgeons who understand cupping and bleeding, and just enough of medicine to do harm. I know a large estate of upwards of two thousand males, and with the females about double that number, without any medical man; and the nearest town is distant fifty miles, where resides the district doctor, who has as far to go in every

direction, so that when sent for he may be as far on the other side of the town. But the peasants themselves have more faith in charms than physic, which they can only be prevailed upon to take with difficulty. As for restricting them to any particular diet, it is useless to attempt it, unless you can shut them up in a room and serve them yourself.

The corporal punishment of serfs is very common—in fact, of hourly occurrence, and very often arbitrarily administered, though, according to the law, no proprietor of serfs can give more than fifteen blows with a stick at one time; but this limitation is never attended to, because the peasant can get no possible redress, as the very man to whom he ought to apply in such a case is often a guest at his master's table, and known to be in his pay.\* But notwithstanding all this, when the master is a kind-hearted man, and resident upon his own property, the peasants look up to him like their father and protector; and it often happens even now, though some years ago it was much more frequent, that the *free* peasants will come and beg to be set down as serfs, knowing, at the same time, that they cannot recover their liberty again. It is when the master is a cruel man, which the majority of them are not, or when the property is left to the care of intendants and agents, that the poor peasants suffer most: they are ground down to supply either the avarice of the men to whose care they are committed—who are, for the most part, Poles—or in order to support their master, who is revelling in all the luxury of the capital, or possibly Paris, and who has not the slightest idea as to the means by which his luxuries are procured; nor does he wish to know. This last case is certainly the exception to the rule, and only occurs when a man is living beyond his means.

On most large estates there is generally about 20 per cent of the entire population who are domestic servants, bailiffs, or task-masters, who are divided into classes, the highest of which is *pricashchick*, or a man to transmit orders; to these is the task assigned of

\* On the subject of bribery, see *infra*.

seeing that the intendant's orders are punctually obeyed. Under them again come *desiatnicks*, who are always placed over the men at their work, to see that they do not shirk their duty. Beside servants and bailiffs, there are storekeepers, distillers (there is generally a distillery in every large village), shepherds, neatherds, carpenters, joiners, and a great many other trades that are carried on in the villages. In the village where I resided some years, we had some very good tailors, and even bookbinders, who, of course, were apprenticed in the neighbouring towns; and the embroidery that used to be done by a number of young girls was really astonishing. None of these things, however, are to be found where the master is an absentee. Not only those who hold any office of this kind are exempted from more laborious work, but their families are seldom called upon to work with the rest, and consequently all their labour goes to make up for the constant employment of the heads, who receive no wages except during the hay-making season, when all hands are turned out and a great many more hired, as the quantity of hay made for sheep-fodder is something fabulous. The greater part of the men employed constantly enjoy great advantages over the others, as, their families being quite free to work for them, the greater the number of children, the greater the quantity of labour, and the greater the amount of produce, and consequent riches, of the head of the family.

None of the peasants can marry without the previous consent of their master; nor can they intermarry with those of neighbouring villages without the consent of both owners, and then the owner of the bride generally makes her a present to the master of the bridegroom, who of course does the same on a similar occasion; but such matches are of very rare occurrence.

The greatest grievance that both proprietors and peasants have to complain of, is the frequent levies of soldiers, which is a great burden upon them. But it is here the master shows his greatest power, as he has the right to send whoever he may think proper; and of course, if he has

a drunkard, a thief, or a man with any other great moral defect, he is made a soldier of; or if there be a man who is too *clever* (i. e., understands too well his position, and is likely to breed discontent among the others), he, too, is sent for a soldier; in fact, all who are likely to be in the way. During the present war, the number they have been obliged to send is enormous; but the details of this have been given in our previous paper.

In all the southern governments there are great numbers of Jews, who are not allowed to live in the northern, who are encouraged on many of the large estates under a pretence of commerce, but really because they pay the owner for permission to live there; and they cause great distress to the poor serfs by letting them have the corn-brandy (nearly all the drinking houses are kept by Jews) on credit, and then taking their produce at half its real value, thus robbing the poor fellows of their hard-earned money. The lower orders of Russians are generally much addicted to drinking, which is not so much to be wondered at, when it is taken into consideration that the corn-brandy of the country is not much dearer than good beer is in this country, and at the same time stronger than our gin. When an inhabitant of the Ukraine can get a glass of his favourite liquor, he is happy, though you never see them merry when intoxicated, but always more or less thoughtful; and if they sing, their songs are always of a melancholy description; their dances, indeed, have very little animation in them. The old feeling of freedom that existed in the time of the Hetmans is gone, and almost forgotten by these degenerate sons of Cozaks-Zaporojtsi, who in eastern Europe played a not unimportant part in the fate of nations. They have one very beautiful allegory of the fate of their country in a song said to have been composed by Mazeppa, but nobody appears now to understand it. Mazeppa himself is execrated by the people, and you cannot insult a man more than by calling him Mazeppa.

The most interesting sight perhaps to be seen in Little, or rather New Russia, is the steppes during the hay-making season. Then these vast soli-



tudes become thickly sprinkled over with an active population : where before all was solitude, now appears life ; the mower re-setting his scythe, its sharp passage through the stiff long grass, the hum of voices, the cries of the overseers of the workmen,—all serve to enliven a scene that at all other times oppresses one with a sense of deep solitude. The immensity of the tracks of grass-growing land on some estates is really amazing ; I know on one estate 20,000 acres of grass in one piece. The number of hands required to make the hay is in proportion to the size of the *hay-field*. In this spot I have frequently seen from five to seven hundred men, women, and children at work together : the men cut the grass, and the others rake it together, and form it into cocks when it becomes dried by the heat of the sun. To turn it as in England is entirely out of the question, on account of the immensity of the quantity. As the grass falls so it dries. It is also stacked on the spot, being drawn to the stack by oxen.

*Masters and Servants.*—The servants, for the greater part, are the serfs of their masters ; or when the latter do not possess any of their own, they hire them from those who do. In the northern governments, where the population is much denser than in the south, I believe it is a very common thing for the proprietor to give his serf a kind of ticket-of-leave on condition that he pays him a certain sum annually for this privilege ; the serfs then become domestic servants, or, possibly knowing a trade, become journeymen, and sometimes masters, themselves : when the latter case occurs, their owners frequently recall them to the village again, which of course they object to, and are made to pay a good price for their freedom. When a servant is a serf, and is guilty of anything that may appear to his master against the rules of his house, the police are sent for, and the delinquent is walked off to receive a good flogging—not with the knout, however, but simply with a bunch of rods like a schoolboy ; or he is put into solitary confinement, according to the request of his master, no inquiry whatever being made as to why he is punished, if the order

for punishment be accompanied by the present of a rouble to the police officer. Men are punished in this way by mistake, and no notice taken of it. The men themselves do not consider it as any disgrace to be flogged, and they even boast of how much they can support. I could never see that this system produced any beneficial result ; on the contrary, it only hardened the men, who said that if they were flogged for nothing this time, it should be for something the next. A coachman who was driving into a gateway met another coming out, and as neither the horses of the one nor the other could be made to back, there was a stoppage for foot-passengers that lasted two or three minutes. An officer of police happening to be passing at the time, ordered his soldiers to take one of them off to the police, where he was severely flogged for what was no fault of his. If a droshki-driver overcharges or is impudent, you have only to tell him to drive to the police, and he falls at your feet, and will not only return you the overcharge or beg your pardon, as the case may be, but offer to buy you off with a present, because he knows he will not only receive his flogging, but be made to pay smartly too, and perhaps lose one of his horses.

The servants frequently conduct themselves badly, on purpose to be sent to the village again. Some masters are notorious for ill-using their servants, knocking them about, pulling their hair, merely for their amusement. The servants are also rarely to be depended on, being much addicted to petty theft, so that nothing can be left about the room that is not under lock and key. They rarely, however, attempt anything on a grand scale. Sometimes they will, when pushed to extremity by the cruelty they experience at the hands of a master, revenge themselves by trying to take his life, and generally effectually. One must be especially careful with servants who are very obliging, as they have frequently an interested motive in gaining the confidence of their masters,—they are police spies. There is a much greater degree of familiarity between master and servant than elsewhere. This arises from

the fact of the servants being slaves, and about their master's person from infancy; but they are not the more to be trusted for that. This, however, is not asserting that all servants are spies, but there is known to be a large proportion among them. This is the cause why the French language is so extensively employed in society, for, with that language, one has no necessity for learning Russian (which few foreigners do), except to speak to the servants. Within the last four or five years, however, the Russian language has come into more general use, from a feeling of patriotism — real or pretended; but it is no uncommon thing to meet people, ladies especially, who speak French much better than their own language, which they term barbarous, and always give the preference to the elegant stranger. The late Emperor was always pleased when he found a foreigner who could speak Russian, which is really a very fine language, though at present little cultivated; it contains all the elements of a fine tongue, though very difficult for both natives and foreigners.

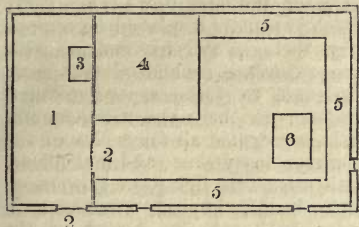
The nobles keep a great number of servants in their houses, especially in the villages; chiefly men and boys, who are very often extremely ragged, but that matters not if every one in the house have his servant, who does little else all day than sleep, for nowhere is one so badly waited on as in Russia. It seems a general rule, that the more numerous the servants, the worse the attendance. I am quite convinced that whoever has been in the interior of Russia will bear me out in this assertion. On entering a house you have a servant given you, whose sole duty is to attend to your wants, which he understands to mean presenting you all your clothes while dressing, at the same time assisting you to put them on if necessary, taking them off when you undress, and sleeping outside your door in the *entr'actes* of these operations. They do, however, pretend to make your bed and clean your room, but it is only a pretence. If you should be so unfortunate as to have for attendant a son of nature fresh from his native fields, you must expect to have a great amount of trouble with him, for he will know nothing of the uses of

any of the utensils necessary in civilised life, and will frequently make the most ludicrous applications of them.

*Crown Peasants.* — The state of the free peasants, or rather the peasants of the crown, is in theory much better than that of those belonging to private individuals, but practically it is much worse, as they are subjected to the tyranny of petty officials, who grind them down to the lowest degree. They have no task-work, and the land belonging to the community is equally divided. They are only bound to furnish a certain proportion of corn every year to the public granary, which, in case of need, is supplied to them, or goes to the benefit of the crown, as at the present time of war; besides this they are subjected to an annual poll-tax for each male, and required to furnish horses for any official who may be travelling through the country on the crown service, or for the transport of any stores that belong to the government, for which they receive no payment. These are their chief duties; and they have the privilege of drawing lots for soldiers, with the liberty to circulate over the empire, which many of them do, engaging in trade, and even making considerable fortunes; they have also the right of changing their denomination, and becoming merchants in towns by paying for the guild. The officers of the rural police oppress them very much, taking from them anything they may fancy; and woe be to the unfortunate man who should think of refusing them what they demand. In that case their revenge is something similar to the tale told in the chapter on bribery (see *infra*, p. 285), in which they are made to give up all they have, in some instances even to borrow or steal, to satisfy the demands of justice! They have often soldiers quartered upon them, who tyrannise over them to a fearful extent, and appear to glory in the idea that they have some one upon whom they can wreak their revenge for the tyranny of their officers. There is nothing the peasant fears so much as to have soldiers quartered upon him, for, by bitter experience, he knows that neither his wife nor his property will be respected. The soldier will take whatever he thinks proper for

his own use, and not unfrequently steal for the use of his officer, the ideas of the officers on the score of honesty being as lax as those of the men.

I will now attempt to describe the interior of a Little Russian hut.



1. Lobby; 2. Door; 3. Chimney; 4. Stove or oven; 5. Seat or bench running all round the room; 6. Large chest that serves for a table.

It is built by inserting a number of posts into the ground at distances of about four feet from each other, which are wattled between, with spaces left for the doors, and three or four small holes, about nine inches or a foot square, for windows. This done, the walls are plastered with mud (this is the work of the women) till they acquire a thickness of about five or six inches, and the building, when covered in with straw, is complete: there remain only to be provided the internal fittings and furniture, consisting of a stove that occupies about a third of the room, with a wattled chimney in the lobby, a bench of planks running round the room, and a large box or chest that is placed in the opposite corner of the room to the stove, and serves for a table as well as for a general receptacle for all the mobile property of the family. The stove in front is built nearly up to the ceiling, but behind there is a large opening, which serves as a bed for the aged members of the family; for in this one room of about ten feet square you generally find three generations—the patriarch and his wife, with two or three married sons and daughters, with their children. The old folks, as we have said, sleep upon the stove, the other members of the family upon the benches or earthen floor; they have generally no beds but their sheepskins, their tall caps serving them as pillows. In Russia

Proper, I have been told, they carry these things still farther, by keeping all the family together for centuries, and adding to the house as it increases; but in Little Russia the children leave their homes when the parents die, giving up the hut to one of the family, who pays the others their share, which of course is very small in amount, as the whole would not cost more to construct than £4 or £5.

The Little Russians are very cleanly in their persons and houses, compared to the inhabitants of Russia Proper: the houses are generally nicely whitewashed both inside and out, and have, when new, a very pretty appearance. The costume of the men in summer consists of a shirt and drawers of very coarse home-made linen: the drawers are made very wide, like Turkish trousers: to these are added boots and a *svitka*, with a tall cap made of lamb-skin, with wool outwards. On holidays and great occasions the *svitka* is made of coarse undyed wool, and fastened with a button, and at the waist with a belt of some gaudy colour. In the winter they add a sheepskin fur, and that completes their wardrobe. The costume of the women consists of a shirt reaching to the knees, and a piece of coarse undyed cloth bound round the waist, and reaching also to the knees, leaving the feet and legs bare; boots like the men, except that sometimes they are red or yellow, and a *svitka*, are added for holidays. The girls wear on their heads a fillet, with long streamers of various-coloured ribbons down the back, or a coronet of rudely-made gaudy paper flowers; the married women tie up their heads in a kerchief, hiding all their hair; in the winter they also add the sheepskin fur. The women, however, have many variations in their costume there as everywhere: the petticoat is often made of party-coloured printed cotton, and the *svitka* of blue calico, with a number of red worsted tails sewn on to it like ermine.

There are few trades followed in the crown villages, so that they have to make a great many things for themselves or go without them, or wait till there is a fair somewhere in

the neighbourhood, when they can lay in a stock of necessary articles that cannot be produced at home. These fairs are very curious in their way, and generally collect all the peasantry of the adjoining villages, with a good sprinkling of the smaller class of proprietors, who have not the means of going often to the town. The goods chiefly sold are pots for cooking, and dishes of coarse earthenware, hardware goods, small windows ready glazed, common printed calicoes, cheap ribbons, paper flowers, ear-rings of copper gilt, of the very commonest description, grocery and indifferent wines from the Crimea and the Don for the small gentry, tanned hides, boots and shoes, rough wheels for bullocks' cars, and the cars themselves. Here it is that the peasants dispose of their spare stock and corn. Their horses are generally sold to and bought of the gypsies, who attend the fairs in great numbers, and are very expert in cheating in their dealings, as well as in horse-stealing. Their oxen, sheep, &c. are generally bought by dealers or exchanged amongst themselves; the corn usually finds its way into the hands of the Jews, who contrive to make a rich harvest out of these gatherings. On the whole, the scene has a very animated appearance, but it is one which must be seen to be thoroughly appreciated. On one side you see a group of the swarthy sons of Egypt examining the merits of a horse, and huckstering for the price with some sturdy peasant with a fine beard; on the other, a Jew pedlar trying to dispose of his wares, and swearing that his copper ear-rings are solid gold; here a woman in holiday attire is bargaining for pots in which to cook her *borsheh*;\* there a priest, with long hair and beard and sweeping robes, buying incense for his church, haggling with the huckster, and giving his blessing to some one at the same time. A little on the outskirts of the fair is erected a booth for the sale of

*kvas*† and tea; opposite to this is the brandy-shop, where most of the horse and cattle bargains are concluded, and where some of the purchase-money is left under the name of *muggeritch*.‡ But the finest sight of all the fair is what is called *krasniriad*, or the street of the finery, which is usually displayed on temporary shelves, and covered in with coarse canvass, each merchant adding his piece to form a long covered avenue; and here you will generally find congregated all the belles of the country, in yellow and red boots, with streamers flying, or flowers on their heads, buying ornaments in order to touch the hearts of the swains with love, or those of their companions with envy; or perhaps you may find some rustic lover purchasing presents for his lady-love. In all this assemblage of rude uncultivated people—I have seen as many as four or five thousand of them congregated together—there are never any serious disturbances; all is order and quiet; they seem pleased and amused with the rude gaiety of the scene, and enjoy it till it becomes dark, when some go to their homes, others to the brandy-shop; while those who have goods lie down and go to sleep upon them, no matter how inclement the weather. These fairs in the winter generally last a week, but in summer rarely more than one or two days, as time is very valuable during hay-making and harvest. If it were not for these institutions, there would be no possibility of the peasant's procuring anything besides what was produced in his own vilage, where he would lead the life of a kind of Robinson Crusoe in the society of others like himself.

The serfs, in general, have very limited ideas on the subject of religion, as they, for the greater part, can neither read nor write; they go to church, where they repeat, with great devotion, a certain number of Aves and Paternosters in their own

\* A kind of soup made with cabbage and other vegetables.

† A sour liquor, made from rye flour, which is also used in the preparation of *borsheh*.

‡ In striking all bargains with a Little Russian, it is always a question as to who shall find *muggeritch*, or drinking-money, as nothing can be done without drink.

language, or rather Slavonic, and cross themselves while the priest is celebrating mass, which is done with more or less pomp according to the occasion, or the riches of the church. If you ask a peasant, where is God? he will generally point to the corner of the room, where there are hanging one or more coarse, badly-executed paintings, representing some of their saints, and which he is firmly persuaded are so many gods. This will, perhaps, create a smile of pity in England, but it is the natural result of their uneducated state, which precludes them from understanding all abstract ideas. They must have something corporeal—something they can see and feel; consequently, to abolish these would be to do away with all religion in their eyes. In their way they are very religious: I have even known some of them who, when they are about to commit a sin, will cover carefully their images, that God may not see what they are about. They are very strict in their fasts, which are very severe, as neither milk, butter, eggs, or anything that is produced by animals, is permitted; and of course animal food is forbidden. The principal and longest fast is, of course, Lent, when they do not even eat fish during the first and last weeks, nor on Wednesdays and Fridays; from Good Friday till after mass on Easter-day, many of them eat nothing, but spend their time in watching, fasting, and praying, being firmly persuaded that Christ dies and rises again every year at this time. But when the mass is over on Easter-day (generally about 4 A.M.), ample amends is made for the long fast, by stuffing to a degree that is really disgusting to look at and think of: nor is the brandy-cup forgotten; for, during the three days that Easter lasts, it is almost a sin not to be drunk; nor are the priests backward in setting the example in both eating and drinking. There is another curious custom, which is universal throughout the empire—that of kissing: you frequently see two men, who can hardly keep their legs, stop and uncover in the streets, one saying, “Christos voskres,” the other answering, “Vi-istino voskres;” they kiss each other three times on alternate cheeks, and then walk on to perform the same ceremony

with the next acquaintance they may happen to meet. They are blindly attached to their religion; and this has been the means employed to arouse their enthusiasm for the present war, which, I am told, has been very successful in Russia Proper; but in Southern Russia it has only met with partial success, for there the people are not strongly attached to the paternal government of the Czar, and still have many traditions of their former freedom, before the hated Mazeppa. They think themselves the only orthodox nation in the world, and all others they call *Bussermann*, or infidel. They have very curious notions of the rest of the world, and regard all foreign countries as so many provinces belonging to the Czar. I have frequently been told that the Turks, incited by the French and English, had revolted, and that the latter, finding that the Turks were not able to do anything against the White Czar alone, had revolted too, although they, the peasants, could not understand why the French and English should revolt, since, by all accounts, they were much better off than the Russian peasants, who were the Czar's own particular people. That is their idea of the present war, and, of course, the rebels are to be utterly destroyed by the power of the Czar; for they reason, that, if they were to revolt, they, who are a great people, would soon be annihilated; what must it then be for those whom they esteem insignificant in proportion to their knowledge of them?

The priests are objects of great veneration, although many of them are not far removed, in point of education, from their flock. I have met with those who could scarcely read, except their church books, which they had learned by rote. There are, however, many who are well educated, and even learned, but these are chiefly in towns. These are the two extremes, whereas the great body of them can read and write, and understand enough of the dogmas of the Russo-Greek Church to keep the people in their present state. Here also we find the same system of feeling going on as elsewhere; for if they take a fancy to anything that a peasant possesses, the owner knows that it is no longer his property, or he will not receive abso-

lution when he goes to confession; or the priest may refuse to bury any of his family that may die, or to baptise his children, or may even excommunicate him. All classes fall upon the poor peasant! Their greatest oppressors are the rural police, who exact from them to their last shirt when they can. I knew one very intelligent man among the crown peasants, who said that his position would be very well for an uneducated man like himself, if it were not for the cruel and unjust exactions of these locusts. These were his very words. He was always glad when I talked of England, and the people there, which I did but very circumspectly: he made frequent and very shrewd comparisons between the two countries, but could not understand how the upper classes could exist if there were no serfdom, or how we could get soldiers if we had not the same system as that existing in Russia. When I told him how our soldiers were paid and treated, he only wondered how it was that every man was not a soldier. That the law was alike for rich and poor he could understand, and remarked that it was the wish of the Emperor that it should be so in Russia, but that those who were charged with the execution of it there had all the power in their own hands; that there was no redress for the poor peasant, who must suffer till the change came that would sweep away all their oppressors. He could not explain what change was to take place, but was fully persuaded that it must come; and if it were not for the question of religion mixed up in the present war, I am fully convinced that this would be looked upon as the time for effecting that change.

The peasantry (as was shown in our last Number) have to endure great hardships when troops pass through their district. The passage of troops in Russia presents many singular and striking features. Every Russian regiment is composed of four battalions, each a thousand strong. On the march, two of these battalions are sent on, followed by the other two, at the interval of a day or two. These battalions are broken up into companies of two hundred men each, under a captain, and directed to hold a parallel course. These companies are again

subdivided into detachments of about fifty, and take their way among the villages, only concentrating before entering a large town, so that they generally march over about double the actual distance by the road. It is a curious sight to meet one of these detachments on the march. In front of each party generally marches a man singing military snatches, with a tambourine, or some such instrument, to keep up the spirit of his comrades, while the others join him in the chorus. The effect of this is very strange, surrounded as one is by the dreary landscape of a Russian winter, without tree, house, or human being in sight—nothing but snow both above and below, for the atmosphere seems impregnated with it, as the air of London is with smoke—there, in the midst of such a wilderness, to meet a body of armed men, with one of them at their head, singing, and perhaps dancing some war-dance.

*Russian Travelling.*—Many persons may have given accounts of the different modes of travelling in Russia, but they for the most part have only travelled on the roads and better ways of communication, where no great difficulties exist; it is in the interior of the country that all the pleasures and pains of Russian travelling are to be found. If you want to go to any place where there is no post-road, you must hire a *kibitka* (unless you have a carriage of your own) and three horses. A *kibitka* is, properly speaking, merely an arched covering of matting that can be put on to a wagon or sledge: as the *kibitka* is useless without the vehicle, the one name is applied to everything that is covered in this way. With this you do about fifty miles a-day, stopping at night to rest the horses in miserable huts, where frequently you can procure nothing but black bread and a little milk, with straw or hay to lie upon, if you prefer sleeping in the huts, where vermin are generally very abundant, and the hut crowded. The best way, and that generally adopted in summertime, is to sleep in the *kibitka*. Every little luxury or convenience you must carry with you, or do without it; cups and saucers, knives and forks, plates and dishes, are things unknown in a Russian hut. All these things are

sold packed in neat boxes for travelling, and without one of these boxes few travel. In fine weather, or in the winter when the roads are good, it is very bearable; but in the spring and autumn it is fearful to be obliged to travel, with the mud more than knee-deep; for there are no roads in the interior of the country, but merely a broad strip of land that is set apart for the use of travellers, and called by courtesy a road; therefore it is easy to suppose what travelling must be through a rich alluvial soil, in which you have no hard bottom, but the heavier the vehicle, the deeper it sinks.

I have already given, at page 272, an example of what travelling is in spring, over such a mockery of roads as I have described. The Russians say that this state of things only lasts about three months in the year, and not always that, while at the other seasons you can travel faster than in many other countries. This is so far true: I have often done myself twelve miles an hour with a post *telega*; but it frequently happens that, at the very time you most want to use despatch, you are detained by bad roads or want of horses, which is another grievance that all travellers are subject to, having frequently to wait hours for horses, which are not kept in sufficient number to supply the demand. Besides all these inconveniences, there is another that must not be lost sight of. The ordinary way of harnessing the horses is three abreast—one in the shafts, which are drawn tight to a bow attached to the collar of the shaft-horse; and it is the spring of this bow that keeps the horse in his place, for he has no traces to draw with: the other two horses are attached by ropes to a kind of outrigger at the sides. Now, neither the ropes nor any other parts of the harness are ever examined to test their capabilities, but everything is made to serve till it gives way; and there is generally a breakage of something to detain the traveller during every other station upon an average. The repair of these things does not require much time, it is true; but when they occur frequently during a long journey, then about one hour in ten is lost in repairing damages. In consequence of the extreme difficulty of tra-

velling, appointments are never kept with any degree of punctuality. Even in the towns, where there are few paved streets, it is no uncommon thing to see vehicles sticking fast in the mud. I have seen carts loaded with merchandise obliged to be dug out, and have passed through streets in droskies with the soft mud running under my legs, while my feet have been on the driver's back to keep them out of it. In some government towns the ladies have been known to pay visits with oxen to draw their carriages. Picture to yourself, fair reader, if possible, your carriage driven up to a door by bullock-drivers, to the sound of *Tsob, tsobi* (the ordinary words addressed by a Little Russian peasant to make his oxen go), and leaving your cards, or going to a ball in the same manner.

*Siberian Convicts.*—Those poor convicts condemned to Siberia suffer a martyrdom before they reach their final place of punishment. There they are made to work in the mines, and only allowed to see daylight once a year; or some, for minor offences, are allowed to work on the surface: others, again, are sent to colonise the country, which is covered with snow nine months in the year; while the nobles are merely sent to the towns, where they live under strict surveillance of the police. I have been told by many persons who have inhabited Tobolsk and other towns, that the society to be met with there is most superior, being for the most part composed of political exiles, and consequently of men of good acquirements, chiefly Poles. The common people, before being sent away, are generally sentenced to receive a certain number of lashes with an instrument called a *pleit*, or knout, which is a thick leather plaited thong about a yard long, attached to a handle about the same length. The criminal is paraded through the town with the executioner and a priest, accompanied by a drum to call attention, and a guard of soldiers; he is then taken to the scaffold, which is generally erected in some conspicuous place in the town; here he is bound and stripped, and the executioner takes his place at a few yards' distant. Upon his crying "Beware!" he walks slowly up, and strikes the culprit across the back,

from the shoulder to the hip ; he then walks slowly back again to his place, where he remains a short time, crying again Beware ! and striking across the back in an opposite direction. As every stroke generally draws blood, and as they are delivered at intervals of about two minutes, there are few who can support more than fifteen blows at a time, some not more than five. When the unfortunate wretch has received as many blows as the medical man present thinks he can support without endangering his life, he is taken to the hospital, where he is kept till he is in a fit state to receive the remainder, or a portion of his sentence, which is only the prelude to his long and painful journey to the dreary regions of northern Asia.

*Travelling Convicts.*—When they set out, they have gyves riveted to their legs, and are made to walk with these, which are excessively painful, chafing the ankles dreadfully. These are removed about every four or five hundred miles for two or three days, when they are allowed to rest. While on the march, they are allowed three copecks *per diem* to provide themselves with all the necessaries of life—that is, a little less than a penny farthing ! Some of them—serfs who are sent by their masters for no particular offence, but simply because they are obnoxious to them—have no fetters on their legs, but are chained together with long chains in groups of four. The women are never chained.

*Merchants.*—The class of merchants in Russia is perhaps the most truly national, the most independent, and certainly the most patriotic at the present moment. They are chiefly from Russia Proper, and are men who by their own exertions have raised themselves originally from the state of serfs to that of freemen, as far as a Russian can be free ; they have generally begun as hucksters, or perhaps shopmen, with a ticket of leave, and a condition to pay their master a certain sum annually ; then they have saved money enough to buy their freedom, then saved a small capital, and begun business, which has been gradually extended, till it has reached colossal proportions. One man whom I knew, who began in this way, died worth millions. Of course there are

the descendants of those who commenced that still continue trade, though many of them are desirous of becoming noble, and will frequently expend fortunes that their fathers had toiled for in order to obtain some trifling rank ; those who are more sensible continue to walk in their fathers' footsteps, extending their commercial relations and fortunes at the same time. Among these men are to be found all the old customs that have now become obsolete among the nobles.

The merchant class complain most bitterly of the exactions they are subjected to at the hands of the authorities. Every officer of police must have his pickings out of them ; one has to furnish them with cloth for their uniforms, another with sugar, a third with tea ; another, again, will have to make a present of a silk dress for the wife of Jack in office, or a piece of linen for his own shirts ; again, the tailors, bootmakers, and other tradesmen have to work for them ; in the market they receive all the provisions they require for their household. If any one in the market should think of refusing to let the officer of police have what he likes to take, all that he may bring after that will be condemned as unfit for food. The greater the man, the larger the bribe that must be made to him. Once I was in the cellar of a very large wine-merchant, who was speaking very highly of some wine that he had by him, and regretting that the quantity was very small, when the governor of the town entered. The merchant was cap in hand to his excellency. His excellency caught sight of the wine we were speaking of at the time, and inquired what it was, when, to my great astonishment, the merchant told his excellency that it was good for nothing, and he was thinking of throwing it away, as for his own reputation he could not think of selling it. The governor said that he was very fond of that wine, and would like to have some when a better quality arrived, which he was assured ought to come very shortly. When his excellency was gone, I asked the merchant why he did not let him have the article he was praising so highly to me the minute be-



fore? With a knowing look he said, It was much too good for him. How so? Why, I should be obliged to send him all I had if he once tasted it, and my customers would be obliged to wait. But I thought you kept wines to be sold? So I do, but not to be given away; for during the three years his excellency has been in the town, he has always honoured me with his custom, but never by paying any of his bills, which I dare not ask for; so, if I am obliged to make him a present of all the wines he may choose to consume, they shall not be of the best quality.

If any one should be found daring enough to oppose these exactions, he is subjected to a hundred petty annoyances which the police have it in their power to inflict. The street opposite his house is badly swept, and his servants are carried off, and kept for two or three days, to the great inconvenience of the master, who is eventually obliged to pay to get them discharged; then they will pretend that there is a suspicion that he has stolen goods concealed on his premises, and search for them, carrying off, perhaps, something valuable to be examined, which never comes back again; or even the master himself is sent to prison, and, though innocent, obliged to pay smartly to get out again. For all this there is no redress, so they find that the first loss is always the least.

The merchants are divided into three classes or guilds; those of the first guild have the right to trade to any amount, with any part of the world, to establish manufactories, &c.; those of the second can only import goods at one time to the amount of 15,000 roubles; while those of the third guild have not the right to import at all, but must employ agents of either of the other guilds. Of course the first and second pay more than the third, but it is very difficult to know what they really pay, as it varies in different towns—not the duty exacted by the government, but the sum required by the president as a *douceur* before he will give the receipt and sign the necessary papers. They are also subjected to taxes that vary according to the guild, as to the exactions of the police, before mentioned.

*The Bribery of the Officials.*—There is one thing that, so long as it lasts, will prevent Russia from taking her rank among the great civilised nations of Europe, and that is the vast system of bribery that is carried on in all the public offices. It may appear strange to say a system of bribery, but so it is. Bribery forms the rule and honesty the exception in all matters relating to law or the government, though, doubtless, there are some few honest and honourable men to be found in the Russian empire; but I am forced to say that the number is very small. Peculation is again another very prevalent sin, and generally practised throughout the country, otherwise how could men live upon the miserable pittance allowed them by the government for their services? All this, however, is not considered as a stain upon men's characters; on the contrary, as it prevails universally throughout the country, there is no dishonour attached to it. As an instance of its extent, I will just cite an example that came under my own observation not long since: A man, a staff officer in the military service, holds a situation, the salary of which is about £70, and to be able to retain his place, he is obliged to pay, for the protection of another man, £1000 per annum!! This he not only does, but keeps up a large establishment of servants, horses, &c. It will be naturally asked, how can he do it? Why, by bribery, which renders his place worth to him about £4000 or £5000 a-year. Nobody ever thinks of inquiring about the salary attached to any office, but how much can be made in it?

There is a work in the Russian language which unfortunately I do not possess, in which this system is very well described in a short dramatic sketch, the subject of which is, as near as I can remember, as follows: A peasant of the crown, known to be rich, is summoned for having some utensils for distilling illicit brandy on his premises, which were placed there on purpose to entrap him by some one employed for that purpose. After going on for two or three years, during which time the poor fellow is made to pay smartly to the clerks, and secretaries, and other employés

of the criminal court, the affair goes to the president or judge, and accordingly the *quasi* criminal waits upon the great man at his own house. On inquiring of the servant if he can see his master, he is informed that he is particularly engaged at that moment, and he is requested to wait. After waiting for a considerable length of time, during the whole of which he has seen the judge through the open door walking up and down in the next room smoking, he again ventures to ask the servant when he can see his master; and on receiving the same answer, he informs the lackey that he wants to see him upon some urgent business, backing his argument by the present of a rouble. *Serv.* "Why didn't you say that before? I remember now, master told me to admit you when you called." The suitor is admitted. *Presid.* "Well, my good man, yours is a very bad case; all the implements found upon your premises. I am afraid it will go hard with you, and that nothing can save you from Siberia." *Peas.* (falling upon his knees). — "But, father! protector! I am innocent, quite innocent; I knew nothing of those things, and have proved it." *Presid.* "Yes, yes, but still they were found; you cannot disprove that fact. It grieves me to see so good a man as you appear to be sent to Siberia, and I would help you with pleasure; yet, what am I to do?" *Peas.* "Allow, at least, my wife to go with me; it will be some comfort to me in my misfortune." *Presid.* "I would with pleasure, my good man, but you know the law must be fulfilled, and I don't know whether your wife can go or not. Do you happen to know where I could get a good milch cow? milk is so difficult to procure in a town. Mind, it must be a good one!" *Peas.* "I have one at home that would just suit you, sir, and she is heartily at your service. Can my wife go with me, sir?" *Presid.* "Well, I'll see what I can do for you. Don't forget the cow!" *Peas.* "May the Lord bless your honour! But, then, what will become of the children when we are both gone away? Perhaps you could let them go too, sir?" *Presid.* "No, it will be a great favour if I can procure permission for your wife to go with you;

as for the children, that's impossible, and not to be thought of. Do you know that my corn-factor has disappointed me, and not sent in the oats according to contract, and by to-morrow night I shall have none to give my horses, and you know it is impossible to procure any in town." *Peas.* "I have some at home, sir, and shall only be too happy to send them. May the children go, sir?" *Presid.* "You may send in at the same time some of the best wheaten flour for my table, and some rye for that of my servants." *Peas.* "I will be sure to send it, sir. May the children go?" *Presid.* "Well, since you wish it so earnestly, I will try what I can do for you." *Peas.* "God bless you, sir! But isn't it hard that a poor man should be sent away from his comfortable home, where his fathers and grandfathers have lived before him, because some one chose to hide utensils for distilling on his premises? Perhaps you could get me off altogether if you were to try! Do try to save a poor man from ruin! I shall be grateful to you for ever." *Presid.* "Oh! that is not to be thought of; the whole affair has been sent to the senate, and consequently is out of my hands. Pray, could you tell me where I could get a good pair of black horses for my wife's new carriage? I am told there are some good horses in your neighbourhood. I should like them a good match." *Peas.* "I have at home just such a pair as you want, sir, a beautiful match, four years old; they are much too good for my use. I will send them to you, sir, with the cow, the oats, and the flour. Do you think it likely I may get off, sir?" *Presid.* "I doubt it very much; nevertheless, I will try all I can for you: in the mean time, you send in to-morrow the cow, oats, flour, and horses. Stay, you may as well send, at the same time, some fresh butter, — say 100 pounds or so; some honey, if you have it, or any other little country delicacy." *Peas.* "I will send all you want, sir; but say, only say, I shall not be sent to that dreadful place?" *Presid.* "You may call again in three or four days, and I will let you know what I have done; but mind, I promise nothing." *Peas.* (bowing down to the ground). "God

bless your honour, you have made me a happy man." *Presid.* "Do not hope too much; I am not sure that I can save you, but will do all I can. Don't forget the flour, the oats, the cow, the honey, the butter, the horses, and anything else you think I should like." *Peas.* "I'll forget nothing, sir."—(*Exit.*) *Presid.* (solo.)—"I think that a pretty good morning's work, when that man's innocence was proved, and his acquittal made out and signed yesterday. I have it in my drawer at the present moment. It will be a lesson to him in future to keep out of the law."

This is, as well as I can remember, the subject of the dramatic sketch above mentioned, and taken from a work entitled *Scenes from Life*. It may be a little exaggerated, but that similar things have occurred I do not for a moment doubt. It is a common saying, that in London you can get anything for money; and in Russia, I believe, you may do anything for money.

It would be well if all the cases ended as well as the one above cited. I remember very well a woman, a widow, being accused of infanticide. She was in very good circumstances, possessing two mills and other property worth probably some £300. The affair was arranged as follows: Some one belonging to the court pretended to discover some flaw in the evidence, and offered to prove her innocence if a certain sum were paid down to him. One of the mills was sold to pay him, and the judge appeared to waver, but eventually overruled the objection. Then the advocate threw up the case, having received his fee, and another took it up in the same manner. The judge wavered in his decision again, and so on, till the poor woman had disposed of all she had, and paid the proceeds into the hands of one or other of the members of the court, who, of course, shared with the judge. When all the resources were at an end, the woman was despatched to Siberia, after being kept in suspense for about eighteen months. The way in which all law business is transacted greatly facilitates this. There are no open courts as in England—no oral testimony; everything is done in writing, and

every paper must be stamped. The sale of this stamped paper is the source of an enormous revenue to the Russian government. The manner of proceeding is nearly as follows: A. owes B. a certain sum of money. B. writes a paper stating the fact, and reclaiming through the aid of the law, which he presents to a particular division of the civil court. If this paper be not accompanied by a *douceur* proportioned to the amount claimed, he is sure to have it returned at the end of, perhaps, a month, with the observation that it is not written according to the established form, or that it is not upon the right description of paper. There are several kinds of stamped paper, and rules, which no one knows, laid down for their use.) B. prepares another paper, which is rejected in the same manner, and so on, till, by finding that he is losing money and time, he produces the required *douceur*, when A. is informed officially that B. claims such a sum of him, and is required to send a written answer into court, stating whether he acknowledges it a just debt or not. If A. deny the debt, then B. is called upon to produce his witnesses, whose affidavit is taken down in writing upon stamped paper, subject to the same difficulties as the first paper. Suppose A. has no other defence to make, then the affair (if a *douceur* be given) goes before the president and councillors of the court for decision, where it is likely to remain till the president obtains his lion's share of the spoils of the poor plaintiff, who is generally very fortunate if he does not lose more than 25 or 30 per cent of the original debt due to him. What affords these gentlemen the richest harvest is a case of disputed property, where they are likely to be paid by both parties.

As a proof that it is utterly impossible to do anything without paying, I will cite an instance that came under my own observation. A gentleman of property in Southern Russia had a dispute about some property which belonged to him, but which was claimed by another person. The affair had been going on for years in the manner mentioned above, and had been removed by appellation from

court to court, till at length it had reached the senate of Moscow, the highest court of appeal in the empire. The rightful owner of the property, in order to hasten on the affair, went to Moscow himself, where he saw the secretary of the senate, who promised him that it should be decided in his favour upon condition that he should give so much per cent upon the value of the property. The gentleman offered the money at once, but the official said he would only accept of it when the cause was decided in his favour. A month or six weeks afterwards they met in the street, and the secretary invited his client (if I may so call him) into his office, where he showed him an entry in the sealed book of the court, in which the decision was given in his favour. Not having sufficient money about him at the moment, he promised to go to his hotel and return immediately; but, on arriving, he reflected that, as the affair was already settled, entered in the book, and signed by all the members of the court, it would be useless to pay the secretary now all was done, ordered post-horses, and set out on his journey homeward. When he arrived, he called all his neighbours together, and made them a feast to rejoice over his success. But it was "diamond cut diamond." A few days after this he received the official notification that it had been decided against him, and that the property was to pass into the possession of his adversary. It is incomprehensible how this could have been managed; for there is a string passed through every leaf of an official book, with the ends sealed so that it is impossible to cut out the leaf and replace it by another; but there appears to be some means of cheating justice even at the last moment, when everything is decided.

I can give another instance of the rapacity of the officials. Some years ago, a gentleman, a foreigner, had realised a considerable sum, about 70,000 roubles, by keeping a school; and, wishing to retire to his own country, gave up his establishment, giving at the same time notice to all who were owing him money that he must be paid. I believe there were about 30,000 roubles owing him by different

parties. Finding that no one paid him, he determined to have recourse to the law. But notwithstanding his long residence in Russia, he counted without his host: the affair went on for some two or three months without any results, when, getting tired of waiting, he thought he had better leave the country with what he had, and gave notice accordingly that he was ready to forego all his claims, at the same time applying for his passport. The Russian officials thought it too rich an opportunity to let the game slip thus through their fingers. He received a notification that he could not leave the country so long as he had any affairs unsettled at any of the courts of law. He answered that he declined preceeding any farther in the matter, and forgave all his debtors. But this was of no avail, they would not let him go; and it was only after a detention amounting to nearly two years, and a sacrifice of 20,000 roubles, that he could get away. Of course, the 30,000 owing him he never obtained, and was only too glad to make his escape at that price.

I think these instances will give a pretty good idea of the manner in which these things are carried on. But the subject is so vast that it would be inexhaustible, were one to detail all the means that are employed to extort money or anything else out of the poor suitors. These hawks are not at all particular as to what they accept. I remember one poor fellow who had a lawsuit, when asked for a *douceur*, said he had no money. But the official was not to be put off with that excuse; he inquired what was the most valuable article the suitor had, and on hearing that it was a pair of patent-leather boots, immediately seized upon them, saying, that if they would not fit him, they would somebody else, and promised to call for them in the evening! Small quantities of brandy of the value of fourpence or sixpence, are frequently accepted. Nothing is too insignificant for the swoop of these birds of prey, who are protected by the double-headed eagle which they wear on their buttons.

*Peculation.*—The system of peculation is again equally extensive, but less generally known; but there

is no doubt that a very large percentage of the public money, that is destined to useful improvements, finds its way into the pockets of those who are charged with the execution of the imperial projects. The mode of proceeding is very curious. A bridge is to be built, and a competition is announced for the contract to supply the materials, although the matter has long since been arranged between the contractor and the man who has charge of the works. But this is the form laid down by the law. If there should be anybody else to compete, he is either bought off or bullied out of it; but this occurs very rarely. Having arranged all these preliminaries, the contractor proceeds to supply the materials, which are accepted and pronounced good by the officer charged with the construction, although worth perhaps about half the sum put down in the estimate. This worthy gentleman pays the contractor a small commission over the value of the materials, and pockets the remainder. The business is not yet settled. When the bridge is built, it has to be inspected by some superior officer, who, in his turn, fleeces the builder of a part of his profits, and sends in a report that the bridge is well built, and likely to last the required time. This is the way in which nearly all the government jobs are managed, and the consequence is that you seldom find anything well constructed. The bridge above mentioned, which ought to last thirty or forty years, is possibly carried away at the end of five or six years, which is generally attributed to the great floods that took place in that year; whereas, had the bridge been properly constructed, it would have stood against any flood, the strength of which is easily calculated, and provided for. But that is not their object, which is that of the boot-mender, who to obtain work will repair the boots in one place, and rip a thread

in another, so that he may have another job again soon.

As a proof that peculation is carried on systematically, I will cite an instance that came under my own observation. A young German officer of engineers, who was rather more scrupulous as to peculation than his brother officers, applied, after some years of useful service to the country, to his superior officer that he would present him to the emperor as one worthy of a reward. He was answered that he should be rewarded for his application to his profession. Shortly after this he was intrusted with the construction of some extensive government works, and sent to a distant government, where he remained two or three years. On his return he presented himself to his superior, and reported that he had completed the works he had been charged to superintend, adding, that if he was thought before worthy of notice, he must be still more so now, and that his former application had never been noticed. The superior said he was to be more explicit. Upon which he said that he had never met with any encouragement for his talents; that, having completed rather an arduous task, he thought he might expect some gratification at the hands of the government. The chief smiled, and remarked that he had already enjoyed his reward, as, having to prepare all the plans, conclude and pay all the contracts, he ought to consider himself amply rewarded. The officer stood convinced at once, and for ever, that in the Russian service honesty was not the best policy. He is living at the present moment upon his pay, of about £75 per annum, and expending not less than £400 per annum; yet he does not make debts! The lesson was not lost upon him. We must only take this case as one that is occurring every day, and which proves that a man ceases to become "the noblest work of God" in the holy Russian empire.

## ZAIDEE: A ROMANCE.

## PART X.—BOOK III.

## CHAPTER VIII.—VISITORS.

“ARE we to have a party here to-day, Maria Anna?” asks Mrs Burtonshaw. “I might have had a decent cap on, you know, if anybody had taken the trouble to mention it. What is it to be?”

“Not a party, my dear Elizabeth, only a few friends from town to spend the day—a country repast, and a stroll by the river,” says Mrs Cumberland.

“A few friends—there’s no end of people at the gate,” cried Sylvo, stretching himself out before the mirror. Appearance there are not unsatisfactory, it is to be presumed, for Sylvo sets himself up as a pillar at one side of the open bow-window, and waits with great composure for the inroad of guests.

The flowing of the tide immediately becomes audible by a great many voices and footsteps in the hall. This hall is square like the house, well-sized and airy, and decorated with some “images,” as Mrs Burtonshaw calls them, and a series of casts of the friezes of the Parthenon. The indefinite sounds merge into a universal laugh, and then the door is opened, and Mr Cumberland enters at the head of a numerous party—a party much too numerous to be announced one by one. It is “Steele’s last” which brings in Mr Cumberland’s company with such a breath of laughter. “Some one remarked how cool the hall was,” said a stout gentleman, with a chuckle. “No wonder,” says he, “look at all the friezes;” whereupon Sylvo’s teeth appear once more under the clump of brushwood, and a great “ha, ha” from the bow-window swells the universal mirth.

“Who is Mr Steele?” asked Mrs Burtonshaw.

“A poor rascal of a painter—any work to do, ma’am?” says somebody, putting up his hand to his forehead, and pulling a lock of long hair in mock obeisance. “Got a wife and family—do it as cheap as another. Miss

Cumberland here will speak to my character—servant, ma’am.”

“Poor old Steele, he is coming to poverty in his old days,” said somebody else behind. With unmingled consternation Mrs Burtonshaw looked on and listened. If the poor gentleman was coming to poverty, was that a subject to be mentioned in polite society to hurt his feelings?—and old! The “poor gentleman” in question was of a slim and pliant figure, closely buttoned up, with long hair untouched by grey, and a face of beardless youthfulness. “It will give me great pleasure, sir, I am sure, to be able to help you in any way,” said Mrs Burtonshaw, with a curtesy of antique politeness, puzzled, yet compassionate; and Mrs Burtonshaw gave the cut direct to the unfeeling personage who proclaimed the poverty of Mr Steele, and whom Mr Cumberland was now presenting to her. “I have no patience with men who trifle with other people’s feelings, my love,” said Mrs Burtonshaw, retiring to give her countenance to Zaidee—“of course, though he is an artist, the poor gentleman does not wish any one to know his poverty. I wonder, for my part, how people can have such bad hearts!”

But a great many other persons fill the room to distract the attention of Mrs Burtonshaw. There are ladies in gorgeous brocade, and ladies in simple muslin; there are little parterres of bonnets so leafy and flowery that they might almost do to replace the clusters of floral ornament in these rustic baskets on the lawn. There are gentlemen in all the varieties of morning costume, and gentlemen in full dress, looking very odd and uncomfortable in the fresh early daylight—*young* gentlemen with clumps of mustache like Sylvo, who have nothing particular to say; and elderly gentlemen, who are rampant, each on his particular hobby, riding very hard by the side of Mr Cumberland, who, in his delightful candour, is ready to trot

with all. A cluster of the most distinguished members of the company have gathered round Mrs Cumberland, and Mary is surrounded by a gay crowd, on the extreme border of which stands Zaidee with Aunt Burtonshaw by her side; everybody is asking who everybody is, or answering the same. The mirror sparkles with the figures that move upon it—the gay colours and universal animation. Mrs Burtonshaw in her turn becomes interested, and plies Zaidee with questions. Who is this gentleman, for instance, who is a little bald, and prys about with an eye-glass? Perhaps he hears the question, for he immediately advances to Miss Elizabeth Cumberland, to whom he has been presented, and makes his bow.

“Have you seen Mrs Montague Crawson?” asks this personage, peering eagerly through his eye-glass. “Have you not been introduced to my wife, Miss Elizabeth? That is Mrs Montague Crawson yonder, that lady in the green shawl.”

“Then *he* has only his wife, I suppose, and nothing more, my dear?” says the puzzled Mrs Burtonshaw, when Mr Crawson has taken himself away. “Oh yes, he has his eye-glass,” says an adjacent young lady, “just as these young gentlemen who support the window have a mustache, each of them.” The speaker laughs innocently, unwitting that this is Sylvo’s mother who refuses to smile upon her. Mrs Burtonshaw draws herself apart in kindling wrath.

“Tell us how you did about that picture—that great old master. Is it a Steele or a Zurbaran?” asks somebody in the crowd, addressing the former hero of Mrs Burtonshaw’s sympathy.

“Yes, it’s quite true, I put in the word,” acknowledges Mr Steele. “Do you think I haven’t timber enough in my head to paint another? How is Mrs Steele? Mrs Steele is not here, she’s gone over the Channel. Don’t mention it, but I have as good a chance as another; *all* the ships in the world don’t get safe to their journey’s end.”

Zaidee, who was looking on with a smile, felt her hand vehemently grasped by the indignant hand of Aunt Burtonshaw. “Come away from that

inhuman man, child!” cried the good lady, under her breath. “What does Maria Anna mean, I wonder, by bringing such people here? enough to destroy the morals of her children. Mary! Why, Mary is laughing with him, as if he were the most innocent person in the world. Who is this poor Mrs Steele, Elizabeth, my love?” asked Mrs Burtonshaw, with sad solemnity.

“She is a very pretty lady, Aunt,” said Zaidee, laughing a little at the very matter-of-fact understanding of good Aunt Burtonshaw.

“Well, it is very sad for her, poor thing,” said Mrs Burtonshaw, “but I am glad enough that he is married, for Mary’s sake, and all these young people. You are a great deal too frank, you young ladies. Come here and sit by me, Elizabeth. I cannot let you go near that dreadful man.”

But they continue to hear this dreadful man notwithstanding, and he is telling some *bon mots* and puns of his own with the simplest glee in the world. “‘What are you doing copying this?’ says Hilton to me one day. It was a sketch of a bull’s head in the British Institution. What is the British Institution now, you know?” said Mr Steele. “‘Why, there’s no interest in it.’ ‘No,’ says I, ‘no interest—it’s all capital!’” To Mrs Burtonshaw’s infinite disgust, everybody laughed, and everybody continued to stand round Mr Steele, expecting something else to laugh at. He had just begun to another of his reports, when a little lady standing by touched him on the arm. “I see you have quite forgotten me,” said the little lady, who was plump and pretty. “I met you once at Hollylee, Mr Steele—Mrs Michael.”

Mr Steele receded a step, and made one of his bows of mock humility. “I know it was one of the angels,” said the wit with a characteristic hesitation, “but I *had* forgot the name.”

In the severity of exasperated virtue, Mrs Burtonshaw rose. “Mary, you ought not to listen to such a person,” cried Mrs Burtonshaw audibly. “I cannot tell what Maria Anna means by it—it is dreadful; and there is a Mrs Steele too!”

“There has been a Mrs Steele, I

am happy to say, any time these thirty years," said the object of Mrs Burtonshaw's wrath, with a perfectly innocent smile.

Mrs Burtonshaw turned round upon him once more with open-eyed astonishment. "Do you mean that he's a wandering Jew?" cried poor Mrs Burtonshaw, who was put to her wit's end.

"You are quite right; no one knows how old he is." "I hear he has got great-grandchildren," cried one and another, eager to promote the good lady's delusion. "The more shame for him!" said Mrs Burtonshaw solemnly, "to speak in that way of a very pretty lady, and to make compliments to other people. I shall never give such things *my* sanction, you may be sure."

Amid much suppressed and restrained laughter Mrs Burtonshaw turned away; but the charm of the joke remained in the fact that this privileged talker, who happened to be a man of the most tender conscience, was struck with compunction forthwith. This gay spirit, with its fund of invention and retort, its wit and mirth and daring sallies, was a spirit imbued with the most susceptible and trembling piety. "A Steele" was just as good a synonyme for a joke as for a picture in the understanding of those who knew the artist best. He had relinquished a hundred other "carnal inclinations," very innocent to other men, with the purest self-denial, but he could not get his wit weeded out from his life as he could

his play-going. With the most unpretending simplicity he bewailed this sad necessity to "talk nonsense," which he could not overcome; and Mrs Burtonshaw's indignation awoke the slumbering self-reproof. He who called himself a religious man had compromised his character!—perhaps he had crossed the borders of innocent jesting—perhaps jesting was never at all an innocent amusement. Mr Steele did not recover himself till his audience were wearied of waiting, and it was only when the power of his self-condemnation was expended that the fresh heart which kept him youthful came back with a rebound; he passed out into the sunshine—among the gay young voices, the sounds and the fragrances of summer—and was himself again.

There was no end of people, as Sylvio said, and there was no end to the tastes and inclinations which animated them. Mr Cumberland's beautiful lawn was dotted with gay groups, and the white blossoms of the acacia fell upon other heads than the musing head of Zaidee. Then came an afternoon dinner—"a country repast," as Mrs Cumberland called it—and then a great deal of talk and music, of flirtation and criticism, indoors and out of doors. But there was no Mr Vivian to make the day a charmed day for Mary Cumberland, or a day of terror to Aunt Burtonshaw. The invasion of guests proved a sedative to the fears of the old lady, and kept the younger one out of the enchanted world of her own thoughts.

#### CHAPTER IX.—THE EVILS OF KNOWING AN AUTHOR.

"What are you reading, Mary? I want you to come and take a drive with me, my love," said Aunt Burtonshaw. "You ought to have a rest to-day, after entertaining all these people. Come, my darling, and drive with me. What are you reading?"

"It is a novel, Aunt Burtonshaw," said Mary with humility.

"It is that beautiful book of Mr Vivian's. I am delighted to see how Mary's taste improves," said Mrs Cumberland from her sofa; "one always feels more interest in a book when one knows the author. I shall

ask him to put his autograph upon our copy when he comes here."

"And pray what are *you* reading, Elizabeth?" asked Mrs Burtonshaw.

"It is Mr Vivian's poems, aunt," said Zaidee.

"Upon my word, I should be glad to know who Mr Vivian is, or what he means," said Mrs Burtonshaw; "you used to be glad of rational occupations—you used to do your needlework, and take drives and walks, and like a little conversation: now you have books all day long—books morning and evening; and it is al-



ways Mr Vivian. Who is Mr Vivian then? will nobody tell me? Is he only an author? Now, I don't want to hear that he is a delightful young man, Maria Anna. I don't think such things are fit to be said before these children. Who is Mr Vivian? that is what I want to know."

"It is not because of Mr Vivian I am reading," said Mary, faltering at this unusual fib; "if you only would look here, Aunt Burtonshaw, there is some one so like Elizabeth here."

Involuntarily Zaidee started; she felt as much disposed to answer Aunt Burtonshaw's question, and tell her who Percy was, but how should she know? So Zaidee was silent, putting constraint upon herself. Aunt Burtonshaw was not satisfied.

"If you will please me, Mary, you will come and let me have my drive, and I will look at your book to-morrow," said Mrs Burtonshaw. It was a great effort of self-sacrifice on Mary's part. She rose reluctantly, and with much deliberation put her book aside. She could not tell Sylvo's mother never to speak to her of Sylvo again, and Mary remembered with a blush her almost determination to put up with Sylvo before he arrived at Twickenham. Things had changed wonderfully since that time—there was an immense gulf between her feelings now and her feelings then. Sylvo had not changed the least in her estimation; he was the same good fellow he always was; but Mary would rather have dropped quietly into the river under the willows than made up her mind to marry Sylvo now.

When Mary left the room with Aunt Burtonshaw, Zaidee continued to read the Poems of Percy Vivian; these were mostly fragments—snatches of wild song—sketches of great things incomplete, versatile and brilliant and changeable. She thought no one else could understand as she did the chance allusions to the family history which ran through Percy's verses; no one could recognise like her that wild tumultuous atmosphere, the rush of wind and mass of cloud, which filled the firmament of Percy's song. This was not like Margaret's landscape; it was nature, every word of it, alive with air and motion; no rigid portrait, but an animated reflection of

the scenes familiar to him. While Zaidee read, her heart went back out of this mild and gentle landscape, with its noble river and its verdant woods. She saw those oaks Agonistes, every one of them, with the red leaves stiffening on their branches, and the young foliage thrusting slowly through the last year's garments, which were so slow to fall. Instead of the drooping blossoms of that beautiful acacia, Zaidee saw yonder fierce little hill of Briarford, with all its golden and purple glories, its gorse and heather, and that old warm family home lifting its face to the winds, wistfully gazing on the flat country into the cloudy horizon and the far-off sea. Her mind was far away, wandering over those well-remembered places, which memory invested with an imaginative charm. She had no recollection of this wealthy home at Twickenham, Mrs Cumberland upon her sofa, or Sylvo out of doors with his cigar, or the great mirror which gathered everything together within its pictured breadth. The mirror caught her own beauty unawares, and held it up to every one who entered, though Zaidee's face was turned away from the door; but Zaidee thought of nothing but of what she found within those pages, the atmosphere and heart of her early home.

"Elizabeth!" said Mrs Cumberland.

Zaidee looked up with a momentary pang. She felt as if called back from the Grange suddenly, and called back from her recollections. Mrs Cumberland was beckoning to her with her hand.

"Come here, Elizabeth, my love; I have something to say to you. Sit down," said the lady of the house, pointing to a stool beside her. Zaidee obeyed quietly, as it was her custom to obey. Mrs Cumberland cleared her throat, and seemed to have a momentary difficulty in making a beginning.

"My dear child, Mr Vivian will be coming here one of these days, I trust," said Mrs Cumberland, still with a little hesitation.

"Yes," said Zaidee. Zaidee grasped the edge of her seat with her hands in dismayed apprehension. Could her secret be known?

“Of course you are sure to be much struck with him,” said Mrs Cumberland. “Already you are prepossessed in his favour; and I can safely say he is a most delightful young man. Now, my dear love, tell me candidly, is your heart quite free, Elizabeth? Be frank with me, my dear.”

The deepest crimson flushed on Zaidee’s face; she raised her head with an involuntary dignity. “Perfectly free,” said Zaidee somewhat emphatically, though in a hurried under-tone. She felt a little ashamed of questioning like this.

“I have thought of you a great deal, Elizabeth,” said Mrs Cumberland. “You are not quite like other girls, my dear. When you marry, it will be proper that your bridegroom should know your real name, and all your circumstances; and perhaps finding that you were not really our daughter—though I am sure I love you like one, my dear child—you must not be offended—might make a difference with some young men. But there is one way in which you have more advantages than Mary; and I feel certain that Mr Vivian, for example, who is a poet and an enthusiast, will be sure to admire you very much. I should not like you to make a common match, Elizabeth. I have always set my heart on something quite out of the usual way for you. Now, you would please me very much, my dear child, by encouraging Mr Vivian a little, if he seems disposed to pay his addresses to you; and do not be too shy, but let him see you, and form a proper opinion of you when he comes here. My love, you need not blush and frown, and look so disturbed; what I am saying to you is quite proper, and not compromising you in any way. Will you attend to what I say, Elizabeth, my dear?”

“Oh, no, no; do not bid me. I do not want ever to go away; let me stay always at home,” said Zaidee, turning her flushed and agitated face towards Mrs Cumberland, but not venturing to raise her eyes. “You have been very good to me so many years; let me stay, if it is only to be your servant, and take care of you when Mary is married. I wish for nothing else—do not speak to me of anything else; let me stay at home.”

Mrs Cumberland patted softly with her thin fingers upon Zaidee’s hand. “That is all very well, my love; that is what all young ladies say at first,” said Mrs Cumberland with a smile. “I will not say any more at present. You know my wishes; I leave the rest to time and your own heart, and—Mr Vivian. Now, my dear child, go back to your book; I have said all I have to say.”

When Zaidee rose, the first thing which caught her eye was the reflection in the mirror of Mary Cumberland standing within the half-opened door. As Zaidee raised her troubled face to the light, she caught through this medium the keen look of her friend fixed upon her. Mary’s lips were closed tight; Mary’s face was very pale, and her hair fell down strangely lank and disordered upon her cheek. It looked like an impersonation of startled suspicion and self-defence; it did not look like pretty Mary Cumberland returning with fresh roses on her cheeks from her drive with Aunt Burtonshaw. Zaidee’s beautiful face, full of dismay and agitation, but of no evil emotion, met with a gaze of astonishment the angry scrutiny of Mary. It struck her with a painful surprise; and she went quickly forward to ascertain, if it was ascertainable, what the import of this silent defiance might be; but Mary turned before her friend could reach her, and Zaidee only saw her figure disappearing up the stair when she came to the door. Pausing a moment to give Mary time to reach her retirement, Zaidee hastily sought her own room. She was uneasy and disturbed by Mary’s look; but Mrs Cumberland had quite unintentionally thrown a new light upon Zaidee’s life. Her real name and all her circumstances—Zaidee shuddered at the possibility of any one having a right and a necessity to be informed of these. The sudden revelation sent her back with a shudder from all the dreams of youthful existence. That any one could think of Percy paying his addresses to her,—“our Percy,” of whose fame she was so proud—was a hallucination at which Zaidee only smiled. But with quite a different regard she looked at the great principle which Mrs Cumberland had stated as a

thing of course, and which her own judgment immediately approved. Who but Zaidee Vivian could understand why Zaidee Vivian fled from home and name and fortune? Who but herself could feel the weight of Grandfather Vivian's legacy? the dreadful burden and guiltiness of disinheriting

Philip? Zaidee turned to go down stairs again, with a blank in her face and in her heart. She must guard herself now with a strange and jealous care. She must suffer no stranger to come into her young affections. She must never put her secret in the power of another—nor betray her home and name.

CHAPTER X.—THE GREAT AUTHOR.

All that day Zaidee was left alone—it did not occur to her to inquire why Mary so pertinaciously avoided her company, rather sitting by herself or leaving the room than sharing Zaidee's seat and occupation, as was usual to them. Mary's pretty face did not look the fairer for the sullen cloud upon it, and her manners, already strangely changed, grew still more perplexing under this veil of resentful silence. When she addressed her mother, it was with scarcely restrained impatience, and Zaidee she did not address at all, except in case of necessity. This added another shade to Zaidee's heaviness. She felt that something was amiss, though, in perfect innocence of all offence, she could not tell what the something was; the house was out of joint; there was a universal jarring of all its members. Mrs Burtonshaw, too, was clouded and perturbed, by turns anxious and angry; and Mary had deserted all her usual amusements, and sat perpetually by her work-table plying her needle, while Zaidee all unwittingly fanned the flame which Mrs Cumberland had kindled, by a continual study of Mr Vivian's book.

When things were in this condition—when, between her fears for Sylvio and her doubts of Mary, Aunt Burtonshaw led a very troubled existence, and Zaidee and Mary, each of them, fell into strange solitude—it was intimated one day with great solemnity that Mr Vivian was coming to dinner. Mr Cumberland had encountered him in London, had taken advantage of the opportunity, and the great author was to dine with them to-day. Zaidee, who could not help looking up with great and sudden interest at this announcement, found Mrs Cumberland looking at her with a smile of private com-

munication, while Mary's face, full of clouds and storms, was also full of the keenest observation, though she had turned her head away. Zaidee coloured painfully, and cast down her eyes full of tears. She felt herself in an unnatural and false position between this mother and daughter. It was impossible to avoid being interested, impossible to resist a rising eagerness and anxiety. She could not anticipate Percy's visit with the tranquil expectation of a stranger; but Mrs Cumberland's smile and audible whisper of the dress she should wear to-day gave her singular pain. Aunt Burtonshaw said "humph," and Sylvio yawned in anticipation over Mr Vivian's visit, while a gleam of excitement in consequence came into Mary's gloom; but Zaidee withdrew very sadly from the family assemblage. She did not know how to subdue these jarring elements into concord, or how to place herself in her natural position again.

Zaidee was in the drawing-room early, in Aunt Burtonshaw's corner by the embroidery-frame, hoping to escape the especial notice which she must have gained had she entered the room after Mr Vivian's arrival. Mary, on the contrary, was late of making her appearance. Mr Vivian arrived with a dash of wheels, drawing up a high-stepping horse before the gate, in a manner which called forth the cordial plaudits of Sylvio, who hurried through the trees to report him "none of your spooney fellows after all" before the stranger made his formal entrance. Then the door opened with great solemnity, and Mr Percy Vivian entered the room. Zaidee, bending over the embroidery, looked up with great eagerness from under the shelter of her curved hand. He was but nineteen

when she left the Grange; she thought he was no older still in his bright and versatile youth. The eyes that were full of a hundred laughing fancies; the white brow all lined and puckered under its wiry hair; the cloud that rose and descended upon his face like a veil, making the sunshine all the brighter by its dubiousness; the curved expressive lip which was never quite at rest—these were all unchanged; and Percy could not well be more easy in his acquired eminence than he had been in his natural boyish place at home; yet something there was that told a man accustomed to the world—much that denoted one aware of his own brilliant powers, and of the universal notice which followed him. Yes, it was Percy; but it was Percy the Poet—Percy the Author—Percy the man of fame; he had come down to dwell among every-day people, and win reputation for himself among them. It was not quite that boyish, triumphant Percy, looking forth upon the world which lay before him to be conquered, and spurning all its difficulties in his glorious youthful scorn.

And then he addressed himself to the commonplaces of introduction with such a laughing saucy contempt of them in his eye, and solemnly commented on the weather, and on Mr Cumberland's beautiful place, with a sort of mock formality, which called a smile even to the lips of Aunt Burtonshaw. "Do you know, I think he could say something very clever, if it were not just for form's sake, my dear," said the good lady, whispering over the embroidery-frame. The stranger had half disarmed Mrs Burtonshaw already; and Sylvo, with Mr Vivian's cab in his mind's eye, and the splendid action of the high-stepping horse, was much disposed to make Mr Vivian's acquaintance, and had already intimated to the company from behind his mustache that "to-day was as good as Italy." In pursuance of the same laudable object, Mrs Cumberland sat placidly listening to Mr Vivian's commonplaces, and Zaidee was un-introduced. She watched the stranger with exceeding interest over Aunt Burtonshaw's embroidery-frame.

And now the door slowly opened, and Zaidee saw Mary, somewhat

pale, and with questioning eyes, pause a moment, and look round the room. Her cheek gradually flushed with returning colour, though it was evidently not Mr Vivian she was looking for. It was Zaidee whom Mary sought, and Zaidee was safe in the corner, rather more simply dressed than usual, and veiling her beauty in her remote position and earnest employment. Mary entered the room after that so noiselessly, and with such a burning blush, that Zaidee saw she was ashamed of something. What was she ashamed of? The unwitting offender watched her friend passing with that sudden air of humility about her, across the shining surface of the mirror—watched her slight and hurried salutation of the guest as she passed and sat down, out of sight of him, at her work-table. The secret shame of repentance was on Mary's face; her better nature had asserted itself; and when the elders of the party had moved forward in their solemn procession to the dinner-table, Mary put Sylvo away, and laid her soft dimpled hand on Zaidee's arm. There was nothing said between them, but they were friends again—and Mary had heroically resolved, if need was, to stand aside, and suffer her beautiful adopted sister to win the day.

This resolution gave a touch of pathos and tenderness to Mary's own fair face. She saw Mr Vivian start with a singular astonishment when he first observed her companion. She perceived his eyes turn to Zaidee again and again, not so much with admiration, as with wondering curiosity and interest. Every time she perceived this look, she repeated her struggle with herself. She was so intent upon Zaidee that she did not perceive how the great author manœuvred to be placed near herself, and how his wit was perpetually shooting chance arrows over her to rouse her to answer him. Mary's mind was too much absorbed by far for the sprightly retorts with which she had met him at Hollylec. She scarcely spoke, except to Zaidee, all this lingering time of dinner, and felt so heavy and oppressed with the mirth round her that it was quite a relief to her excited feelings when the door of the dining-

room closed upon them, and made a temporary pause in the excitement of the night.

"Now, pray, Mr Vivian, how do you do when you are going to write a book?" asked Mrs Burtonshaw, with serious curiosity, when the gentlemen came to the drawing-room. "Do you just sit down with a clean sheet of paper before you, and a pen in your hand, without knowing what you are to say?"

"I think he is a happy man who knows what he has had to say, after he is done saying it," said the young author. "Now, fancy the misery, Mrs Burtonshaw, of having nothing to say at all."

"Yes, that is exactly what I was thinking of," said Mrs Burtonshaw: "for instance, writing a letter, it is only polite to fill three sides. I never think a letter is a letter that is shorter than that—and how if you have said everything in the first page?"

"You sympathise with bookmakers, I can see," said Percy, laughing. "To say all in the first volume, yet have two more to write—and nothing before you but that aforesaid sheet of clean paper, and no inspiration in the poor goose-quill, Mrs Burtonshaw—only a reminiscence of its primitive possessor—that is a state of things which we poor scribblers have to deplore every day."

"You write with quills, then, Mr Vivian?" said Aunt Burtonshaw. "I always call your gold pens and your steel pens disagreeable things, Maria Anna, and here Mr Vivian is of my opinion. Is it not very hard now to put such distresses upon people as you do in your books? I should think one trouble at a time was very good measure for *me*; but one after another, how you do pile them upon that poor dear in the book that Mary made me read to-day."

"I should think one trouble quite over measure for you; I should certainly vote you none at all of that disagreeable commodity, if I had any voice in the matter," said Percy, smiling and bowing to Mrs Burtonshaw, all unconscious that he himself was a fruitful source of disturbance to his kindly critic; "but life and Providence have another deliverance to make on the matter," continued the

young man, his eyes flashing from gay to grave: "in our reflected world we must dispense as Heaven dispenses, and Heaven has no terror of such words as inconsistency or extravagance. 'When sorrows come, they come, not single spies, but in battalions.' There is that knave Shakespeare," said Percy, brightening once more into his former tone, "who wrote plays, and has been accused of poaching;—who gave him 'any right, I wonder, to be the next truest after the apostles and prophets in his knowledge of man?'"

"You must excuse my sister—Mrs Burtonshaw has very homely ideas," said Mrs Cumberland. "Tell me, my dear Mr Vivian, that sweet Lucy in your book—did you not quite love her yourself before you were done?"

Percy laughed, yet was so unsophisticated as to blush too all over the puckers of his forehead. "Is she such a sweet Lucy?" said Percy; "the young lady did not strike me much; but since you recommend her, Mrs Cumberland, I will consider her claims again."

"Mansfield puts all his book down out of his journals—isn't that the truest way—eh?" said Sylvo from behind his mustache.

"Mr Mansfield's book is only adventure, Sylvo," said Mary, with a little indignation.

"Well, adventure's the thing, isn't it?" said Sylvo, who, in the strength of Mr Vivian's smile, kept his place.

"Adventure is the thing," said Percy solemnly; "and by far the truest way is to put down one's book out of one's journal; there can be no doubt of that. Mr Mansfield lived his book before he wrote it; that is the true charm of success."

"Ah, Mr Vivian, you give us a rare principle to judge you by," said Mrs Cumberland, with a sigh of sympathy and admiration. "What a life yours must have been; how full of love and emotion, of passion and sorrow, before you could have written as you have done!"

Once more Percy Vivian blushed uneasily, and through this blush there struggled a laugh of irrestrainable but somewhat annoyed self-ridicule. "Pray, Mrs Cumberland, do not

make me the hero of these stupid books," he said, with comical distress. "My own life is the last thing I will write novels about, and I would find it an extremely barren subject; no, we will do it in spasmodic poetry;—that's the medium for remorse and horrors, the true vehicle for autobiography, Mrs Burtonshaw," said Percy with solemnity, once more returning to his first questioner.

"You speak of remorse and horrors," said that lady, looking apprehensively at this dangerous neighbour of hers; "and I found a book lately, I am sorry to say, upon that very table—is it possible, Mr Vivian, can you be *that* T. Percy Jones?"

"No, upon my honour," said Percy Vivian, taking care to restrain the laughter which made Mary Cumberland's blue eyes dance for the first time this evening. "No, I am not that redoubtable incognito—there's your man now, who puts down his book out of his journal—a tragedy in his own person, a walking fate with inexorable shears; but I plead not guilty. I am a Percy, but I am not the genuine Hotspur—this is not me!"

"There's somebody ill in the kitchen, Maria Anna," said Mr Cumberland, entering hurriedly; "some fool of a girl who has been trying experiments on my galvanic machine. I gave her another shock to set her right, but she wants some of your doctoring, sister Burtonshaw. Know anything of galvanism, Mr Vivian?—a beautiful influence, sir—a beautiful influence—though startling a little when you come upon it unawares. I've a great

mind to propose a new system for the prevention of robberies in houses—connect the doors and windows with so many wires from a galvanic battery. Step this way a moment, and you shall see. I defy the bravest housebreaker in Christendom to go beyond the electric string."

But almost while Mr Cumberland speaks, and while Mrs Burtonshaw bustles away to minister to the hapless victim of curiosity in the kitchen, Mr Vivian has managed, in the course of conversation, to glide outside the opened window, and stands there in conversation with Mary Cumberland; she, somewhat shy and timid, with eyes once more dazzled and a cheek of varying colour, stands within. Mr Vivian is looking in with his wayward brilliant glances into the deep alcove of this lighted room, and again his eyes fall upon the beautiful face of Zaidee reading by the table. It is his book she is reading, but the young poet has far too strong and youthful a spring of life within him to confine himself to his own books; he heeds nothing what the volume is, but he wonders over her beautiful face. "Your beautiful sister Elizabeth is strangely like my beautiful sister Elizabeth," he says to Mary abruptly; "I almost think I can go back ten years, and that it is our own sweet Lizzy I am looking at, before Bernard Morton came with his dark face to carry her away. We were all very proud of our Elizabeth, and every time I look at your sister, every word and look reminds me more and more of her—very strange!"

#### CHAP. XI.—MISUNDERSTANDING.

"Mr Vivian says that he and I have each a beautiful sister, Elizabeth, and they are very like each other—he thinks it quite strange," said Mary.

She was standing with her arm folded tightly round Zaidee's waist, holding her before the mirror; the mirror gave a dim reflection of the great room half lighted, of a morsel of blue sky, and "a little lot of stars" looking through the window; of the chairs standing about in disorder where everybody had left them, and of only those two figures and no more within the

room. Mary, with a good deal of resolution, and a colour which varied rapidly from these sudden flushes of crimson to the whitest paleness, held Zaidee closely with her arm. Zaidee, in much astonishment, with even a slight degree of fear, resisted this grasp a little, and looked not into the mirror but into her friend's face. She did not know what to make of Mary's singular demeanour, nor why they two should be here alone together, when every one else had gone to rest. But at this speech Zaidee started—she could

not but be started—*she* was like her cousin Elizabeth, her beautiful cousin; she, poor little brown Zaidee, was like the pride of the Grange, the flower of all the country round! Un-suspicious of evil, Zaidee did not know how Mary Cumberland watched her face, and misinterpreted the rising flush of gratification and family pride—for she could not restrain her secret and innocent pleasure in being thought like Elizabeth. This pure natural emotion came to her eyes with a sweet, surprised, and almost tearful gladness, and with a flush of delicate colour to her cheek. Mary looked at her steadily, and almost sternly; Mary held her fast with the strong grasp of her arm. Secure in her good resolution, in pride at once, and in friendship, of sacrificing herself, Mary could see no harm in severely interrogating Zaidee. She would yield up to her the early dream which had just begun to gild and to brighten her own life; but she would not yield up the authority of a senior, the superiority of a patroness, and Mary was harsh and imperious in the sadness of her thoughts.

“Speak to me just once, Elizabeth. Look at yourself; will you not do as I tell you? Do you think you are beautiful? Do you think, like Mr Vivian and all the rest of them, that there is scarcely any one so beautiful as you?”

“No,” said Zaidee, looking up eagerly. “Mary, I have made you angry—do you think I am vain? I do not think it; but indeed I never thought of this at all till they spoke something about me the day Aunt Burtonshaw came home.”

“They! who were they?” asked Mary.

“It was—Aunt Burtonshaw.” Zaidee faltered a little, and turned half away from the arm that held her. She would rather not have said any more.

“Aunt Burtonshaw is not *they*,” said Mary, with her merciless logic. “Who was the other? or others, perhaps, I should say, Elizabeth; for a great many people admire my beautiful sister—who were they?”

“I do not know what harm you think of me,” said Zaidee, roused at last, and growing pale as she turned her shining dark eyes on Mary’s face.

“This word ‘beauty’ was twice mentioned to me that day; Aunt Burtonshaw said it, and so did Sylvio. I had never thought of it before, and did not think of it then—I do not think of it now,” and Zaidee lifted a glance of brave defiance at the mirror. “I may be like Mr Vivian’s beautiful sister, and not be beautiful; but however that is, I am as God made me: if He sends one thing or another, I have nothing to say, Mary—it is God, it is not me.”

“Look in the glass, Elizabeth,” said Mary Cumberland.

Zaidee looked up; her face was pale, her eyes a little dilated, her hair falling down upon her slender stately neck. She was more beautiful than Mary had ever seen her. While Zaidee met the sorrowful startled gaze of her own eyes, Mary looked at her in the mirror with an intent and steady look, owning in the depths of her heart, and against her will, the magic influence which broke forth from the “Why” of logic, with contemptuous triumph. Why admire this form of feature, this shade of complexion?—why be charmed with this face more than with any other? Mary could not answer the question; but she could not look at that beautiful reflection in the mirror, at the grieved and tearful look, the silent wonder, the patience, and the innocence of evil which shone upon her in those wonderful eyes, and remain unmoved. She suddenly bent down as she stood thus, and gave a cold but yet tender kiss to Zaidee’s brow—loosened her grasp of her, and with a sigh of weariness held out her hand and said, Good night. Zaidee followed her slowly up the silent echoing stairs. Those two young figures, each so young and so fair in their differing degrees and kinds of beauty, each carrying a light in her hand, went up the broad staircase, one after the other, like vestals in a procession. When they had parted, and found shelter in their separate apartments, poor Mary Cumberland, disturbed with evil thoughts, with mortified and jealous pride, and with a bitter fear that in heedless prodigality she had thrown away her heart, sat gloomily at her table for a moment, and then rose to pace about the room in hasty wanderings. She had not been reasonable

or prudent, as the whole scope of her previous life had been. She had suffered a fanciful and unfounded liking to creep close to her heart, and now Mary was sadly conscious that evil spirits had come into it, malice and envy, and all uncharitableness. She had no human guide to appeal to for counsel, and Mary had not Zaidee's early training; nor, in spite of Zaidee's long influence upon her, did this more stubborn spirit dare to have recourse to Heaven when earth was incompetent, as her companion did. She only said her prayers as usual that night; she did not pour out her heart, which was sorely rent and wounded; and so went sullen and uncomfortable to a rest which was broken with dreams and starts of wakeful loneliness; for Mary's heart was sore within her, and sore with a gnawing, cankering pain.

Zaidee, who was deeply distressed, bewildered, and wondering, fared better, for neither malice nor envy had found a place in her maiden thoughts. She could not understand Mary, but was glad to forget this strange conduct of hers in a burst of pleasant wonder over what she said. Zaidee came to her toilette-glass, and looked into it shyly. "Am I, indeed, like Elizabeth?—like Elizabeth!" said Zaidee. And as she looked upon herself with her eyes thus enlightened, she discovered the resemblance. It filled her with the purest simple delight; it was a new visionary trace of this mysterious link of blood, a confirmation of her title to be Zaidee Vivian still—a sign of the family name, and lofty long descent, secretly marked upon her brow. It was not the beauty which Zaidee rejoiced over in her solitude. She was like Elizabeth, who was the present representative of all those lovely Vivians of many generations, whose sweet looks had embellished the name. Her very face was her charter of family right and kindred. She could not sufficiently rejoice at this; and as she sat down to think over Percy's visit, she remembered her cousin with yet a kinder heart.

Yes, this Percy was *our* Percy, and Zaidee's heart warmed to him like a sister's, and rejoiced in his fame; but she began to think of Philip, who was not famous—Philip, who, though the head of the house, would only be "Mr

Vivian's brother" in the world which made an idol of Mr Vivian; and Zaidee began to think, looking back upon her young experience, that she had never seen any one like the Head of the House—never another who came near to her ideal of manhood—so simple, so noble, so full of truth and honour. Percy was a poet and a genius, but he was not Philip; yet, perhaps, Philip was not half so brilliant as Percy, and certainly was not known to the world like his younger brother. With a woman's pride she regarded the family hero; but, looking back with her child's imagination, she thought she could put her hand in Philip's hand, and suffer him to lead her over the world.

These two friends woke in the morning to look with a little dismay on the proceedings of the night. Mary, who was guilty and self-humiliated, carried matters with a high hand. She came down, resolved to have a condescending conversation with her "beautiful sister," and speak to her of Mr Vivian—to be so entirely self-restrained and decorous that Zaidee should think the harshness of last night only a dream, and to follow up her mother's counsel so warmly that the poor girl should be ashamed to meet Mr Vivian again. All this Mary resolved to do, because she felt herself in the wrong, and with natural perversity persisted in it, though her heart longed to be set right. Zaidee, on the contrary, was very humble, and full of anxious solicitude. She had no weight on her conscience. She could afford to make overtures of kindness, and little sisterly submissions, to win the offender. She, who had not harmed her companion either in deed or thought, anxiously sought Mary's eye and Mary's hand, and watched for a return of cordiality—such a silent reconciliation as that which brought Mary to her side the previous day, in the journey from the dining-room to the drawing-room. Looking out from behind the grate of misunderstanding and wounded pride which imprisoned it, Mary's frank and candid natural heart looked on and observed all this; but Mary was not delivered from her "black dog," her evil spirit; she had something more to undergo to work a thorough cure.



## CHAPTER XII.—ECONOMY.

“I do not know what this dish may be called, Maria Anna, but I know it is Mr Cumberland’s cookery,” said Mrs Burtonshaw at the breakfast-table, looking suspiciously over the coffee-pot from her presiding chair. “I can recommend the fresh new-laid eggs: the shell is as pure as cream, you see, Sylvo—but I really will not undertake to say what Mr Cumberland’s dish may be.”

“An adaptation of the ancient machine called Papin’s digester, sister Burtonshaw,” said Mr Cumberland briskly, “with our modern means and appliances, will be an infinite benefit to every family by-and-by. The digester is the very impersonation of thrift, sister Elizabeth—pure economy, I assure you. What do you suppose this is made of, now? Why, a couple of fowls are in it, every morsel, yet I defy you to find a bone. The action of heat is a marvellous thing when properly applied. Take a chicken now, in the ordinary way of cooking. I grant you it may be valuable as a lesson in anatomy, but it’s poor picking for a dinner; whereas, here is the richest savoury jelly in the world, the result of a little care and trouble. Ignorance manures its land with bones, Sylvo. We shall have all England getting fat upon them when my machine is properly known.”

“A couple of fowls! and you call that economy?” cried Mrs Burtonshaw, in dismay. “When poor Roberts, the cook, told me she had got a pair of fat capons for Mr Cumberland, did I think that was what the poor birds were to come to? Economy! a tea-cupful of potted stuff out of two beautiful capons! Do you mean to ruin yourself, Mr Cumberland? and Maria Anna to give in to you!”

“Pure prejudice, sister Burtonshaw. Women are the most bigoted of conservatives,” said the philosopher, with his chuckle of laughter. “You may innovate as you will in other spheres, but touch their privileged department, and there is no quarter for you. But the sacred institution of the kitchen must bow to science, my good sister. Wait till I have proved the powers of

my digester on the larger-boned animals. Wait till I present the English peasant with such a delicacy as this, made of the beef-bone which your ignorance would throw to your dogs, Sylvo, my boy. I look for a testimonial of national gratitude by that time, sister Elizabeth. My digester is a long way improved from Papin’s, I assure you. That was incomplete—decidedly incomplete; that is why it failed to make a revolution in our cookery two hundred years ago.”

“I am sure I thought I had given up being surprised at anything,” said Mrs Burtonshaw, with a sigh of resignation. “But I am sorry for Roberts—I confess I am sorry for Roberts, poor thing; to see such destruction before her very eyes. I suppose it would be all the same to you, Maria Anna, if Mr Cumberland were making jelly of the trees!”

“That is a suggestion to be considered, sister Elizabeth,” said Mr Cumberland. “The vegetable juices and the animal are considerably different, you see, but worth an experiment—decidedly worth an experiment—and of singular utility, too, if it should happen to be practicable. Your mother has invention, Sylvo,” said the philosopher, taking a memorandum on his tablets of this valuable suggestion. “I might have talked a month, I assure you, to these girls and to Maria Anna, without the ghost of an idea from one of them.”

Mrs Burtonshaw’s indignation was too great to be softened by this compliment. “If breakfast is over, I will go to the drawing-room,” said Mrs Burtonshaw solemnly; “and I think, Mary and Elizabeth, you will be a great deal better doing something than sitting here.”

They followed her one by one as she took her way to this favourite apartment. It was Zaidee’s turn today to seek the solace of needlework. Mary, too restless for this thoughtful occupation, seated herself on the marble step outside the window, with a book on her lap. Zaidee sat sewing within. Sylvo lounged about the room, not knowing what to do with

himself, and much inclined to set out again without delay for his "place." It was he, poor fellow, in innocent vacancy, who propounded the *questio vexata*, the tabooed subject of the morning, by declaring his opinion that Mr Vivian was a "regular good fellow—none of your die-away men—a fellow that was up to everything."

When Sylvo took himself away after this enlightened estimate of character, Mary turned from gazing at the river. "Speaking of Mr Vivian," said Mary with the voice of elderly experience, addressing Zaidee, "I forgot to mention to you that I overheard what mamma said to you one day before he came here. It was about encouraging him, you know, if he should think of paying his addresses to you. Now, of course, as he admires you so much, that is quite likely, Elizabeth," said Mary, with dry lips and a forced smile; "and I hope you will not let any foolish scruples weigh with you, but will guide your conduct by mamma's advice. I quite agree with her; it would be an admirable match—'Beauty and genius, you know.'" And Mary sang, with scornful levity, the burden of the ballad, "Be honoured aye the bravest knight, beloved the fairest fair."

"Mary," said Zaidee earnestly, "I do not know why it is that I am so much pained to hear you speaking so. I suppose it is no harm to speak so; it is two strangers talking to each other; it is not you and me. But I have grown a woman," said Zaidee, raising her head with the simplicity of a child, "and there are some things which must not be said to me. No one must tell me to encourage Mr Vivian; no one must talk to me of paying addresses. I cannot bear it, indeed, and I must not," continued Zaidee, warming into strange decision. "If I am like Mr Vivian's sister, he is like some one whom I knew when I was a child. If it were not so, I should be ashamed to see Mr Vivian again; but now I should be glad to be friends with him if he pleased. I was very proud and very glad to see him here with you last night; and I think I will try not to be affronted, nor shut myself up when he comes. But there is to be no more of addresses, if you please. I am sure

I should quite as soon think of paying my addresses to Mr Vivian as he to me."

Mary Cumberland, with her book lying open on her lap, followed the motion of Zaidee's lips, and her slight unconscious gestures, with the extremest astonishment. Mary felt the ground suddenly taken from beneath her feet. She was entirely disconcerted and thrown back upon herself by this simple decision—by the words which, spoken with so little pretension, had yet all the authority which words could have coming from the lips of a queen. Her own scornful satire and uncharitable mood were thrown far into the distance. Zaidee, resenting nothing, but only putting an end to it, passed by like a young princess, and left Mary far behind her in the way. Their position was reversed in a moment; Mary's scornful and unkindly advice was quite thrown out of court; it returned upon herself with double mortification and annoyance. She felt so guilty that she attempted no answer, but only said "Oh," with a last attempt at superiority, and, leaving the window, wandered down the lawn, as ill at ease as it was possible to be, to take her place under the falling blossoms of the acacia, and consume her heart with bootless vexation and shame.

Meanwhile Zaidee, grieved and silent, sat at her work alone. Mr Vivian had thrown a great gulf between these girlish intimates, the friends of many years. It was the first indication of that maturer life in which their hearts could no longer dwell together, and their young existence run on in one common stream. To the trusting and simple heart of Zaidee it was a very harsh disjunction—a rending asunder causeless and cruel. If Mr Vivian had not been "our Percy," Mary must have incurred for him the positive dislike of her "beautiful sister." As it was, Zaidee only thought of him with the kindest thoughts.

"I am going to town, to call on Mr Vivian's sister," said Mrs Cumberland, the same day; "he was so good as to ask me, Mary, my love; and you may be sure I shall be only too happy to show some attention to Mrs Morton. I think you should both come

with me, you young ladies; you are neither of you in great spirits, I perceive, this morning. Ah, I can make allowance for youthful feelings, my sweet Elizabeth; and Mary's gravity, with so many things to consider—the crisis of her life—is equally excusable. Go and get your bonnets, my dear children; the drive will refresh us all to-day."

They went to do her bidding silently; Mary contracting her brow and setting her pretty teeth together in the very impatience of passion, as she heard her own circumstances—"the crisis of her life"—thus alluded to. For the first time Mary shed bitter tears when she had reached her own apartment, and concealed herself and her secret heartbreak within its closed door. "They give me to Sylvo without a thought; this is all the care they have for their daughter," cried Mary, with unrestrainable complaint; "and Elizabeth, Elizabeth! the sunshine of this life is all for her, and there is only Sylvo for me!"

The tears poured down heavily over Mary's cheeks; it was the crisis

of her life, though Mrs Cumberland wot not of it. With a hasty motion she went to the darkest corner of the room, and, hid by the curtains of her bed, bent her knee. They were waiting for her down stairs in wonder—Mary's toilet was seldom such a lengthy operation—but the floodgates of her heart were opened, and all her emotions, good and evil, were pouring forth in a deluge. She forgot everything except her own guiltiness, and the relief and ease it was to unburden herself—to confess and empty all her heart. When she rose from her knees she had to bathe her face, so many traces of tears were on it. "Now, I will be good," said Mary, with a smile which was bright and childlike, though it was tearful; and she tied on her bonnet with trembling hands, and went down to the little party that waited for her. The day was a brilliant one, fresh and sweet, and the river flashed gaily in the sunshine. After that preparation Mary's heart was open to be refreshed by the cheerful shining of the universal light.

#### CHAPTER XIII.—A VISIT.

Mrs Cumberland, reclining back in her comfortable corner, as they pursued their way to town, had given herself up to "languor," or to thought. Her young companions were very silent both of them; for Mary did not find it suitable to disperse her better thoughts by talking of them, and Zaidee was full of silent anticipation, timidity, and longing. She was safe in her changed looks and name—she had come through the scrutiny of Percy, and remained undiscovered; and though she trembled a little with eagerness and anxious interest, she was not afraid of Elizabeth. Elizabeth! Elizabeth had been the idol of Zaidee's childish fancy, as of every other member of the family of the Grange; her wonderful beauty, her simplicity, the humbleness of her perfect womanhood, had given her a magical sway over all these fresh young hearts. Perhaps there was not one of them but had a wider range and a stronger impulse of life than she had, but within her own

boundary there was a perfection and sweet repose in the mind of Elizabeth which every one was soothed and strengthened by. Her young cousin's thoughts dwelt upon her image in the past—wondered how far Mrs Bernard Morton might prove different from Elizabeth Vivian—marvelled at her own resemblance to her. There was no lack of occupation for Zaidee's mind and memory as they drove towards town.

And Captain Bernard was a member of Parliament, one of the legislators of the country—a man stepping forward to the sober precincts of middle age. They lived in a little house near the Parks, of which the fashion was more satisfactory than the size. When Mrs Cumberland and her young companions entered the small drawing-room, the first person who met their eyes was Mr Vivian, with a rosy boy seated astride on his shoulders, holding his wavy hair for a bridle. Percy was flushed with the canter at which he had been car-

rying this small equestrian round the very limited circle of the apartment, and was, moreover, being called back by two small nieces at the window, who referred some dispute to Uncle Percy. A little girl of five years old sat on a footstool close by her mother, looking at a childish picture-book with an air of childish abstraction and thoughtfulness, and Mrs Morton herself rose to meet her visitors as they entered. Mary Cumberland's quick eye, guided by what Percy had said, made an instant comparison between these two faces, which were said to resemble each other. It was indeed very strange. Mrs Morton's expanded and matronly beauty was in the fulness of its bloom. Zaidee had still the shelter and the sweetness of the bud, coy and half-disclosed; and there were individual differences marked and visible—but the resemblance was enough to bewilder the looker-on. It seemed the same face in different circumstances and linked to different spirits—the same, and yet another—something cast from the same mould, yet strangely diversified by a change of material. It was a very remarkable resemblance—quite enough to account for Percy's wondering looks and interest in the beautiful sister who was so like his own.

Zaidee, on her part, after her first recognition of Elizabeth—the eager glance from under her eyelids, which showed how little her beautiful cousin was changed—was completely engrossed by the children, those wonderful little unknown existences of whom she had never dreamed. In Zaidee's thoughts life had stood still with the family at the Grange; her fancy consented indeed to Elizabeth's marriage and to Percy's fame, but her mind had gone no further; and this rosy boy and these pretty girls burst upon her like a revelation: she could not withdraw her eyes from these new children—these members of the family for whom she was totally unprepared. She had been the youngest herself at home in the old days, and she was conscious of an amusing rivalry with this intrusive new generation. Perhaps they were not the only ones; perhaps there were other children besides these claiming an interest in the Grange; and Zai-

dee shyly took a seat in a corner with comical dismay.

"No, Philip, my boy, no more rides," said Percy, setting down his little cavalier. "Go and make your obeisance, you small rebel, and apologise for the use you have put your respectable uncle to. I am better than any pony, and half as good as an Arab, in Philip's apprehension, Mrs Cumberland. The children estimate my powers very highly, I am glad to say—I am quite invaluable to them."

"Genius unbending—Genius in its sportive mood," said Mrs Cumberland. "You are so fortunate, my dear Mrs Morton; I envy you the constant society of one so richly endowed."

"Do you mean Percy?" said Elizabeth Vivian with a smile. She was very proud of her younger brother, but he was her younger brother still, and she smiled a little at these commendations, though she liked the speaker all the better for them.

"Elizabeth is my *elder* sister, Miss Cumberland," said Percy, coming confidentially and with a little embarrassment to Mary's side—"Elizabeth is the ideal of domestic superiority for her brothers, at least. I cannot quite swallow applause in Elizabeth's presence; I have always a ludicrous sense of its inappropriateness. Mrs Cumberland is very kind, no doubt, but I would much rather she forgot those unfortunate books in presence of Elizabeth."

"Is she not proud of them, then?" asked Mary, with a glance of wonder.

"You defeat me, Miss Cumberland; you kill the precious blossoms of my humility," said Percy, but still in an under-tone; "how shall I refuse to be applauded, think you, when you intoxicate me after this barbarous fashion? Yes, Elizabeth likes very well to hear of them; and I have a home in the country, too, where I should like to show you how fiercely the feminine jury pronounce on the demerits of any hapless critic who falls upon Percy. Yes, that bubble reputation—they have real enjoyment of it, those good people in Cheshire. Do you know I should like you to see the Grange?"

Mary stammered something of be-

ing very glad; it took her by surprise to be so addressed.

“Yes: yet I am by no means sure that you would be pleased with it,” said Percy, with one of his dubious glances; “our country is too bleak, and our climate too boisterous for your fancy. I think I should succeed better in flowery Hampshire, or sweet Devon, in pleasing you. What do you think? Do I guess your taste? Sweet English calm and comfort, with the winds and the storms far away?”

“I have very common tastes,” said Mary, shy of this conversation. “Does not every one prefer calm and comfort to the winds and the storms?”

“I do at least,” said Percy; “I am of the Epicurean temper. My brother is of a different frame; the Cheshire gales are sweeter than Araby to him. Yet, poor fellow, he toils by the burning banks of the Ganges, and does kind things for everybody, and never thinks of himself. I am a very poor fellow to have such friends. A man who is brother to Philip Vivian and Elizabeth ought to be a better man.”

The young listener to whom he was thus unbosoming himself looked up at Percy with shy glances and a swelling heart. More than all the self-assertion in the world, this compunction endeared him to Mary. She could not continue to close her heart, as she had vowed to do this morning. Involuntarily she smiled, wondering within herself at the humility which fancied some small Cheshire squire or Indian merchant, or this Mrs Morton, who was only the beautiful young wife of a middle-aged member of Parliament, superior to Percy Vivian, poet, author, man of letters. Literature had suddenly become the noblest of all professions to Mary—fame, the most dazzling of human possessions. She smiled at her hero’s humility; it never entered into her head for an instant that Percy could be right.

But some one else was listening by her, with such a flush of interest and anxiety as scarcely could be controlled. Yes, Percy was right; but Zaidee was proud he had the nobleness to own this superior excellence; and Philip—why was Philip in India? What had the Squire of Briarford to do on the banks of the Ganges? What did

this mean? It might betray her, but she could not restrain the question that came to her anxious lips. Percy had changed his position a little, and stood between them now. He was near enough to be addressed.

“What did your brother go to India for?” asked Zaidee, looking up with her old wistfulness.

Mr Vivian looked extremely astonished, and so did Mary Cumberland. Their amazement made no difference in the anxious curiosity of the questioner.

“We are not the richest family in the world,” said Percy, with a smile. “Philip is about a very commonplace business; he is making a fortune.”

But why did he need to make a fortune? The question was on Zaidee’s lips; but she had prudence enough to restrain it. Her face grew troubled; her heart was full of yearning curiosity. Why did Philip go away? She could not form an answer for herself.

“Zaidee, you must go up-stairs with Philip,” said the sweet voice of Elizabeth. With a start of terror Zaidee listened; but saw that it was the little studious girl with the picture-book, and not her changed and unknown self, who was addressed. This was almost too much for Zaidee’s forced composure. She felt her heart leaping to her throat; her face flushed and paled with extreme emotion; she could scarcely keep the voice of her yearning silent. Zaidee!—they had not forgotten her; they had commemorated even her name.

“What a sweet name!—what a strange unusual name!” cried Mrs Cumberland; “one may trace the poet’s suggestion there, I am sure.”

“No, indeed,” said Elizabeth seriously, yet with a smile; “my Zaidee is named for a dear child we lost from the Grange in a very extraordinary way—a little cousin, an orphan, who was very dear to us all. My little Zaidee is a great favourite at home for her name’s sake. Even Percy there, who has a hundred nicknames for everybody, is too tender of this name to mock at it. Our first Zaidee—our lost child—we had each of us a different contraction for her strange name; but no one likes to say Zay

now—not even Sophy. We cannot play with poor *Zaidee's* name.”

There was a little pause which no one interrupted, and then Mrs Cumberland rose to take leave. *Zaidee* never knew how she reached the foot of that narrow staircase. She stum-

bled down the steps with a blindness upon her eyes, and a strange joy of grief about her heart. They remembered her—cared for—kept her name among them—in the family! But what misfortune was it which had driven Philip away?

CHAPTER XIV.—HEAVINESS.

The excitement of these discoveries was almost too much for *Zaidee*; her secret life—her secret world—her uncommunicated thoughts, pressed upon her heart like a nightmare. When she had only the past to look back upon, she could muse over it in quiet; but here was the present, the living to-day, full of a world of surprises and undreamt-of chances, which her veiled and unknown existence must take no cognisance of, though they were nearest to her heart. It was to *Zaidee* as it might be to a spirit returned to the earth; she walked side by side with those who mourned for her, sat at their table, heard them speaking of herself, yet durst not reveal herself to their lingering tenderness, or make known to them the heart which glowed with answering affection. She walked in a dream the live-long day, her inner life differing so strangely from her external one—as strangely as Elizabeth Cumberland, the beautiful daughter of these kind people, differed from brown *Zaidee Vivian*, the heiress of the Grange. They saw her beauty pale, and her mind become preoccupied, and Mrs Cumberland “made allowance for youthful feelings;” and Mary, struck with penitence for her own conduct, made effort upon effort to win back the confidence she fancied she had alienated, and wondered with an anxious heart what Percy Vivian might have to do with this musing heaviness. Percy had a great deal to do with it, but not as Mary supposed; and now, when Percy came and went about the house perpetually, Mary was no longer excited with causeless doubts. That the young man felt a singular interest in her beautiful sister was sufficiently apparent—that he followed *Zaidee's* looks and movements with a wondering regard, for which he himself could not

account;—but something else was still more evident, and still more satisfactory. Percy did not worship at the feet of this more lofty and poetic beauty; he brought his homage to the sunny eyes, the lighter heart, and less fanciful spirit of Mary Cumberland; he had only interest and admiration to bestow upon her beautiful sister Elizabeth. And never yet, though they were come to be on very confidential terms, had Percy the slightest opening for inquiry—the slightest reason to suspect that this beautiful Elizabeth was not the child of the house.

In other respects than this, the household was slightly jarring and uncomfortable. Mrs Burtonshaw did not have her son's claims acknowledged as they should have been; the good lady found everybody around her, and herself not less than everybody, unexpectedly fascinated with *this* Mr Percy Vivian, and she did not doubt that the young author would carry off Mary from under her very eyes, and amid the plaudits of Sylvo. Sylvo still looked with delight on Mr Vivian's high-stepping horse, and admired the dashing style in which Mr Vivian drew up at Mr Cumberland's gate. Sylvo never suspected when his new friend laughed at him—never grew suspicious of the solemn assent which Mr Vivian gave to his brilliant suggestions; and he had not the slightest objection to the new-comer's devotion to Mary, nor grumbled that her ear was engrossed and her attention occupied night after night. Mr Cumberland and Mrs Cumberland were equally indifferent; all the discretion in the house was embodied in the person of Mrs Burtonshaw, and even her remonstrances and representations failed to open the eyes of this careless father and mother to the danger of their child.

"I wanted very much to have a little girl myself when Sylvo was born," said Mrs Burtonshaw solemnly; "but when I found that I had got a big boy, and when by-and-by the little girl came to Maria Anna, of course I very soon came to a decision, my love. I set my heart upon it when you were in your cradle, Mary. I said to myself, 'Here is my Sylvo now; he shall wait for his little cousin. He is a good boy; he will be guided by his mother, and I shall take care never to lose sight of this sweet little darling till she is my Sylvo's wife.' I have never lost sight of you, Mary, my dear child, and you could not be so cruel as to break my heart now."

"No, indeed, Aunt Burtonshaw," said Mary, laughing and blushing; "but why should you break your heart? Sylvo's heart would not break, I am sure, if I were to run away to-morrow, and I belong to you now as much as Sylvo does. Why should the poor boy have a wife? He does not want a wife; he would much rather be left to his travels and Mr Mansfield."

"That is the very thing I am afraid of," said Mrs Burtonshaw. "Why, Mary, my love, if it is not soon, Sylvo will go away."

"Dear Aunt Burtonshaw, it must not be soon," said Mary, growing red and serious; "and indeed you must not speak of it again. Poor Sylvo, he deserves better than to have me laughing at him, and you speaking as if he were a child. You should hear what Elizabeth says."

"What does Elizabeth say?" asked Mrs Burtonshaw, with great curiosity.

Zaidee had to be recalled from her own thoughts by a repetition of the question before she heard it. "I only say that Sylvo is very good and very kind, and ought to have some one who cares for him," said Zaidee, dismissing the subject quietly. It was more important to Aunt Burtonshaw than it was to Zaidee. She looked from one to the other with a new light thrown on her thoughts. "Mary does not care for Sylvo; Elizabeth does," said Aunt Burtonshaw within herself. She was quite excited with her imagined discovery. She recalled the paleness, the abstraction,

the many silent thoughts and hours of musing which had slightly separated Zaidee from the family. Looking back, she found that these unquestionable tokens of "falling in love" had all made their appearance since Sylvo came to Twickenham. She could scarcely refrain from going at once to this pensive young martyr of a secret attachment, and caressing her into hope and cheerfulness. "I am sure Sylvo will be a happy man," said Mrs Burtonshaw with a little emphasis. Alas! Sylvo was so unimportant a person in the eyes of those ungrateful young ladies, that neither of them observed how emphatic his mother's words were; but Mrs Burtonshaw's own thoughts did not let the matter rest. She resolved that the "poor dear" should not pine in vain for Sylvo. She resolved that Sylvo's hopes should change their direction without delay. Mary, indeed, had been destined for him from the cradle, but Elizabeth was certainly the next best when Mary did not care for him; and then such a beauty! Mrs Burtonshaw—a wise woman—finding that she could not have exactly what she would, instantly burst into delight with the substitute which she could have. She did not love Mary less, but she loved Elizabeth more. She abounded in caresses and in delicate allusions to her dear child's "feelings." Poor Zaidee had no mercy shown to her on one side or the other. Perfectly guiltless of "falling in love" as she was, she was concluded to be over head and ears in it by both parties in the house. Mrs Cumberland pathetically assured the wondering Zaidee, "Ah, my love, I know woman's heart." And Mrs Burtonshaw, with equal tenderness, said, "Come with me, my darling, and look for Sylvo." There was no refuge for her between the two; she must either be smitten with the charms of Sylvester, or bound to Mr Vivian's chariot-wheels. Mary, who sometimes was a little troubled, fearing for the last of these misfortunes, had a wicked delight in the absurdity of the former one. She increased Aunt Burtonshaw's delusion with the greatest glee. Mary's conscience was clear now of all her own misbehaviour. She was once more Zaidee's most lov-

ing sister, and Zaidee had forgiven and forgotten her evil manners. Mary was in the highest spirits, without a drawback upon her happiness, except the fear which sometimes glanced across her, that her companion really had an unfortunate liking for Mr Vivian. This, however, was too transitory, and had too slight a foundation to give any permanent trouble to her mind; and Mary was in the highest flow of her naturally happy disposition, and gave herself full scope. Aunt Burtonshaw's delusion grew more and more complete under her exertions. "I only trust you may be as happy yourself, my dear love," said Aunt Burtonshaw, "and then I will be content."

Meanwhile Zaidee wandered on through that other world of hers, of which they were all ignorant. Mrs Bernard Morton came to Twickenham to return Mrs Cumberland's visit. Mr Percy Vivian came almost every day. She heard them speak the names familiar to her—she listened to the family allusions now and then made by the brother and sister,

which she alone understood in this company of strangers. Mrs Morton wondered why the beautiful Miss Cumberland would stay so pertinaciously in her corner, and Percy began to fancy that those sweet lips, which never opened, had really nothing to say. "She is very unlike the other members of the family," Elizabeth Vivian said; and they both felt so strange an interest in her—so much curiosity—that she puzzled their observation exceedingly. Quite unconscious that any one remarked her, perfectly unaware of the interpretations given to her abstraction, Zaidee went upon her silent way. The secrecy which, when it concerned the past alone, was no burden to her, oppressed her now like a thundery and sultry atmosphere. The flush of secret excitement varied her paleness with a feverish hectic, her sweet composure was disturbed and broken, and all her life seemed subsidiary to those moments of intense and eager interest in which she sat listening to Elizabeth and Percy in their involuntary references to their home.

#### CHAPTER XV.—A NEW THOUGHT.

"The use of ornament is to make us happy." Mr Cumberland laid down his book, and looked around the room. "This is an extremely commonplace apartment, Maria Anna—the house altogether is the most prosaic affair in the world, Sister Burtonshaw. Who could be happier, now, passing up or down the river, for the sight of such a house as this?"

"The house is a very comfortable house, Mr Cumberland," said Mrs Burtonshaw. "I do not see, for my part, what we have to do with the people in the steamboats, whether it makes them happy or not."

"These are the degenerate ideas which belong to this age, sister Burtonshaw," said the philosopher. "Do you mean to say that I discharge my duty to the commonwealth when I build a square box, and congratulate myself that it is comfortable? I do not see that the world, in general, has any concern with my comfort. To the mass of people this is quite an indifferent subject, sister Elizabeth; but

everybody knows the difference between an ugly house and a graceful one. Where does Nature tolerate such angles as these four corners? and what are all her graceful curves and rounded outlines for, but that we should enjoy them? There is the line of a mountain, now, in this admirable book, and there is the line of a leaf; look at them, sister Burtonshaw, and then look at this square block of brick and mortar. The thing is a monster—it is at discord with everything."

"So you will build a house shaped like a mountain, Mr Cumberland?" said Mrs Burtonshaw, who had made up her mind never to be astonished again.

"I shall employ such a selection of natural lines as will produce the most perfect whole," said Mr Cumberland. "Never fear, sister Burtonshaw, we will bring something quite unique out of it—not a square box, I promise you. We will bring in a new era in domestic architecture. I am a candid man—I never shut my mind to con-



viction; and if there is no one else in England bold enough to embody these principles in stone and lime, I am. Sylvo, my boy, if you can't rebuild, you can have your house decorated at least. How do you excuse yourself for presenting nothing to the eyes of your peasants but a larger hut—a cottage on a great scale? A landed proprietor ought to be a public educator, Sylvo. You don't appreciate your position, sir."

Sylvo's "ha, ha" rung like a distant chorus upon the somewhat high-pitched treble of his respectable uncle, but Mrs Burtonshaw was roused for her son's honour. "If Sylvo pays a schoolmaster, I assure you he does very well, Mr Cumberland," said Mrs Burtonshaw. "What has he to do teaching classes? And you are extremely mistaken if you think Sylvo's place is only a cottage on a great scale. It is a very handsome mansion, Mr Cumberland—a gentlemanly residence, the advertisement said—it might do for any landed proprietor in England. Yes, Elizabeth, my love, it is a very excellent house."

"I am quite astonished that I can have shut my eyes to it so long," said Mr Cumberland, too zealous about his own house to care for Sylvo's. "There is an inhuman character, a hardness and pitilessness about our architecture, which is sufficiently striking when one comes to consider. Fancy some poor creature now passing this house in a storm, sister Burtonshaw—where is the roofed porch and the grateful seat to give shelter to the traveller? I must set about it at once."

"What is Mr Cumberland to set about at once?" said Mrs Burtonshaw, with a little scream. "A porch to shelter vagrants—at our very door—and you will give in to him, Maria Anna! I have never been considered pitiless to the poor. I have always helped my fellow-creatures when I had opportunity," continued the good lady, raising her head with offence; "but to have a porch full of vagabonds on a rainy day, whoever might happen to call! It is a great deal too much, Mr Cumberland. It is not benevolence, it is only fancy that goes so far."

But Mr Cumberland, who was making magnificent designs on paper, gables and pinnacles enough to strike

Nürnberg with envy, and carry off half his fortune, had no ear for the protest of Mrs Burtonshaw. The philosopher spurred his new Rosinante with the greatest ardour, and Mrs Cumberland, so far from objecting, was struck with the romantic beauty of the idea.

"So like those delightful feudal times," said Mrs Cumberland, "when of course the grateful dependants had a right to the shelter of their superior's threshold. That beautiful connection between the different classes which we all ought to promote; it is never so well advanced as by kind contrivances like these."

"Do you think it is a kind contrivance to fill the house with workmen," said Mrs Burtonshaw, "to have the furniture spoiled with dust, and our things not fit to put on, and quite impossible to ask any one here? You never think of the good of the family, or the pleasure of these dear children, Maria Anna. People cannot come in through the window. Perhaps even the windows will not be left to us, my dears. I think we had better go away."

"The window left, sister Burtonshaw? I promise you the window shall not be left," said the philosopher. "The rest of the house is simply ugly, but this is detestable. No, we must have truth of form—that is the fundamental principle—and beauty of ornamentation follows, just as in the moral world pleasure comes when necessity is served. Architecture is not merely the art of building, sister Elizabeth. Architecture is a severely moral science; her mission is not so much to build churches and houses, as to form and reform the principles of her time. A square is a heathen ideal—pure paganism, Sylvo. Christian art rejects squares. You shall see, you shall see."

"You may say so if you like, Mr Cumberland—but a great many artists live in squares," said Mrs Burtonshaw. "Do you say your friend Mr Steele is not a Christian? for his house is in Fitzroy Square, I know. There he is, I believe. I was sure it was him when I heard the door open; and of course John will be doing all he can to keep from laughing when he brings Mr Steele here."

“Of course,” as Mrs Burtonshaw said, John was in a state of extreme anguish from suppressed laughter when he ushered Mr Steele into the drawing-room. The maids in the house pronounced Mr Steele “a very funny gentleman;” but John anathematised him when he retired to explode in private. John did not like making his appearance with all his laughter, painfully restrained, bursting in his face.

“I wish I could do it half as well,” said Mr Steele, lifting his eyebrows as Mr Cumberland placed his sketch of a porch before him. “What is it for? Break out a light here”—and the artist mercilessly scribbled on the porch which the philosopher had been at so much pains with—“and you’ll make it a famous painting-room. I’ve got a picture to paint now for the Duke of Scattergood; it’s full of leafage and fruitage, and running to seed. What would you advise me to call it, eh?—the hardest thing in a picture is the name.”

“Call it ‘After the Harvest,’” said Mary.

“‘After the Harvest.’ Let’s see now: that ought to be a stubble-field, with some cornflowers half dead, and a shower of apples. No; I want to give his grace a hint of a lecture. ‘After the Harvest!’—no. ‘Too Late for Reaping—scatter it,’—how would that do? He’s Scattergood, you know—eh? Do you think he’ll make it out?”

“I do,” said Sylvo.

“Do you?” said the artist. It was evidently quite satisfactory, since what Sylvo made out could not be very abstruse. All this while Mr Steele was scribbling at that pretty porch of Mr Cumberland’s. It was a grievous trial to the temper of the philosopher.

“I’ll tell you a thing that happened to me,” said Mr Steele, without looking up from his work of mischief. “I saw a picture in a window the other day—a little sketch of my own—so I went in. ‘Who’s that by?’ says I. ‘Can’t tell, sir,’ says the dealer; ‘said to be a Steele; but I don’t pretend it’s a Steele; you shall have it for six pounds.’ Well, I knew my name was on it, so I turned to the back—‘There’s George Steele on it,’ says I. ‘Yes, to be sure, anybody could put that on,’ says the dealer, so I gave

him six pounds, and brought off the picture. Next day I sold it for a hundred. Now, do you know,” said the artist, looking up with a face which had suddenly subsided, out of the satisfaction with which he had repeated this dialogue, into doubt and irresolution, “I can’t rest since. I think I ought to go and give him half. What do you say?”

“Such beautiful disinterestedness!” said Mrs Cumberland, holding up her hands.

“Eh?” said Mr Steele. He was a great deal too much in earnest about what he said to notice that this was commendation. “I know where it came from; it had gone for next to nothing at a sale. The dealer had his profit, of course: catch one of them selling a picture without a profit. Now, what do you think I should do?”

“You are spoiling my drawing, Steele,” said Mr Cumberland at last, worn out of patience; “how do you think any man is to work from it after all your flourishes? Let me have it here.”

“I am working *from* it myself,” said the artist, throwing out a succession of fanciful branches from Mr Cumberland’s Gothic porch. “See now, because I’m ornamenting his shabby bit of outline, how he keeps in his counsel. I had rather work from it than for it, I can tell you. Don’t let him begin to build; he’ll never be done: he’ll cumberland with his porches and his pinnacles, if he once begins.”

“That is just what I say,” said Mrs Burtonshaw. “You are a painter; you are always doing ornaments. Do ornaments make you happy, Mr Steele?”

Mr Steele looked with some doubtfulness at Mrs Burtonshaw. She who had once brought the reproaches of his own conscience upon him was somewhat of an awful personage to this acute yet simple spirit. “Now, what do *you* say I ought to do?” said the artist. He was convinced this must be a very conscientious person—a mind still more upright than his own.

“Do?—why, give me back my drawing, to be sure,” said Mr Cumberland. “Eh! why, Steele, what’s this you’ve been about?” It was still Mr Cumberland’s porch, but it was a porch luxuriantly mantled over with the fantastic wreathwork of a

vine. The bit of paper was henceforth not an idea of Mr Cumberland's, but a thing called, in the dialect of picture-dealers, "a Steele." Mary seized upon it eagerly for the album, in which already Percy Vivian figured, and Mr Steele threw down his pencil.

"Come in and see my picture, will you?" said the artist; "I'll introduce you to Shenkin Powis, who makes all

that row about architecture. That's his book, is it?—it's all along of him you are going to build. Does ornament make me happy, Mrs Burtonshaw?—now, when do you see an ornament on me? Ask him with his mustache there. Are you 'appy, young gentleman? He has a better right, his young squireship, than a poor old fellow like me."

CHAPTER XVI.—IMPROVEMENT.

But though Mr Cumberland's design had passed out of his hands, and become "a Steele," his intention was unchanged. Our philosopher drove into London, was introduced to Mr Shenkin Powis, and drove out again, bringing with him that luminary of architectural morality, while Mary's pretty face, full of sunny mirth, looked out from the bow-window, and *Zaidee*, reserved and silent, her ears tingling once again to the stranger's familiar name, sat behind. Mr Cumberland stood on the lawn with his visitor, dooming to destruction this hapless square house, with its four corners, and projecting a Gothic castle in its stead. Mrs Cumberland, reclining on her sofa, comforted herself that it was a "beautiful idea;" but the whole feminine population of the house, except herself, watched the two gentlemen on the lawn as they might have watched an invading army, with earnest hostility and eager vigilance. "I wonder how they can look at all these pretty innocent trees," said Mrs Burtonshaw, "and that grass that is like velvet, and everything so settled and comfortable;—I wonder they have the heart to look at them, Maria Anna! and to think that, in a day or two, there will be nothing but dust, and hammers, and masons, and all sorts of people. What does Mr Cumberland mean by a square being a heathen institution? We are not living in a square; and I am sure there is Belgravia, and Grosvenor Square, and all the rest of them, which are just the very best places one can live in; but Mr Cumberland, of course, will never be like other people. Mary, my love, we will have to go away."

"I would rather not go away, Aunt

Burtonshaw," said Mary. Papa's new freak became somewhat more serious if it involved this necessity.

"But, my love, we cannot help ourselves," said Aunt Burtonshaw. "I think we will go to Sylvo's place, Elizabeth; you would like to see Sylvo's place, my dear child; now I am sure you would, though you do not like to say it."

"But I do like to say it," said *Zaidee*, with a smile of wonder; "I should like very well to see Sylvo's place, Aunt Burtonshaw, if we must leave home."

"Poor dear!" said Mrs Burtonshaw, lovingly, smoothing *Zaidee's* beautiful hair, and thinking of the refractory Sylvo, who could not now be induced to devote himself to *Zaidee*. Sylvo had his repulse fresh in his mind yet, but did not condescend to inform his mother why he regarded her recommendation so little; so Mrs Burtonshaw expended a great deal of sympathy upon *Zaidee's* unfortunate attachment, and constantly called her "poor dear!"

Mr Shenkin Powis was a man of some note in the world. Mrs Cumberland had a luncheon prepared for him, and waited to receive him with a very pretty compliment; while old Jane Williams lingered on the staircase, anxious to waylay the visitor, and inspect him, to discover what relationship he bore to the house of Powisland. The disappointment of both these watchers was great, when Mr Shenkin Powis shook hands with Mr Cumberland on the lawn, and left this hospitable mansion undemolished and unvisited. "I have sent Parkins to drive him to Richmond," said Mr Cumberland, as he came in; "he could not wait—he had

an appointment. I am a little disappointed in him, sister Burtonshaw—clever undoubtedly, but a crotchety man—a crotchety man. The fact is, my genius will not go in leading-strings. Think of the man trying to convince me that, unless I pulled it down and rebuilt it from the foundations, it would be better to leave the house as it is. He does not approve of rounding an angle by thickening the masonry; it is not sincere. I grant the necessity of truth in form—that is the beauty of it; but think of a sincere wall, sister Burtonshaw! No: I find I must originate and execute by myself; the result will show.”

“Then you *will* go on, Mr Cumberland,” said Mrs Burtonshaw, “though even Mr Shenkin Powis knows better! Well, I am sure I have told you what I think, and if you will not hear common sense I cannot help it. But we must go away, you know; we cannot stay when you have workmen all over the house. The children want a change, too; they want change of air, poor dears. We will go to Sylvo’s place, Mr Cumberland; and when you have cut up all the poor pretty lawn, and destroyed everything, you will send for us to come home.”

But Mr Cumberland was quite beyond the reach of Aunt Burtonshaw’s innocent sarcasm. He was measuring, and planning, and making very rude sketches with a great pencil which one of the workmen, brought here on an errand of investigation, had left this morning. Mr Cumberland made his design for the Gothic porch over again, putting particular emphasis on its roof and its benches. “We would want no refuge for the destitute, no great indiscriminate shelter for the houseless poor, if this plan were universally adopted,” said Mr Cumberland; “the greatest possible incentive to private charity—the best plan that could be adopted for giving each family a little community of friendly dependents. Depend upon it, sister Burtonshaw, you will hear of this before the year is out.”

But Mrs Burtonshaw had gone to seek Sylvo, to prepare him for the honour about to be done to his place. Sylvo received the proposal somewhat gruffly, but not without satisfaction. He was pleased to have “a regular

beauty,” to make his place famous among his neighbours; and perhaps Sylvo had an idea that he had been sufficiently rude and resentful, and that now it might be time to melt a little towards Zaidee, and give her another chance. “People say you should never take a woman at her first word,” muttered Sylvo, as he lounged with his cigar among the trees, and recalled with complacency his mother’s flattering explanation of Zaidee’s silence and thoughtfulness. “Why can’t she be honest, and say as much?” said Sylvo; “but I suppose it’s woman’s way.” He was very well satisfied with this conclusion. The young gentleman was not of an inquiring mind in general—and he graciously resolved upon giving Zaidee another chance.

“Sylvo’s place! where the only society is the gentleman savage whom Aunt Burtonshaw is so much afraid of,” said Mary; and Mary shrugged her shoulders, and pouted her red lip. “Yes, I shall be very glad to see Sylvo’s place, my dear Elizabeth,” said Mrs Cumberland; “we will carry female influence, and I trust refinement, there: it will do Sylvo good, I am sure.” Only Zaidee said nothing either of satisfaction or approval. “She thinks the more, poor dear,” said Aunt Burtonshaw.

And it was a very fortunate change for Zaidee this removal; it carried her away from the daily excitement—the secret anxiety, which constantly had fresh fuel added to raise it higher. Mary might pout, but she could not help herself; and perhaps it was no harm to Mary either, this going away. The preparations were made very hastily, for Mr Cumberland was taking vigorous measures. The door was impassable before the little party were ready: they had to make their escape by the window, after all, according to Mrs Burtonshaw’s prophecy; and even the window would not have been left to them had they stayed another day. From the noise and dust and disturbance of Mr Cumberland’s improvements, they went gratefully through the bright country, on their short summer’s day’s journey to Sylvo’s place. Sylvo was quite in great spirits, laughing great “ha, ha’s” from

under his mustache, no one could tell for what reason, and preparing himself for the most joyous hospitality; he felt that he would rather astonish Mansfield, when that excellent savage came to visit him, on his arrival. Two beautiful cousins do not fall to the lot of every man; the curve of Sylvo's mustache relaxed, and those admirable teeth of his slightly revealed themselves; he tried a pun after the fashion of Mr Steele, and made such a deplorable failure that the attempt was followed by infinite plaudits; and on the whole he could not help a comfortable conviction of his own attractions, mental and physical. Sylvo was returning to his place, improved by the society of genius and feminine refinement, in the best temper and best hopes imaginable. It was quite a brilliant day for Sylvo, the day which made him sole cavalier of this little travelling party; he grew quite elated with his important position as he drew nearer home.

And Sylvo was not disappointed in his expectations. Mr Mansfield was astonished when he stalked in, in his morning costume, redolent of cigars, and was ushered into a drawing-room full of ladies. Mr Mansfield's

astonishment was so extreme indeed that he well-nigh made a quarrel with Sylvo, who "might have let a man know before he went right in among them," Mr Mansfield thought. The beautiful cousins made a great sensation in the neighbourhood of Sylvo's place, where they shook off his attendance rather unceremoniously, and wandered by themselves through the flowery lanes and fields. It was a great refreshment to each of these young hearts; they expanded once more to each other, and from this little pause and moment of observation looked back upon the time which had just passed. It was a time of infinite interest and importance to both of them: to Mary the crisis of her life; to Zaidee a great and strange trial, by means of which the crisis of *her* life also was to come. While Mr Cumberland's porch rose with its odd Gothic pinnacles on the square gable, which it was his intention to mould into conformity with the lines of nature, Mr Cumberland's household found a very pleasant change in Sylvo's place; and Sylvo had quite made up his mind, by this time, when and how he was to offer to Zaidee "another chance."

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MAUD. BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

WE are old enough to remember the time when the bare announcement of a new poem from the pen of Byron, or of a new romance from that of Scott, was sufficient to send a thrill of curiosity and expectation through the whole body of the public. No ingenious newspaper puffs, containing hints as to the nature and tone of the forthcoming production, were then required to stimulate the jaded appetite, and prepare it for the enjoyment of the promised feast. Gluttons all of us, we had hardly devoured one dish fit for a banquet of the gods, before we were ready for another; and it needed not the note of lute or psaltery, sackbut or dulcimer, to induce us to pounce, ravenous as eagles, upon the coming prey.

Some selfishness undoubtedly there was; for we have known desperate, and even demoniacal, struggles take place for the possession of an early copy. The mail-coach, which was supposed to carry one or more of these precious parcels a week or so before the general delivery, was in much greater danger of being stopped and plundered than if the boot had been stuffed with boxes containing the lamineous issue of the Bank of England. One ancient guard, well known to travellers on the north road for his civility to passengers and his admiration of rum and milk, used to exhibit a lump behind his ear, about the size of a *magnum bonum* plum, arising from an injury caused by the pistol of a literary footpad,

who attacked the mail near Alnwick for the purpose of obtaining forcible possession of a proof copy of *Rob Roy*. Judges were known to have absented themselves from the bench for the undisturbed engorgement, and for weeks afterwards the legal opinions which they delivered were strangely studded with mediæval terms. As for the poetical apprentices, Byron was, indeed, the very prince of the flat-caps. No sooner was a fresh work of his announced, than opium and prussic acid rose rapidly in the market; and the joyous tidings of some new harlotry by Mr Thomas Moore created a fluttering as of besmirched doves among the delicate damsels of Drury Lane.

All that, however, is matter of history, for the world since then has become, if not wiser, much more callous and indifferent. We have been fed for a long time upon adulterated viands, and have grown mightily suspicious of the sauce. Since the literary caterers, with very few exceptions, betook themselves to puffing, and to the dubious task of representing garbage only fit for cat's-meat, as pieces of the primest quality, men have grown shy through frequent disappointment, and will not allow themselves to be seduced into anticipatory ecstasies even by the most tempting bill of fare. When every possible kind of publication—from the lumbering journals and salacious court-gossip of some antiquated patrician pantaloons, edited by his senseless son, down to the last History of the Highway, with sketches of eminent burglars—from the play after the perusal of which in manuscript Mr Macready was attacked by British cholera, down to the poem so very spasmodic that it reminds you of the writhing of a knot of worms—from audacious, though most contemptible, forgeries on the dead, down to the autobiography of a rogue and a swindler—is represented as “a work of surpassing interest, full of genius, calculated to make a lasting impression on the public mind,” and so forth, can it be wondered at if the public has long ago lost faith in such announcements? It would be as easy to induce a pack of fox-hounds to follow a trail through the town of Wick in

the herring season, as to allure purchasers by dint of this indiscriminate system of laudation.

Yet we deny not that at times we feel a recurrence of the old fever-fit of expectation. The advertisement of a forthcoming novel by Sir E. B. Lytton would excite in the bosoms of many of us sensations similar to those which agitate a Junior Lord of the Treasury at the near approach of quarter-day. If we could only be assured of the exact time when Mr Macaulay's new volumes are to appear, we might, even now, forgive him for having kept us so long upon the tenter-hooks. Let Lord Palmerston fix a precise day for the issue of his Life and Political Reminiscences, and we gage our credit that, before dawn, the doors of his publisher will be besieged; and, to come to the immediate subject of this article, we have been waiting for a long time, with deep anxiety, for the promised new volume of poems by Alfred Tennyson. The young cormorant, whom from our study window we see sitting upon a rock in the voe, was an egg on a ledge of the cliff when we first heard whisper that the Laureate was again preparing to sing. The early daisies were then starring the sward, and the primroses blooming on the bank; and now the poppies are red amongst the corn, and the corn itself yellowing into harvest. Post after post arrived, and yet they brought not *Maud*—a sore disappointment to us, for we are dwelling in the land of the Niebelungen, where, Providence be praised, there are no railways, and cheap literature is deliciously scarce—so we fell back upon Tennyson's earlier poems, solaced ourselves with the glorious rhythm of *Locksley Hall* and the *Morte D'Arthur*, lay among the purple heather, and read *Ulysses* and the *Lotos-eaters*, and dreamed luxuriously of the *Sleeping Beauty*. These, and one or two others, such as *Dora*, and the *Gardener's Daughter*, are poems of which we never tire, so exquisite is their expression, and so delicate their music; and for their sake we are content to pass over a good deal that is indifferent in quality, and much that is affected in manner. For—the truth must be said, notwithstanding the

chirping of numerous indiscreet admirers who are incapable of distinguishing one note from another—Alfred Tennyson is singularly unequal in composition. Some of the poems upon which he appears to have bestowed the greatest amount of labour, and on which we suspect he particularly plumes himself, are his worst; and we never could join in the admiration which we have heard expressed for *In Memoriam*. It is simply a dirge with countless variations, calculated, no doubt, to show the skill of the musician, but conveying no impression of reality or truthfulness to the mind. Grief may be so drawled out and protracted as to lose its primary character, and to assume that very modified form which the older poets used to denominate the luxury of woe. One epitaph, in prose or verse, is enough for even the best of our race, and the briefer it can be made, the better. To sit down deliberately and elaborate several scores in memory of the same individual, is a waste of ingenuity on the part of the writer, and a sore trial of temper to the reader. Nor can we aver that we are at all partial to this kind of funereal commemoration when carried to an extreme. Poets may be excused for fabricating, in their hours of melancholy, an occasional dirge or so, which may serve as a safety-valve to their excited feelings; but their voices were given them for something better than to keep wheezing all day long like a chorus of consumptive sextons. Therefore we have never included *In Memoriam* in the list of our travelling library, but have left it at home on the same shelf with Blair's *Grave*, and the *Oraisons Funèbres*.

We confess to have been disappointed with *The Princess*. The idea of the poem, though somewhat bizarre, was novel and ingenious, and allowed scope for great variety, but it necessarily implied the possession of more humorous power than Mr Tennyson has yet displayed. In it, however, are to be found some most beautiful lines and passages—so beautiful, indeed, that they almost seem out of place in a poem which, as a whole, leaves so faint and vague an impression on the mind of the reader.

We ought, however, to accept *The Princess*, a *Medley*, for what it probably was intended to be—a freak of fancy; and in that view it would be unfair to apply to it any stringent rules of criticism.

Even those who esteemed his later volumes more highly than we were able to do—who protested that they had wept over portions of *In Memoriam*, and that they were able to extract deep lessons of philosophy from divers dark sayings in *The Princess*, which, to uninitiated eyes, seemed rather devoid of meaning—even they were constrained to admit that something better might have been expected from Alfred. And now, when, after a breathing-time, he had taken the field afresh, we entertained a sincere and earnest hope that his new poem would be equal, if not superior, to any of his former productions.

We have at last received *Maud*, and we have risen from its perusal dispirited and sorrowful. It is not a light thing nor a trivial annoyance to a sincere lover of literature to have it forced upon his conviction that the man, who has unquestionably occupied for years the first place among the living British poets, is losing ground with each successive effort. During the earlier part of the present century, when poetry as an especial art was more cultivated if not more prized than now, there were many competitors for the laurels; and when the song of one minstrel ceased or grew faint, another was emulous with his strain. It is not so now. We have, indeed, much piping, but little real melody; and knowing that we have but a very slight poetical reserve to fall back upon, we watch with more than ordinary vigilance and anxiety the career of those who have already won a reputation. It is singular, but true, that the high burst of poetry which many years ago was simultaneously exhibited both in Germany and Great Britain, has suddenly declined in either country—that no adequate successors should be found to Schiller, Goethe, Tieck, and Uhland, in the one—or to Scott, Byron, Campbell, and Coleridge, in the other. Many more names, both German and British, we might have cited as belonging to the

last poetic era, but these are enough to show, by comparison, how much we have dwarfed in poetry. It may be that this is partly owing to the wider range of modern literature, and the greatly increased demand for ready literary ability, but the fact remains as we have stated it; and certainly there are now few among us who devote themselves exclusively to the poetic art, and fewer still who have cultivated it with anything approaching to success. First among the latter class we have ranked, and still do rank, Tennyson. He has resisted all literary temptations which might have interfered with his craft; like Wordsworth, he has refused to become a *littérateur*, and has taken his lofty stand upon minstrelsy alone. And upon that one account, if on no other, we should deeply regret to see him fail. Occasional failure, or what the world will term as such, is no more than every poet who has early developed his powers, and whose genius has met with ready recognition, must expect; for, in the absence of any universal standard, the public are wont to weigh the actions, words, and writings of each man separately, and to decide upon their merit according to previous achievement. It may be a positive misfortune to have succeeded too early. There is much more in the word "Excelsior" than meets the common eyes, or, we shrewdly apprehend, than reaches the understanding of the men who use it so freely. A man may rise to fame by one sudden effort; but unless he can leap as high, if not higher, again, he will presently be talked of as a cripple by multitudes, who, but for his first airy vault, would have regarded his second with astonishment. It is the consciousness of the universal application of this rule of individual comparison which, in all ages, has forced poets and other literary men to study variety. Having achieved decided success in one department, they doubt whether their second effort can transcend the first; and being unwilling to acknowledge discomfiture, even by themselves, they essay some new feat of intellectual gymnastics. That the world has been a gainer thereby we do not doubt. "New fields and new pastures" are as necessary to the

poet as to the shepherd; only it behoves him to take care that he does not conduct us to a barren moor.

Now let us examine more particularly the poem before us. Had *Maud* been put into our hands as the work of some young unrecognized poet, we should have said that it exhibited very great promise—that it contained at least one passage of such extraordinary rythmical music, that the sense became subordinate to the sound, a result which, except in the case of one or two of the plaintive ancient Scottish ballads, and some of the lyrics of Burns, has hardly ever been attained by any British writer of poetry—that such passages, however, though they exhibited the remarkable powers of the author, were by no means to be considered as manifestations, or rather assurances, of his judgment, even in musical matters, since they alternated with others of positively hideous cacophony, such as we should have supposed that no man gifted with a tolerable ear and pliable fingers would have perpetrated—that sometimes a questionable taste had been exhibited in the selection of ornaments, which were rather gaudy than graceful, and often too ostentatiously exposed—that there were other grave errors against taste which we could only attribute to want of practice and study—that the objectionable and unartistic portions of the poem were, leaving the mediocre ones altogether out of the question, grossly disproportionate to the good—and that the general effect of the poem was unhappy, unwholesome, and disagreeable. Such would have been our verdict, had we not known who was the writer; and we feel a double disappointment now when forced to record it against a poet of such deserved reputation. But it is the best course to express our opinion honestly, and without reservation. Mr Tennyson's indiscriminate admirers may possibly think it their duty to represent this, his latest production, as a magnificent triumph of genius, but they never will be able to persuade the public to adopt that view, and we trust most sincerely that the Laureate will not permit himself to be confirmed in practical error through their flatteries. We say this



much because we see no reason for attributing the inferior quality of his later poems to any decay of his native or acquired powers. We believe that he can, whenever he pleases, delight the world once more with such poetry as he enunciated in his youth; but we think that he has somehow or other been led astray by poetic theories, which may be admirably adapted for the consideration of dilettanti, but which are calculated rather to spoil than to enhance the productions of a man of real genius. Theories have been ere now the curse of many poets. For example, who will deny that, but for their obstinate adherence to theory, the reputations both of Wordsworth and of Southey would have been greater than they presently are?

*Maud* is a monologue in six-and-twenty parts, each of them intended to depict a peculiar phase of the mind of the speaker, who is a young gentleman in decayed circumstances, and therefore morbid and misanthropical. The poem opens thus:—

“ I hate the dreadful hollow behind the little wood,  
Its lips in the field above are dabbled with blood-red heath,  
The red-ribb'd ledges drip with a silent horror of blood,  
And Echo there, whatever is ask'd her, answers ' Death.'

For there in the ghastly pit long since a body was found,  
His who had given me life—O father! O God! was it well?—  
Mangled, and flatten'd, and crush'd, and dinted into the ground:  
*There yet lies the rock that fell with him when he fell.*

Did he fling himself down? who knows? for a great speculation had fail'd,  
And ever he mutter'd and madden'd, and ever wann'd with despair,  
And out he walk'd when the wind like a broken worldling wail'd,  
And the flying gold of the ruin'd woodlands drove thro' the air.

I remember the time, for the roots of my hair were stirr'd  
By a shuffled step, by a dead weight trail'd, by a whisper'd fright,  
And my pulses closed their gates with a shock on my heart as I heard

*The shrill-edged shriek of a mother divide the shuddering night.*

Villany somewhere! whose? One says we are villains all.  
Not he: his honest fame should at least by me be maintain'd:

But that old man, now lord of the broad estate and the Hall,  
*Dropt off gorged from a scheme that had left us flaccid and drain'd.*

Why do they prate of the blessings of Peace? we have made them a curse,  
Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not its own;

And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it better or worse

*Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on his own hearthstone?*

But these are the days of advance, the works of the men of mind,

When who but a fool would have faith in a tradesman's ware or his word?

*Is it peace or war? Civil war, as I think, and that of a kind*

*The viler, as underhand, not openly bearing the sword.*

Sooner or latter I too may passively take the print

Of the golden age—why not? I have neither hope nor trust:

May make my heart as a millstone, set my face as a flint,

Cheat and be cheated, and die: who knows? we are ashes and dust.”

Is that poetry? Is it even respectable verse? Is it not altogether an ill-conceived and worse-expressed screed of bombast, set to a metre which has the string-halt, without even the advantage of regularity in its hobble? Do not say that we are severe, we are merely speaking the truth, and we are ready to furnish a test. Let any man who can appreciate melody, turn to *Locksley Hall*, and read aloud eight or ten stanzas of that wonderful poem, until he has possessed himself with its music, then let him attempt to sound the passage which we have just quoted, and he will immediately perceive the woeful difference. The contrast between the breathings of an Æolian harp and the rasping of a blacksmith's file is scarcely more palpable. Our young misanthrope goes on to describe the ways of the world, of which he seems to entertain a very bad opinion, and finally comes to the conclusion that war upon a large scale is the only proper remedy for adulteration of comestibles, house-breaking, and child-murder.

“ And the vitriol madness flushes up in the ruffian's head,  
Till the filthy by-lane rings to the yell of the trampled wife,

While chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor for bread,

And the spirit of murder works in the very means of life.

And Sleep must lie down arm'd, for the villainous centre-bits  
Grind on the wakeful ear in the hush of the moonless nights,  
While another is cheating the sick of a few last gasps, as he sits  
*To pestle a poison'd poison behind his crimson lights.*

When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a burial fee,  
*And Timour-Mammon grins on a pile of children's bones,*  
Is it peace or war? better, war! loud war by land and by sea,  
War with a thousand battles, and shaking a hundred thrones.  
For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round by the hill,  
And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three-decker out of the foam,  
*That the smooth-faced snub-nosed rogue would leap from his counter and till,*  
And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating yardwand, home."

Having thus vented his bile by a wholesale objurgation of the peace-party, which shows, as Bailie Jarvie says, that "the creature has occasional glimmerings," this unhappy victim of paternal speculation suddenly bethinks himself that there are workmen at the Hall, now the property of the "millionaire" or "grey old wolf," by which endearing titles the father of Maud is designated throughout, and that the family are coming home. He remembers the little girl—

"Maud with her sweet purse-mouth when my father dangled the grapes,"

but makes up his mind to have nothing to say to her :

"Thanks, for the fiend best knows whether woman or man be the worse,  
I will bury myself in my books, and the Devil may pipe to his own."

However, on an early day he obtains a glimpse, in a carriage, of "a cold and clear-cut face," which proves to belong to Maud, and he thus describes her—

"Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,  
Dead perfection, no more; nothing more, if it had not been  
For a chance of travel, a paleness, an hour's defect of the rose,  
Or an underlip, you may call it a little too ripe, too full,  
*Or the least little delicate aquiline curve in a sensitive nose,*  
From which I escaped heart-free, with the least little touch of spleen."

The thaw, however, commences.

He presently hears her singing; and, as this passage is the first in the volume which displays a scintillation of poetic power, or reminds us in any way of the former writings of Mr Tennyson, we gladly insert it:—

"A voice by the cedar tree,  
In the meadow under the Hall!  
She is singing an air that is known to me,  
A passionate ballad gallant and gay,  
A martial song like a trumpet's call!  
Singing alone in the morning of life,  
In the happy morning of life and of May,  
Singing of men that in battle array,  
Ready in heart and ready in hand,  
March with banner and bugle and fife  
To the death for their native land.

Maud with her exquisite face,  
And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky,  
And feet like sunny gems on an English green,  
Maud in the light of her youth and her grace,  
Singing of Death, and of Honour that cannot die,  
Till I well could weep for a time so sordid and mean,  
And myself so languid and base.

Silence, beautiful voice!  
Be still, for you only trouble the mind  
With a joy in which I cannot rejoice,  
A glory I shall not find.  
Still! I will hear you no more,  
For your sweetness hardly leaves me a choice  
But to move to the meadow and fall before  
Her feet on the meadow grass, and adore,  
Not her, who is neither courtly nor kind,  
Not her, not her, but a voice."

When we read the above passage we had good hope that the Laureate had emerged from the fog, but he again becomes indistinct and distorted. However, the worst is past, for we verily believe it would be impossible for ingenuity itself to caricature the commencement. Maud begins to smile upon Misanthropos, who is, however, still suspicious; for her brother has an eye to a seat for the county, and the young lady may be a canvasser in disguise. We should like to know what gentleman sate for the following sketch:—

"What if tho' her eye seem'd full  
Of a kind intent to me,  
What if that dandy-despot, he,  
*That jewell'd mass of millinery,*  
*That oil'd and curl'd Assyrian Bull*  
*Smelling of musk and of insolence,*  
Her brother, from whom I keep aloof,  
Who wants the finer politic sense  
To mask, tho' but in his own behoof,  
With a glassy smile his brutal scorn—  
What if he had told her yesternorn

How prettily for his own sweet sake  
A face of tenderness might be feign'd,  
And a moist mirage in desert eyes,  
That so, when the rotten hustings shake  
In another month to his brazen lies,  
A wretched vote may be gain'd."

It seems, however, that a young member of the peerage, who owes his rank to black diamonds, is an admirer of Maud; whereupon the misanthropic lover again becomes abusive:—

"Sick, am I sick of a jealous dread?  
Was not one of the two at her side  
This new-made lord, whose splendour plucks  
The slavish hat from the villager's head?  
Whose old grandfather has lately died,  
Gone to a blacker pit, for whom  
Grimy nakedness dragging his trucks  
And laying his trams in a poison'd gloom  
Wrought, till he crept from a gutted mine  
Master of half a servile shire,  
And left his coal all turn'd into gold  
To a grandson, first of his noble line,  
Rich in the grace all women desire,  
Strong in the power that all men adore,  
And simper and set their voices lower,  
And soften as if to a girl, and hold  
Awe-stricken breaths at a work divine,  
Seeing his gewgaw castle shine,  
New as his title, built last year,  
There amid perky larches and pine,  
And over the sullen-purple moor  
(Look at it) pricking a cockney ear.

What, has he found my jewel out?  
For one of the two that rode at her side  
Bound for the Hall, I am sure was he:  
Bound for the Hall, and I think for a bride.  
Blithe would her brother's acceptance be.  
Maud could be gracious too, no doubt,  
To a lord, a captain, a padded shape,  
A bought commission, a waxen face,  
*A rabbit mouth that is ever agape—*  
Bought? what is it he cannot buy?  
And therefore, splenetic, personal, base,  
Sick, sick to the heart of life, am I."

But, after all, Misanthropos proves too much for the titled Lord of the Mines, for he and Maud have a walk together in a wood, and the courtship commences in earnest.

"Birds in our wood sang  
Ringing thro' the valleys,  
Maud is here, here, here  
In among the lilies.  
I kiss'd her slender hand,  
She took the kiss sedately;  
*Maud is not seventeen,*  
*But she is tall and stately.*

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Look, a horse at the door,  
And little King Charles is snarling,  
Go back, my lord, across the moor,  
You are not her darling."

O dear, dear! what manner of stuff is this?

But that Assyrian Bull of a brother is again in the way, and treats Misanthropos cavalierly; notwithstanding which, he proposes to Maud, and is accepted. We make every allowance for the raptures of a lover on such an occasion, and admit that he is privileged to talk very great nonsense; but there must be a limit somewhere; and we submit to Mr Tennyson whether he was justified, for his own sake, in putting a passage so outrageously silly as the following into the mouth of his hero:—

"Go not, happy day,  
From the shining fields,  
Go not, happy day,  
Till the maiden yields.  
Rosy is the West,  
Rosy is the South,  
Roses are her cheeks,  
And a rose her mouth.  
When the happy Yes  
Falters from her lips,  
Pass and blush the news  
O'er the blowing ships.  
Over blowing seas,  
Over seas at rest,  
Pass the happy news,  
Blush it thro' the West;  
*Till the red man dance*  
*By his red cedar tree,*  
*And the red man's babe*  
*Leap, beyond the sea.*  
Blush from West to East,  
Blush from East to West,  
*Till the West is East,*  
*Blush it thro' the West.*  
Rosy is the West,  
Rosy is the South,  
Roses are her cheeks,  
And a rose her mouth."

Mr Halliwell some years ago published a collection of Nursery Rhymes. We have not the volume by us at present; but we are fully satisfied that nothing so bairnly as the above is to be found in the Breviary of the Innocents. The part which follows this is ambitiously and elaborately written, and we doubt not will find many admirers. It is eminently rhetorical, and replete with graceful imagery, but somehow there is not a line in it which haunts us. It seems to us a splendid piece of versification, but deficient in melody and passion, and much too artificial for the situation. Others, however, may think differently, and therefore we extract the conclusion:—

"Is that enchanted moan only the swell  
Of the long waves that roll in yonder bay?"

And hark the clock within, the silver knell  
Of twelve sweet hours that past in bridal  
white,

And died to live, long as my pulses play ;  
But now by this my love has closed her  
sight

*And given false death her hand, and stol'n  
away*

*To dreamful wastes where footless fancies  
dwell*

*Among the fragments of the golden day.*

May nothing there her maiden grace affront !  
Dear heart, I feel with thee the drowsy spell.  
My bride to be, my evermore delight,  
My own heart's heart and ownest own, fare-  
well.

It is but for a little space I go :

And ye meanwhile far over moor and fell  
Beat to the noiseless music of the night !  
Has our whole earth gone nearer to the glow  
Of your soft splendours that you look so  
bright ?

*I have climb'd nearer out of lonely Hell.*  
Beat, happy stars, timing with things below,  
Beat with my heart more blest than heart can  
tell,

Blest, but for some dark undercurrent woe  
That seems to draw—but it shall not be so :  
Let all be well, be well."

Then follows some namby-pamby which we shall not quote. There is to be a grand political dinner and dance at the Hall, to which *Misanthropos* is not invited ; but he intends to wait in *Maud's* own rose-garden until the ball is over, when he hopes to obtain an interview for a moment. Then comes a very remarkable passage, in which *Mr Tennyson* gives a signal specimen of the rhythmical power which he possesses. The music of it is faultless ; and we at least are not disposed to cavil at the quaintness of the imagery, which is almost Oriental in its tone. We treasure it the more, because it is the one gem of the collection—the only passage that we can read with pure unmixed delight, and with a perfect conviction that it is the strain of a true poet. Other passages there are, more ambitious and elaborate, studded all over with those metaphors, strange epithets, and conceits which are the disfigurement of modern poetry, and which we are surprised that a man of genius and experience should persist in using ; but they all seem to us to want life and reality, and surely the ink was sluggish in the pen when they were written. Only in this one does the verse flash out like a golden thread from a reel ; and we feel that our hands are bound, like those of

*Thalaba*, when the enchantress sang to him as she spun :—

" Come into the garden, *Maud*,  
For the black bat, night, has flown,  
Come into the garden, *Maud*,  
I am here at the gate alone ;  
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,  
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,  
And the planet of Love is on high,  
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves  
On a bed of daffodil sky,  
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,  
To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard  
The flute, violin, bassoon ;  
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd  
To the dancers dancing in tune ;  
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,  
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, ' There is but one  
With whom she has heart to be gay.  
When will the dancers leave her alone ?  
She is weary of dance and play.'

Now half to the setting moon are gone,  
And half to the rising day ;  
Low on the sand and loud on the stone  
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, ' The brief night goes  
In babble and revel and wine.  
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,  
For one that will never be thine ?  
But mine, but mine,' so I sware to the rose,  
' For ever and ever, mine.'

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,  
As the music clash'd in the hall ;  
And long by the garden lake I stood,  
For I heard your rivulet fall  
From the lake to the meadow and on to the  
wood,  
Our wood, that is dearer than all ;

From the meadow your walks have left so  
sweet  
That whenever a March-wind sighs  
He sets the jewel-print of your feet  
In violets blue as your eyes,  
To the woody hollows in which we meet  
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake  
One long milk-bloom on the tree ;  
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,  
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea ;  
But the rose was awake all night for your  
sake,  
Knowing your promise to me ;  
The lilies and roses were all awake,  
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,  
Come hither, the dances are done,  
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,  
Queen lily and rose in one ;  
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,  
To the flowers, and be their sun,

There has fallen a splendid tear  
 From the passion-flower at the gate,  
 She is coming, my dove, my dear ;  
 She is coming, my life, my fate ;  
 The red rose cries, ' She is near, she is near ;'  
 And the white rose weeps, ' She is late ;'  
 The larkspur listens, ' I hear, I hear ;'  
 And the lily whispers, ' I wait.'  
 She is coming, my own, my sweet ;  
 Were it ever so airy a tread,  
 My heart would hear her and beat,  
 Were it earth in an earthy bed ;  
 My dust would hear her and beat,  
 Had I lain for a century dead ;  
 Would start and tremble under her feet,  
 And blossom in purple and red."

Little more of story is there. The lovers are surprised in the garden by the Assyrian Bull and Lord Culm and Coke, and the former smites Misanthropos on the face. A duel ensues, when "*procumbit humi bos.*" Misanthropos betakes himself to France, returns, finds that his love is dead, and goes mad. Mr Tennyson has written a mad passage, but we must needs say that he had better have spared himself the trouble. Seven pages of what he most accurately calls "idiot gabble," are rather too much, more especially when they do not contain a touch of pathos. We weep over the disordered wits of Ophelia—we listen to the ravings of Misanthropos, and are nervous as to what may happen if the keeper should not presently appear with a strait-jacket. The case is bad enough when young poetasters essay to gain a hearing by dint of maniacal howls ; but it is far worse when we find a man of undoubted genius and widespread reputation, demeaning himself by putting his name to such absolute nonsense as this :—

" Not that grey old wolf, for he came not back  
 From the wilderness, full of wolves, where he  
 used to lie ;  
 He has gather'd the bones for his o'ergrown  
 whelp to crack ;  
 Crack them now for yourself, and howl, and  
 die.  
 Prophet, curse me the blabbing lip,  
 And curse me the British vermin, the rat ;  
 I know not whether he came in the Hanover  
 ship,  
 But I know that he lies and listens mute  
 In an ancient mansion's crannies and holes :  
 Arsenic, arsenic, sir, would do it,  
 Except that now we poison our babes, poor  
 souls !  
 It is all used up for that."

Can Mr Tennyson possibly be labouring under the delusion that he is

using his high talents well and wisely, and giving a valuable contribution to the poetic literature of England, by composing and publishing such gibberish? We are told that there is method in madness, and Shakespeare never lost sight of that when giving voice to the ravings of King Lear ; but this is mere barbarous bedlamite jargon, without a vestige of meaning, and it is a sore humiliation to us to know that it was written by the Laureate.

At length Misanthropos recovers his senses ; principally, in so far as we can gather from the poem, because the British nation has gone to war with Russia ; and we expected to learn from Mr Tennyson that he had enlisted, and gone out to the Crimea to head a forlorn hope, and perish in a hostile battery. It appears, however, that he had no such intention ; and the poem closes with the following passage, which bears a *singular* resemblance to fustian :—

" Tho' many a light shall darken, and many  
 shall weep  
 For those that are crush'd in the clash of  
 jarring claims,  
 Yet God's just doom shall be wreak'd on a  
 giant liar ;  
 And many a darkness into the light shall leap,  
 And shine in the sudden making of splendid  
 names,  
 And noble thought be freer under the sun,  
 And the heart of a people beat with one desire ;  
 For the long, long canker of peace is over  
 and done,  
 And now by the side of the Black and the  
 Baltic deep,  
 And deathful-grinning mouths of the fortress,  
 flames  
 The blood-red blossom of war with a heart of  
 fire."

It must, we think, have been observed by most readers of Tennyson's poetry, that his later productions do not exhibit that felicity of diction which characterised those of an earlier period. It seems to us that he formerly bestowed great pains upon his style, which was naturally ornate, for the purpose of attaining that simplicity of expression which is the highest excellence in poetry as in every other kind of composition. By simplicity we do not mean bald diction, or baby utterance ;—we use the term in its high sense, as expressive of the utmost degree of lucidity combined with energy, when all false images, far-fetched metaphors and comparisons,

and mystical forms of speech, are discarded. The best of Tennyson's early poems are composed in that manner; but of late years there has been a marked alteration in his style. He gives us no longer such exquisite little gems as *Hero and Leander*, which was printed in the first edition of his poems, but which seems to have been excluded, through over-fastidiousness, from the subsequent collection. It is many a long year since we read that poem, but we know it by heart sufficiently well to declaim it; and we venture from memory to transcribe the opening stanza;—

“ O go not yet, my love !  
The night is dark and vast,  
The moon is hid in the heaven above,  
And the waves are climbing fast ;  
O kiss me, kiss me once again,  
Lest that kiss should be the last !  
O kiss me ere we part—  
Grow closer to my heart—  
My heart is warmer surely than the bosom  
of the main ! ”

What can be more beautiful, musical, or exquisite than that passage? No wonder that it lingers on the mind, like the echo of a fairy strain. But turn to those simple passages in *Maud*, and you find nothing but namby-pamby. We have already quoted more than one such passage, and perhaps it is unnecessary to multiply instances; but, lest it should be said that lovers' raptures, being often incomprehensible, incoherent, and rather childish in reality, ought to be so rendered in verse, we pray the attention of the reader to the following few lines, which admit of no such plea in justification:—

“ So dark a mind within me dwells,  
And I make myself such evil cheer,  
That if I be dear to some one else,  
Then some one else may have much to fear ;  
But if I be dear to some one else,  
Then I should be to myself more dear.  
Shall I not take care of all that I think,  
Yea ev'n of wretched meat and drink,  
If I be dear,  
If I be dear to some one else ? ”

On what possible pretext can lines like these be ranked as poetry? Why should we continue to sneer at Sternhold and Hopkins, when the first poetical writer of the day is not ashamed to give such offerings to the public?

In his more ambitious attempts, Mr Tennyson is now wordy, and very often

rugged. Some of his later verses bear a strong resemblance to that kind of crambo which was invented to test the youthful powers of pronunciation; and the enigma relating to “ Peter Piper,” who “ pecked a peck of pepper off a pewter platter,” is not more execrably cacophonous than many lines which we could select from the volume before us. Here is one instance, not by any means the strongest:—

“ Be mine a philosopher's life in the quiet  
woodland ways,  
Where if I cannot be gay let a passionless  
peace be my lot,  
*Far-off from the clamour of liars belied in the  
hubbub of lies ;*  
*From the long-neck'd geese of the world that  
are ever hissing dispraise*  
Because their natures are little, and, whether  
he heed it or not,  
*Where each man walks with his head in a cloud  
of poisonous flies.”*

Also it appears to us that he has become addicted to exaggeration, and an unnecessary use of very strong language. The reader must have already perceived this from the extracts we have given descriptive of Maud's brother, and of his friend; but the same violence of phraseology is exhibited when there appears no occasion for hyperbole, and then the effect becomes ludicrous. In former times, few could vie with Mr Tennyson in the art of heightening a picture; now he has lost all discretion, and overlays his subject, whether it relates to a material or a mental image. We might pass over “ daffodil skies,” “ gross mud-honey,” “ ashen-grey delights,” “ the delicate Arab arch” of a lady's feet, and “ the grace that, bright and light as a crest of a peacock, sits on her shining head.” We might, we say, pass over these things, as mere casual lapses or mannerisms; but when Mr Tennyson, for the purpose, we presume, of indicating the morbid tendencies of his hero, makes him give vent to the following confession, we have no bowels of compassion left, and we feel a considerable degree of contempt for Maud for having condescended to listen to the addresses of such a pitiful poltroon:—

“ Living alone in an empty house,  
Here half-hid in the gleaming wood,  
Where I hear the dead at mid-day moan,  
And the shrieking rush of the wainscot mouse,  
And my own sad name in corners cried,  
When the shiver of dancing leaves is thrown  
About its echoing chambers wide,

Till a morbid hate and horror have grown  
Of a world in which I have hardly mixt,  
And a morbid eating lichen fixt  
On a heart half turned to stone."

But we have no heart to go on further; nor shall we criticise the minor poems appended to *Maud*, for there is not one of them which we consider at all worthy of the genius of the author.

A more unpleasant task than that which we have just performed in reviewing this poem, and in passing so unfavourable a judgment, has not devolved upon us for many a day. We hoped to have been able to applaud—we have been compelled, against our wish and expectation, to condemn. It may possibly be said that there was no occasion for expressing any kind of opinion; and that if, after perusing *Maud*, we found that we could not conscientiously praise it, it was in our option to let it pass unnoticed. But we cannot so deal with Mr Tennyson. His reputation is a high one; and he has a large poetic following. In justice to others of less note, upon whose works we have commented freely, we cannot maintain silence when the Laureate has taken the field. Some of those whom we have previously noticed, may possibly think that our judgments have been harsh—for when did ever youthful poet listen complacently to an honest censor?—but they shall not have an excuse for saying that, while we spoke our mind freely with regard to them, we have allowed

others of more acknowledged credit to escape, when their writings demanded condemnation. Why should we attempt reviewing at all, if we are not to be impartial in our judgments? If the opinion which we have expressed should have the effect of making Mr Tennyson aware of the fact that he is seriously imperilling his fame by issuing poems so ill considered, crude, tawdry, and objectionable as this, then we believe that our present plainness of speech will be the cause of a great gain to the poetic literature of the country. If, on the contrary, Mr Tennyson chooses to turn a deaf ear to our remonstrance, we cannot help it; but we have performed our duty. We have never been insensible to his merits, nor have we wilfully withheld our admiration; and it is from the very poignancy of our regret to see a man so gifted descend to platitudes like these, that we have expressed ourselves so broadly. Fain would we, like Ventidius in Dryden's play, arouse our Anthony to action; but we cannot hope to compass that by sugared words, or terms of indolent approval. We must touch him to the quick. In virtue of the laurel-wreath, he is the poetical champion of Britain, and should be prepared to maintain the lists against all comers. Is this a proper specimen of his powers? By our Lady of the Lances! we know half-a-dozen minor poets who, in his present condition, could bear him from his saddle in a canter.

## NOTES ON CANADA AND THE NORTH-WEST STATES OF AMERICA.

## PART VI.

## MINNESOTA.

THERE WAS no little curiosity excited in the quiet and remote town of St Anthony as the unusual procession passed through it, of a bark-canoe in a waggon, followed by two voyageurs and four Englishmen; and when we stopped for a moment at the hotel and entered the bar, the billiard-players in the adjoining room, and the loafers of the neighbourhood, crowded inquisitively round to discover the origin of the visit. When they heard the route we had taken from Superior, we were overwhelmed with inquiries as to the nature of the country, the character of the pines on the Upper Mississippi, and its advantages generally as a district in which to settle; for most of the inhabitants of these western towns are anxious to hold land beyond them, so as to profit by the advance of civilisation, and are ever seeking information from explorers, who, if they are personally interested, give the public no more of their experience and observation than they can help, until they have established their own claims in an indisputable manner, and then their descriptions are of course framed so as to induce emigration to flow in the desired direction as freely as possible. As we were quite uninterested, we were also quite impartial, and gave a true account, which, however, was most probably not believed. St Anthony is a cheerful, pretty place, clean and well built, containing about two thousand five hundred inhabitants. A great rivalry exists between it and St Paul; the former owing its prosperity to the conveniences it derives for timber operations from the magnificent water-power—the latter from its position at the head of Mississippi navigation. It is, indeed, possible to navigate the river to this point with a smaller class of boats; but it is doubtful whether those employed below St Paul will ever be able to reach it, or whether it would be desirable that they should do so. The

distance is about fourteen miles, but the actual northing is not more than two, while the stages perform the journey overland in less than an hour, the distance not exceeding eight miles. St Anthony is already a curious mixture of a manufacturing town and a watering-place. The extreme beauty of the scenery in the neighbourhood, the attractions of the Falls themselves, and the comfortable and civilised aspect of the town, are beginning to render it a fashionable summer resort, and picturesque villas are springing up on all available sites; but upon the bank of the river, saw-mills, foundries, shingle-machines, lath-factories, &c., keep up an incessant hubbub—delightful music to the white man, who recognises in the plashing of water, and the roar of steam, and the ring of a thousand hammers, the potent agency which is to regenerate a magnificent country, and to enrich himself—but the harshest sounds that ever fell upon the ear of the Indian, for they remind him of the great change through which he has already passed, and proclaim his inevitable destiny in loud unflinching tones.

The first dwelling-house was only erected in this city in the autumn of 1847, and Mrs Ard Godfrey claims the honour of having given birth to the first of the fair daughters of St Anthony. There are now numerous manufactories, shops, newspaper offices, and young ladies; four organised churches—Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopalian, and Methodist; while the importance of the place has been much increased by its having been selected as the location for the university of Minnesota; the Act providing “that the proceeds of all lands that may hereafter be granted by the United States to the territory, for the support of a university, shall be, and remain, a perpetual fund, to be called the ‘University Fund,’ the interest of which shall be appropriated to the support of a university.” This univer-



sity was opened in 1851, and already contains about a hundred pupils. Indeed, Minnesota seems determined to be in advance of the age, for two sections in every township have been appropriated for the support of common schools, no other State having previously obtained more than one section in each township for such a purpose.

At the foot of the Falls the voyageurs launched the canoe and prepared lunch, whilst we explored the neighbourhood and sketched the Falls. They are only twenty feet in height; but the scenery does not derive its interest from their grandeur, but from the perfect grouping of rock and wood and water on a magnificent scale. The Mississippi is upwards of six hundred yards wide above the Falls. These are quite perpendicular, and the water drops in beautiful single-sheets on either side of a huge mass of white sandstone, of a pyramidal form, which splits the stream. The rapids below extend for several hundred yards, and are very broad, divided into various channels by precipitous islands of sandstone, gigantic blocks of which are strewn in grotesque confusion at the base of lofty walls of stratification of dazzling whiteness. These fantastically shaped islands are thickly wooded, and birch and maple cling with desperate tenacity to nooks and crannies in the perpendicular cliffs. The banks of the river are of a character similar to the islands in its stream; and there is a picturesque old mill upon the opposite side, the first that was built here, which has just arrived at such a stage of decay as to give an additional charm to the scene. The white houses of St Anthony are almost hidden by the thick foliage of the left bank.

We could scarcely bear to tear ourselves away from so lovely a spot, after only two hours spent in exploring its beauties; but we had fourteen miles still before us to St Paul, and the sun was already getting low in the heavens; so we paddled gently on, or sometimes rested on our oars, and, letting our canoe float down the stream between perpendicular cliffs, gave ourselves up to the enervating influences of the balmy evening air,

and lay back in quiet contemplation of most magnificent scenery possessing all the charms of novelty, and the advantages of being visited under the most favourable, though certainly somewhat unusual circumstances.

The stream was broad and sluggish, and the fish rose so freely in every direction, and exhibited themselves so temptingly as they jumped and glittered in the sunshine, that our indefatigable fishing companion destroyed his own peace of mind, and kept continually hooking his friends in unsuccessful attempts to delude his prey with gaudy-coloured flies; but he could only boast of one rise, and that was known to himself alone, so we voted that the tranquil enjoyments of the evening ought not to be disturbed by such restless proceedings; and prohibiting all distracting ejaculations of surprise or delight, made *Le Fève* chaunt the melodious song of the voyageur, and watched the thin blue clouds of the fragrant pure leaf of Virginia circling in the air. There was one reach inexpressibly beautiful, where a stream issues from beneath thick foliage, and leaps a perpendicular cliff seventy or eighty feet high. It takes its rise in Lake Minnetonka, twelve miles distant, to the fertile shores of which many immigrants have already been attracted, and, passing through the romantically situated Lake Calhoun, terminates thus abruptly its brief existence. A little below it, a lofty wall of white sandstone, about two hundred feet in height, seems to bar the passage of the river; and the loop-holed walls of Fort Snelling appear to totter upon the brink of the dizzy precipice, but the stars and stripes flaunt bravely above them, and are as little likely to be moved as the rock on which they are planted. Passing round the base of this promontory, we find ourselves opposite the debouchure of the most important tributary of the Upper Mississippi. Here the Minnesota, or St Peter's River, pours in its deep, quiet volume, after a long course through a district which has been described as the Italy of the north-west—the "Undine region" of Nicollet. It is navigable for many miles, and opens up a country con-

cerning which we can obtain and impart more full information when we arrive at St Paul. Meantime there is the city of Mendota, situated upon an island at the confluence of the two rivers—a less rapidly progressive place than is usual in these parts, having suffered from those obstructive tendencies which characterise war departments generally, and in consequence of which the large military reserve attached to Fort Snelling, upon which it is situated, has only recently been available for practical purposes. Mendota possesses great advantages of position, and was for long a trading-post of the American Fur Company. Five miles lower down, upon a lofty bluff overhanging the Mississippi, stands the city of St Paul—its handsome houses and churches crowning the heights, and a fleet of steamboats moored at their base. Slipping unassumingly behind one of these white ungainly river-monsters, we hauled up our picturesque little bark, and, shouldering our packs for the last time, ascended the long staircase which led up the cliff, and found ourselves in the main street of the capital of Minnesota.

“Wal, gentlemen, you seem flush of camp-fixings, anyhow,” said one of a group of tall Americans who were lounging at the bar of the hotel at St Paul, when we entered and deposited upon the floor sundry kettles, grid-irons, bags of provisions, &c. “Just come in from the *pereras*, I reckon; but as there ain’t been a steamer in from St Peter’s for a week, guess you must have tramped it.” “No; we have come from Superior in a bark canoe.” “And whar are you bound for?” “For Chicago and the east.” “Then, of course, you’ll take the cars from Rock Island.” “Well, we think of leaving the Mississippi at Galena, and going by rail from thence—a route at least a hundred miles shorter than by Rock Island.” “Ah! take you a tarnation longer time though, and cost you a steeper lot of dollars—that’s a fact!” As this was manifestly absurd, we vouchsafed no reply, so he went on another tack. “Liquor up, gentlemen.” We bowed. “Let me introduce you to some of the most highly esteemed of our citizens.” We bowed again. “Now

then, mister,” turning to the man at the bar, “drinks round, and cobblers at that.” We all indulged in long sucks at the seductive reeds; then a “highly esteemed citizen” ejaculated, “Britishers”—I nodded—“and pretty smart ones too,” said our entertainer; “there ain’t many men in St Paul that’s made your journey. I’m the agent of the Rock Island Railway, and I’ll tell you what—I’ll trade tickets to Chicago for the *hull* four of you against your canoe, this hyar gun, and them fixings right off; and if you’ve a mind to do the thing cheap, don’t think twice about it, for you won’t get such an offer from the ‘coon over the way.” We said we were not smart enough to embark so rapidly in the speculation; and then followed a series of inquiries as to the present condition of Superior, and its future prospects—for the latest intelligence of its progress was as eagerly received by this knot of speculators as a Crimean telegraph at the War Office. We in our turn heard, to our dismay, that the water in the river was so low that the departure of any steamer was most uncertain; so we were fain to console ourselves with a comfortable night’s rest, and the prospect of exploring at our leisure the town and its neighbourhood. St Paul is perhaps the best specimen to be found in the States of a town still in its infancy with a great destiny before it. Its progress hitherto has been equalled only by Chicago. In 1847 a few trading-huts, rejoicing under the soubriquet of Pig’s Eye—a name still retained by some rapids just below the town—marked the site of the present city; and it occurred to some of the French traders and Yankee squatters upon the unpre-empted land in the neighbourhood, to mark out what is called in the States a town plat, without apparently any anticipation of the important results which were ultimately to attend their speculation; indeed, they were somewhat old-fashioned in their notions, and laid out their plat in what one of the present citizens, in his account of the first years of St Paul, calls “little skewdangular lots, about as large as a stingy card of gingerbread broke in two diagonally.” The consequence was, that for the first two years there

was very little temptation to put anything upon the said lots; but in 1849, some celebrated go-ahead speculators took up the thing, one of whom, Henry M. Rice, is now pushing on Superior as he did St Paul, when he was in company with John R. Irving, with whom he "bought in." At this time there were half-a-dozen log-huts, a hotel, a couple of stores, a log Catholic chapel, and about one hundred and fifty inhabitants—a community which was worthy of being represented by the press; and, accordingly, Colonel James M. Goodhue arrived in the same year to start a paper, which he intended to call "The Epistle of St Paul." The good people there, however, had discrimination enough to object to the name, and so he called it the *Minnesota Pioneer*, in one of the articles of which he gives an amusing description of his finding himself, on a raw, cloudy day in April '49, in a forlorn condition, at the bottom of the cliff, surrounded by his press, types, and printing apparatus, with no shed to put them in, or acquaintance in the place. A Yankee editor is not to be discouraged by trifles; so he got a room "on" Third Street, "as open as a corn-rick," from which airy tenement his first number issued, "in the presence of Mr Lull, Mr Cavileer, Mr Neill, and perhaps Major Murphy." After that he got a lot in what he supposed would be the middle of the town, having "calculated that the two ends would probably unite there," and, building a dwelling-house, lived in it through the next year, without having it lathed or plastered. Such was the origin of St Paul, and such the commencement of the *Pioneer*, which, in the language of the editor, has "advocated Minnesota, morality, and religion, from the beginning." In the recent death of this gentleman, St Paul has sustained a great loss; and if he had been as successful in his advocacy of the two latter principles as of that of the territory, Minnesota would be a terrestrial paradise; for it began to shoot ahead thenceforward with a vengeance. There are now four daily, four weekly, and two tri-weekly papers, which is pretty well for a Far West town only five years old, and more than Manchester and Liverpool put together. There are four or five

hotels, and at least half-a-dozen handsome churches, with tall spires pointing heavenward, and sundry meeting-houses, and a population of seven or eight thousand to go to them, and good streets with side-walks, and lofty brick warehouses, and stores, and shops, as well supplied as any in the Union; and "an academy of the highest grade for young ladies;" and wharves at which upwards of three hundred steamers arrive annually, bringing new settlers to this favoured land, and carrying away its produce to the south and east. The navigation of the river is closed during the four winter months, or from November to March. As the resources of Minnesota are developed, the trade upon the river must continue to increase. The saw-mills of St Anthony, St Paul, and Stillwater will supply countless feet of timber for the states further south; its prairies will furnish live stock *ad libitum*; and its cereal produce will, according to Colonel Goodhue, hold its own with the most favoured States. That gentleman thus compares its capabilities in this respect with its principal rival, Illinois. "We will give Illinois May the start, and Minnesota shall come out ahead. Don't care what the crop is—any grain, any root—anything from a castor bean, or an apple or pear tree, or a pumpkin, to a sweet potato or a tobacco plant. Why, sucker, do you know you have frosts about two weeks earlier in Illinois than we do here? It is a fact! We will show these people *sights* who come up here in May, and go shivering back home, saying that Minnesota is 'too cold for *craps*.'" And so on in the same strain with regard to cattle. In addition to all this, there is the Indian trade, which is certainly diminishing, but still forms a large share of the business done in St Paul. During our stay there, we frequented constantly the shops of some of the traders, and overhauled moccasins embroidered with porcupine quills; tobacco-pouches ornamented with beads; tomahawks, pipes, and all the appurtenances of Indian life, which these men pick up from Sioux or Chippeway warriors, and sell as curiosities, with histories attached to certain articles, alleged to have been bought from

famous chiefs, which may or may not be true, but in consideration of which extra charge is made. At all events, I am prepared to assert against all comers, on the authority of a most respectable citizen from whom I bought them, that a pipe now in my possession, and which bore the traces of recent use, together with a very frowzy old tobacco-pouch, did really belong to the most celebrated war-chief and extensive scalp-taker among the Sioux, popularly called "Medicine Bottle," but whose Indian name is Wah-kan-o-jan-jan, which is an unconscionable amount of gibberish for the word *light*, which it literally signifies. These shops have their agents up the country, who supply the Indians with ammunition, blankets, guns, &c. in advance, and at a considerable profit, in anticipation of the price at which they purchase their furs and peltries from them. The young men of the tribes, however, very often come into the town to trade, and a party of Chippeways had been in St Paul about three weeks before our visit, who had afterwards gone out upon the war-path. Some Sioux, however, discovered their trail upon the St Peter's River, between Fort Ridgley and Traverse des Sioux, and having lain in ambush till their enemies were in the act of fording the stream, rushed upon them, and took fifteen scalps. Some of the victims were women and children; the Chippeways are the only tribe who take their families with them on the war-path.

We hired a light waggon one afternoon, and drove about the country near St Paul, in search of trout streams and pretty scenery. We were not happy in lighting upon the former, but there was ample to gratify us so far as the latter was concerned. St Paul is generally the prominent feature in every view, and its noble position justly entitles it to this distinction. I scarcely ever remember to have seen anything more lovely than the sunset, as we stood upon a newly-raised terrace near an unfinished Elizabethan villa, which an evidently prosperous citizen was erecting upon a hill, and which commanded a noble view of the town, with the deep broad river sweeping past lofty cliffs, and

the woodland country stretching away to distant hills bathed in tints of richest purple.

The most striking characteristic of the environs of St Paul, however, is the utter wildness of the surrounding country. In whatever direction you ascend the hills which encircle the town, with the exception of the busy, gay-looking city, all is gloomy forest or solitary prairie; and there can be no stronger testimony to the rapid growth of the place, than the fact that the country in the immediate vicinity is still in a state of savage nature. No doubt a few years will work a marvellous change here too; but the most interesting element of the scenery will be destroyed when this wonderful combination of civilization and barbarism has disappeared.

The land immediately round St Paul is not very fertile, as it consists principally of sand and loam; it possesses, however, the advantage of retaining heat and producing rapid vegetation. That portion of Minnesota which is universally admitted to be endowed with greater advantages of soil and climate, and to be generally a more favoured district, than any other in the north-west, is the valley of the St Peter's, and which was described as "the prettiest country lying wild that the world can boast of, got up with the greatest care and effort by old dame Nature ten thousand years or more ago, and which she has been improving ever since." Indeed, I was quite tired of hearing its praises, and looking at the plans of prospective cities on the banks of the river. There is Shakopee, Le Sueur, Traverse des Sioux, Kasota, Mankato, and Henderson, all thriving cities, containing from one to fifty log-houses each, but with imaginary public buildings, squares, and streets, enough for a moderately-sized empire. That they have a great future in store there can be no doubt. The St Peter's is navigable for upwards of a hundred miles, and receives numerous streams, fertilising this region so prolific in resources, and affording at the same time a ready outlet. We unfortunately had not time to ascend this river, or to judge for ourselves upon its capabilities and beauties. But Mr Bond, who has written a book describing

his adopted territory, kindles when he writes of this valley, and in a burst of enthusiasm exclaims, that you may ride "across rolling prairies of rich luxuriance, sloping away in the wide blue dreamy-looking basin of the Minnesota, the loveliest view of broad fair voluptuous Nature, in all her unconcealed beauty, that ever flashed upon mortal vision, to Henderson." It would be manifestly out of place for any mortal, whose vision had not been thus blessed, to say anything more about Henderson, or the way to it; and if people won't go and settle there, at least neither Mr Bond nor I will have anything to reproach ourselves with.

The population of the territory has increased since 1850, when it was 6077, to 140,000; so that even a go-ahead Yankee has no cause for complaint; and the influx of immigrants must augment with increased facilities of access. From its position near the centre of the continent of North America, with excellent water-carriage to the gulfs of Mexico and the St Lawrence, a railway to the Pacific is only needed, to render perfect a chain of communication, which would advance, not only the prosperity of the territory from which it started, but of the whole Union and of Canada. At present, however, if there is not a railway in Minnesota, there is no country in the world where they are more wanted, and where they are likely to spring up more rapidly. It may be interesting to glance at the probable direction of these lines, and the traffic which will pass along them. The first which will be completed will be a short one, eight miles long, from St Paul to St Anthony; but the one which will contribute chiefly to the settlement of the territory, is from Madison, the capital of Wisconsin, which is already connected with New York by rail, to St Paul, a distance of two hundred miles, through the most fertile part of Wisconsin. This railroad has been chartered to extend from St Paul to the western boundary of the territory, and it is contemplated ultimately to the Pacific. At present a "difficulty" has arisen in its construction, which will probably be settled by Congress, as difficulties usually are in the States. Other lines from the east will tap the Mississippi valley

at Prairie du Chien, or Prairie la Crosse. The one to Dubuque, in Iowa, is already finished, and this city can now be reached by rail from New York, a distance of twelve hundred miles. A projection, second only in magnitude to the great Pacific scheme, has been entertained, of connecting St. Paul with New Orleans, a distance of two thousand miles. This will probably be completed in the course of a very few years, as the line presents no engineering difficulties, passing through a populous country the whole way, and, in its successful competition with the Mississippi, will set at rest for ever any doubt of the superiority of railway over water carriage, if it still exists in the minds of benighted easterns. Another line essential to the interests of Minnesota is already commenced, to connect St Paul with Superior. When I visited St Paul there was a good deal of excitement, involving a great consumption of quid and expenditure of oaths, in consequence of the conduct of a certain Colonel, who was also a member of Congress, and who, after the bill was passed, sanctioning the railway, by the exercise of what is called, in Congressional language, "outside influence," but which, in unvarnished American, means dollars, persuaded the engrossing clerk to substitute "and" for "or," thereby altering entirely a most important provision in the bill, which somewhat interfered with his particular interest. This was accidentally discovered before the final assent to the bill was given, and the charter was repealed in consequence.

The effect will simply be to run a line in another direction between the two places; for the value of this connection is incalculable, and the advantage to be gained from it is not to be lost by individual roguery. The two great ports upon the western lakes must ever be Chicago and Superior. From the former is now exported the produce of the West for the Atlantic board. To reach the entrance of the Erie Canal, it makes a circuit of 980 miles. The distance from Superior to the same point is only thirty-six miles more. It is evident that the produce of the country lying to the back of these ports, will find its way by the most convenient route to the

nearest outlet. At present the whole surplus produce of Minnesota goes to Chicago by river and rail, a distance of 500 miles. When the rail to Superior is completed through the hundred miles of magnificent lumber country which separates that city from St Paul, the whole produce of the Upper Mississippi valley, as far south as the borders of Iowa, will find its outlet in this direction, instead of in the other. The lumber of the St Croix, the live stock of the St Peter's, the cereals of the Red River and Western Wisconsin, will centre at Superior. Here, too, will be the emporium for the products of that mineral region in the midst of which it is situated, and which may safely be pronounced the most prolific in the world. The iron and copper for the south will be conveyed to St Paul by this railway, and thence by the Mississippi to New Orleans, or wherever may be its ultimate destination. It is clear from this that the railway which connects these towns will be the channel through which the trade of the east and the south of this great continent will freely flow, gathering volume as it passes from the mighty stream of western produce which here pours into it. But the enterprise which lies nearest the heart of every Minnesotian is the railway to the Pacific. I was fortunate enough, when at Washington, to meet Governor Stevens, of Washington Territory, in which the western terminus is situated, upon the Straits of De Fuca, which separates our colony of Vancouver's Island from the mainland. This gentleman had just arrived to lay his survey and report upon the northern route before Congress. He entertained the strongest opinion of its practicability. The length of the line from Chicago to the Pacific will be 1960 miles. Of this distance 990 miles, or about one-half of the whole, are embraced under existing acts of incorporation, granted by Wisconsin and Minnesota, for the construction of a railway in the required direction, some portion of which is already completed. It is true that the remaining 900 must pass through country uninhabited except by Indians and buffalo, with the exception of the Red River settlements, a little to the south of which it is designed to pass, and the settlements upon the Pacific;

but experience has shown that, in the United States, it will always pay to construct a railway through a wild country, for the purpose of opening it up for settlement; and a single log-hut is frequently the terminus of a paying line. The very manner in which they are located shows this. Thus the government will reserve on a railway a strip of land, perhaps fifteen miles wide, upon each side of the line, throughout its entire length. This is divided into sections of 640 acres, which is again divided into eight lots. No person is permitted to purchase less than half a lot, the upset price being a dollar and a quarter the acre. The alternate sections are the property of the railway, and it is entitled to make its selection of these as it progresses. Hence the character of the country through which it passes becomes very important. The North Pacific Railway follows the Mississippi from St Paul to the Sauk Rapids, where it trends westward, and forms a junction with a branch from Superior, which crosses the Mississippi near Sandy Lake, thence to the great bend of the Upper Missouri, across an undulating country abounding in buffalo, with a mild climate, no engineering difficulties, and capable of producing good crops and supporting a large population; then across a more sterile country, bare of timber to the base of the Rocky Mountains, and over them by a pass nearly six thousand feet high, and down into a fertile valley to cross another range at an elevation of about four thousand feet, which rises abruptly from the Pacific. There is every reason to suppose that by making a short bend to the north into the Hudson's Bay Company's territory, both these ranges might be crossed at a much less elevation. The Straits of De Fuca are only fifteen days' steam from Shanghai, which would then be brought within a month's journey of Liverpool.

These may be deemed extravagant expectations in quiet old-fashioned countries like our own, but people in America are familiar with such enterprises. The rapidity of railway extension in the States is well illustrated by the present railway traffic of Chicago. In 1852 there was only one railway, forty miles long, into this city. When I was there, two

years afterwards, nearly twenty railways radiated either directly or by connections from Chicago, with an aggregate length of 2500 miles. They extend north, south, west, and south-east. They are each from one to three hundred miles long, passing through and opening up new fertile districts. Eighty trains, averaging 120 passengers each, arrive daily at Chicago, and eighty trains, taking nearly the same number of persons, depart. The Illinois Central, which is the longest railway in the world—being 771 miles in length, including branches—passes through this town; so it is well qualified to be the terminus for the North Pacific line; and we have no business to doubt the engineering performances of a country in which there are already 21,310 miles of railway laid down, or about 2500 miles more than in the whole of the rest of the world put together.

But our discussion upon this subject is getting very nearly as long as the North Pacific Railway itself; so, having sufficiently considered the political economy and statistics of Minnesota and its capital, it is time, before leaving the latter, to look at it socially. Everybody in the Far West is hospitable, but there is very little time for idle ceremony in the exercise of hospitality. We did not know any persons there except those we met accidentally at the hotel, and the gentleman who disposed of our canoe and camp-fixings by auction for our benefit. He was a prosperous merchant of the place, with a well-supplied store; and we were referred to him as the principal auctioneer. Accordingly, we arranged the time and place for the auction, and two small boys perambulated the streets with dinner-bells, informing the public of St Paul, at the pitch of their voices, that a bark-canoe, gun, and camp-fixings, were to be put up for competition near the wharf, where our faithful canoe was peacefully reclining. At the appointed hour we sneaked down to the river-side to see our dear old craft knocked down to the highest bidder. Our respect for her was too great to admit of our approach so near as to hear the unkind criticisms made at her expense; and the natural delicacy of our feelings prevented our listening to the deprecatory remarks which were lavished upon our pro-

perty generally; so we retired to a respectful distance, just far enough off to hear Mr Collins, with a loud voice, proclaim that she had "gone" for seven dollars, and accompany his assertion by a rap with his hammer, which I hoped knocked a hole in the bottom, for she was worth more in spite of her patches, and we had originally purchased her for twenty dollars. We were somewhat consoled by hearing that an extra gun which we had bought at the Sault for ten dollars, for the use of the Indians or voyageurs, fetched twelve. It was a wretched piece of workmanship: one barrel had never been known to go off; the other, which everybody seemed to consider a special duty to keep loaded, used to explode spontaneously at the most unexpected and inconvenient seasons.

Some idea may be formed of the rapid increase of the value of town lots in new cities, from the fact that Mr Collins showed us one which he had purchased three years before for 150 dollars. He was allowed three years in which to pay his purchase money. Upon the day he paid in the last instalment, and thus completed his title, he sold the same lot for 1600 dollars.

The weather was frightfully hot during our stay in St Paul: the thermometer stood one day at 95° in my bedroom. There is in consequence an immense consumption of cooling drinks always going on at the bar. On Sunday I was struck with a greater observance of the day than I had anticipated. The numerous churches are well filled, and St Paul is rather celebrated for a more universal profession of religion than ordinarily characterises western towns,—the inhabitants of which will tell you that the Sunday is "just like any other day, or indeed rather more so." The dinner was the most unpleasant process at St Paul. In the first place, the rush into the room at the sound of the gong was terrific, and excited and heated one in an atmosphere at "blood-heat" to such an extent that, combined with the exertion of scrambling for dishes, and the rapidity with which their contents were necessarily bolted, we found ourselves at the end of ten minutes seated at the deserted tables, replete,

panting, perspiring, and exhausted. The master of the hotel sat at an upper table, upon the sanctity of which "unprotected males" were not allowed to intrude, much to our disgust, for the ladies have a private entry before the gong rings, and sit at least three minutes longer after dinner than the gentlemen, besides indulging in more elaborate preparations of corn, buckwheat, and other special delicacies. After dinner it is the correct thing to go out upon the steps in front of the hotel, unbutton your waistcoat, and make one of a row of tobacco consumers, some of whom chew, some smoke, and some do both. Here we tilt our chairs well back, criticise the passers-by, as this is in the main street—talk politics, and drink cooling beverages; indeed, the object of hurrying through dinner at a railway pace is thus most satisfactorily explained. It is evident that the pleasures of the table consist, in this country, not in the delicacy of the viands, or in the act of their consumption, but in the process of their digestion, which is certainly doubly necessary, and which is prolonged as much as possible, and enjoyed in a very epicurean manner.

We generally find ourselves here in the best possible company; and if we do not actually mix with the highest officials in the territory, at least hear all about them. There is a Governor, who is appointed by the President and Senate for four years, and who is *ex officio* Superintendent of Indian Affairs and Commander-in-chief of the Militia; and there is a Council and House of Representatives. The number of councillors is limited to fifteen, and of representatives to thirty-nine, to be elected by a plurality of votes. The suffrage is of course universal to every free white male inhabitant who is twenty-one years old, and who has sworn to the constitution of the United States, and the act forming that of the territory. There is a Supreme Court, with a Chief Justice, and which goes circuits; district courts, justices of the peace, &c. There is also a pretty strong militia. As the territory is only six years old, all here are strangers, and all adventurers; and the most confused Babel of languages greets our ears as

we stroll along. Of course the Anglo-Saxon language, in its varied modifications of Yankee, English, Scotch, and Irish prevails; but there is plenty of good French, and the voyageur *patois*, Chippeway or Sioux, German, Dutch, and Norwegian. The possessors of these divers tongues are, however, all very industrious and prosperous, and happy in the anticipation of fortune-making. Joining ourselves to some of these, we may enter with them a bowling saloon, as these afford great opportunities for observing the manners and customs of the inhabitants. The roughest characters from all parts of the West, between the Mississippi and the Pacific, collect here, and from morning till night, shouts of hoarse laughter, extraordinary and complicated imprecations, the shrill cries of the boy-markers calling the game, and the booming of the heavy bowls, are strangely intermingled, and you come out stunned with noise, and half blinded with tobacco smoke. Some of these men were settlers from Pembina and the Red River settlements. They come down to Traverse des Sioux with a long caravan of carts, horses, and oxen. These they leave there, and take steamer to St Paul for a hundred miles down the St Peter, and lay in their luxuries of civilisation, and those necessaries of life which are unprocurable in their remote settlement. They were just starting for their return journey when we were at St Paul, and did not expect to arrive at Pembina for a month or six weeks. The distance from Traverse des Sioux is about three hundred and fifty miles. The country through which they pass abounds in buffalo, but it is also infested with hostile Sioux, who have lately been particularly earnest in their quest for white scalps, and they are consequently compelled to raise a breastwork for protection at the camping-ground every night. In winter, the journey is made with dog-teams and snow-shoes. The population upon the Red River is made up of half-breeds, buffalo hunters, and Scotch farmers, besides a few Indian traders.

At last, after waiting three days at St Paul, and having sundry false alarms of a start, it was intimated



to us that we should be conveyed from the hotel in an omnibus to a steamer that really was about to leave for Galena. It was somewhat discouraging, when we bade adieu to one of our friends, to see him turn up his eyes when we told him the name of the boat. "Wal, mister," he said, "it's your business, not mine; but I know something of that boat. She belongs to that darned picayunish old 'coon, Jim Mason, and he'll run her till she sinks, or busts up, and then God help the crowd." The Nominee, one of the oldest and safest boats on the river, was expected up in a day or two, and we were half tempted to wait for her; but we were too much pressed for time to justify such a proceeding; so we drove down to the wharf, shook hands tenderly with the omnibus-driver, and boots, who accompanied him to help us to get our luggage on board, and went in search of cabins, in the course of which B. found himself, by mistake, in the ladies' saloon—a fact he was politely informed of by one of the occupants, who said, "Guess you *put* for the wrong pew, mister."

The view of St Paul and the banks of the river just below it is very beautiful, and I was thankful for a stoppage upon the Pig's Eye, as the delay enabled me to take a sketch of the town. The process of getting over a shallow in a river steamer is somewhat novel. The boat we were in had only one paddle-wheel behind, and looked like an animated water-mill. When we got near a shallow, the pressure was increased, and we charged it. Our first attempt at the Pig's Eye was a failure, and we were obliged to back off; but we took another run and went at it resolutely—then groaned and creaked severely upon the sand, while the old wheel behind worked and pushed away bravely, stirring up oceans of mud, until we scraped over and paddled away again with the rapid current.

The population upon the Upper Mississippi is beginning to be considerable, and the settlers who have chosen their locations upon its banks at all events revel in magnificent scenery. There are bold perpendicular cliffs towering above the dark stream, like the ruined walls of some gigantic fortress, divided by deep valleys, where lofty forest trees

are connected by hanging creepers, and grassy glades open up into rolling prairie, dotted with cattle wading in the deep pasturage; while here and there a thin wreath of blue smoke, curling over all, betokens the log-hut and its *entourage* of cultivation. I understood that all this land was already in the market, and most of it private property. The way in which wild land is settled in the States is worthy of notice. The pioneers of civilisation, without capital to purchase land, go to those distant parts where they are at liberty to "squat" without any payment. A short residence of a month or two on a piece of land is sufficient to give a man a pre-emptive claim to it at any future period; so that when it is surveyed and put up for sale by the government, he is entitled to buy it at the fixed price of a dollar and a quarter the acre, thereby getting the advantage of his own improvement. He may then actually sell the land at five or six times this rate, and, paying the government the amount due, pocket the difference, and "make tracks" to wild lands further west, and repeat the process there. Thus there is always a great deal of settled land beyond that which is actually surveyed and available for purchase at land-offices. There are about twenty millions of acres open for this sort of settlement in Minnesota, and the emigrant has free choice to go and take possession of any location that suits his fancy, without asking permission, or being called upon to pay a farthing to anybody. He had better make his claim upon the side of some navigable river, so that he can reach a settlement without difficulty; or if he "conclude" to remain in a town, he must buy a lot, and can run up a small house for himself in ten days or a fortnight. What is called "green dimension lumber" is twelve dollars a thousand feet at St Paul, and nine dollars at St Anthony. He will get shingles for his roof at two dollars a thousand, and find all the other necessaries in the shape of glass, nails, putty, &c., at reasonable prices.

The St Croix River enters the Mississippi from the left, about fifteen miles below St Paul. It expands into a lake just above the confluence, and

divides Minnesota from Wisconsin. We stopped at Point Douglas to take in wood for fuel. It is a thriving town opposite Point Prescott, a rival village upon the Wisconsin side. Between them was Lake St Croix, glowing in the evening sun, and surrounded by a charmingly diversified country, the hills swelling back from the water, and covered with prairie or forest, and watered by large streams, abounding in waterfalls and trout. Steamers run up the St Croix to Stillwater, a large town, settled long before St Paul, and owing its prosperity to the lumber districts upon the head waters of the river upon which it is situated. By ascending the St Croix for a hundred miles in a bark canoe, and making a short portage to the Brulé River, Lake Superior is easily reached. At present Stillwater is a formidable rival to St Anthony, boasting numerous saw-mills, and floating countless lumber rafts to the Southern States. Lumber is, indeed, the most important item of Minnesota exports, and furnishes more employment to labour than any other trade. Upwards of a hundred persons are employed at the Mississippi Boom alone, exclusive of those engaged in running the rafts down the river. The booms on the St Croix, Rum River, and at the Falls of St Anthony, require at least 300 more. But there is besides quite a floating population on the rafts, who are always getting in the way of the steamers, and indulging in an immense deal of "chaff" at their expense. The wood here is cheaper than on Lake Superior, 128 solid feet costing only two dollars instead of three.

The most celebrated part of the Upper Mississippi, as well for the beauty of the scenery as for the romantic Indian legends which attach to many of the most striking objects in it, is Lake Pepin. It is properly an expansion of the river, not exceeding four or five miles in width, and twenty-five in length. The current is, however, barely perceptible. Upon the right, lofty calcareous cliffs terminate abruptly. They are generally pyramidal in form. The La Grange cliff at the entrance to the lake is about 350 feet in height, and a remarkable instance of this; the "Maiden's Rock" is a lofty promontory projecting into the

lake, upon the north-east side, and rising from it to an elevation of about 400 feet. It is so called because an Indian damsel precipitated herself from the top of it, like any civilised young lady. Winona—for that was her name—was incited to this act by a sentiment which it has been supposed only exists in the form of temporary insanity in refined society. Her story is considered, therefore, very remarkable by the Indians, who have handed down the romantic tale; but it is common enough among whites. She was in love with rather a fast young Sioux hunter, with no means of his own, and no interest to obtain anything, and of whom the parents, therefore, did not approve as a match, more particularly when an unexceptionable "partie" offered himself, in the shape of a warrior with a very good income, a lodge very well garnished with scalps, and an establishment generally which no young woman of proper feelings would have dreamt of refusing. Winona, however, seems to have been badly brought up, for she persisted in her obstinacy. She certainly did go so far as to flirt a little with the warrior, and chose him more often than was quite correct, if she did not mean anything, as her partner at scalp-dances; but this, she assured her lover, was only for the sake of keeping up appearances in society: her heart could never be another's, &c., &c. At last her mamma said that it was quite absurd of Winona to put the whole family to inconvenience, and prevent her younger sisters from being settled in life through her caprice, to say nothing of the money that had been lavished upon her, and the trouble which had been taken to get into the best society on her account; so she read her husband a curtain-lecture to that effect, and that respectable individual took the opportunity of informing Winona one day, when they went to get some blue clay, used as a pigment, upon the shores of Lake Pepin, that she must marry forthwith the obnoxious warrior. Winona looked submissive, but she was evidently a determined little vixen at bottom, for she stole away up the cliff, from the top of which she harangued her parents and some of her relations, in reproachful and even disrespectful

terms, and then, in spite of their appearances "to return and all would be forgiven," she precipitated herself headlong among them. It is said that the young gentleman for whose sake she thus terminated her existence, appeared utterly disconsolate at the time; but this is doubted, as, although no very distinct traces of him have been discovered, he is supposed to have found consolation in the orthodox way, and to have married an heiress.

There are some conical mounds upon the prairie in the neighbourhood of the lake, which look as if they were artificial, and are supposed to be similar to those which have been opened in other parts of the continent, and to contain quantities of bones, showing that they were the burying-places of Indians. A few years will suffice to obliterate all traces of the nations who once inhabited these shores. Not only will their present occupants be driven farther west, but those mounds which mark the resting-places of their ancestors will shortly be levelled by the ploughshare, and the inequalities of the ground, now so significant, will be hidden by the long waving corn. The very means of our locomotion suggested the rapidity of the change which is taking place. A bark canoe is unknown upon the waters of this part of the Mississippi, and would now excite as much wonder and curiosity among the white men upon its banks, as a steamer did fifteen years ago among the red men, whose bark-lodges have since made way for the log-huts. We therefore regretted that we had not pushed on in our bark canoe from St Paul, instead of waiting for the steamer, as we flattered ourselves we should have produced very much the same effect upon the inhabitants as those gentlemen did who recently pulled down the Danube in a Thames wherry.

A little below Lake Pepin, a rocky island, as lofty as the bluffs upon either side, divides the stream, and is remarkable as being of the same formation as the cliffs, and not a mere bank of alluvial deposit, as is the case with every other island on the river, as far as New Orleans, with one or two exceptions. As yet the population seems almost altogether confined to the eastern or Wisconsin bank of

the river. There was seldom an interval of more than a mile without some sign of the white man. Generally it was the solitary log-hut, with the usual wife, children, and chickens at the door; now and then a small village, until we reach Prairie la Crosse, a town rapidly rising into importance, and the projected terminus of a railway from Madison. Our stoppages, however, were generally so short that we could do little more than stretch our legs for a few moments on *terra firma*, when we were warned on board again by the steamer's bell.

Soon after leaving La Crosse, we passed the "Nominee," crowded with passengers, and firmly imbedded on a sand-bank. We stopped for a moment to make a few sarcastic and humorous remarks upon their condition, when we touched the ground ourselves, and were greeted by a loud shout of laughter at this just retribution. However, our anterior wheel exerted itself miraculously, and we left the "Nominee" disconsolate, and its captain devising Yankee dodges for her release. She drew more water than we did, and had two paddle-wheels. In spite of their predicament, I half envied the passengers in her, who were going to try their fortune in the country we were turning our backs upon. The boundary of Iowa and Minnesota was upon our right, and I looked for the last time with regret upon this vast territory, which covers an area of 200,000 miles, which gives origin to the mighty Mississippi, and furnishes a thousand miles of its banks, and which is as prolific in its resources as inviting in its aspect. Blessed with such advantages of soil and climate, daily becoming more easy of access, with mercantile, agricultural, lumbering, and mineral interests so rapidly developing, no wonder that the tide of emigration sets steadily in its direction; and he would be a rash individual indeed, who would dare to take the bet of one of its inhabitants, who said, "We just set up Minnesota *against the rest of the world, and all the other planets*, and coolly offer to back her with any odds you may choose to offer."

It was not to be expected that we could make a voyage of two days and

nights in a Mississippi steamboat without getting "snagged," and we were always on the tiptoe of expectation for the crash, which at last came, and "broke up" our paddle-wheel. We had been reminded most forcibly of the possibility of such an occurrence, having nearly run up against the huge stranded carcass of a steamer, which not long before had shared this fate. Fortunately, the bottom of our boat did not suffer, so that a detention of some hours under a range of bluffs four or five hundred feet in height, was the only inconvenience; indeed, we scarcely regretted even this, for we enjoyed a ramble along the base of the cliffs, and a swim in the river, peculiarly grateful after the crowded arrangements on board the boat. This craft was by no means well adapted for passengers under any circumstances; but in spite of her bad character she had managed to start from St Paul with a host of deluded beings, who were for the most part unprovided with berths, and supplied to a very limited extent with food. The consequence was, that as the dinner-hour drew near, the doors of the saloon were besieged very much as those of an opera-house are at a popular singer's benefit; and upon their being opened, a rush took place, succeeded by a hot contest for seats. This was a most disagreeable process, and one which was very apt to lead to unpleasant results; so we used generally to wait until two detachments of unshaven ruffians had dined, and then we came in for the scraps at a late hour in the afternoon. Upon one occasion we made a desperate effort, and I got next the purser, who always secured a good place for himself at the first table. My mild remonstrance producing no effect, I was roused by his placidity to still stronger language, much to the astonishment of the passengers, who look upon the purser of a steamer in America with as much awe as if they were under a despotic monarchy, and he was (as steamboat captains in the latter countries always are) a government spy. The effect was as extraordinary as it was unexpected. Instead either of retorting with an oath or a bowie, or following a totally different line and adopting a conciliatory tone, the

purser, without relaxing his imperturbability, rose from his seat and disappeared, leaving his plate, which had just been replenished, untouched. We were unable to discover whether his feelings or his food had been too much for him; but it was perplexing conduct, and made me feel a strong desire to apologise to him upon the first opportunity. He, however, never exhibited any traces either of displeasure or of increased civility; so we regarded it as a curious development of Far West forbearance, and one which (if he had taken his dinner with him) would furnish a most useful and profitable lesson to people in any part of the world. From this absence on the part of the purser of any power or disposition to indulge in repartee, he could hardly be the one to whom, when a complaint was made in one of these very boats that the towel in the public washing-room was filthy, answered pithily, "Wal now, I reckon there's fifty passengers on board this boat, and they've all used that towel, and you're the first one on 'em that's complained of it."

The most singular-looking place at which we stopped was Winona—a village called after the Sioux maiden before mentioned. It consists of thirty or forty wooden houses, scattered over a perfectly level prairie eight or ten miles long and about two in width, and backed by a range of well-rounded partially-wooded hills. This prairie was the more remarkable, because the scenery had been of the same character, with this exception, ever since leaving St Paul. The high bluffs on either side, which appeared so fantastic in shape at first, had lost their interest in a large measure from the great similarity which subsists between them, and it was quite a relief to come upon a stretch of prairie land.

Shortly after passing the mouth of the Wisconsin river—celebrated as the one by which the Mississippi was first reached by Marquette—we saw the large and handsome town of Dubuque upon the left bank, situated at the base of hills terraced with vines to the summit, and very much reminding me of those upon the banks of the Rhine. A long low island, with a shallow channel between it and the town, renders Dubuque somewhat

difficult of access. We were so tired of the steamer that we determined to land here, and find our way across the prairie to the Illinois Central Railway, instead of going on to Galena. We were fortunate in meeting with a hotel-keeper on the point of starting in a light well-appointed waggon, and four very bright-looking nags. He offered to take the whole party to Warren, forty miles, for a consideration; and in half-an-hour we were galloping along the main street to the river. We were pretty well able to judge of the extent and prosperity of the town, and I was not surprised to learn that it was becoming a formidable rival to Galena. It is the largest town in the State of Iowa, with a population of about 8000, and an increasing trade. It was first settled by the Canadian French in 1686, or a very few years after the Mississippi was discovered, for trading purposes with the Indians. The streets are broad, and well laid out, at right angles to one another, with an active bustling population. The progress of the town is, however, quite of recent date, and is to be attributed partly to the great influx of immigration towards the whole west, more particularly since the organisation of Nebraska territory, to which it is an important outlet, and partly to the existence of the most prolific lead mines which are to be found in the "States," in its immediate neighbourhood. Dr Owen says that these afford as much lead as the whole of Europe, excepting Great Britain, and that their capabilities are unbounded. It is found principally in the upper magnesian limestone. Zinc occurs in fissures along with the lead. Iron ore is also abundantly distributed. There is a coal-field in the State, not far south of Dubuque, embracing an area of 20,000 square miles, through which flow the Iowa and Des Moines, both navigable rivers. Wine is becoming quite an important article of manufacture and export from Dubuque, and the growth of the vine certainly adds much to the beauty of the place, whatever may be its effect upon its prosperity. Here, as in Minnesota, a great railway system has been projected, and Dubuque will shortly be connected with

Iowa city, the capital of the State, from which it is distant seventy-two miles. Here other railways from the east will centre, and a grand trunk line will extend to Council Bluffs upon the Missouri, which forms the western boundary of the States, and divides it from the territory of Nebraska, which was only organised as such last year. The general aspect of the country is that of a high rolling prairie, watered by magnificent streams, and on the river courses skirted with woodland. There are, besides, timber lands less extensive than the prairies. In an agricultural point of view its capabilities are very great; the soil is everywhere fertile, and its natural pastures afford great facilities for the rearing of sheep and cattle. When the great enterprise which has been undertaken by the State, of rendering the Des Moines river, which flows into the Mississippi, navigable for two hundred miles from its mouth, is completed, a tract of country will be opened up well worthy the attention of the intending emigrant. At present the great rush is through this state to Nebraska; and I was surprised to hear that comparatively few took up locations upon the sunny hill-sides of Iowa. It was only admitted into the Union in 1846, and its population, in 1852, had already reached 230,000, so that now it probably amounts to about 400,000. We crossed the river by a curiously constructed ferry-boat, and found, waiting to be conveyed to the western bank, ox waggons, reminding me of those used at the Cape of Good Hope—covered with white canvass, and containing the settler's family, and all his goods and chattels. There seemed to be very little difference in the process which the Dutch boor calls "trekking," and that which the Illinois farmer terms "making tracks." Our Dubuque friend told us that throughout the summer there had been an unceasing stream of waggons and teams crossing the river, and "moving to" the Far West; and his assertion was corroborated by the ferryman, who complained that one boat had not been enough to do the work.

Ascending a steep hill, we shortly after came upon an interesting family. First, some yards in advance, the

patriarch appeared, with rounded shoulders and slouching gait, clothed in a *negligée* buff-coloured suit—his loose hunting-shirt reached nearly to his knees—his wide trousers fell over low fox-coloured shoes—one of his long arms swung by his side, the other supported a heavy rifle—his powder-horn, encased in deer-skin, and his bullet-pouch, ornamented with a squirrel's tail, hung round his coarse sunburnt neck. With long steps and flat Indian tread he stalked past, scarce honouring with a glance of his keen eye our dashing equipage. Behind him came the waggon with the hardy-looking mother surrounded by a brood of small fry sitting in front, and all their worldly possessions, from a bedstead to a tea-cup, stowed away inside. There was a big sensible-looking dog keeping watch over all, doubtless a tried and faithful servant, to whom I attached some significance after the description I once heard a Yankee give of the greatest friend he possessed in the world. "Ah!" he said, "my friend Sam is a *hull* team and a horse to spare, besides a big dog under the waggon." It said more for the consistency of Sam's friendship than if he had panegyricised him for half-an-hour in our less forcible Anglican mode of expression. A few hundred yards in the rear came some stray horses and cows, driven by a barefooted lass with evidently nothing on but a cotton gown, and even that seemed to be an unnatural and disagreeable encumbrance to her lower extremities. The probability is, however, that some stray senator may pick her up on some future day when the "diggings," to which she is now bound, become thickly populated and progressive. Meantime her father complains of being "crowded out," and says that he has no longer elbow-room, and that people are settling down under his nose, "when the nearest farm to that which he has just left in disgust is at least twenty miles distance by the sectional lines." He is no emigrant from the old country, but moved into Western Illinois when that was the Far West. But he sees crowds of emigrants moving beyond him, and crowds more taking up their location where he once roved in soli-

tary dignity; and that disturbs his peace of mind, and he leaves the cockney atmosphere for the silent prairie far beyond the most distant emigrant, never stopping, perhaps, till he reaches the western borders of Nebraska, where the Indian war-whoop is still heard to recall the experiences of his earlier days, and to keep ever bright the watchful eye, and the listening ear ever attentive, and thus to add to the peaceful occupations of agriculture, the excitement incident to a border life.

As the tinkling of the cattle-bells died upon the ear, we emerged from a wooded glen and found ourselves upon the open prairie. We were on the southern border of Wisconsin and Illinois, and the air of the wide open country was fresh and exhilarating. There were some large brick-fields here, from which the town of Dubuque was principally built; but it is progressing so rapidly that they are now found to afford an inadequate supply. Lead-shafts and furnaces were numerous, and betokened the abundance of the ore, which is found throughout a great portion of South-western Wisconsin, as well as in Iowa. No man who visits America should leave it, if possible, without taking a run upon "our pereras." They certainly contribute in no small degree towards enabling "our country to whip creation." And there is an expanse and freedom about them which accords well with the spirit of the people who occupy them. We galloped over the grass, flushing prairie chickens, and cracking our whips about our nags' ears, to whose credit it must be said that they did not need any such admonition to do their duty, for in two hours and a half we had rattled over the first twenty miles, and stopped to bait at a neat village, where we were tenderly cared for, and regaled with excellent fare, by a German housewife, who was as primitive and simple in her manners as if she was still in some *Thal* or other in her fatherland; then we "inspanned" and passed thriving farms and stacks of hay, and here and there enclosures where the harvest had just been gathered, every now and then meeting more families moving west, and once passing a traveller going in the same direction as ourselves, whose

costume and appearance excited the deepest interest. He looked as perfect a representation of Don Quixote as did his horse of Rosinante. Instead of a squire, however, he was followed by a particularly thin mule, on whose back were strapped all his worldly effects, and which was attached by a leading-rein to the tail of his horse. He wore a tall conical wide-awake, a long pointed beard, and drooping mustache, and smoked a Cubano of surpassing size and length. His sleeves were slashed to the shoulder, and his jacket ornamented with rows of buttons. From a girdle round his waist peered forth the handles of sundry daggers and the butts of revolvers. A high-peaked Spanish saddle was furnished with stirrups of cumbrous manufacture, into which were thrust heavy jack-boots, with spurs such as Cromwell's dragoons would have gazed at with wonder. It was only natural that we should do the same; and I did not think such specimens were extant except in museums of Spanish curiosities. He puffed along with a dignified air, not appearing in the least discomposed by his solitary ride from California, or anxious to reach its termination, which was in all probability the railway, now only about ten miles distant. Perhaps he felt regret at the prospect of giving up the wild adventurous life he had been leading, and did not wish to hurry—or perhaps his animals were tired, which, considering they had come two thousand miles, was not to be wondered at; but they looked as hard as nails, or as he did himself. Whatever was the cause, he jogged slowly on; and I watched him with feelings of mingled curiosity and awe, until his quaint form was lost in the distance. The only other excitement of the drive was a break-neck race with another waggon, in which we were both very nearly smashed, and which had the advantage of hurrying us over five miles of our journey before we knew it, and of bringing us in time for the train a little after dark. We did not see much of Warren in consequence, but ensconced ourselves in the most comfortable corner of the car we could find, and gave ourselves up to the luxuries of rapid locomotion and civilisation. We were now in

Illinois—our Far West experiences were fast drawing to a close—and before daybreak we found ourselves at Chicago, that emporium for western produce. The history of its rise and progress has been fully discussed by recent travellers; and all the world knows how, twenty years ago, there were only a few log-huts here, exposed to the deprivations of savage Indian tribes; how, since then, it has been increasing with untold rapidity; how, within the last three years, the population has risen from 38,000 to 75,000; how railways diverge from it in all directions—the arteries of that magnificent country of which it is the heart; how its lake commerce rivals its railway traffic, and surpasses that of any other town similarly situated. It would betray the greatest ignorance, nowadays, not to be familiar with all this; and they must be ill-informed indeed who do not know, moreover, that Colonel R. J. Hamilton is the oldest inhabitant, but that Mr G. W. Dole, and Mr P. F. W. Peck came here so soon after that they almost share the honours with him, and are always referred to upon interesting points touching the weather, the crops, &c.; that the oldest *native* inhabitant is a daughter of the gallant colonel; and that Mr Robert A. Kinzie opened the first store, and Mr Elijah Wentworth kept the first tavern. All this is so much matter of history that it would alike be insulting to the individuals and the British public to allude to it more fully, or to dwell longer upon this western metropolis; so we again ascend the cars, and, choosing for greater expedition the “lightning run”—*Anglicè*, the express train—sweep past clearings, forest, and farms and villages, always accompanied by the eternal telegraph wires and the eternal ticket-taker, who perambulates the cars; and occasionally making exploratory expeditions on our own account through the cars to pick up information, and jump from one to the other—an agreeable and exciting amusement when the speed averages fifty miles an hour. Of course we run off the rails, but there are no lives lost, or any damage done beyond a few bruises, and the most intense exertion on the part of the

male contents of the train, for three hours in a broiling sun, to get the engine and four carriages, which are deeply imbedded in a clay ditch, out of it, and back upon the rails, in which at last we are successful. The accident turns out to have been exclusively the fault of Tom, the switchman, whom the engine-driver thus admonishes:—“Now, Tom, you skunk, this is the third time you forgot to set on that switch, and last time there was twenty people went under, and the balance was bruised, so you mind what you’re about, and don’t forget that switch again, or I’m darned if I don’t tell the Boss” (station-master). In a few hours after this we had traversed the whole breadth of Michigan, and found ourselves at its principal city, Detroit. We could say as much about it as about Chicago, but abstain for the same reason; and jumping into the ferry-boat, in five

minutes afterwards we stand once more upon British ground. But we determine not to take breath until we get to Niagara, though it is a bad place to select for this purpose, as the first sensation, on suddenly bursting upon that unrivalled scene, is rather that of impeded than of free respiration. Accordingly, we rush in the Great Western Railway through the most fertile provinces of Upper Canada, reach and cross the seething, boiling water, and, seeking some grassy nook upon Goat Island, overshadowed by lofty forest trees, we listen to the solemn roar of the mighty cataract, and indulge in sensations which must ever be more thoroughly appreciated and intensely enjoyed with every succeeding visit, just as the music of a favourite air never palls by repetition, but only engraves itself more deeply upon the memory of those senses it has served to charm.

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THE IMPERIAL POLICY OF RUSSIA.

PART III.

On a late occasion in California, the officers of the law having interfered with some very flagrant case of lynching, the sovereign people, offended at such an infringement of their privileges, met in solemn council, and passed the following resolution: “That the theory of the supremacy and infallibility of the law is the doctrine of tyrants, and is incompatible with the spirit and genius of a free and enlightened people, who are the source of all power.”\* Democracy has this advantage over despotism on the score of honesty, that it sometimes has the candour to avow the principles on which it acts. Despotism has the bump of caution more largely developed; and, while acting on the theory propounded in the above unique reso-

lution, affects to be moral, religious, and legal, and plays the hypocrite for ages as the guardian of order, until the divinely-inflicted madness, so well understood by the ancients, seizes it, when, in an unwary moment, it shows the cloven foot, and its real character at last dawns upon the world, and it is discovered to be quite as old an anachronism as democracy. We have come to a point in Russian history where a French minister of more than ordinary sagacity saw the dangers likely to accrue to Europe from Russian preponderance for the first time. Turkey being appealed to in the Polish question, prepared to make war; but Catharine’s plans were not yet matured, or she preferred to wait until the rising suspicions of the Court of Ver-

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sailles should be allayed. So she gave up for the present the determination of the limits between Russia and Poland; and Poland, in consequence of the imbroglio of her affairs under Russian intervention, became the scene of the worst of wars—a war partly religious, partly political, partly foreign. A foreign army had occupied a country to which no just claim was even pretended. The internal affairs of a once great and free nation had been administered under the pressure of the terrorism of its presence. Its senators had been seized and hurried off to exile, like common felons, for daring to have a voice in their own affairs. But it was not to be wondered at that some spirit still remained—especially among those nobles who had been accustomed to arbitrary power in their own provinces—to resent and revolt against a coercion so unnatural and anti-national. Hence it came to pass that about the year 1768 the condition of Poland was about as miserable as that of any nation could be. Some of those that were impatient of the Russian yoke attacked the armies of that empire. Secretly encouraged by Austria, and more openly by France, they made themselves masters of Cracow, and of a part of Podolia; and they met together in the fortress of Bar, which gave its name to their confederation. The present Russian troops being insufficient, the Empress sent others under the command of General Soltikoff. The confederates made a second application to the Turks. The Count of Vergennes, the French minister with the Porte, seconded them again, and this time with more success. By way of throwing away the scabbard with a declaration of war, the Ottoman government sent Catharine's ambassador to the prison of the Seven Towers, and gave out that they were going to open a campaign against Russia with an army of 500,000 men. Russia, it appears, would have avoided this war, as she would the present, had she been able to gain her ends in Poland without it, for she had enough on her hands in that country. However, the Turkish declaration was far from finding her unprepared; for preparation for war has always been an essential part of the Imperial Policy,

even in profoundest peace; and from this cause Russia is apt to begin every war with other nations in a position of advantage. We are not to suppose that the Divan acted, in entering upon this war, entirely from a disinterested sympathy with Poland. Coming events cast their shadows before—and it probably saw that the excuse for protecting the Dissidents at Warsaw would be preliminary to that of protecting the Christians in the dominions of the Porte, and the protection would take the shape of military occupation in the one case as in the other.

This gathering storm of war first broke on the Tartars in and about the Crimea, though the Russian armies had been moved from the banks of the Danube to those of the Kuban. The Tartars had invaded the Danubian principalities; General Izaakoff drove them out of New Servia, while the Ukraine Cossacks penetrated Moldavia. Prince Galitzin attacked the Turks under the walls of Khotyirn, but was beaten back again across the Dniester. In the mean time the Russians were making good use of their ports of Azoff and Taganrog to harass their old possessors in that direction. Nor were they idle in Poland. Prince Galitzin, after his defeat, published a manifesto, inviting all the Poles not included in the Confederation to join against it, and proclaimed a penalty for every one who should take a Confederate and let him go with his life. So horrid were the cruelties inflicted by the belligerents of the time on each other, that we read of nine Polish gentlemen, by the sentence of a court-martial of the Russian general Dievitch, appearing in Warsaw with their hands cut off at the wrists. But Catharine saw that things were going too far in Poland; at least that the time was not come for such extreme severities; so she recalled Repnin, who was in danger of combining the whole nation against Russia, and substituted Prince Volkonsky as her ambassador. This, however, would have availed her little had the court of Versailles strenuously supported the league of Bar, instead of again lapsing into apathy. The relaxation of its vigilance was owing to the intrigues of

Austria, which was convicted, by the subsequent partition, of having formed at this time secret views of its own upon Poland. Prussia, also represented by its king, Frederick, had set its eyes on the forbidden fruit; Frederick and Catharine understood each other, but for some time they did not feel able to confer on the subject—partly, in all probability, because neither entirely trusted the other, and partly because the publicity of their meeting might give umbrage to the other states of Europe. At last the matter was managed by Henry, prince of Prussia, being sent, not to St Petersburg, but to Stockholm, to visit his sister, the Queen of Sweden. While there, he talked about coming home by Denmark, but seemed to change his mind in deference to the repeated invitations of Catharine, and so arrived at St Petersburg. While there, he was fêted and flattered by the empress to his heart's content. In the midst of fiddling and festivity, the partition of Poland was determined on in the private conversations of the empress and the prince. However, it could not be done without a third ally. Maria Theresa was dead, or, with that high-principled princess on the throne, there might have been a difficulty with Austria. Joseph II. was not so scrupulous as she would have been, and the promise of a good slice of territory easily secured him. As for the other powers, Catharine seems to have disposed of their likings and dislikings in a very few words, which, if authentic, show what she herself thought of her present position in Europe. She is reported to have said to Prince Henry, "I will frighten Turkey; I will flatter England; do you take upon yourself to buy over Austria, that she may amuse France." The treaty of partition was signed about two years afterwards in the month of February 1772, at St Petersburg. With regard to this transaction itself, it is impossible to speak in too strong terms of such a flagrant violation of international honesty; but with regard to the Poles, our sympathy is diminished by the knowledge that they brought it in a great measure on themselves. If the oak had not been hollow, it would not so easily have been blown down by

the storm. Poland was untrue to herself before other nations played her false. We question whether any nation of any weight in the scale of nations has ever fallen in the same manner, in which similar agencies have not been at work. It was the divisions between the royal family of France with its own members and its powerful vassals, which enabled Edward III. to overrun, and Henry V. to conquer, that country with such comparative ease. It was the treachery of a party that enabled the First Edward to overrun, though not to subjugate, Scotland. It was the petty quarrels of the Irish kings which brought Strongbow and his Anglo-Normans as permanent settlers among them; and so it has ever been: while, on the other hand, united countries, though weak, have often been able to keep at bay, and at length to weary out, the aggression of the strong; for instance, Switzerland, exposed in turn to the ambitious attempts of three powerful neighbours, France, Burgundy, and Austria. If Poland is ever to be made anything of now, if the remains of its nationality are yet to be resuscitated, if it is ever to be made useful to Europe as a barrier against Russia, a singleness of patriotic feeling must be aroused in it which will be quite new to its history. But instead of things tending to such a consummation, the contrary has been the case; the elements of disunion have been purposely kept alive by the interested powers in its dismembered limbs, so that the chance of their future union becomes less every day. Somewhat later, indeed, than the time we are speaking of now, an attempt was made to consolidate the Polish constitution on patriotic principles, but Poland's freedom was already gone, and Russia took good care that the attempt should be abortive.

While Poland's flesh and blood was being signed away, the war was raging with fury on the borders of Turkey. Prince Galitzin made another attempt on Khotyirn, and was beaten as before, and now quite back into Poland; but this time he avenged his defeat, and drove the Turks into Moldavia. Then, as now, we find the courage of the Turkish soldier spoken of highly, while the sloth and

ignorance of the officers prevented it from achieving any important success. After ten years of war, the Ottoman army was quite destroyed, and Khotyirn fell to a detachment of grenadiers. The empress hearing that the Turks had on the occasion of the second defeat of Galitzin violated the Polish territory, made that an excuse for insisting that Stanislaus Augustus and the senate of Warsaw should declare war against the Porte. Poland, however, could do little for Russia at this time, but show her entire subserviency to her commands. At this point of history we find Catharine taking a most important step in advance of her predecessors, and one, if successful, likely to be of all others most conducive to that darling object of the imperial policy, the possession of Constantinople. This was nothing less than a display of her maritime force in the Mediterranean, with the object of hunting down the Turkish fleets among the Greek islands. All the dockyards of Archangel, Cronstadt, and Revel, were full of life and preparation; and Catharine's policy in securing the friendship of England appeared by her being able to engage a great number of Englishmen in her service as the schoolmasters of her own sailors. We find the names of Elphinstone, Greig, Tate, Dugdale, and Sir Charles Knowles, conspicuous among them; to the latter officer, who acted chiefly as a superintendent of dockyards, Russia was indebted for great improvements in the art of shipbuilding. Besides the English, the empress bound Denmark by a treaty to keep 800 seamen in constant readiness for the Russian service. Then she made a request to all the maritime powers that they would grant hospitality to her ships of war. This request was no bad method of feeling the pulses of the sea-faring nations. England and Tuscany at once complied. Malta, then under the Knights of St John, showed some suspicion by admitting but three Russian ships of war. France, Spain, Venice, Naples, declined the company of all but merchant-ships. In September 1769, just in time to escape the ice, the northern squadrons sailed and made their way round into the Mediterranean.

They amounted to twenty ships of the line, besides a number of smaller vessels, and the whole fleet was commanded by Admiral Spiridoff, who himself acted under Alexis Orloff, a man who had raised himself from the rank of a common soldier to the highest posts by his unparalleled audacity. The seeds of discontent and revolution had long been dormant among the Greeks; Russia, true to her subversive policy, called them into life. The flag of Russia was seen in the roads of all the cities famous in antiquity. Corinth was besieged, Lemnos and Mytilene taken. Even in Syria and Egypt war was carried on by the troops from the North Pole, who came in support of the revolt of Ali Bey. Catharine knew that a mighty demonstration was necessary, and that the success of her schemes in Poland, and, in fact, the whole future of Russia, depended on her success in this war. Nor did the Porte overlook the importance of the struggle. The Grand Vizier took the chief command. The Crimea sent powerful assistance. The famous Khan Kerim-Gherai was lately dead, and his successor, being of unwarlike disposition, the Turks deposed him, and elected Kaplan-Gherai, who was an efficient general. The Russians began by the siege of Bender, but were obliged to raise it; they took Jassy, and afterwards on the banks of the Pruth, under Romantsoff, gained two most important victories—in the latter of which an almost hopeless position was retrieved by the bayonet, and at the close the whole *matériel* of the enemy remained in the hands of the conquerors. Romantsoff passed the Dniester as the fruit of these victories; Repnin took Ismailoff, and Panin Bender, which fell after a three months' resistance, bringing with it the submission of the Tartars of Budziak and Otchakoff. Elsewhere the Russians were not idle: Ackerman, the capital of Bessarabia, was stormed by General Igelstrohm, and then a strong port on the Black Sea, at the mouth of the Dniester, fell into the hands of the Russians. In consequence of these successes, we now find the Danubian Principalities sending deputies to the empress with offers of

homage: it is needless to say that the reception which she gave them was flattering and magnificent. Thus did these provinces appear ripe for annexation to Russia—more ripe, perhaps, than now, as they were smarting from the oppression of the Turkish rule, which has given them no cause of complaint in latter times, and were besides afflicted by the canker of internal misgovernment. Catharine's name now became famous in Europe, and foreigners flocked to her standard; and we are sorry to find again the names of Englishmen helping to build up a power which was to be one day so troublesome to the land of their birth. Amongst these were eminent General Lloyd and Major Carlton, men of tried courage and conduct. Now, if ever, seemed the time for the realisation of Russia's darling dream. Catharine's double-headed eagle hung over Constantinople, and seemed on the point of pouncing. As a proof how much the perpetuation of the imperial policy of Russia was due to the influence of those about court, as well as to the traditions of the Tsars, we find that the idea was first suggested to Catharine by Marshal Munich, who offered to conduct the enterprise, which was to end in clearing Europe of the Turks; but that was soon after Catharine's accession; and though for the present she declined the attempt, she was only biding her time. The astute empress saw that the old republican spirit still lingered in the Greek islands; so, instead of pretending to annex them, she gave out that she was going to restore their ancient freedom, and set up a republic. The Greeks immediately looked upon the Russians as their deliverers, as in a great measure they look upon them at this day. They took up arms, the Mainotes first, and in many of the islands a general massacre of the Turks ensued, to be avenged with interest soon afterwards by the janissaries.

Spiridoff's squadron was now joined by that of Elphinstone. The English Vice-Admiral brought success with him. They were opposed by the Capudan Pasha Hassan, a man as brave as a lion, but probably not much more nautical than the king of beasts. The fleets met in the strait between Scio,

the old Chios, and the mainland. The Turks fought with unusual obstinacy. The ships of the Capudan Pasha and Spiridoff grappled and blew up together. Night separated the rest of the combatants. Next morning, Elphinstone having seen that the Turks had got hampered in the shallow bay of Tchesmè, with some of their ships aground, a thought struck him that they might all be destroyed at once; so he ordered out four fire-ships under the command of Dugdale, and, protected by the squadron of Greig, the manœuvre was completely successful. Dugdale himself grappled a fire-ship to a Turkish vessel, and, badly burnt, escaped by swimming to the Russian fleet. When the sun rose the next day, the Turkish flag had disappeared, and nothing was left but the floating embers of a vast fleet. The Russians took advantage of the annihilation of the fleet, and burnt the town that was on the bay, blowing up the castle that protected it. Thus effectually did three Englishmen, Elphinstone, Greig, and Dugdale, play the game of Russia, much as Admiral Codrington did at Navarino in our own century. Their eyes might have been opened by the way in which Catharine treated them, for she wrote to Voltaire, and repeated to the French ambassador, in 1788, that the credit of the victory of Tchesmè was due to Alexis Orloff, who was no sailor at all.

In addition to their troubles in the Archipelago, the Turks were suffering at this time from insurrections in Syria and Egypt. In the latter country, Ali Bey, the worthy predecessor of Mehemet Ali, thought the Russian war a good opportunity for declaring his pashalic independent. So far, all went smooth for Russia; but the stupidity and misconduct of Orloff and her other principal officers paralysed her right arm. The news of Tchesmè was carried to the empress first of any one in Russia, by a special courier. St Petersburg was at once in a blaze of joy, and Alexis Orloff, instead of following up the victories which he claimed, came back to enjoy the fame of them, at the same time offering to force the passage of the Dardanelles with some additional strength. But the crisis was past, and Russia was

foiled of her prey when it seemed in her grasp. The Dardanelles were strengthened, and made secure against a *coup de main*, and even the ordinary passage of commerce through them was resumed when the Russian fleet was drawn from the blockade by the approach of winter. Thus the incompetency of Alexis Orloff proved a godsend to Turkey. It is probable that the English officers under his command did not care to urge the Russian successes to their ultimate consequences, but were satisfied with doing the immediate work for which they were engaged. The Ottoman armies in the north of Turkey showed still extraordinary vitality; they even were completely victorious at Bucharest; but the Grand Vizier was at last driven into the Bulgarian mountains, and the Russians took up their winter-quarters in the Principalities. The Khan of the Crimea aided the Turks materially in this war; so Catharine set up a party against him among his own subjects; and the small end of the wedge having thus been introduced, her generals drove it home. Forty years before, the lines of Perekop had submitted to Munich. The Khans of the Crimea, taught by experience, fortified this passage with a ditch, 72 feet wide, 42 deep, and defended it with 50,000 men. But Prince Dolgorouki had the address to force this barrier, and make himself master of the Crimea, earning thus the title Krimsky, in the old Roman style, after the country he had conquered. The Crimea was partly lost by the abandonment of the Turkish commanders, who were bowstrung when they came home, by order of the Sultan. At this time the Porte had a specimen of the double-dealing of Austria. It had just concluded with the Cabinet of Vienna a secret treaty, by which that power engaged to act offensively in its behalf, on condition of the expenses of the war being paid, and part of Wallachia, which had belonged to Austria, being restored. The Porte, with the good faith for which it has generally been distinguished, began with the payment of five millions of florins. The Court of Vienna immediately spent the money on warlike preparations, not

against Russia, but against Turkey. This was an act worthy of that power, which has profited by the troubles of its neighbours to seize the Danubian Principalities, no doubt with much chuckling at its own sharp practice in outwitting the two great belligerent powers, and with supreme indifference to the political debasement implied—in fact, with the precise feeling of Horace's miser, excepting the possession of the coin—

“*Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo*”

*Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arcâ.*”

A knave has been well defined a roundabout fool; and it is not improbable that Austria's smartness, as it would be called by our Transatlantic cousins, will bring discomfiture and bankruptcy upon her in the end.

A new enemy now appeared on the banks of the Danube, to which both contending armies were obliged to succumb. This was the Levant plague, which, like a Divine retribution, found its way to Moscow from Constantinople, avenging at the gate of the empress her designs on Turkey. The year 1772 found the Russians and Ottomans equally inclined to peace. Constantinople was missed for the present. The Russians had been much reduced by war and pestilence, and the Turks, under the guidance of a French officer, were engaged in repairing the disaster of Tchesmè, and organising another powerful fleet. An armistice was brought about by the Austrian and Prussian ministers, and a congress appointed to meet at Fokshiani. Orloff, who represented Russia at this congress, appears to have desired peace, because the conclusion of peace would make safe for him the fame he had earned by the brains of others, and enable him, as he thought, to secure the highest object of his ambition, which was no other than the hand of the imperial lady whom he served. He had not the wit to see that his projects clashed with the policy of the empire; and accordingly we now find Catharine's too old-fashioned friend cast off like a robe in the same condition, and supplanted by the less aspiring Vassiltchikoff. The congress of Fokshiani came to nothing. The Russians had managed to inveigle the Khan of the Crimea

into a treaty by which he renounced the suzerainty of the Porte, and put himself under that of the empress. The Porte, incensed at this, and especially by the cession of the forts of Kertch and Yenikale, at the mouth of the Sea of Azoff, to Russia, sent into the Black Sea a large squadron of *small* vessels. By this it appears that the Porte at this period knew the requirements of these inland seas better than our enlightened Government in the nineteenth century. Catharine sent to meet it a powerful fleet, manned by Dutch, and again, alas! by English officers. Sir Charles Knowles was its admiral.

Meanwhile Catharine had not forgotten Poland; indeed, her maternal love could not long suffer it to be out of her sight. Prussia was to manage Austria for her. France had a minister, the Duc d'Aiguillon, not so sharp-sighted as his predecessor. England was bound with the chains of free (?) trade. The Baltic states were too disunited to be even able to object to Russia and Prussia opening ports on that sea. Turkey was sufficiently weakened. The refusal of Austria, which Frederick had engaged to prevent, was alone worth thinking of. However, no difficulty presented itself on the part of Joseph II., and the dismemberment of Poland was finally settled at an interview of the Prussian and Austrian sovereigns at Neustadt in Austria, in the year 1770. The plague, which had ravaged the frontiers of Poland in the previous year, furnished an excuse for the introduction of both Prussian and Austrian troops, as a sanitary measure, further into its provinces. And now the conduct of Austria is well worth our attention. Joseph II. had actually promised to succour the confederates of Bar, and pretended to sympathise with Turkey against Russia. "So well," says our historian, "was this prince practised in the arts of dissimulation, that the confederates, deceived by his promises, regarded for a long time as their defenders the soldiers who were come to make a prey of their country." For Joseph II. read Francis-Joseph—for 1772, read 1855—and for the confederates of Bar, the Danubian Principalities—and the doings of that time were identical with those of the

present. The confederates were soon dispersed by their defenders: most of them simply went home; the rest went abroad, to publish their complaints and their misfortunes. The three partitioning powers now thought that they had sufficiently felt the pulse of Europe, and that the time was come to unmask. The Austrian minister first notified the treaty of St Petersburg to the king and senate of Poland; and afterwards a manifesto appeared at Warsaw, in which the "dauntless three" declared their intentions. The King of Prussia had already, with consummate impudence, given to the provinces appropriated by him the name of New Prussia, as if they had been some newly-discovered Transatlantic acquisition. Nothing could be more amusing, were it not for the tragical significance of the jest, than the deep affection for Poland which this manifesto pretended. Poland was torn to pieces by anarchy; and out of pure love of her, as well as an abstract admiration of order, the three powers were willing to take her under their joint guardianship, even though this step endangered the intimate friendship existing between themselves. However, as they could not be expected to be entirely disinterested, they claimed, as a trifling compensation for their trouble and anxiety, the effectual possession of such parts of the Polish territory as might serve to fix more natural and sure bounds between Poland and the three powers. At the same time, they generally remitted all debts due to themselves from Poland or Poles; and as a voucher for the purity of their intentions, invited the Poles to a general handshaking, in order that a Diet might be called in which the new arrangement might be discussed and ratified. The Empress Catharine having by these means obtained a new batch of subjects, began to caress them into tameness, like those clever female elephants in India who, being in league with the hunters, keep the wild males quiet with their blandishments until the ropes are safely round their legs. She did not immediately enforce the oath of allegiance, but merely desired her dutiful subjects to keep quiet till they should be indulged by being allowed to take it at her leisure. She pro-

mised them the full and free exercise of their religion and political rights ; or, what was still better, she was willing to go so far as to "treat them as one of the family," and give them an equal share in the rights, *liberties*, and prerogatives so fully enjoyed by her ancient subjects. All that she asked in return was their prayers. She desired that the Empress and Grand Duke should be prayed for in all the churches.

While Catharine justified herself thus by the plea of "natural love and affection," as lawyers have it, Frederick endeavoured to justify his territorial speculations by fictions of law, resting on pretensions entirely antiquated, much resembling those of Denmark to the islands at the north of Scotland. The justification of Austria is not recorded by our authority, but probably it was an echo of both of these pleas. The Poles remonstrated, and the trio answered, "Had they not summoned a diet, where every opportunity of discussion would be afforded?" They had, indeed; but a diet hedged in by bayonets. Intimidation, bribery, and corruption, procured a sufficient attendance, and the business was, of course, done much to the satisfaction of the Allies, but in a somewhat perfunctory manner. King Stanislaus had the spirit to make objections, but these were easily overruled, and by so doing he only incurred the enmity of Catharine without gaining the confidence of his subjects, who believed him still insincere. By this dismemberment Poland lost nearly five millions of inhabitants. Russia got a million and a half, with the largest territory; Austria two millions and a half, with a smaller slice; and Prussia got rather less than a million souls, but was indemnified by the city of Dantzic and the commercial advantages of the Vistula. Prussia appears at first to have acted with the greatest hardness of the three dividing powers. Not only were extraordinary imposts laid on the annexed province, but, besides the ordinary conscription, there was one which brings to memory the deeds of eastern dynasties, in times savage and fabulous, and the story of the Sabine women and early Rome. Part of Prussia was very thin of inhabi-

tants, so every town and village in the new province was obliged to furnish a quota of grown-up girls, to each of whom the parents were obliged to give as portion a feather-bed, four pillows, one cow, two hogs, and three gold ducats. These gentle conscripts were sent to be married to men they had never seen before, in the less populous quarters of the king's dominions. We are grown so used to the partition of Poland and similar territorial changes by this time, that we have but a faint idea of the horror with which such acts were regarded in Europe before the French Revolution. The ease with which it was accomplished must be partly attributed to the fact that the revolutionary yeast had already begun to work in the European states; and in the bewilderment of domestic questions the relations of foreign states assumed only a secondary interest. We can easily understand why Russia treated her annexations with so much moderation at first. She had made a step in advance; she had planted her foot on the map of Western Europe, and she wished to strengthen that position and not to imperil it; besides, she had for the present a war in Turkey on her hands—a war in which fortune did not always favour her. On the banks of the Danube, in particular, the advantage was rather on the side of Turkey, so that Catharine, growing impatient, sent to Marshal Romantsoff to know why he had not delivered a pitched battle. The marshal replied that it was because the Grand Vizier had then twice as many men as himself, and that he could more easily repair his losses. The rejoinder of the empress was characteristic: "The Romans never asked after the number of their enemies, but where they were, in order to fight them." We find at this period the naval war still smouldering on in the Levant, but not with the brilliant success which the victory of *Thesmè* seemed to prognosticate. The Russians lost a useful ally in Ali Bey, who was defeated and slain; and in their expeditions to the islands they were often unfortunate. From the island of *Setanchio* the Turks sent four sacks of Russian heads to Constantinople, as a proof of one of their failures.

Most mischief was done by the smaller vessels of the Russians, manned by Greeks and Albanians; and this is worth our notice, because it shows how inoperative the Russian navy has always been, except when manned by foreign sailors and commanded by foreign officers. Greece would at any time be a most valuable acquisition to Russia, from the maritime excellence of her population, testified by their incurable instinct of piracy. In 1774 Turkey was shaken by the death of the Sultan Mustapha III., a liberal and beneficent monarch, but the most unfortunate of any since the time of Bajazet. Thinking his son too young, he had appointed Abdul Hamed, his brother, to succeed him; but this appointment was not accepted by the janissaries, who became for some time troublesome in consequence, and thus indirectly strengthened the hands of Russia. Prussia and Austria now kept Poland quiet, and enabled Catharine to mobilise additional troops in aid of Romantsoff's army. Romantsoff, amongst other successes, pushed his way to the gates of Silistria; and at last the Grand Vizier, hemmed in at Shumla, was obliged to sue for peace. The plenipotentiaries met at Kudzuk Kainardji in Bulgaria. Russia, of course, was the gainer by a peace dictated at her sword's point. Russia got the Euxine and all the Ottoman seas, with the condition that she should never navigate the seas about Constantinople with more than one armed vessel at a time. Moderation, however, was still her game, for fear of alarming Europe. She restored all her conquests but Kinburn, Azoff, Taganrog, and Kertch, which is much as if a turnkey were to lock up a prisoner, put the keys in his pocket, and tell him he was free of his own dungeon. The Crimea was not to become Russian, but independent of the Porte. What this independence was worth is seen by the fact that the Khan of the Crimea was in former times the freely elected chief of a free people, only acknowledging the Sultan as his Khalif, or religious chief. It does not even seem that this suzerainty of the Porte cost the Crimea anything. Russia played the same game as in Poland. Her whole conduct was actuated by care for the liberty of the

Crimean subject, and affectionate solicitude for law and order. Thus the Crimea was not yet married to the northern colossus, but the ring of betrothal was forced on her unwilling finger. This peace was celebrated with great joy in Russia, and welcome at the time, because Russia was suffering from dearth, pestilence, and an extraordinary emigration—circumstances which may have, indeed, conduced to the moderation of its terms, which, of course, she took good care to make the most of.

The emigration here alluded to was one of an enormous multitude of Calmucks, or wild Tartars, whom the extortions and insults of Russian officials drove from the heart of the empire to take refuge on the frontier of China. The government of Russia was so concerned at such a wholesale loss of population, that it communicated with the Chinese for the restoration of the fugitives. But the Chinese government answered with a spirit which was new to Catharine, and refused to give them up. The rebellion of Pugatscheff followed, and a servile war which shook Russia to her centre, and gave her little leisure for foreign acquisitions. Nevertheless, Catharine did not lose one inch of ground that she had gained; and, on the suppression of the rebellion appeared as powerful as ever, and was ready for new encroachments. An historian of this period—Von Struensee—speaking of the present and future of Russia, remarks with much acumen that her true policy was not war, but peace; and that, being safe from foreign attacks by her situation, it was her own fault if she engaged in any wars at all. Her resources required development, and if she made the most of them, her foreign relations would be infinitely more advanced by commerce than by the most brilliant conquests. He might have remarked, in addition, that though peace and not war was the true policy of the Russian nation, war and not peace was, on the contrary, that of the court and courtiers, since a state of commercial prosperity would soon engender constitutional longings in the middle and upper classes, fatal to the perpetuation of a pure despotism; while a state of progressive conquest



drained off by the conscriptions the energies of the lower classes, and dazzled the higher by its successes, so as to leave either little leisure for political aspirations. We must observe that Catharine and the other progressive and aggressive monarchs of Russia did not neglect commercial aggrandisement; much the contrary; but they ever made it subservient to the nourishment of the sinews of war. Peace had now for some time been concluded between Russia and Turkey, but the Tartars still continued in arms. Having no foreign enemy to fight, they were fighting amongst each other. All at once a Russian force appeared in the Crimea to settle their differences—expelled the Khan Dowlet-Gherai, and set up Sahim-Gherai in his stead. Soon after this, in 1776, they showed what they meant by the change, by building a fort between Kertch and Yenikale, and making the town of Kertch a sort of asylum for all the Crimean Christians who would come over to them. The Porte, taking alarm very naturally at this measure, again threatened war, and Sahim-Gherai sent an embassy to the empress to ask for protection, which was the more easily granted, as the whole matter was doubtless quite as much of previous arrangement as the ministerial questions in our House of Commons. Meanwhile, Romantsoff had received orders to be ready with an army on the Borysthenes; the sky became overcast and lowering, but Catharine sent Prince Reprin to Constantinople to keep the Porte quiet till she was ready to enter the lists at an advantage. That Catharine found time to direct foreign affairs at all, and contrive the fall of empires at this period, is wonderful, when we read of the round of dissipation in which she passed her days. Incessantly occupied with political and social intrigues, constantly changing her ministers and her favourites, she still managed to map out her time so well, that business and pleasure fell naturally into their proper places, and never interfered with each other. It is almost terrifying to think that a woman, so shamelessly abandoned in her life, should yet have exercised the self-command of an anchorite with regard to the distribution of her time.

There is a kind of unconsciousness in her conduct like that of innocence; and the best that can be said of her is, that she was partly forced to accept, with an exotic civilisation, as a matter of course, the savage and Polynesian traditions of her native predecessors. The suspicion fell on her about this time of causing her daughter-in-law, Natalia Alexicon, to be put to death. It is only useful to notice this, because her death led to another marriage which united Russia and Prussia more strongly than ever. A few days before the death of the Grand Duke's wife, Prince Henry of Prussia came to St Petersburg to discuss difficulties arising from the Polish partition. In a conversation with the empress this prince is said to have spoken to the following effect:—"Madam, I see but one way of obviating all difficulty. It may perhaps be displeasing to you on account of Poniatowsky (Stanislaus), but you will nevertheless do well to give it your approbation, since compensations may be offered to that monarch of greater value to him than the throne which is continually tottering under him. The remainder of Poland must be partitioned." Of course this conversation sealed the doom of that country. The death of the Grand Duchess supervened, and in consequence it was agreed at the time that the Grand Duke Paul should marry the Princess of Würtemberg, Prince Henry's niece, in spite of her previous betrothal to the hereditary sovereign of Hesse-Darmstadt. Whether the Princess of Würtemberg made any objection to having her affections thus summarily disposed of, is not of much consequence. She changed her religion with the same apparent ease as her intended bridegroom, and was married to Paul Petrovitch, under the name of Maria Feodorovna, just twenty years before her husband ascended the throne of the Tsars. About this time we find Russia negotiating with Denmark, and, as was believed at the time, duped by that power, for she was induced to cede Holstein to Denmark. The cession, we may well think, was not made for nothing; and the detachment of one of the great Scandinavian states from general

Scandinavian interests was not an object to be overlooked. Besides this, Russia had always immediate views on Sweden. Since the time of Elizabeth she had always kept up by means of her ministers, and by the use of intrigues and bribery, a Russian party in that country, who were known as the party of the Caps, in contradistinction to that of the Hats, and who took the patriotic line in opposition to the absolutist tendencies of the Swedish monarchs. Gustavus III. succeeded by a well-managed *coup d'état* in getting the mastery over this party; but finding that his success brought a Russian fleet into the Gulf of Finland, he went to negotiate in 1777 with Catharine at St Petersburg, who, of course, quieted his alarms as to the armament, and on all points completely outwitted him. She was active, at the same time, both in the north and in the south. In 1778 the war threatened to break out again between Russia and Turkey about the Khans of the Crimea. It is worth recording that, before undertaking this war, Catharine obtained a promise of assistance from the Shah of Persia, so that the present is not the first time that that court has been subservient to Russian designs. The Shah's death, however, prevented the fulfilment of the promise. One special grievance with the Porte was the protection claimed by Russia over the Christians in the Danubian Principalities; in order to render which independent of the Porte, Russia stipulated that the sovereigns of these countries should not be removable at the will of the Sultan, their suzerain. Matters were, however, arranged for the present by the French ambassador; for a war between that power and England having just broken out, it was desirable to him that the connection between Russia and England should be severed. Nevertheless, the empress found the English too useful to break with them altogether; and while she still refused to abet them in their endeavours to retain their American colonies, she invited them to indemnify themselves by Russian commerce for what they lost in America, and thus profited commercially as well as politically by their embarrassments.

With regard to Catharine's coldness towards England at this time, it is perfectly consistent with her general policy. England seemed in danger of losing the empire of the seas, with her colonies in revolt and France against her. Catharine would not break with her altogether, for England might recover her position. On the other hand, it was plain, by at the same time flattering the Americans, that she was ready to take advantage of every contingency. Accordingly, she was induced by the French minister, with no great difficulty, to set on foot an armed neutrality among the maritime powers of the north, on the plea of the severities of the right of search as practised in the Baltic. This desertion of England in her need ought to have opened the eyes of her statesmen to the imperial policy, but we do not find that it had this immediate effect. The armed neutrality was established, Sweden being the only reluctant power; and, under the circumstances, our government thought it best to release the ships that were in limbo waiting for adjudication. Catharine had at this period by her side a powerful, ambitious, and talented counsellor in Prince Potemkin, the only minister who ever seemed to come near herself in ability. He had been the court favourite, and in due time, like all the rest, received his dismissal; but nothing daunted, he had the consummate assurance to present himself as usual at her card-table, and, as often happens in such cases, sheer impudence succeeded; the empress sat down to her game, merely remarking that Potemkin always played luckily. Instead of retiring in dudgeon for the loss of a heart which had been so often lost and gained before as scarcely to be regrettable, Potemkin knew henceforth how to make himself so generally useful, that he gained an ascendancy over Catharine's mind which lasted till his death. He saw that his name would be inseparably associated with the glories of the empire, could he but cause Catharine, or one of her family, to be crowned at Constantinople; so he directed all his efforts to this end, and thought rightly, that the first step in that direction was the possession of

the Crimea. He also thought that Austria, as conterminous with Turkey, was the right ally for this business; and, in consequence, an interview was arranged between Joseph II. and Catharine at Mohilef. It was agreed that they should attack the Ottomans in concert, share the spoils between them, but in Greece set up the old republics, probably with a view of conciliating other powers. Turkey had been much chafed since the last peace, by the articles granting Russia the use of the Euxine, which, of course, she took care to improve to the utmost, and that by which the independence of the Crimea was stipulated—an independence by which this province and its neighbours were fast becoming Muscovite. Just so in the Danubian Principalities: war seemed preferable to those intrigues by which Russia gained new ground every day; for Potemkin had ingeniously contrived to establish a network of agencies in all the principal towns, under the name of consulships, to which he appointed tried and safe men, whom he had known personally at St Petersburg. On the whole, the Porte was disposed for war, finding that, although war was dangerous, peace was inevitably fatal, because, during peace, Russia was driving a sap in several directions at the same time, the final explosion of which would be nearer to the heart of the empire than the present attacks of war. It was on the matter of the consuls that Turkey was sorest; but, nevertheless, she found it necessary, towards the close of 1781, to accept the Russian policy on this point, and to receive Laskaroff as consul-general of Russia, with liberty to reside at Bucharest, Jassy, or anywhere else he might think proper. But this concession did not long ward off war. The creature of Russia, Sahim-Gherai, was worsted in a rebellion of the Crimean Tartars, which gave Russia a pretence for sending an army to help him.

Towards the close of 1782, two spirited memorials, as they were called, were presented to the Porte from St Petersburg and Vienna, with hints of further consequences if their requests were not complied with; and Turkey, though still negotiating, pre-

pared for war. Kherson was the Sebastopol of that time, a city built as if by magic by Potemkin, containing harbours for shipping, and capable of becoming a standing menace to the Ottoman empire. Catharine flattered the Khan of Crimea, Sahim-Gherai, into insulting the Turks; and because they resented it, accused them of breaking the treaty of Kainardji. Moreover, she seemed determined to drive Turkey to declare war, (the very cue of Nicholas,) by making demands continually increasing in exorbitancy. She demanded now the Crimea in full possession, the isle of Taman, the Kuban and Budziak, with the fortress of Otchakoff, besides less important cessions. Nor were the demands of Austria less unreasonable, for she demanded Belgrade, a great part of Wallachia, Bosnia, and Servia, and the free navigation of the Danube and the Turkish seas. Meanwhile Russia had made herself mistress of all the principal ports in the Crimea, and extended her power over the Caucasus into Georgia and Armenia. Mingrelia and Georgia had entered into a state of vassalage to the empress, and at last, by a mock abdication, she got the Khan to vacate to her, in consideration of estates in Russia, the whole of the Crimean peninsula.

For this annexation of the Crimea, Catharine published a manifesto, urging, as in the case of Poland, her benevolent dispositions towards that country, and satisfactorily showing to all who were willing to be deceived, that she had no motive but that of pure love for her new dominions. The Porte answered this manifesto in a masterly reply, which was attributed to Sir Robert Ainslie, the then English ambassador at Constantinople. To keep Sweden quiet, Catharine appointed a meeting with Gustavus III., and offered to help him in gaining Norway, if he would remain neuter. He seemed to comply, but broke his engagement at the first opportunity. Enormous Russian armies now hovered on the frontiers of Turkey. England did all she could to rouse Turkey to arms, but France and Austria prevented it. The storm blew over, Catharine got all her demands without fighting—the Crimea, the Caucasus, the Euxine,

and the right of passing the Dardanelles; and this time, at least, France as well as Austria completely played into the hands of Russia. Thus there was a lull in the East for some time, and Catharine was free to intrigue in the West, and we find her doing so on several international occasions. Potemkin was busy in carrying out Catharine's benevolent intentions in the Crimea; and so effectually did he do this, that, as Schlosser remarks, a people, in 1780, still numerous, free, rich, clad in silks, and outwardly decorous, soon entirely vanished into insignificance, and shrunk into a mere hungry horde of beggars; its once brilliant and splendid towns of pavilions became mere hovels for goats; and its strongholds, houses, and palaces, built of solid stone, lapsed into mere heaps of ruins. In 1783, Paul Potemkin, cousin of the Prince, by way of keeping order in the Crimea, butchered 30,000 Tartars in cold blood; and in every respect the imperial policy of Russia showed itself as in Poland, closely imitating the animal so often used to symbolise it, by hugging affectionately at first, and crushing in the end. We mentioned at the end of the last paper that the eyes of far-seeing men in Europe were opened to the designs of Russia early in the reign of Catharine. We are informed by the *Moniteur* of June 30 of the present year, of a correspondence which took place in 1783 between M. de Vergennes, then Foreign Minister at Paris under Louis XVI., and the French Ministers at the courts of Vienna and London, showing that the subject was still considered of high State importance. We must quote from the *Times'* Paris Correspondent's own words, written in the style, at once vigorous and lucid, in which he is accustomed to give the English public the pith of the French press:—"The first (despatch) bears date January 6, 1783; and the last, July 18 of the same year. These State papers present a striking picture of the designs of Russia, then under the sway of Catharine II., and they prove the sagacity and foresight of the minister who then directed the councils of the French monarch. But they are chiefly curious from the extraordinary similarity of the facts nar-

rated in them with those that occur at the present day; and we have but to change the date and names in order to have a complete idea of contemporary events. The remarks of M. de Vergennes on the aggressive and perfidious character of Muscovite policy, and the hesitations, if not worse, of Austria, might be made by M. Drouyn de Lhuys or M. de Walewski in 1855; and the reasons put forward by Austria for not taking an active part in the resistance to Russia are nearly identical with what we have heard for the last two years. We have the Emperor Joseph declaring to M. de Breteuil, that "if the obstinacy of Turkey (that is, her resistance to the unjust demands of the Czarina) led to a rupture with Russia, he should take possession of Moldavia and Wallachia. The Turkey of Abdul Medjid has resisted the Russia of Nicholas, and the Austria of Francis Joseph has taken possession of the Danubian Provinces." An extract of a letter is then given, in which M. de Vergennes communicates to M. d'Ahèmar in London his suspicions of the existence of an understanding between Austria and Russia to divide Turkey; and the extract concludes with this pregnant sentence: "The only difference is, that the Emperor (of Austria), better advised, will employ more form to colour the spoliation of the Ottoman empire." Then follows the picture of proceedings exactly parallel with Menschikoff's bullying mission, in which it is shown that, as Turkey yields, Russia pushes forward with new demands, determined either to goad her into war, or to fence her back over the precipice of self-destruction. And to the French ambassador at Vienna M. de Vergennes writes, declaring the necessity of extorting from Austria an explicit declaration of her intentions, and divining that Austria will take possession of Moldavia and Wallachia as soon as the Russian spoliation is complete; adding, that the Emperor is at present probably divided between the greed of dominion on the one hand, and the fear of the exhausting results of a war on the other; and that it behoves France to know immediately what he means. And the despatches addressed to the French

ambassador in London as to the attempts made to induce Mr Fox, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to join in opposing Russia, are said to furnish an exact parallel with part of the history of the late Administration. What says Mr Gladstone to all this? England missed that opportunity of stopping Russian aggression, as she has missed her opportunity many times since, and Russia continued to advance her pretensions.

The progress of Catharine to the Crimea was managed by Prince Potemkin with a view of consolidating her power in the south, by receiving in person the homage of the Crimean Tartars; and there was yet an ulterior design in this extraordinary journey, which shows, that the fall of Constantinople was already looked upon as a "*fait accompli*." This was no less than the inducting of Constantine, the grandson of the Empress, into that Oriental Empire for which she had destined him from birth. We are told that in his earliest infancy he was put into the hands of nurses from the isle of Naxos; that he was always dressed in the Greek fashion, and surrounded with Greek children, so that he soon spoke that language with facility, and it was even with reference to him that the Greek cadet corps of 200 cadets was established. Catharine received the homage of Stanislaus Augustus at Kanief, travelling under his old name of Poniatowsky, and of Joseph II. at Kherson, where, as the Empress was proceeding through the town, she read an inscription on the eastern gate, in Greek, to this effect: "This is the road to Byzantium." The whole progress was managed by Potemkin with a magnificent mendacity only possible to a Russian grandee. Towns appeared to have been built, and deserts peopled, to please the eyes of the Empress. Whether she was deceived or not, she took no pains to inquire into the flattering though monstrous imposition. While the Empress was at Kherson, four Turkish ships of the line took the liberty to anchor at the mouth of the Borysthenes, which caused her to exclaim: "One would suppose that the Turks had no recollection of Tchesmè." The puppet Khan Sahim-Gherai was removed from the Crimea when Catha-

rine took possession of it; and after having been abundantly made a fool of by Potemkin, took refuge in Rhodes, where he was strangled by the Turks. The cup of insult was now full, and running over; and, fretted by the intrigues of the consuls, especially by one in Moldavia, an Englishman we are sorry to say, the Divan at last declared war; and, by way of doing this emphatically, sent Bulgakoff, the Russian ambassador, to the castle of the Seven Towers. Of course Catharine was prepared for this result. The Austrians were with her, and the Western Powers not sufficiently united to thwart her, so she published a manifesto of lamb-like innocence in answer to the unanswerable appeal of the Porte to the justice of Europe, and sent out fleets and armies to back it. The first great exploit was the victory before Otchakoff, gained by Suwarrow and Beck, who were both wounded, but in which a Turkish army was annihilated. From its circumstances it was a narrow escape for the victors, and gave good reason for "*Te Deums*" at St Petersburg. And now the Empress wanted to induce France to join her, by the bribe of Egypt in the spoliation of Turkey. But the French court of that time, like the imperial government of the present day, was not to be tempted by the specious bait. It was pleaded in vain by Russia that Egypt would instantly fall to France, and Egypt was the gate of India. The Turks had now a piece of good fortune in taking the Borysthenes, of 64 guns, which was driven by weather to Constantinople, and another of greater importance, which they had not counted on. Catharine was prepared for the opposition of England and Prussia to her plans, in everything short of actual hostility. She was not prepared for a declaration of war from Gustavus III. of Sweden, who seemed, in a measure, actuated by the contemptuous scorn with which his offers of mediation between Russia and Turkey had been treated. Catharine was in great danger. All her best soldiers were gone to the south; but, with her usual presence of mind, she got together such troops as she could, and prepared to defend her capital, which was in fact seriously menaced. Ad-

miral Greig, a Scotchman, was appointed to the command of the fleet at Cronstadt, which was sent against the Swedes, while another fleet was prepared for the Euxine. A remark made by the historian on this latter squadron is worth our heeding. It was meant that the large ships of the Turkish fleet should be avoided; and a great flotilla of light ships, furnished with heavy artillery, for acting in shallows and in the mouths of rivers, both for the defence and attack of seaside places, was got together. The advantages of this arrangement were obvious. Europe, which had slumbered through the partition of Poland, was now in part awakened by the approaching dismemberment of Turkey. Thus Austria and Russia, though pretending a crusade, met with nothing but coldness through Christendom, except from Genoa, which actively assisted them. Venice, Sardinia, and Spain, then very powerful by sea, showed decided hostility; and as for France, she was quite aware of all that was going on; but this was now "the Gallic era, 88," and there was a leaven working in her own constitution which rendered her utterly incapable of any external feelings. Prussia was satisfied with standing on the defensive and awaiting contingencies. As for England, Russia hoped to bribe her into acquiescence, by employing her pilots, seamen, and shipping in transport; and the merchants were of course well pleased to turn a penny: but the Government put a timely check on it by a proclamation in the London Gazette, prohibiting foreign service to British sailors, and at the same time nullifying the contracts of those who had taken any tenders up for Russia. But this refusal of England to abet Russia probably saved St Petersburg, for it delayed the sailing of the Russian fleet, and kept it at home to cover the capital against Sweden. England did not go the length of recalling her officers already in the Russian service; and amongst other heroes of the Cronstadt fleet, Catharine had the good fortune to engage the notorious American pirate Paul Jones. She was, however, soon obliged to rescind this appointment, as the British officers refused to serve with a deserter from their own service.

The King of Sweden declared war a little too soon, and missed his mark. The Russian fleet, with its English officers, soon shut the Swedes up in Sweaborg, which then belonged to Sweden; but notwithstanding this, Gustavus thought of getting an advantageous peace. Above all he wished to free Finland from Russian intrigue. It appears that ever since the peace of Abo, Russia, under the pretence of making them independent, had endeavoured to detach the Finlanders from Sweden, playing the same game as with Courland, which she first declared independent and then annexed. But Catharine was his implacable foe at this time, and no peace was possible. She had corrupted the Swedish nobles, so that they deserted their king on the field of battle. It was even said that she aimed at dethroning him, and reviving the extinct claim of Peter III. to the throne of Sweden, in the person of her son, the Grand Duke. To add to the difficulties of Gustavus, the Danes invaded him from Norway, the hostility of the Danes having been excited by Gustavus's wish to take Norway from them and annex it; and also, of course, by no lack of Russian intrigue at the same time, the handsome present of Holstein not being forgotten at the court of Copenhagen. It is said, indeed, that on the cession of Holstein to Denmark, that power was secretly bound to provide Russia with 12,000 auxiliary troops, and six ships of the line, when she wanted them. The date of this treaty was 1773, a time when Sweden menaced Norway. In 1787, Gustavus, seeing that he might attack Russia with advantage, as she was busy with the Ottoman war, paid a friendly visit to Copenhagen, to impress on the Danish court the dangers of Russian ambition and intrigues, and the necessity of a Scandinavian union. But it was too late: the interests of Denmark had been sold by her court already, and it was in obedience to Russia that Denmark made the invasion mentioned before, as a diversion to the war in Finland. Gottenburg was invested, and Gustavus, at the head of the brave Dalecarlians, hastened to relieve it, leaving the army in Finland to shift for itself. He was now in imminent danger.

England, Prussia, and Holland, now in firm alliance, saved him, for France was in a state of internal paralysis. Mr Elliott, the English ambassador at Copenhagen, went to Gottenburg, and made the Danish prince raise the siege by threatening an embargo on Danish ships in England, followed up by operations in the Sound. He was seconded by the Prussian minister, and Gustavus had both his hands free again for the war in Finland. In the mean time the war in the East was raging furiously, and most to the advantage of Russia. Potemkin took Otchakoff on the festival of St Nicholas, to whom the Russians gave the credit, as he was their tutelary saint, but at the price of the loss of 12,000 men. At this period, the beginning of 1789, the exhaustion of Russia is remarked on by our authority: "Men began to grow scarce in the Russian empire; the wilds of Siberia were therefore ransacked for its exiles; and a part of them were brought to be incorporated with the recruits." Meanwhile the war in Finland waged, at first with advantage to Russia. Gustavus's troops were pushed out of Russian into Swedish Finland. In the next year, 1790, fortune turned. Gustavus took thirty ships from the Prince of Nassau, and excited great consternation at St Petersburg, by disembarking an army only thirty miles from that capital. Why have not England and France, in 1855, imitated his example? The Swedes chased a Russian squadron into Revel, but lost two ships, and their navy was entrapped, and seriously compromised in the Gulf of Viborg; and might have been taken entire, had Admiral Tschitschagoff and the Prince of Nassau put batteries at the entrance of the passages. As it was, the Swedes lost nine ships of the line, three frigates, and upwards of twenty galleys. The Russians paid for this success by the loss of several of their boldest British officers; amongst others the Captains Denison, Marshall, Miller, Aiken, and Trevenen.

The Prince of Nassau attacked the remainder of the Swedish galleys behind the rocks of Svenkosund, where they had hidden themselves for safety.

Gustavus's star was now in the ascendant. The Russians lost half their fleet, and 10,000 men. The Empress now offered terms to Gustavus, which were, the re-establishment of the treaties of Abo and Nystadt, coupled with the condition that Gustavus should march against the French. He complied, thinking himself too weak to follow up his temporary advantages. In Turkey the war went on. Abdul Achmed was dead. He was a genial kind of Sultan, considered by M. De Vergennes as one of the finest gentlemen of his time. Amongst other proofs of his civilised tendencies, his heterodox love of wine is put on record. He is said to have said in one of his hilarious moments, "If he were to become an infidel, he should assuredly embrace the Roman Catholic religion, for all the best European wines grew in Catholic countries; and, indeed, he had never heard of a good Protestant wine." Selim III. succeeded him. It was now thought that if Catharine failed in her design on Constantinople, she would, as the second best thing to be done, invest Potemkin with the sovereignty of the Danubian Principalities. As it was, the opposition of the allies forced her to content herself with making him hetman of the Cossacks. And with regard to her conquests of the Crimea, Otchakoff, and the Black Sea, she was on the point of going to war with England and Prussia, because she insisted in clinging to them. The fear of this war induced her to give easier terms to Gustavus, as those two powers with Sweden would have been too much for her. The Russian general Suwarrow was now making his ability manifest by beating the Turks. On one occasion, near the river Rinniks, he saved the Austrian army, and gained the honorary name of Rinniksky. He celebrated his conquest of Turtukai by four lines of Russian doggerel: "Glory to God! Praises to Catharine! Turtukai is taken! Suwarrow is in it." Other victories followed. Ackerman and Kegli Nova, on the northern mouth of the Danube, were taken. Potemkin had been sitting for some months before Ismail. He ordered Suwarrow to take it, and gave him but

three days to do it in. The Russians stormed the town at the third assault, but with the loss of 15,000 men. Catharine was much elated with these splendid successes, and ironically remarked to Sir Charles Whitworth, "Sir, since the king, your master, is determined to drive me out of St Petersburg, I hope he will permit me to retire to Constantinople." Prince Potemkin remained her prime minister and coadjutor through all these triumphs. Besides his designs on Constantinople, he is said to have had dreams even of Chinese conquest; his death alone stopt an expedition which was to have begun with taking possession of the Amoor at Nertschinsk, and he thoroughly believed that only 10,000 men were wanted to march through China. Nothing annoyed him more than the French Revolution, for he had succeeded in detaching the Bourbon dynasty from Turkey. The French Revolution was beginning to tell upon Poland; and Catharine, fearing for that country, where Prussian interests were getting the upper hand, began to think a peace with Turkey necessary. England wished to be mediator, as, in consequence of the rupture between France and Russia, she was anxious to have good terms with the latter power. The peace was concluded on the basis of that of Kainardji, the preliminaries being signed on the 9th of January 1791, at Galatch, leading to a definitive treaty concluded at Jassy. It is said that this war cost Russia 200,000 men, and 200,000,000 roubles; Austria, 130,000 men, and 300,000,000 florins; and Turkey, 330,000 men, and 250,000,000 piastres. Sweden had expended in her war 70,000,000 of rix-dollars, and lost the best part of her fleet. It must not be forgotten that, while the English were threatening to force this treaty on the Empress by a fleet in the Baltic, Prince Nassau Siegen put a project before her of marching an army through Bokhara to Cashmere and Bengal, with the view of driving the British out of India. The plan is said to have been originally conceived by a Frenchman named St Genie. It is well also to remember that this project was laughed to scorn by the

sagacious Potemkin, who did not live long after this to direct the counsels of Russia. He died near Jassy, whither he had gone to be present at the congress. He was a powerful and able man, in spite of his giant vices, and the very incarnation in the person of a courtier of the imperial policy of Russia.

The business with Turkey was now settled, and Catharine reverted to her old scheme of the annihilation of Poland. The Poles had been showing some signs of life. In 1788 they had abrogated the constitution dictated by violence in 1775, and in 1791 they had put forth a new constitution in a sense entirely adverse to her interests. The English constitution was the model on which the patriotic Poles proposed to remodel their own. The nobles thought of initiating a peerage after the English pattern; but instead of beginning with solidity, they began with splendour. Amongst other follies, while the very existence of Poland was trembling in the balance, they were sending embassies to all the chief European courts. Their propositions were fair enough, but all was too late. They determined to have done with foreign interference, and have Poland for the Poles. Stanislaus entered into these proceedings with theatrical ostentation. The chief innovation was that, after the English model, a Third Estate was to be placed by the side of the Upper House. To compensate this, the nobles were to be confirmed in their privileges. The veto of a single vote was repealed, and all cabals and private meetings of confederates forbidden. A revision of the constitution was to take place every twenty-five years, which, considering the short time the constitution was to last, seemed the most foolish provision of all. This change caused a universal jubilee in Poland, but with little reason. Austria, England, and Prussia had formed an anti-revolutionary league. Prussia wavered for some time between conservatism and liberalism. But the chief enemies of Poland were her own children. They had treason in the camp, and traitors in the church, one of the chief of whom was Bishop Kossakowsky. The traitors called on Russia to rescue Polish liberty, which they declared in danger; and Russian



intervention always rested on a hair-trigger, which a touch would explode. With Poland it was the old story of the wolf and the lamb; and as to Germany, the Russians pretended that their intervention was welcome to her dynasties, as she protected the old constitutions, and at the same time conveniently supplied their necessities. Russia complained that Poland had declared the permanency of the Diet, contrary to treaties, and also had negotiated with the Turks. At this crisis Stanislaus turned traitor. The confederation of the Russianising Poles assembled at Grodno, and were humiliated by seeing the Russian minister seated under the canopy of the throne he was going to overturn. The King of Prussia, in concert with Catharine, had already marched an army into Poland (1793). The Poles rose in insurrection, and the next year Kosciusko put himself at the head of the patriotic army. He succeeded for a while, but Russia and Prussia were too strong, and he was totally defeated at the battle of Maciejowitch on the 4th of October 1794. The Empress and Frederick now partitioned Poland at their leisure; Stanislaus became a pensioner on the bounty of Catharine, and Prince Repnin was appointed governor of Poland. Meanwhile Gustavus of Sweden was prevented from setting out on the Empress's expedition against France by his assassination. He was always unpopular with the Swedish nobles, and at last three of them entered into a conspiracy against his life. Ankerström had the questionable honour of shooting his king with a pistol in the back. He was succeeded by his son Gustavus Adolphus. The Empress instantly fixed on the young king as a husband for one of her granddaughters; but the negotiation came to nothing, as it appeared by the law of Sweden that it would be necessary for the bride to change her religion. Catharine was more successful in other alliances. She married her grandson Alexander to the Princess Louisa of Baden-Omlach, and Constantine to the youngest daughter of the Prince of Saxe-Coburg. Another bloodless triumph of about the same date (1796) was the complete annexation of the grand-

duchy of Courland, effected by some masterly intrigues.

Catharine now turned her attention to Persia. The Porte would not second her, so she proceeded alone. Valerian Zuboff, her general, penetrated into Daghestan and took Derbend on the Caspian, but he was beaten back into it. Catharine ordered him to be reinforced from the Kuban, and expected soon to conquer Persia. This was not her only dream, for now at last she seemed on the point of grasping the darling object of her ambition. She had just secured, by a new treaty with Great Britain and Austria, the assistance of both those powers against Turkey, and she already in imagination saw her empire extending from the White Sea to the Bosphorus, and from the Atlantic to Japan. But an unforeseen enemy conquered her at a single blow. She died suddenly on the 9th of November 1796, having scarcely ever ailed before. She had advanced the policy of Peter the Great more than any sovereign before or since; and the inscription which she put up on the statue she erected to him was not too presumptuous in its simplicity: "To Peter I., Catharine II." She reigned for thirty-five years, and left Russia one of the five great European powers. When Paul Petrovitch succeeded her, he was forty-two years old. He had been kept in the background by his mother during his whole life, probably because she found that little was to be made of him in reference to her ambitious schemes. She lived at a later period than Peter the Great, or she would probably have put Paul to death for his conservatism, as Peter did Alexis. The first thing Paul did was to do honour to his father's memory, which was an earnest of the policy he meant to pursue. He altered the law of succession by an ukase of the 16th April 1797, excluding female in case of male heirs remaining. Thus he sought to put the monarch above the courtiers, and the throne above the national policy. He made peace with Persia; he endeavoured to do justice to the Poles, and even favoured Kosciusko. His intentions seemed generally just and good. But his ability to do good was limited by his intelligence. His character soon

displayed eccentricities amounting to madness; which, although his views were just, caused him to act as a tyrant in detail. He was a man of impulse and passion, a new character for a Russian sovereign. He took up arms against the French Revolution, solely from his sympathies with kings, and even offered Louis XVIII. an asylum. But ill success in the war with France soon drove Paul to change sides, and Buonaparte, now First Consul, induced him to form an alliance with France, expelling Louis XVIII. and the rest of the emigrants. He afterwards was persuaded to re-establish the armed neutrality set on foot against England, which involved a war with this power. But he scarcely advanced the imperial policy of Russia; and this omission, probably much more than any acts of tyranny (for the Russians had been growing used to them since Ivan the Terrible), cost him his life. He was strangled with his own scarf, in the night between 11th and 12th March 1801, by some of the courtiers who had conspired against him. He had been twice married. His first wife was daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt, who died in childbed. The second, Dorothea, Princess of Würtemberg, rebaptised Maria-Fedorovna, bore him the Grand-Duke Alexander, Constantine, Nicholas, and Michael; and the Grand-Duchesses Alexandra, Maria Grand-Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, Helen Grand-Duchess of Mecklenburg, Catharine Queen of Würtemberg, and Anne Queen of Holland.

The perusal of this list of daughters will show what care had been taken in placing them so that the roots of Russia should spread themselves in the soil of Germany. Of course it was their grandmother's doing, and not their father's. Alexander I. is said to have inherited with the throne a remorse which haunted him to the grave. Whether his father was murdered with his privy has never been ascertained; but certain it is that he took no decided steps to avenge him. He is said not to have been so much a Russian in temperament, as a Greek of the Lower Empire. The bonhomie and blandness of his address concealed an ever-watchful astuteness, which qualified him more than per-

haps any one of his predecessors, with the exception of Catharine II., who had also worn a mask of apparent frankness, and even levity, to carry out the schemes of Peter the Great. But the tornado of the French Revolution changed all the currents of events, and turned them out of their accustomed channels. For the greatest part of his reign, Alexander had enough to do to keep his dominions together, and himself on the throne. Still the fact that Russia during his reign came out from all her reverses with increased dominions, and seemed to profit whichever side was uppermost, proves that Alexander was well worthy of inheriting the tradition of his fathers. The eyes of all the European powers were turned from Russia by fear of French aggrandisement; and thus Russia was near accomplishing, by the assistance of her friends, some of the objects in aiming at which she had failed in her own strength. In 1807 Admiral Duckworth, to dissolve the alliance between France and Turkey, forced the Dardanelles, and was only prevented from burning Constantinople by the dismissal of the French ambassador. Besides doing much damage to the Turkish navy, the Russians, meanwhile, were stirring up revolt in Greece. But in this year took place the memorable battle of Friedland, which was the last of a series of defeats, and seemed to consummate the ruin of Russia on the continent, and constitute Napoleon the sole and unquestioned arbiter of the destinies of Europe. It is impossible to help admiring the dexterity with which the Tsar managed the Great Captain at the peace of Tilsit. Alexander threw himself heart and soul, or pretended to do so, into Napoleon's hostility to England. He was not improbably sincere in this, as English supremacy at sea has always been a greater difficulty with Russia than French ascendancy on the continent; and unlike the Emperor Paul, he was probably free from all political sympathies with other nations on their own account. Young as he was, he saw Napoleon's weak point at once, and flattered the vanity of his conqueror by seeming to be overcome with admiration of his military prowess, nor least by ac-

knowledging him what he was not, his superior in diplomacy. During the conferences at Tilsit, Alexander and Napoleon in general terms agreed to divide the world between them. Many accounts of these conferences have been published, some of which are doubtless fabulous, some apocryphal, and some of course true. In the mean time, the startling news came that Turkey was in a state of anarchy; the janissaries having revolted against the reforms of Selim, and deposed and imprisoned that monarch. M. Thiers mentions that Napoleon spoke of Turkey on that occasion in a manner strikingly similar to the expressions of Nicholas addressed to Sir Hamilton Seymour. We quote M. Thiers' words:—

“‘Un coup du ciel,’ dit-il à Alexandre, ‘vient de me dégager à l’égard de la Porte. Mon allié et mon ami, le sultan Sélim, a été précipité du trône dans les fers. J’avais cru qu’on pouvait faire quelque chose de ces Turcs, leur rendre quelque énergie, leur apprendre à se servir de leur courage naturel: c’est une illusion. Il faut en finir d’un empire qui ne peut plus subsister, et empêcher que ses dépouilles ne contribuent à augmenter la domination d’Angleterre.’” Napoleon, of course, only spoke what was in Alexander’s own heart. He proved to him, moreover, that French preponderance was never dangerous to Russia, while England was always her natural rival, and could blockade her ports and menace Sebastopol, Odessa, and her other sea-fortresses, at any time. There was every reason that Russia and France should form an alliance against England and against Germany. Finally, Napoleon proposed to give Finland to Alexander, or rather to help him to take it from Sweden by force of arms. Finland was the chief bribe by which Napoleon counted on making Alexander his constant ally; but he still withheld from him the maritime provinces of Turkey and Constantinople itself,

and therefore most probably did Alexander intend to promise all, and, as soon as he had got his price, break faith with France at the first opportunity. It was, perhaps, fortunate for us that the Tsar’s constitutional duplicity was too strong even for his own interests.

In these conferences Alexander came again and again to the subject of Constantinople, but Napoleon was firm—he would not let Russia cross the Balkan. One day the two emperors came in from a walk, and Napoleon asked for a map of Europe, and, putting his finger on Constantinople, seemed to continue to himself a conversation just finished with Alexander. The Secretary is said to have heard the expression more than once, “Constantinople! Constantinople! jamais! c’est l’empire du monde.” It must be allowed that Alexander, though he did not get Constantinople, considering his position, was pretty well indemnified by Finland. It did not suit him just then to complain of Napoleon’s views regarding Poland, which the latter promised to restore to its independence. Russia managed to trim her bark so well in the storm which shook every throne in Europe, that she retained Finland from Napoleon’s hands, and Poland from those of the Allies.\* This happy faculty of Russia, of always falling on her legs after every temporary reverse of fortune, reminds us forcibly of those lines of Horace, applied in a nobler sense to the destinies of Rome—

“Mersus profundo, pulchrior evenit,  
Luctere, multâ prouet integrum  
Cum laude victorem, geretque  
Prælia conjugibus loquenda.”

Alexander only clave to Napoleon as long as his good fortune suffered no diminution. As far as his character was concerned, he had better have had no dealings with him, for the Allies could no longer believe in his dynastic orthodoxy, though of

\* “The carnage of Eylau, the overthrow of Tilsit, led only to the incorporation of Finland with its vast dominions, the acquisition of a considerable territory from its ally Prussia, the consolidation of its power in the Caucasus and Georgia, and the incorporation of Wallachia and Moldavia, and extension of its southern frontier to the Danube.”—ALISON’S *History of Europe, from the Fall of Napoleon*. Vol. ii. p. 114.

course Russia was too powerful a friend to be spurned. The English had become masters of the Baltic by the bombardment of Copenhagen under Lord Cathcart, and the re-awakened hostility of Austria to France shook Alexander's faith in the star of his new ally. Austria was beaten, and occupied by a French army, and then Alexander trembled for his frontier. But what galled Alexander most, was Napoleon's persistence in restoring Poland. He still trimmed and endeavoured to please both sides, and Napoleon grew dissatisfied with the bad performance of his promises. At last, by an ukase, of 15th January 1811, a safe time of year for him, as he thought, he placed prohibitions on French commerce. This was the beginning of the rupture, which continued to increase, and led to the campaign of 1812, the result of which is well known. Napoleon never calculated on the power of Russian despotism over the minds of its subjects. The burning of Moscow was but a symptom of that fanatical submissiveness which had been part of the Russian character since the days of Ivan the Terrible. After this Alexander became one of the heroes of Europe by force of circumstances, and gained great praise abroad by refusing divine honours at the hands of his people. When in the plenitude of his power in 1815, he caused himself to be crowned King of Poland, giving the Poles at the same time a mock constitution to play with. The divine honours which he refused for himself he generously claimed for the alliance of sovereigns of which he was the deviser, called "The Holy Alliance," the holiness of which was of course a reflection from that of Russia. By his duties to this alliance, he pretended his hands were tied from assisting the Greeks, whom he had stirred up to rebellion, and then left to the mercy of the Pashas. The remainder of his years were occupied with the peaceful consolidation of his empire. He died in 1825, at Taganrog, whither he had gone for the Empress's health. He carried out the imperial policy of Russia under greater difficulties than any of his predecessors, and, amongst other acquisitions, took advantage of some sparse trading settlements, to annex,

in 1821, Russian America, a tract of land twice as large as France. He was succeeded by Nicholas, his brother, under circumstances to which we adverted in an article entitled the "Death of Nicholas," in the April number of this Magazine. Nicholas was as much Alexander's superior as a man, as he was his inferior as a politician. The events of his reign are too well known to justify our dwelling upon them now. Generally speaking, he seems to have endeavoured to reconcile with faith and honour the observance of the policy of his forefathers, and only to have deviated from this rule of life in his latter days, when his temper seems to have got the better of his conscience. Not that he ever lost sight for a moment of the aggrandisement of Russia. In his time the absolutism of the Tsar, compromised by Alexander's sincere or insincere tamperings with constitutionalism, reached a point beyond which it was not possible to go, by the union of all Church as well as all State authority in the Emperor's person. In his reign, however, we may safely say, that the imperial policy was more forwarded by the assistance of his European alliances, than by any efforts made by the Emperor alone. In 1826 a protocol was signed between the Duke of Wellington and Count Nesselrode, guaranteeing the independence of Greece. England did not see that the division of Turkey must be a powerful diversion in favour of Russia, and that the object would be lost through the means used to secure it. Greece, ceasing to be Turkish, would inevitably become Russian, especially by the strength of religious sympathy. An event soon after happened in Turkey, peculiarly favourable to Russian views: the Janissaries revolted against Sultan Mahmoud, and he was obliged to exterminate them. Thus the Porte was denuded of its ancient protectors, and obliged to trust to untried levies. Nicholas saw the opportunity. The land forces of Turkey were disorganised; her navy had disappeared under the fire of British and French ships, as well as Russian, in that gigantic mistake, the "untoward" battle of Navarino. The Tsar made at Ackerman certain demands which Ottoman pride could not well stomach, espe-

cially as they were made with all the insolence of one already a conqueror; but which, nevertheless, were submitted to under the compulsion of the circumstances. The most important step which Russia gained at the Convention of Ackerman was the recognition of her protectorate over the Danubian Principalities in a solemn and avowed form; thus, while Paskiewitch beat the Persians and conquered Erivan, Turkey was bound hand and foot to be slaughtered at leisure. Russia then bound Persia likewise, and turned her attention to Turkey. Mutual recriminations easily led to a war, which ambition desired on the one side, and revenge on the other. It was waged with unexampled fury, both in Asia and Europe, and the Turks, in spite of weakening causes, showed a wonderful vitality in resistance. Strange to say, while Diebitch passed the Balkan and occupied Adrianople, after Silistria and Varna had fallen, England and France were still playing the game of Russia, and securing for her the command of the sea. Constantinople, this time at least, seemed doomed. The Western Powers now took alarm, thinking that a Russian host was at the gates of Constantinople, while, in fact, Diebitch was at the head of but about 15,000 effective men, all the rest of his muster-roll being killed, wounded, or in hospital. Never was the morbid propensity of certain of our statesmen to meddling with what did not concern them, and in a blundering and untimely manner, more disastrously exemplified than by what took place now.

Mahmoud, with tears in his eyes, was persuaded by the ambassadors to sign the treaty of Adrianople, as the only means of saving his capital; the most important stipulations of which were, the occupation by Russia of a number of strongholds on the Turkish territory, with a valuable territory on the Black Sea and Georgia. All Russian stipulations have always seemed very moderate at first reading: those of the Treaties of Adrianople, and again of Unkiar Skelessi, in which, for serving Turkey, Russia claimed the keys of the Euxine, were no exception.

The insurrection of Poland in 1831, and its suppression by Russia, only

resulted in the more complete fusion of that kingdom with Russia; which indeed seems now to have been accomplished so far as, in the opinion of many intelligent Poles, to make the future separation of the two countries an exceedingly difficult problem. If Nicholas did not carry out the imperial policy of Russia with the expansive force of his predecessors, he braced and strengthened it internally with an organisation unknown before. Under him Russia, before an aggregate, became a vast unit. The aggressions from which the present war arose were probably suggested by the reports of approaching hostility between England and Imperial France, which our newspapers in part gave birth to. Yet it is rumoured that the ambition of Menschikoff may have involved his master in a position from which he would only have been too happy to have extricated himself with honour. Not to have made sure of the division between England and France was a mistake which Peter, Catharine, or Alexander would never have committed. As it is, the war is carried on by the body of Russia without its head, and Russia appears like a locomotive that has run away on a railroad after throwing its engineer. Appeals to its reason are rendered futile by the death of Nicholas; for Alexander II. appears to be a mere cipher, as far as we know, in reference to the imperial policy. It is plain enough, from the facts alone which we have enumerated in these papers, what that policy is. It is simply universal dominion, aimed at by incessant intrigue or incessant conquest. This is now so generally allowed, that to dilate on it would be superfluous. We have gathered from Russian history some of the corroborative facts—we have especially dwelt on the reign of Catharine II., because in that reign the greatest strides were made, and because the general course of events is strikingly similar to that of those in our own time. Yet strangely enough some of our statesmen talk and act as if all this history were fabulous: they still talk of believing the word of Russia, and binding this Ishmaelite of nations by international law. The fascination

of Mr Gladstone, Lord John Russell, and the rest, "all honourable men," by the power of Russia, would have been attributed in the middle ages to magic, or possession, and they would have been made the subjects of exorcism. Yet it seems to us to be only the power with which evil, that has cast aside all scruples, constantly invests itself. The massacres of Sinope and Hango, the bayonetings of the wounded, and the enormous lying authorised to explain these things, look almost as frightful as if one-seventh of the world were Thugs or Atheist Caffres, civilised only for destruction, but sworn to internecine war with the rest of mankind. We confess ourselves at a loss to see in what the great power of Russia consists, except in wickedness. She never waged a great war yet but she was obliged to desist from absolute prostration, always waging war on the principle of human life being no object. This imperial policy is suicidal; and if only left to work its will, it will as certainly destroy Russia as the light will destroy the insect, who, undeterred by burnt wings, morbidly and madly seeks it. But it may be asked, Why is this policy persisted in, if it is known to intelligent Russians to be contrary to the interests of the country? For this reason, that it is the policy of the court and the courtiers, and not of the people. It is perfectly true that the court has fastened on the old dream of the revival of the Greek Empire, and made it efficacious as an instrument of its ambition; but it is also true that the best of the Russians see that their country, more than any other in Europe, needs the peaceful growth of civilising institutions, if its happiness is to be aimed at. The wars of Russia, a perpetual nuisance to the rest of the world, have been an ever-present blight to the country itself, and prevented the growth of any one sane institution. The utter destruction of her military power would be the greatest possible blessing for Russia. As to her court and courtiers, it is not to be expected that the rest of Europe, even the believing and trembling German dynasties, should greatly sympathise with them. The selfishness

of the Russian court keeps up this suicidal policy, because the prosperity of the country, and the consequent growth of a powerful upper class and a powerful middle class, would be fatal to that system of unmitigated despotism which lives in the relation of one slave-owner and a few hundred slave-drivers to seventy millions of slaves. But supposing that court actuated by good intentions, could it liberalise with safety? could it even hope to substitute an intelligent and paternal absolutism for this naked autocracy? We think that Alexander I., in his better moments, must have credit for some thoughts of this kind; and perhaps he was partly killed by qualms of conscience and fears of results. We know the fate of every Tsar who tried to be a better man than the courtiers; for Paul was scarcely an exception: his madness has been misrepresented into hard and systematic tyranny. As for Nicholas, he had history before him, and he judged, we believe honestly, that he could only act the part which he did. There is but one fear in pushing Russia too hard, and refusing to make peace when she begins to give ground, as she infallibly will before long, if we carry on the war with cautious firmness: it is this, that a wilder and more frightful democracy may spring up in the East than has ever yet reared its head in the West, threatening to bring back the whole world into a state of moral chaos. The Russian despotism contains, as well as its own, all the libercide elements of the worst democracy. Than that this should happen, it is perhaps better to keep Russia miserable for the sake of the happiness of the rest of the world, and content ourselves with tying her hands from further mischief. At the same time, her aggressions and misdeeds are such that we should be fully justified in thrusting home, and leaving the result in the hands of God. The principle of punishment for which we have Divine authority, in dealing with individuals, cannot be ignored in the case of nations. But how would her hands most effectually be tied? In considering this, we must distinguish the desirable from the possible. It would be perhaps desirable to degrade the European Emperor to a

mere Asiatic Tsar; to restore Poland as a state, and give it a constitutional monarchy; to set up a Christian empire in Constantinople; to banish the Turks to Asia; to oblige the Emperor of Austria to content himself with being the constitutional king of a free and powerful Hungary; to give Lombardy to Piedmont, and consolidate Italy; to consolidate Germany under the hegemony of the Prussian crown; to strengthen Persia; to make the Crimea independent; to restore Finland to Sweden, and establish a strong Scandinavian state, made up of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden—the England, Scotland, and France of the north—if not by a second union of Calmar, at least by an offensive and defensive alliance, as a perpetual barrier against Russia. All this might be desirable; the possibility is another question. We might, perhaps, consolidate Scandinavia. Sweden lost Finland through her good faith with England, and deserves better at our hands than that we should leave northern interests out of the bases of negotiation, and allow Bomarsund to be rebuilt as another Sebastopol, with Stockholm almost commanded by its guns. We might give consistence and independent existence to the Danubian Principalities, and also to the Caucasus. We might conquer the Crimea for France, and Georgia for ourselves; or *vice versâ*, and hold these provinces till the expenses of the war are paid. We might stop up Russia's outlets at the north and south; and if she threatened to break down the wall of Germany, we should be only just in leaving the Germans to defend themselves, for as yet they deserve nothing better at our hands. We are certain of success, if,

as Pericles said to the Athenians, we carry on the war patiently, warily, and watchfully, and give our resources their due preponderance. One of our greatest dangers is, that we should again lapse, after some partial success, into our old mercantile obesity, and have to fight again with Russia, without the golden advantage of a French alliance. We must beware of that state of apathy from which Demosthenes, at a later stage of the existence of the Athenian republic, tried to rouse his countrymen when he said that, even supposing Philip were dead, as was rumoured, their indifference and sloth would soon create another Philip to terrify them. Even now, why are we not all arming, when we know not what contingency may arise—when we know that the much-valued alliance of France probably rests on the single life of one man of genius, which might at any moment succumb to some base assassin? There is something fearfully imperturbable in the English character; and fortune certainly favours the bold. An Englishman is said, in some foreign hotel, when called by the affrighted waiter, and told the house was on fire, to have given another turn in bed, and desired him to call him again when the fire was in the next room; and here is the world in flames, and all the north and south wrapt in blaze of artillery, and booming with its echoes; while, if this year is to witness the repetition of the programme of the last, it is likely enough that our legislators are getting their guns in order, and either going or gone, not to the steppes of the Crimea, but to the moors of North Britain, to wage truceless war—with the grouse!

## LIGHT LITERATURE FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

## NO. I.—BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON.

THE modern philosopher and admirer of the triumphs of civilisation may, if he so pleases, bestow either his pity or his contempt upon the "grey barbarian," who lives beyond the influences of cheap literature and stimulating print, and whose enjoyments do not depend upon the acceleration of the march of mind—but we hope that he will at least have some toleration for those who opine that the said barbarian has by no means the worst of it under present circumstances. The savage, when he betakes himself to the prairie, the hunting-grounds, or the jungle, encumbers himself with nothing more than his deer-skin shirt, his rifle, knife, powder-horn, shot-pouch, and a handful or so of pemmican; and thus provided, he is able to traverse half a continent. The civilised sportsman, on the other hand, never quits town without two lumbering gun-cases, enough to load a mule—a sheaf of fishing-rods, and a box of tackle—a couple of portmanteaus stuffed with all manner of extraordinary apparel, including jerseys, socks, drawers, water-proofs, hose, and gallingaskins—a brace of hampers, one containing wine, and the other some dozens of pale ale—a box of Yorkshire pie, potted brawn, anchovies, soup cakes, and various other kinds of bilious abominations—not to specify rugs and wrappers, and a perfect model of a dressing-case. These furnishings he considers indispensably necessary to insure the comfort of his solitary carcass during his three weeks' peregrination of a moor which does not measure three miles upon the map, he all the while residing at a respectable inn, where the whiskey is of undeniable excellence, the beds bug-less, and where fresh meat is regularly supplied twice in the week. We have purposely mitigated the sketch, not imputing to civilisation, as we might have done, the enormity of preserved turtle, nor invidiously specifying champagne; but, in spite of our sober toning, is it possible that any one can fail to recognise the vast superiority of the savage preparation

over that which is encumbered by the trash of modern appliances?

Again, what a prodigious advantage does the unlettered savage enjoy over his type-thralled brother, when he turns his face to the wilderness! What cares he for the fluctuations of consols, or the rise or decline of railway shares, or the result of political debates, or Lord John Russell's juggleries, or Mr Layard's mistakes, or Lord Palmerston's sorry jokes, or any other topic upon which civilised dotards delight to be advised? That hideous and insatiable thirst for information which is the last and worst effect of a too indiscriminate use of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, has not affected his simple palate. The only news for which he would barter an ounce of lead, relates to the vicinity of a herd of buffalo, or a chance at a drove of big-horns. The strife of parties or the fall of empires affect him not as he eats his venison beneath the kindly glitter of the stars, and composes himself to rest with a log for his pillow, a God-protected man in the deeps of the boundless desert. Not so with the modern sportsman. He cannot even start on his journey without providing himself with a variety of those twelve-penny volumes which are recommended as sure antidotes against tedium in travelling; and wretched indeed does he esteem himself if, on arriving at his destination, the post-office arrangements should prove to be so defective that he cannot depend upon the daily arrival of his *Times*. His mental constitution has become so perverted by a long course of unwholesome literary stimulants, that he feels uneasy if deprived of them. Self-communing and meditation are things utterly beyond his power—he has lost for ever that divine faculty which enables a man to be a most agreeable companion to himself, independent of all other aids. Bad as are the effects of indulgence in opium or alcohol, it ought to be distinctly proclaimed that mental imbecility may be quite as easily induced by unrestrained habits



of indiscriminate reading; and in defiance of the enlightenment howl which has lately proceeded from the Oolaskan throats of the orators of the philosophical institutes, we venture boldly to state our opinion that the remedy for that mediocrity, which every one complains of as a remarkable characteristic of the present age, might at once be attained, if men would think for themselves, instead of delegating to others the task of furnishing them with thoughts, and, what is more degrading, with opinions.

We have heard of physicians who, when compelled to resort to the country for relaxation, carry with them the last crop of truculent medical publications, and, in arbours of the rose and the jessamine, solace themselves with the perusal of treatises on the diseases of the liver and the lungs. Lawyers have been known to study briefs in the Pass of Killiecrankie, and politicians to read the *Edinburgh Review* by the shores of Loch Corrnisk. Need we say that our whole being revolts from such profanity. Why seek the country at all, if not to shake off the memory of the sights, and sounds, and thoughts which beset our ordinary existence in the towns? Why bring with us an urban poison to taint the purity of the mountain air? Man is naturally a savage, and it is good for him sometimes to return to the normal state. To carry with you into the wilds and fastnesses of nature the clumsy panoply of civilisation, is almost as absurd as if you were to bathe in your clothes. So if you want to enjoy yourself, and to make the holidays available to gain an accession of strength both in mind and body, and to sweep all cobwebs from your brain—do not, we beseech you, go forth as the proprietor of various hampers, to find stowage and conveyance for which will render your existence miserable, but trust to Providence for the means of satisfying that enviable appetite, which, if you give proper play to your limbs, will rapidly arise in your maw. Be not particular as to your toggery. You will pass muster well enough, even on a Sunday, in a shooting jacket; and in hob-nails there is no disgrace. Take no thought about your letters. Dismiss from your mind the delusion that Her Majesty will

send for you to form an administration, in the event of an unforeseen political crisis, or that Lord Palmerston will invite you to take office under him. If any misguided person should chance to leave you a fortune during your absence, it will be time enough for you to order becoming mourning on your return. We conclude that you are in no haste to peruse those suspicious epistles which are secured by wafered envelopes, and you may safely satisfy your conscience by carrying a motion that they be read this day six months. And to the general contents of the sheaf of correspondence, there is no occasion whatever to reply. What does that sheaf consist of? Wedding-cards from Mr and Mrs Doddles; a letter from the secretary of your club reminding you that you have not paid your subscription; the prospectus of a new *Gazetteer*; three billets for meetings of a Horticultural Society; a request for an autograph; a circular from a coal-merchant who is eager to supply you with bituminous shale; and a card requesting your attendance on the platform, during the dog-days, at a meeting of administrative reformers. Nothing of more importance, rely upon it, is likely to be addressed to you; and the mails will be all the lighter without such superfluous rubbish. Emancipate yourself for a time, if you are wise, from the degrading thralldom of news. If, as you must needs confess, the effect of the electric telegraph has been to fritter all interest away, and to mock the public craving with infinitesimal homœopathic doses, instead of solid lumps, you have it still in your power, by sternly refusing your address, to procure the gratification, on your return, of learning what has been doing in the world during the month of your absence. Would that not be a luxury? What are the sensations of the habitual news-room loungeur, compared with those of the man who, after a winter spent amongst the polar ice, receives at once the accumulated information of an eventful year?

As we preach, we practise. The twelfth of August was not yet at hand; and, save in the way of snipes and flappers, there was little to be effected with the gun. So we betook

ourselves with our rod to a region of lochs, hitherto unprofaned by the fly of the southern angler; and, were we now in a legendary humour, startling is the narrative we might tell of baskets filled to the top with lovely yellow trout from the lake, near which in days of old the Norsemen held their gathering—or of sea-trout, white as silver, that made the reel spin and the rod bend as they rushed frantically towards ocean with the barb buried in their jaws. But anglers would scarcely thank us for a mere recapitulation of the delight which, if they be true brethren of the craft, they must ere now, in this fine fishing weather, have experienced; and we despair of inspiring those dull souls who yawn over Walton, and profess their inability to understand the deep philosophy of Stoddart, with anything like an enthusiasm for the waters. Therefore we shall not dilate upon our piscatorial achievements, or excite the envy of those to whom fortune has been less favourable. All we need say is, that during that expedition we remained as innocent of print or correspondence as an unweaned child.

With loathing we observed, on our return to headquarters at the cottage, that some ill-judging friend, probably envious of our freedom and escape, had taken upon himself to forward the newspapers. There they lay, in bulk equal to a hay-stack. Rolls of the *Times* with its supplement, heaps of *Heralds*, piles of the *Press*, bales of *Bell's Life*, *Edinburgh Advertisers*, and *Glasgow Constitutionals* by the score, besides penny journals numerous enough to have enwrapped the whole cheesedom of Dunlop. To read them through was obviously impossible—even to unfold them was a task which we could not contemplate without a shudder. So we made short work of it by dividing the literary Himalaya into three portions; one of which we sent in a game-bag and two fishing creels, with our compliments, to the parish minister—another, at the request of Helen Macgregor, who does us the honour to attend to our personal wants, we devoted to the singeing of fowls—the third we retained for our own perusal. It was a tearing night of wind and

rain when we set ourselves down to gather information regarding the state of Europe, the prospects of the war, and the doings of the British Legislature; and we must really confess that we never spent a more unprofitable evening. We read of notes and counter notes between the cabinets of Austria and Prussia, out of which we hopelessly and helplessly attempted to extract a meaning. We read the names of Buol and Manteuffel and Bulow and Titoff, until we utterly confounded the one diplomatist with the other. There was “no fresh news” from Sebastopol; and the conversations in Parliament—for debates they could not be called—were of the most uninteresting kind. Life was given for nobler purposes than the perusal of “explanations” by Mr Wilson, or “statements” by Mr Frederick Peel; and even Sir Charles Wood seemed to be more than usually dreary. It was no novelty to us to be informed that the Thames was in a very filthy state, or that it was impossible to procure unadulterated cayenne pepper. The investigation into the Hyde Park riots might be very interesting to the Cockneys; but what human being, distant ten miles from the hearing of Bow-bells, would care to be certiorated whether policeman X or the boy Jones behaved the worst on that occasion? We turned to the city article:—“The English funds to-day have again been inactive, but steady: consols opened at the last price of yesterday, and remained without the slightest variation up to the close of business.”—All right, we suppose. “There was great inactivity in the Railway market to-day.”—So much the better, as fewer fingers will be burned. “Mining shares are flat.”—We cannot wonder at that, when we glance at the outlandish names in the list, which might puzzle the President of the Geographical Society. “Trade Report—there has been little inquiry for blankets.”—Why, how the deuce can they expect people to buy blankets at midsummer? “At Huddersfield there is a demand for dark mixtures.”—We have heard of such demands elsewhere.

O ruthless expenditure of paper—O profligate waste of printer's ink! Is this the kind of literature which is

to usher in the millennium? Is this the consummation of the march of mind and the spread of universal knowledge? Why, Dickey Gossip, the village barber, would tell you more to the purpose in the shaving of half a whisker! See what it is to live as the slave of modern improvements. A hundred years ago we could have sent down to the clachan, and, for the matter of a pound of snuff and a bottle of whisky, have secured for the evening the society of an ancient sennachie who would have sung to us the songs of Selma, chaunted to us the deeds of Fingal, and told us how Gaul, and Oscar, and Ryno fought with the warriors of Lochlin. But the race of Highland minstrels is now no more, and the words of Ossian are perishing from the face of the land. Or, if the Gaelic gutturals were not harmonious to our ear, and barely intelligible to our understanding, could we not have coaxed the dominie, a native of Aberdeen, from his fireside, and persuaded him to recite to us the *Burning of Fren draught*, the *Battle of the Harlaw*, the *Wife of Usher's Well*, or other of the noble ballads that rang through the north country? Alas, the native minstrelsy, of which they were once so justly proud, has died from the hearts of the people, and the deeds of their forefathers and the grand old memories of the days that have gone by are now forgotten and unsung. All that is owing to print, broadsheets, pestilent political tracts, and still more pestilent polemical controversies. Were the framing of education bills left in our hands, we would establish in every parish throughout the kingdom, a Bard, with a salary not inferior to that of the schoolmaster, whose duty it should be to revive the minstrelsy of the olden times, and to add, if possible, to its store. By such means a healthy tone of feeling would be restored to the population, their hearts would once more thrill with generous and manly emotion, they would feel a pride in the land that gave them birth, and would turn a deaf ear to the poisonous whispers of democracy. We wish that a little more attention were paid to the framing of the nation's songs, and a little less zeal displayed for the uprooting of our old

institutions. Such were the thoughts that meandered through our mind, as, after a weary spell of several hours at the journals, we finished our cigar by the decaying embers of a peat-fire, looked into the night, which was at least as thick as brose, returned the Glenlivet to its cupboard, and heard the wooden stair creak beneath our feet as we ascended to our silent dormitory.

Next day was fine; and we sauntered forth to a hill behind the cottage, where in days of old a fierce battle was fought between a chief of the Isles, and a great Earl who led the Royal troops of Scotland. Still amongst the heather you see the grey stones which mark the resting-place of the brave; and a little way off there is a broken pillar carved with a Runic inscription, which antiquaries and men who are skilled in cairns, aver to be the memorial of a yet earlier and more desperate strife. Of that we know nothing, and we are not curious as to particulars. The gor-cock crows, and the plover on the hillside whistles, as we wend our way to the stone, and, seated at its foot, attempt to realise the scene which was enacted here. Down yonder, doubtless, by the side of the river which throws a mighty coil across the valley, rode the Earl, with his knights and men-at-arms, the Royal banner of Scotland displayed to the wind, and pennon and pennoncelle dancing above the dark masses of the spearmen. On they come—the whole array moving as by one volition, whilst the sunbeams glint on helmet, and corslet, and lance, and ever and anon the shrill note of the trumpet sounds defiantly from the vanguard. There on the ridge of the mountain is drawn up the Highland and Island power—wild, stalwart, unkempt caterans, strong of arm, heavy of hand, fearless of death, nay, esteeming death a duty, if their Lord commanded them to die. Mingling with the bright tartan of the mainland clans, is the more sombre chequer of the Islesmen, descendants of the old Norsemen, who were the terror of the seas, and who never shrank from the face of man. Nor helmet nor hauberk have they. No defensive armour do they carry, but each man

bears the two-handed sword or the ponderous battle-axe, and woe to the wearer of the Milan corslet who shall meet the sway of either:—

“They hadna ridden a mile, a mile,  
A mile, but barely ten,  
When Donald came branking down the brae,  
Wi’ twice ten thousand men.

“Their tartans they were waving wide,  
Their glaives were glancing clear—  
The pibroch rang frae side to side,  
Wad deafen ye to hear.”

And now the battle joins—Shall we go on? Most assuredly not; for though our own ideal may not be of the most vivid kind, we are yet more lacking in words, and dare not venture upon an elaborate description of a fight. Would that some of our poets, who have essayed to sing the deeds in the Crimea, had been as discreet!

But what is this? The whole scene has faded from our eyes, and we suspect that we have been fast asleep. Nay, it is more than suspicion, for the shadow of the stone has shifted, and the sun is burning fiercely on our forehead. Unwittingly we plunge our hand into the pocket of our shooting-coat, and draw forth—*Bell's Life in London!* It would be ungrateful to turn away from a boon so unexpectedly proffered, and we surrender ourselves to the influence of the Genie of the Ring. Again we lift our eyes, and lo, what a change! Mountain, loch, moor, grey stones, and heather have disappeared; and we now find ourselves on a breezy down, compelled to become the spectator of one scene of modern warfare. Right before us is the ring, encircled by the choice spirits of the Fancy. Nice lads they seem and athletic; though it might puzzle a philosopher to explain why so many of their countenances are bashed, and why their foreheads are so villanously low. But they all look in high glee, for on this day Jemmy Norton and Con Quin are to fight for Thirty-five Pounds. Let us accept *Bell* as our Herodotus, and receive his explanations with reverence. Of Jemmy Norton the world knows little, save that a short time ago he had to succumb to “the accomplished Tom Harrington,” after a rattling fight. We are ashamed to say that we have hitherto been

ignorant of the accomplishments of Tom Harrington, but we doubt not that he amply deserves the praise of his eulogist, and we are pleased to see him appear along with Jemmy Welsh (of the George, East Harding-street), to second his former antagonist. Con Quin, we are told, is a new candidate for pugilistic honours, but he seems sufficiently muscular, though not in prime condition, and is fortunate in his advisers, Tom Sayers and Ned Connolly being retained as his “leading counsel.” Peeling over, the combat begins. Here we are not prevented by modesty from attempting some kind of description, though it is merely a posy of a few blood-red roses culled from the rhetorical garden of *Bell*.

In the first round, we observe that Quin “planted a terrific spank on the jaw with the left, drawing first blood.” The round was brought to a termination by both “going to grass.” In the second, Quin planted “a stinger on the dial,” which was returned; and he also “succeeded in giving his man a flash hit on the ivories.” In the third, “Quin led off the left, and got home a pretty one-two on the head, but in return napped a stinger on the top part of his brain-canister from Norton’s left, while, with the right, Norton also administered a hot-un on the ribs.” In the fourth, Quin “produced another supply of the ruby from Norton’s mouth.” Fifth and sixth present no particular features, beyond “a tremendous thwack with the left on Quin’s proboscis.” In the ninth, Quin receives a “rib-roaster.” In the tenth, Norton “got well on the physiognomy, which again produced the claret from Quin’s nasal prominence.” Twelfth, “some terrific counters.” Thirteenth, “a couple of heavy shots full in the face,” “a wild sally,” and so forth; but here our guide, philosopher, and friend, ceases to be particular in details. The fact is, that Con Quin, though full of pluck, was over-matched; and after the combat had endured for two hours, and sixty-six rounds had been fought, Ned Connolly “prudently threw up the sponge.” “On leaving the ring both men were much punished; Quin was nearly blind in both eyes, while Norton, although the winner, had receiv-

ed such a licking, as to make the day's work anything but an easy one."

Every British heart must thrill while reading the record of so much valour; though it does appear to us—we say it with humility—that, under present circumstances, that valour has been somewhat misapplied. If our voice was likely to reach the ears of Messrs Norton and Quin, or those of their eminent "counsel," Welsh, Harrington, Sayers, and Connolly, we would suggest whether it might not be more creditable, useful, and patriotic for them to enlist, and devote their undoubted energies to "milling" the Russians, than to amuse themselves by drawing lots of the ruby from each others' conks, or even bestowing mutual stingers on the top-part of the brain-canister? To give and take punishment must be a glorious thing, else how can we account for the indomitable pluck of these heroes; but surely it would be better and more satisfactory to bestow punishment upon an enemy than on a friend.

We dismiss with scorn and indignation the idea that these illustrious individuals met and pummelled each other for two mortal hours, in the presence of a select circle of betting admirers, from no higher motive than a desire to gain possession of the stakes. Some kind of stake there must be to satisfy usage and precedent; but we refuse to believe, without the strongest evidence, that the heroes whom *Bell* delights to honour are actuated by any such mercenary considerations. Still a suspicious mind might be startled by observing, in the same paper, that Johnny Walker and William Hayes have made a match "for £200 a-side, according to the rules of the ring of the Pugilistic Benevolent Association." We, having no reason to doubt the large-heartedness either of Johnny Walker or of Bill Hayes, interpret this announcement to mean that the winner is bound to hand over the stakes to some charitable society. Viewed in this light, Protestant pugilism presents a fine contrast to Roman Catholic asceticism. The anchorite who flagellates himself, confers no benefit on his fellow-creatures. Johnny Walker and Bill Hayes, on the contrary, propose to flatten each others' probosces in the cause of self-denying

charity. All honour to them both! But again a doubt arises, for we read as follows: "Tom Sayers, in reply to Orme, says he cannot get £200, but if Orme will make a match for £100 a-side, and leave it open to Sayers to add as much more as he can get, he will be obliged. He thinks £100 quite enough to fight for, especially when the match is such a gift to the renowned Orme." Evidently some splendid irony is conveyed by the latter part of the sentence which we have italicised, and it reads very like the defiance of a Homeric hero. Our notion is, that Orme is somewhat purse-proud, and that Sayers has an eye to the tin.

Really we begin to think that this is very pleasant and profitable reading; but we are rather disappointed to find that the number of actual fights bears no reasonable proportion to the number of bragging challenges. We hate that chaffering about weight, which is too common among the minor luminaries of the ring; and we really cannot see why "the Spider" should hesitate to engage "Alf Walker," on account of the trifling difference of a few pounds of flesh. David did not insist upon Goliath being placed in the scales. But some pugilists there are who scorn such pitiful conditions. Witness the following challenge, trumpet-tongued, as that of *Cœur-de-Lion* when he defied the whole host of the Saracens:—

"AARON JONES AGAIN IN THE FIELD.—A friend of Aaron Jones has deposited £20 with us for Jones, to fight any man in the world for £100 a side. Jones states that he will attend at Mr Champion's Sun Tavern, Gray's Inn-road, to morrow (Monday) evening, to meet the Tipton Slasher, who has announced his intention of being there on that evening to make a match for the championship; and if Paddock and the Tipton do not come to terms, Jones will fight either of them for £100 a side. He is always to be heard of at Bill Hayes's, Crown, Cranbourne-street, or Jem Burn's, Rising Sun, Air-street, Piccadilly."

TO FIGHT ANY MAN IN THE WORLD! Why, that was the boast of Hercules; and for having fulfilled that boast, he was translated to the heathen

heaven, and wedded to Hebe, the trim little bar-maid of Olympus, who supplied the deities with *goes*. We know not what may be in store for Aaron, as it is possible that his may be the fate of Antæus rather than that of Hercules; but at all events he has uttered brave words, and we do not see how "the Tipton" can decline the challenge. If the possession of a Hebe depends upon the contest, we should not be inclined to lay the odds upon the Slasher.

But what is this? Can we believe our eyes? Is it possible that the beaks—we think that is the correct phrase—can be so lost to all sense of decency as to interfere with the sports of the ring? Will the public remain quiescent when they know that the match between Toddy Middleton and Cooksey of Birmingham is off, "Middleton having been taken into custody by the authorities, and bound over to keep the peace?" When such atrocities are perpetrated in the name of the law, and the authorities interfere with our Toddy, it is full time to inquire what has become of Habeas Corpus, and the Bill of Rights.

Great men, it has been truly observed, are to be found in every walk and profession of life; and we are apprehensive that an undue fastidiousness has hitherto prevented us from making some useful and agreeable acquaintances. We must positively, ere long, have a social night with Cooksey, Posh Price, and Toddy Middleton. Nor do opportunities for such interesting and intellectual reunions appear to be unfrequent.

"Nat Langham, of the Cambrian Stores, Castle-street, Leicester-square, begs to inform his friends that his house affords excellent accommodation, enhanced by sport, singing, and conviviality. Pugilistic displays on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday evenings, conducted by the veteran, Alec Reid, and a host of tip-toppers. Harmony, as usual, on Tuesday and Friday nights. Nat himself chaunts the best Cambridge lyrics. Private lessons daily. Notice!—The eccentric Joe Jones will take the chair on Tuesday night, faced by Tom Sayers."

To those tip-toppers it is our purpose to be speedily introduced. Classic Cambridge must rejoice to know

that so accomplished a scholar as Nat Langham patronises her lyrics, and even, if the notice is correctly worded, delivers prelections thereon. The eccentric Joe Jones must be a fellow of infinite fancy; and we greatly regret that, through ignorance, we were prevented from obtaining his portrait, which some time ago he so generously bestowed upon his friends.

"SURREY MUSIC HALL.—The eccentric Joe Jones takes his benefit at the above hall on Thursday, March 29, 1855, when he will present to the first 100 a portrait of his own mug. Open at half-past six. Ned Connolly and the facetious Jerry Noon will dance during the evening."

However, there is a good time coming. We intend, with the least possible delay, to qualify as a member of the ancient and distinguished order of the "Jolly Trumps;" which seems to us to hold forth the promise of many and tempting privileges:—

"At George Brown's, the Bell, Red Lion Market, Whitecross-street, St Luke's, the Jolly Trumps meet every Tuesday and Saturday evenings for harmony and conviviality. This evening (Saturday) the chair will be taken by J. Hamblin, faced by J. Parker, the Irish comic singer. On Tuesday next Joe Jones takes the chair, faced by a Jolly Trump. Public sparring every Monday evening by first-rate professors. Private lessons given by George Brown at any hour."

But hold!—We must not rashly involve ourselves in too many engagements. Doubtless the hours would pass like swallows on the wing, while we listened to the jocularities of Joe Jones, gazed on the wild Pyrrhic dance performed by Ned Connolly and Jerry Noon, or heard the words of wisdom flow from the honoured lips of the veteran Alec Reid. Sweet as the voice of Apollo singing to the muses would be the lyrical chaunts of Nat Langham; and a pot of half-and-half would become veritable nectar, if quaffed in company with the accomplished Sayers. Yet, after all, these are but the minor heroes of the host. What Greek worshipper of valour would have been contented to eat a quiet kidney with Patroclus, when he had the opportunity of supping in the tent of Achilles himself? Way,

then—way for the Champion—for the smasher of a thousand mugs, the drawer of unlimited claret, the fracterer of unnumbered ivories—way for the modern Pelides CAUNT!

“Ben Caunt, of the Coach and Horses, St Martin’s Lane, after great exertion and expense, has succeeded in establishing a commodious and elegant retreat for the lovers of sport and harmony, where, surrounded by every elegance, the lover of gymnastic amusements can survey the feats of good men and true, who exhibit on Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings, under the superintendence of his sable highness Young Sambo; and on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday nights listen to the Orphean warblings of the best vocalists. On these latter occasions Ben himself endeavours to enchant the ears of his customers—his voice being now two octaves above perfection.”

But, amidst mirth there is sorrow. We hear a note of lamentation—a wail for the departed brave. A renowned bruiser has gone to his long home; and a friend thus describes his obsequies, in a letter to the Editor of *Bell*:—

“MR EDITOR: From the kind notice which appeared in the last *Bell’s Life* relative to our friend and townsman, the late lamented John Broome, I presume a few circumstances connected with the last sad offices may not be unacceptable. The moment we received a communication from his afflicted brother, Henry Broome, as to the time when the last tribute of respect was to be paid to him, William Aston, his long-tried and valued friend, myself, and a few more, started for London. We knew him in boyhood, manhood, and maturer days, and did not think we were doing too much for days gone by in thus sacrificing business upon the altar of friendship. We found upon our arrival that the towns of Leicester and Liverpool had done the same, and that John Broome’s name received one universal tribute of respect from all his old and well-tried friends. On the morning of his interment we assembled in one of the leading hotels in the neighbourhood of St Martin’s Lane (where a suite of rooms was placed at the command of Henry Broome, and a splendid *déjeuner* served up), to see the last of the ‘brave Johnny’ of other days. . . . A fine cast of Broome, taken after death by a distinguished artist, at the desire of Henry

Broome, was placed upon the sofa. Before the melancholy *cortège* started, at the desire of John’s most distinguished brother professionals, Ward, Caunt, Richard Cain, Dismore, Adams, &c. &c., we went to see him lying in his coffin. A beautiful embroidered handkerchief, with the following inscription, ‘to the memory of John Broome, who leaves this world with the prayers and tears of his two brothers and aged mother,’ was placed over his manly countenance. Upon its being removed, there was a general expression of admiration and astonishment at the calm and contented appearance of the face. A large concourse of persons had assembled in St Martin’s Lane, and showed by their respectful bearing how the character of the deceased was appreciated. On arriving at Norwood Cemetery, where a grave had been purchased by Harry, the funeral service was read with great effect, and amidst the tears of all, and the violent grief of his brothers Henry and Frederick, within a few yards of his first backer and friend, Tom Spring, was lowered into the grave the once renowned Johnny Broome.”

Peace be with Johnny! It is beautiful to observe how merit in every department is recognised by the British public; for Wilberforce himself could not have obtained more distinguished funeral honours. Deputations from Birmingham, Leicester, and Liverpool, were there; and even the delights of “a splendid *déjeuner*,” to which, doubtless, they did ample justice, could not stifle their tears. But, the funeral over, shall Johnny Broome be forgotten? By Pollux, god of fisticuffs, no! Down with your money, lads of the Fancy, that the marble may be hewn, and a monument reared to this distinguished British worthy. England must not forget her hero, of whom living she was so justly proud.

“THE LATE JOHNNY BROOME.—We understand that it is in contemplation to erect a monument to the late Johnny Broome, in memory of his excellent qualities as a British pugilist. Subscription lists are to be forwarded to the various towns throughout the country, and we have been requested to receive the amounts when collected, in order that they may be properly applied.”

We confess to being deeply affected, but we must not give way to grief. Let us see whether, apart from pugilism, *Bell* cannot introduce us to

some alluring sports. Of cricket, in our humble opinion, rather too much is said. We grudge the space occupied by the narrative of every parish and school match in the country; and we do not feel ourselves wiser or better from being told that Sutherland was point, Mortlock long-stop, Beauchamp mid-wicket, Mr Miller, cover-point and leg, Caffyn and Cæsar cover-slip." A beautiful arrangement doubtless, but not interesting to those who did not see it. Was it worth while recording that "Martingell drove Beckley for three, and in playing forward at one of Clark's own, got his toe on the crease, which gave Box the opportunity of stumping him;" or that "Mr Burbidge made a good hit for four, and Shermin a drive for the like number, and, by an overthrow, crept into a double figure?" Surely a line or two of concentrated information would suffice, instead of compelling us to wade through this interminable record of byes, cuts, and drives. A cricket-match is, to those who are not engaged in it, about as slow an affair as it is possible to conceive, and it does not improve through narrative.

The ancient English sports of bull-baiting, cock-fighting and badger-drawing seem to have fallen into desuetude—at least no notices of meetings for those humane purposes are now published. Cocking, however, we apprehend, is still practised on the sly, and is countenanced by some rather respectable people who keep cocks out at walk, and constitute a secret society. Not very long ago we overheard an elderly individual, who, from his appearance, might have passed for a clergyman, accost another thus: "Doubtless you have heard of the loss which the cocking world has sustained in the death of our poor friend, Heckles. He was a good man, sir; an excellent man, and a first-rate cocker." Still, opportunities are afforded for witnessing a quiet worry. The following announcement speaks for itself:—

"Ratting sports in reality next Tuesday evening, at Jemmy Shaw's favourite resort, Queen's Head Tavern, Crown Court, Windmill-street, Haymarket, with mongoose, small dogs, &c. A good supply of barn rats on hand for public or private sport, with use of pit gratis. The *Treatise on*

*Rats* can be had of J. Shaw only, by sending 12 postage stamps. The United West End Canine Club meet every Wednesday evening. Entrance free. Next Wednesday there will be a strong muster of the fancy to propose, &c., also to enrol fresh members. On this occasion Mr J. Evans will preside, and produce his beautiful stud, assisted by the whole of the club."

Not having the advantage of Mr Evans' acquaintance, we cannot be certain of what kind of animals "his beautiful stud" is composed. Mr Shaw's *Treatise on Rats* we have not seen; but, doubtless, it is a valuable contribution to natural history.

One feature in *Bell* we are greatly pleased with, and that is the establishment of a register for the birth of the canine species. We have often been at a loss to divine what good purpose can be served by the announcement in the newspapers of the addition of each unit to the human population. Of what earthly use are such notices as this: "On the 30th inst., the lady of John Smith, Esq. of Chester Street, of a son?" Nobody can buy the infantine Smith—indeed, nobody would take him at any price; and, considering that he is the thirteenth product of the nuptials, we think that his parents ought to have been ashamed to publish the fact to the world. But the case is different with dogs. Puppies may rise to a premium; and there is a fine regard to ancestry established in the following notice:—

"SPRINGFIELD, ESSEX.—Mr J. G. Simpson's celebrated bitch Miss Hannah, by Sam out of Tollwife, whelped, on the 3d inst, eight puppies—namely, six black bitches and two black dogs (some with little white on chest and toes), to Mr Brown's Bedlamite.

"On the 29th ult., Mr Ashmore's Jenny Jones, by a brother to Haymaker, out of a bitch by Senate out of Empress, whelped nine black pups to Mr Randell's Ranter (five bitches, four dogs).

"On the 23d ult., at Richmond, Dublin, Mr Nolan's fawn bitch Whirlwind, six puppies to Mr Brown's Bedlamite (all black), three dogs and three bitches.



"On the 1st inst., Mr Cain's black bitch Sable (sister to Sam), eight whelps to Esquire."

We trust that the system of registration thus happily begun will be continued and augmented; and we would respectfully suggest that in future a column should be dedicated to cats. Many ladies, slightly advanced in years, feel a preference for the feline over the canine race, and would pay handsomely for any information whereby they might be enabled to obtain that most coveted of all rarities, a Tom Tortoise-shell. We are aware that it would be useless, in consequence of their amazing fecundity, to urge the claims of rabbits to a register.

Let us dismiss with a mere glance the columns which refer to pigeon-shooting, aquatics, quoits, and nurr and spell, and come at once to that most interesting subject, the turf. Here we may as well confess that we wander in darkness as deep as that of Erebus. We know literally nothing about horse-racing; and a child might take us in. But we have long admired the freshness, variety, and fine colouring displayed in the racing reports of *Bell*, which leave nothing to be desired. On turning to the advertisements, however, we are somewhat startled to find that, for a very small consideration, any gentleman disposed to bet upon a race may be made acquainted with the name of the winner. The process by which this foreknowledge has been attained by the sporting oracles is not explained; and it may, for anything we know, involve some such occult mystery as casting the nativity of colts. Clairvoyance it can hardly be; for even Apollonius of Tyana, the most renowned professor of that art, did not affect to see into the future. But there are spawewives upon the turf; and they compete as emulously for custom as the priestesses of Delphi and Dodona. Let us give a few specimens from a single number of *Bell*.

The first advertiser is cautious, and does not commit himself by over-eagerness. We rather admire the chastened tone of his address:—

"GOODWOOD STAKES AND CUP.—A grand double event 200 to 1.—This is truly one of the best things of the

season. E. A. advises his subscribers to get on immediately, as both horses will become great favourites. Terms (including the winner of the Liverpool Cup), 5s. Post-Office orders payable to Edwin Allon, Halliford Street, Islington, London."

Not so "Fairplay." He is a regular glutton for commissions, and issues three advertisements at once:—

"SEE FAIRPLAY'S GUIDE TO THE TURF.—It will put money in thy purse.—Latest Intelligence: I have now the certain winner; the best thing ever sent out for the Goodwood Stakes. Advice 2s., and 10s. for a winner.—John Fairplay, Ipswich."

"FAIRPLAY'S TRIUMPH.—Marchioness, Oaks.—Exact copy of advice sent to all subscribers:—

"OAKS.

"BACK MARCHIONESS.

"Subscribers: The last three times I have put you on the winner. I shall do so this. Bet freely and fearlessly—success is certain.—Yours, confidently, 'FAIRPLAY.'"

"FAIRPLAY'S LEDGER WINNER.—Long Odds.—A dark horse will win, now at long odds. This is such an important secret, I will not send to any one unless they promise to put me on 10s., the same time they get on themselves. Remember I will not take anything before the race, I am so confident of success. I am quite satisfied you can make your fortune by backing this horse. I intend to make mine.—John Fairplay, Ipswich. Send a directed envelope."

Can anything beat the penultimate paragraph—"I am quite satisfied you can make your fortune by backing this horse—I INTEND TO MAKE MINE"? Fairplay, our fine fellow, there is an old but rather vulgar proverb, "It is the silent sow that sups the broth." If you are sure of making your own fortune, why should you be so desperately solicitous to make those of others?

Here comes a blunt, candid, disinterested creature, without persiflage or humbug. He is willing to trust to the gratitude of winners, and will serve you gratis, only you ought to send stamps for a reference list. Otherwise he merely says, like the ghost in Hamlet, "Remember me!"

"GRATIS, STAMFORD'S GOODWOOD STAKES WINNER.—Now is your time

to do the trick. You may safely go for a stake. It is indeed all over but shouting. Respectable persons can have it on application. All I ask is, that as you pocket your winnings, 'you will remember me,' and you must send enclosed directed envelope to John Stamford, Ipswich.—N.B. A numbered reference-list twelve postage stamps extra."

Next appears Hotspur:—

"What horse, a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?"

Send 2s. 1d. in stamps, and you may chance to learn."

"HOTSPUR and OSBORNE'S FINAL ADVICE was, back Whitelock for Northumberland Plate, as he will win in a trot. Our nag for Goodwood Stakes cannot lose, and is now at 50 to 1. Also [our Leger flyer ought to be backed at once, as he has come to 30 to 1, and he is sure to see 6 to 1 in a week, so get on at once. Liverpool Cup: Back No. 6, as Wells rides, and is now at 15 to 1. Fee for each event, 25 stamps. Address, Hotspur, 35 Church-street, Soho, London."

If scared by the impetuosity of Hotspur, why not confide in Rogers? He only requires one shilling, and a promise to act handsomely.

"ROGERS.—No Cure no Pay.—Rogers, the celebrated old established Newmarket tip, whose extraordinary success in spotting the winners of the great races, has for the last seven years completely astonished the knowing ones. R. has now ready his tips for the Goodwood Stakes. R. thinks it quite a certainty at good odds. Send one shilling in money or stamps, and promise to act handsomely from your winnings. Direct, Thomas Rogers, to be left at the Post-Office, Newmarket, till called for."

Should you prefer applying to Mr Darvill, you must be more liberal with your silver. He, as well as Fairplay, has "a dark horse," and he predicts that he will *absolutely* win, which, to use his own words, is saying a great deal.

"MR HENRY DARVILL has just received a most important communication respecting the Goodwood Stakes. A dark horse, at 30 to 1, will absolutely win, which is saying a great deal; his trials have been extraordi-

nary. Send at once, for he will see a short price. Terms: Stakes and Cup, 3s. 6d.; single, 2s. 6d.; to Doncaster, 7s. 6d.; end of season, 15s.; with per-centage. My Liverpool Cup nag is sure to win.—13 Duke Street, Adelphi. Commissions as usual, from 10s. Post-Office orders payable at Charing Cross. Send for my St Leger outsider, only 5s., worth £5."

Beyond these there is ample choice. "A gentleman, *intimately acquainted with several of the principal trainers*, and who is in possession of some valuable information relating to forthcoming events, will be happy to send his advice to those parties who will agree to reward him liberally after each win." He also, we are bound to believe, is in the secret of "the dark horse." Messrs Howard and Clinton "are certain of winning the Liverpool Cup, besides some other first-rate things at the same meeting." A. Chester considers that the Goodwood Stakes and Cup "are certainties." But the most alluring fellow of all is Alexis Taylor. Talk of the philosopher's stone or the multiplication of metals by alchemy! You have but to send £5 to Alexis, and he will return you £100, or £65, or £35. Read for yourselves, ladies and gentlemen, and judge whether we over-estimate his offer.

"BRILLIANT SUCCESS.—Mr Alexis Taylor congratulates his patrons and subscribers on their success on all the principal past events, and begs to assure them that he is in possession of most important information on the Goodwood Stakes and Cup. A fiver sent instantan will realise an immense stake. Commissions executed for the Liverpool, and all the meetings up to Goodwood. £5 sent for Liverpool will realise £100 on the meeting. Goodwood Stakes: for every £5 sent £65 returned; for every £2 sent £26 returned; for every £1 sent £13 returned. Goodwood Cup: for every £5 sent £35 returned.

"A. T. will not execute commissions for less than £1. Gentlemen can have their own selections backed for any race to £25 on becoming subscribers to Mr A. Taylor's list without sending the money until after the race. Terms of subscription, £2, 2s. per annum; 5 per cent for winnings deducted. Post-Office orders made

payable to Alexis Taylor, City. Letters addressed to Mr A. Taylor, No. 5 Box, General Post-Office, London. Every provincial man should become a subscriber. Commissions received up to the first post the day of the race."

Youatt W. Gray has unusual faith in the discretion of his customers. He says:—

"I am in possession of a secret connected with the Nottinghamshire Handicap, which I will impart to subscribers providing they will keep it in confidence. The owner is a 'queer fish,' and if he should suspect for a moment that I was in the 'stream,' he would reverse the 'current.' I shall stand on one horse only."

Surely nobody expected Mr Youatt W. Gray to stand upon four horses at once, like the late Mr Ducrow.

The issuers of these advertisements claim to be the brokers of the turf, and we must needs express our opinion that their calling is the reverse of respectable. The fee which they demand may be small or large, but betting is the necessary consequence; and we have little doubt that many a poor fellow, who, if allowed to subscribe to an occasional sweep, would never have gone farther, and scarcely would have missed the money, has been led into acts of dishonesty for the purpose of procuring the means of testing the "important and valuable information" which such vampires affect to have received. We cannot regard the publication of such advertisements otherwise than as an outrage on public morals, quite as likely to do harm as announcements of a gambling-house or a brothel, and we regret that they should be allowed to appear in the columns of a newspaper so popular and amusing as *Bell's Life in London*.

For, bating peculiarities, it is a most amusing paper. No other country in the world possesses a journal of the kind, which lays before us every week an epitome of the sporting habits of the people of Britain. Not that we consider everything which it contains to belong properly to the category of sport, or that we can conscientiously approve of some of the pastimes which it takes such pains to chronicle. They do not

convey the impression of a high degree of refinement, and they give colour to the charge of coarseness which has so often been preferred against the English by their southern neighbours. But John Bull has never piqued himself on the possession of extraordinary politeness, and notwithstanding his occasional roughness and want of refinement, it would be difficult to find his equal in sterling qualities. There is about him a superabundance of animal energy which must find vent, and if he is debarred from showing it in one direction, it will exhibit itself in another. That inhabitants of towns should addict themselves to amusements which may appear coarse, and even savage, is possibly the consequence of their restrained and restricted condition. Pugilism and ratting are the urban substitutes for wrestling and the chase; and perhaps the race-course is the only common ground upon which all classes of the people meet with zest and general enjoyment. But sporting, in its higher sense, is something more than the mere indulgence of animal instinct; and we cannot find words to express our contempt for the stupidity of those who affect to look down upon and decry such amusements. Constantly, by poets and romance-writers, do we find "the pale student" referred to as the type of perfection; in reality he is an exceedingly poor creature, weak in body and diseased in mind, and dares not venture to "swagger with a Barbary hen." Send him to the country, and instead of betaking himself to manly athletic exercises, he keeps poking about ditches for weeds which he dignifies with a name as long as your arm, or hunts the pools on the seashore for infinitesimally minute molluscs, or knocks down and impales butterflies on pins, or is guilty of the atrocious meanness of abstracting eggs from the nests of the singing-birds during the absence of the mothers. He writes verses too; and never in the whole course of your existence did you see such pitiful stuff. There is not in them, from beginning to end, a single manly, brave, or spirited idea. They consist of what he calls reflections of his moods of mind; and as you read you are filled with amazement that any human being can be

at once so silly, conceited, and depraved. Not so the youth whose energies, physical and mental, have been developed by early athletic exercises. At the University he works like a tiger, with the more success and the greater power of work, because body and brain are healthy, and he has no affections of the nerves. Down he goes, when vacation arrives, to the Hall or Grange, with merited honours; and, a week after, you may see him following the hounds in all the glory of pink, or stalking the red-deer up the mountain corrie, or waist-deep in the rushing river with a twenty-pound salmon on his line. Such are the sports which have made the British gentleman what he is; and we should regard their abandonment as little short of a national misfortune. Generally speaking, whenever you hear a man assert that he has no relish for field-sports, you may set him down as a prig, and act towards him accordingly. He is denying his possession of instinct; and the man in whom instinct is not strongly developed, is an inferior specimen of his species. Take the Oxford or Cambridge man, who rows, plays cricket, shoots, fishes, and occasionally hunts, and you will find him to be about as fine a specimen of humanity as the world can produce. Who but an arrant ass would compare with him the bleary-eyed German student, whose only recreations consist in washing down musty metaphysics with copious mugs of beer, in smoking countless pipes of execrable tobacco, and in slashing with a clumsy rapier at the haggis-like countenance of his fellow? Student-life in France may have its attractions, but it certainly is not moral; and we cannot admit that habitual attendance at the *Bal Montesquieu*, or at the *Grande Chaumière du Mont Parnasse*, where grisettes most do congregate, is as profitable for mind or body as the athletic pursuits by field and flood which are practised by our academic youth. Take the old English squire, or the Scottish laird, to whom field-sports are as the breath of their nostrils, and tell us if you will find anywhere on the face of the globe a body of men to be compared with them for sterling worth, high prin-

ciple, chivalrous patriotism, and kind, unostentatious benevolence? It certainly is not their way, nor do they feel it their duty, to spout from platforms to ignorant mobs, and excite disaffection by advocating what are called the rights of the people. They know full well what is due to their country's honour and their own; and they regard with equal loathing the cold-blooded chafferer, who, for the sake of personal gain, would submit to the humiliation of Britain, and the slippery Jesuit, to whom perfidy has become so much a matter of course that he considers no apology necessary for the enormity of his barefaced tergiversations. Politicians of the modern degenerate school, who regard the welfare of their country less than the ascendancy of their particular party, may affect to despise these men, and may taunt them as obstinate and bigotted; but it would be well for us all if our rulers were possessed with the same high feelings of honour, duty, loyalty, and devotion, which are eminently the characteristics of the country gentlemen of England.

But—hold hard! We vow that we are becoming political; and if we do not throw down the pen at once, we may, without intending it, be seduced into an onslaught on Lord John Russell, or an uncomplimentary criticism upon the Muscovite speeches of Mr Gladstone. So, from prudential motives, we shall fold up *Bell*, and return him to the pocket of our shooting-coat, from which he came, thankful for the hour's amusement he has afforded us. Nor have we time to dally, as every true sportsman will admit, when we assure him that we are polishing off this article on the 11th of August. The life of innumerable grouse will this year be prolonged four-and-twenty hours beyond the ordinary span, because the twelfth falls upon a Sunday. We intend to devote this evening to the necessary preparation—to-morrow we shall go to church—but on Monday morning we take the hill, and we trust that Captain will be steady. Bless the fine fellow—what a nose he has! He has slipped out after us unobserved, and is now standing at point, a perfect model for a sculptor, among the heather.

## WAGRAM; OR, VICTORY IN DEATH.

[The battle of Wagram was fought on the banks of the Danube in 1809, between the Grand-army under Napoleon, and the Austrians under the command of the Archduke Charles. On the 20th May preceding, Napoleon, in attempting to force the passage of the river, had been signally defeated by the Archduke after a bloody battle on the field of Aspern, and compelled to retire into a critical position in the islands of the Danube; but six weeks afterwards, on the 5th July, the French Emperor suddenly threw a bridge across the stream, at a point where he was not expected, and established his army in safety on the left bank. Here he was attacked next day by the Archduke Charles and the Austrian Grand-army on the plains of Wagram; while a lesser army, under the Archduke John, advanced towards the same spot from Rhab, but, being inefficiently led, arrived too late to affect the fortunes of the day. Resolving to anticipate the plans of his dread antagonist, the Archduke Charles put his columns in motion at dawn, and, descending from the plateau of Wagram, attacked the French at all points,—especially pushing forward energetically his right wing, whose success soon threatened to cut off the French from their bridge over the Danube, and spread dismay throughout the rear of their army. The charge of the Imperial Guard in the centre, under General Macdonald, a Scotchman by extraction, retrieved the fortunes of the day for the French; and the Austrian empire, prostrated in the dust, only escaped dismemberment by yielding the hand of an Archduchess to the Imperial victor. Wagram deservedly ranks among the decisive battles of the world. Had the French lost it, the catastrophe of Waterloo would have been anticipated in 1809, and the star of Napoleon have sunk for ever on the shores of the Danube.]

I SAW a sunrise on a battle-field.—

E'en at that early hour the gladsome beams  
 Broke upon smoke-wreaths and the roar of war;  
 And o'er the dewy grass rush'd hurrying feet,—  
 Austria's white uniforms sweeping to the charge,  
 While France's eagles trembled in the gale.  
 —Full 'gainst the Gallic left, not half array'd,  
 The Austrian horse are charging home; and foot  
 And cannon follow fast, quick-belching forth  
 Their thunders. Troop on troop, amidst the smoke,  
 NAPOLEON sees them sweeping between him  
 And the broad Danube; and their loud hurrahs,  
 Heard o'er the din of battle, tell how nigh  
 They come upon his rear, and threat with fire  
 The floating bridge that brought his host across.  
 Already stragglers flying from the charge,  
 Are seen, and baggage-waggons with their startled team,  
 Scampering in hot haste for the river's bank.

But in the centre, where the Old Guard stands  
 Like serried granite 'neath the enemies' fire,  
 Paces "the Emperor" to and fro, in front  
 Of the tall bearskin shakos,—where the shot  
 And shell of Austria's cannon make huge gaps.  
 Courier on courier, breathless spurring up,  
 Bring him untoward tidings of the fight.  
 Yet in a marble calm, as if no turn  
 Of Fortune's wheel could shake his clear-eyed soul,

He paces steadily that storm-swept spot,  
 Rooting by his example to their place  
 His vext brigades, now mustering dense and fast  
 For the bold game on which his soul is set.  
 "Massena ! keep the Archduke's right in check :  
 Roll it but backward from the bridge apace,—  
 And the day yet is ours." But still his ear  
 Dreads every moment on his right to hear  
 The thundering of the Archduke's brother's horse,  
 The vanguard of the host on march from Rhab,  
 Charging with freshness on his press'd array.

At last the moment comes,—the word is given,—  
 The Emperor's self, as past his squadrons rush,  
 Down-bending o'er their chargers in hot haste,  
 Stabbing the air, cries out, "Give point ! give point !"  
 And on sweep cuirassiers, hussars, and all,  
 Spurring, and thundering their "*Vive l'Empereur !*"—  
 Rank after rank bright-flashing in the sun  
 Like brazen waves of battle,—charging on  
 Right into smoke of th' enemies' batteries.  
 —Roar upon roar, and flash on flash, break out  
 Like a volcano bursting,—a red chaos glares ;—  
 And back they come, the routed horse, pell-mell,  
 Gnashing their teeth in fury at defeat ;  
 Rallying with dinted helms and batter'd mail,  
 Again to plunge into the thick of fight.  
 And still the saddles empty, and scared steeds  
 Rush backwards riderless ; and with oaths and cries  
 Again a broken flood of horse o'erspreads the plain.

"Macdonald ! take the Guards, and lead them on.  
 The Plateau *must* be won !" And through the mass  
 Of flyers straight the serried column moves,  
 And the war storms anew. Right on they go,  
 Like men who hold life as a bagatelle,  
 Up the brief slope, and in among the guns,  
 Giving and taking death,—yet still advancing,  
 Pushing their way with shot and bayonet-thrust  
 Amidst the foe, who round them like a wall  
 In front and on each flank hang dense : and still  
 The cannon thunder on the advancing band.—  
 Oh, then there was grim conflict ! and the ranks  
 Of the French column melted fast away  
 In the unequal strife ; and oft their chief  
 Sends word for help, and hears no help can come,—  
 And that he must go on. "Go on : the day  
 Hangs on your sword !" And on they went in sooth.  
 And as the hostile fire, or want of breath,  
 Or the re-forming of their shatter'd line,  
 Brings to a halt that foe-encompass'd band,  
 Nigh ruin'd by success, the Imperial Voice  
 Still sends them for sole word : "No aid—Go on !"

'Twas a brave, bitter sight ! Blacken'd and scorch'd,  
 Circled with fire and thunder, and the shouts  
 Of a most maddening war, where each man knows  
 Ruin or victory is in the scales,  
 Hewing their way, each step o'er fallen foes,  
 That Column marches on. On over guns

Dismounted, and rent banners, and the wreck  
 Of war's magnificence,—with blood-stain'd step,  
 O'er brothers, kinsmen, comrades dropping fast,  
 With clenched teeth and flashing eyes they press,  
 Panting, fainting, dwindling 'neath the fire ;  
 Yet back—and back—and back compelling still  
 The foemen to give ground. O ! sure  
 In that fell strife, with all its wasted wealth,  
 And wasted lives, and broken hopes, and hearts  
 Bleeding in far-off homes, and fever'd cries  
 Of mangled myriads,—there's enough of woe  
 To glut Ambition for a thousand years !

I saw the sun set on that battle-field.—  
 A remnant of that Column, paused at last  
 On ground shot-furrowed, all begrimed and scorch'd  
 Like men escaped from out a crater's mouth,  
 Lean wearily on their arms. The clarion's call  
 Is pealing through the air of Victory !  
 And banners wave, and the bright setting sun  
 Streams o'er the armèd field, from whence arose  
 The exultant music of a hundred bands,  
 Making war glorious. But no pœan comes  
 From that lone Victor-Column. They have fought  
 And won,—but won at what a cost ! They have  
 No heart or breath for triumph : so they stand,  
 And hear but join not in the loud acclaim,—  
 Sad, mute, erect. 'Twas Victory in Death !

My Soul, be like that Column ! Oh to be  
 Dauntless, devoted in the war of Life ;—  
 Neither to sorrow, pain, nor trouble down  
 Bending thy colours, but march right through all,  
 Obedient to the Voice that says, " Go on !"  
 Oh, there are shot and shell that rend the heart,  
 And swords that pierce the soul, and pangs to which  
 A bayonet-thrust were mercy,—wounds within,  
 That perchance bleed not in the sight of men,  
 Yet ah ! that will not heal. Oh, to be strong !  
 And with a faith enduring all things, still  
 To look to Thee, and battle stoutly through,  
 Ne'er growing weary of the glorious strife !  
 Ah ! if on that red day a Herald of truce  
 Had check'd that Column in its bold advance,  
 And bade it pile its arms, and take its ease,  
 Who would have thrill'd as now at Wagram's name !  
 What generous hearts been fired with rivalry !  
 Or could that Band itself have ever heard  
 The pœans of an army saved, or seen  
 A hostile Empire prostrate in the dust,—  
 Or, proudest, sweetest thought of all, have felt  
*Victorious o'er themselves* as o'er the foe !

And if such things were dared in duty's cause  
 For a mere martial crown, shall less be done  
 In the far nobler war of Life,—that war,  
 That ceaseless war, which goes where'er we go,—  
 At work,—at ease,—at home,—or in the stream  
 Of social intercourse,—nor least e'en then  
 When we sit lonely with our thoughts, and build

A day-dream world to compensate the old.  
 Alas, how weak and wavering! How the world,  
 And life, and love, and death, and grief all lay  
 A hand upon the soul to turn't away  
 From its high mission! \* \* \*

My Father! Heavenly Father! to whom sole  
 I lift my eye in trouble or in joy,—  
 Thou who hast led me, erst a wayward child,—  
 And wayward still, from weakness, not from choice,—  
 And brought me thus far on my journey's way,  
 Grant in the years to come I still may prove  
 Obedient to the imperial Voice within,—  
 Voice of that Soul which Thou hast given,—which bids  
 Still to go forward, resting not till death ;—  
 Oh, make me strong! that so when sorrows come,  
 When loved ones die and leave me, and the day  
 Grows dark about me, and the sunshine comes  
 To the heart no more, and the Spirit's life seems gone  
 With the love that fed it, I may still march on,  
 Content to do Thy work, and heed no more  
 Whether the clarion-voice of Fame do come  
 In life, or after death, or not at all.  
 Oh, be it mine, at life's bless'd close, to stand  
 Scarr'd though it be with sorrows, still erect,  
 In harness to the last,—raising my hands  
 On the won battle-field aloft to Thee,  
 And with a calm joy yielding up my soul,—  
 Scourged, chastened, purified,—and hearing now  
 The inner voices chanting victory!  
 Like some old warrior-chief, on his last field,  
 Dying with upturn'd face, and in his ears  
 An army's songs of triumph,—heedless all,  
 If so be the stern fight is won at last,  
 And his flag flies, Victorious still in Death!

R. H. P.

#### OUR BEGINNING OF THE LAST WAR.

THE volumes which we are about to introduce to the notice of our readers, will, we think, be read at the present moment with no common interest. They discuss with fairness the war-councils, and describe with accuracy the military operations of a period which historians must describe to the end of time as one of the most critical in the affairs of the world; and this alone were reason sufficient why they should command the attentive perusal of all searchers after truth. But there are other circumstances which impart to them, as far at least as we are concerned, a still greater degree

of value. They chronicle the failings, not the triumphs of British armies. They exhibit to our gaze the statesmen of a bygone generation drifted into a war which they did their best to avoid, and entering upon it at last without having made the smallest preparation for the event. The results are not different from what ought to have been anticipated. The enormous expenditure of life and treasure brings neither honour nor success in its train. Our money is squandered in the arrangement of plans, which fail us ere they come to maturity. Our troops, ill-appointed,



and scattered by driblets over the face of the earth, are overmatched and defeated as often as they come in contact with the enemy. And this not in the course of a single campaign, or on a single theatre of operations, but throughout well-nigh twelve years of incessant warfare, waged in every part of the world that seemed to be accessible to us. Now, undoubtedly the new war in which the country is engaged has become a source of sore perplexity and trouble to us all. We have long been aware that it was neither foreseen nor provided against as it ought to have been by the advisers of the Crown; and most of us believe that the measures subsequently adopted were characterised neither by wisdom nor by vigour. But we must not permit the feeling to go further. We shall come out of the struggle triumphantly yet. In spite of the blundering of successive administrations—in spite of the absence of commanding ability on the part of our generals—there is that in the dogged resolution of the British character which prevents us from entertaining the faintest distrust of the ultimate triumph of our arms. Does not all past experience teach this lesson? Surely it does. Twelve years of disaster in the last war passed out of men's minds as soon as the tide of victory began to turn; and now Salamanca, Vittoria, and Waterloo, remain as the sole surviving memorials of a strife which gave promise at one period of a very different issue. Does it then become us, no matter how critical our position may be, to speak otherwise than hopefully of a contest, wherein as yet we have suffered no defeat in the field, and which is still but in the second year of its continuance?

There is perhaps no period in our history on which we ought to look back with greater shame than that which immediately preceded the breaking out of the war of the first great French Revolution. Humbled by recollections of the war of American independence, our statesmen of 1792 professed their determination to keep aloof, at all hazards, from the tempest which had begun to sweep over continental Europe; and, in proof that they were sincere, came down to Parliament, and asked, and with dif-

iculty obtained, leave to move for the service of the year just 21,000 regular troops, including cavalry, artillery, and infantry of the line and of the Guards. And for the naval force, which it was considered necessary to maintain in a state of efficiency, the vote taken was ludicrously small. The army estimates amounted only to £420,200; the estimates for the navy somewhat exceeded £2,800,000; and the total expenses for the year, including pensions and non-effective allowances, came to £3,605,316.

The votes in question were taken, after a sharp debate, in the month of February 1792. The most solemn protestations were at the same time made to France, that England entertained no thought whatever of joining the coalition into which Austria and Prussia had entered against her. But the autumn of the same year was still ripe when the possibility of adhering to this line of policy began to be doubted; and in December a bill for calling out the militia was passed through Parliament. There soon followed the judicial murder of the French king; the memorable declaration, by the French Republic, of war against England and Holland, and the invasion of the latter country by such a force as the Dutch government felt itself unable to face. Application was at once made to the Cabinet of St James's for the armed support which it was bound by ancient treaty to afford; and the cabinet of St James's, however peaceably disposed, could not in justice refuse to accede to the proposition. The Dutch were accordingly assured that every disposable man would be despatched to their assistance; and the Cabinet of St James's kept its word. And what do our readers imagine was the amount of force which the warlike government of 1793 mustered for battle? Just 1700 of the Foot Guards, with about eighty artillerymen!!! These troops were paraded with vast pomp in Hyde Park. Old George III. rode down the line, arrayed as London may any day see him, through his bronze effigy in Pall Mall East. They were followed to Deptford by the whole of the royal family, and there embarked, not in ships of

war, but in half-a-dozen empty colliers. They put to sea on the 25th of February; and the 5th of March barely saw them, after incredible hardships and some danger, put ashore again, by means of lighters and small craft, at Dort!!!

Such was the military figure which Great Britain cut at the opening of the most terrible war of modern times. She is called upon to support an ancient ally, and she proceeds to her assistance with something less than 1800 men. For lack of any better description of transports, she thrusts her troops into filthy coal vessels, hired for the occasion, and leaves them there, during eight days, not only without fresh provisions, or vegetables, or any luxury of a more expensive kind, but so deficient even in fresh water, that many of the men brought disease upon themselves by vainly striving to allay their thirst with draughts from the sea.

"It is much to be lamented," writes Sir Harry Calvert, himself a sharer in the misery which he describes, "that the first observation which must occur to every officer employed in this service, is the very unfit state the transports were in for the reception of troops, and the very small provision that was made for their health and accommodation while on board. The tonnage of the ships was so inadequate to the numbers embarked, that every bad consequence was to be apprehended had it been necessary to put on the hatches, which must have been the case had we not made Helvoet before the gale of wind came on. There was no small species of provisions on board; no vinegar, that most essential preventive; and, lastly, neither medicines nor surgical instruments."

What an outcry would have been raised, and justly too, had any detachment of the army of 1854, however numerically weak, been sent to sea in such a plight! and yet within the narrow space of barely ten years, the nation had passed, when these things befell, from a state of war to a state of peace.

The arrival of the Guards at Dort saved that place, and the bold front which they put on co-operated, with the successes of the Austrians in his rear, to force back Dumourier, first to Neerwinden, where, on the 18th of March, he sustained a severe defeat,

and by-and-by across the Flemish frontier into France. Meanwhile the Duke of York's corps had been increased by the addition of three whole battalions of the line, which arrived from England under the command of General Ralph Abercromby, and which, forming a junction with the brigade of Guards at Antwerp, raised the total strength of the English corps to 3000!! But wretched as this amount of force must have appeared in the eyes even of the Dutch, who brought 20,000 into the field, it was still more an object of shame and regret to the British officers because of the personal unfitness of the men of whom it was composed. "On the junction of the brigade of the line," says Sir Harry, "we remarked with concern that the recruits they had lately received were in general totally unfit for service, and inadequate to the fatigue of the campaign, being mostly either old men or quite boys, extremely weak and short." Indeed, the effects of so injudicious a method of raising the nominal strength of an army were not slow in developing themselves. On the 26th of April (his first account of the brigade was given on the 9th) Sir Harry writes: "I am sorry to say that our small force is much diminished, by two of the regiments in the second brigade being totally unfit for service—so much so, that the Duke of York has left the 37th and 53d regiments at Bruges and Ostend." Let us hope that in the war in which we are now engaged, no such stern necessity may be imposed upon the commanders of our forces by the same cause.

The war went on, and millions were squandered in the vain effort to accomplish, in a day, purposes which ought to have been contemplated and gradually approached for years. The militia was no sooner embodied than the men composing it were bribed, cajoled, and in some measure forced to volunteer for the line. Horses were bought up for the cavalry at a ruinous price, and whole brigades of Hanoverian and Hessian troops taken into British pay. These, marching towards the Low Countries, formed a junction with the English division in the vicinity of Bruges and Ghent, and placed the Duke of York thereby at

the head of about 17,000 men. With this force he took no inconsiderable part in the battle of Famars, which was fought on the 22d of May; and on the 27th the siege of Valenciennes was formed. It fell to the lot of his Royal Highness, reinforced by detachments from the allied armies, to conduct this operation; while the Prince of Cobourg, with the main body of the Austrians, kept General Custine at bay. Custine made no serious attempt to interrupt the siege, which lasted from the 4th of June to the 26th of July, when, after seeing the assailants masters of the covered-way, and established on one of the hornworks which completely overlooked the town, the enemy demanded a cessation of arms, and surrendered on capitulation. It may be worth the reader's while to compare the means placed by combined England, Holland, Austria, and Hanover at the disposal of the military chief who had been selected to conduct this siege, with the *materiel* which England alone sent out last year for a similar operation in the Crimea. Our first batteries that opened on Sebastopol were armed with 32 and 68 pounders, which we counted by the score. The batteries of the Duke of York are thus described, and that, too, in a tone of undisguised exultation:—

“*July 22.*—A detachment of British artillery, consisting chiefly of long 6-pounders, arrived from Ostend. On the 23d, at break of day, the batteries of the third parallel opened on the town, and continued a very severe fire till night; at the same time two batteries opened at Anzain, one consisting of six 16-pounders *en ricochet*, and one of four mortars. The fire against the town was at this time as follows:—

“*1st Parallel.*—Ten guns, eight mortars.

“*2d Parallel.*—No. 1, eight 12-pounders; No. 2, three howitzers; No. 3, four mortars; No. 4, six howitzers; No. 5, four mortars; No. 6, eight 24-pounders; No. 7, eight 24-pounders; No. 8, three howitzers; No. 9, —

“*3d Parallel.*—No. 1, eight 24-pounders; No. 2, two howitzers; No. 3, four mortars; No. 4, four mortars; No. 5, four mortars; No. 6, two mortars; No. 7, eight 24-pounders; No. 8, eight 24-pounders; No. 9, six mortars; No. 10, four 24-pounders; No. 11, two howitzers; No. 12, four 24-pounders.”

It will be seen that out of this mass of artillery, not inconsiderable as regards the number of pieces, there was no gun of heavier calibre than a 24-pounder, and that the sole contribution of England to the train consisted of a few long 6-pounders!

The capture of Valenciennes, and the fall of Condé which preceded it, left to the Allies the choice of two plans of operation, either of which it is now well known might have brought the war to a speedy and successful termination. On the one hand, the line of policy which prudence and moderation seemed to dictate, would have hindered them from proceeding further in a war of aggression. They had saved Holland, they had recovered Austrian Flanders, and were masters of the whole course of the Rhine. Had they halted there in an attitude purely defensive, there were tokens in the political horizon which justify the belief that the factions in France, which then cherished a bitter but restrained hatred to one another, would have entered upon a course of open strife, and that in the struggle the cause of good government might have prevailed. Or in the event of looking further, it was the obvious business of the Allies to march direct upon Paris, for the road to Paris was completely open. Recent successes had made them masters of all the fortresses which girdle in the frontier, and there stood between them and the capital only a broken and dispirited rabble of conscripts. But the Allies followed neither of these plans. Austria and England had each their separate objects to gain. The former had hoisted her own flag, not the flag of France, over the battlements of Valenciennes, and sat down with 45,000 men before Quesnoy, for the avowed purpose of adding that place also to the possessions of the empire; the latter—or, to speak accurately, the Cabinet of St James's—became inflamed with a desire to acquire a portion of the sea-coast of French Flanders; and Prussia, jealous of both, but especially of the aggrandisement of her rival in Germany, grew lukewarm in the cause. It must be acknowledged, with shame, that for the fatal results which ensued the British government was

mainly, if not wholly, responsible. It was in London that the notable scheme for reducing Dunkirk was devised; and from London the orders emanated which withdrew the Duke of York and his motley corps of 35,000 men from acting in concert with the Prince of Cobourg.

Mad as the scheme of laying siege to Dunkirk was, some good might, by possibility, have accrued from it, had the Government of the day fulfilled the engagements into which it had entered with the general of its armies. Not in one solitary instance, however, was the Government true to its pledge. Supplies of all sorts soon began to fail. Heavy ordnance, which had been promised, never arrived; and the fleet, which it had been agreed should co-operate by blockading Dunkirk from the sea, lay at anchor in the Downs, and permitted the Duke of York to be insulted day and night by the fire of the enemy's gun-boats, and even of the privateers from the harbour.

The Duke of York's force, in British infantry and cavalry, never, during the campaign of 1793, exceeded 3000 of the former and 700 of the latter. In spite of an ill-managed commissariat, and the dissolute habits of too many of the officers, these troops always behaved well; as the issues of the fighting at Lincelles, Villoers-en-Cauchie, and Pont-à-chin, bear witness. He made repeated applications for heavy guns while entangled in the siege of Dunkirk, which were for the most part evaded rather than refused. For there had been awakened in the minds of the home authorities an ardent thirst of conquest elsewhere; and though soldiers enough were brought together, few, and these chiefly horsemen, found their way to the arena, within which the issues of the war must be determined. The Duke of York received an increase to his cavalry, with drafts to fill up the casualties which had occurred in his battalions. But the available infantry of England was scattered about—a portion of it to seize Toulon, a portion to reduce the French West India Islands, a portion to die of yellow fever in St Domingo, and a portion to do the duty of marines on board the fleet. And here it may be worth while to draw the reader's at-

tention to the means which were adopted in order to secure these men. To the calling out of the militia, by the constitutional application of the ballot, no objection can be offered. If it be the first duty of every citizen to provide for the defence of his country, it is clearly the business of the Government to see that all shall come under the obligation of the law; and where personal service shall happen to be more than commonly inconvenient, it is equally just that there should be afforded the opportunity of providing a substitute at the expense of the parties indisposed to serve. But the Governments of 1793-4 and 5 went far beyond this. Letters of service were issued to noblemen and gentlemen, assuring to them sundry steps of rank, on condition that they should, for certain stipulated sums of money, raise and bring to the service of the Crown certain stipulated contingents of men. Noblemen and gentlemen undertook the charge, and raised men from among their own tenantry and dependants expressly for regiments to be commanded by themselves. These regiments were no sooner embodied than Government dissolved them again, and, drafting the men into corps employed at the moment on the most unpopular services, either placed the officers on half-pay, or gave them other employment.

"In the spring of 1795," says Sir Henry Bunbury, "the shattered remains of the British troops returned to England. The results of their campaign had been ill calculated to improve their discipline, or to excite a military spirit in the country. Nor had our arms acquired reputation on land in any other quarter. In 1793 a short attempt to defend Toulon had ended in our expulsion, and a few regiments, afterwards employed in Corsica, found no opportunities of gaining distinction. So inefficient were the means even in the naval service of England, that, small as our army was, it was required to furnish battalions to serve as marines on board our fleets. With the year 1794 began the fatal passion for carrying on the war in every part of the West Indies, though the Bulam fever was raging in all quarters. Multitudes of brave men perished in this and the two succeeding years, for the sake of grasping more sugar-islands, and particularly in

the vain attempt to hold St Domingo. Our infantry and artillery were drained to the lowest point by the incessant demands of our War Minister for fresh supplies of men to replace the victims of the yellow fever. To the mania for prosecuting this ill-omened service is to be ascribed, more than to any other cause, the inefficiency of the British army during several years. Even those regiments which returned from that fatal climate were long unfit for service : they consisted of feeble, worn-out invalids. Nor, while sketching the condition and general character of the British army in those days, can I omit to mention the manner in which (the ordinary recruiting being found insufficient) men were obtained, in order to fill up the enormous void occasioned by the deaths in the West Indies. It is useful to note this matter, because it serves to account in part for the degraded state of the service, and the odium which long attended it. I will not dwell on the political jobs which characterised the raising of many regiments in Ireland, though I cannot forget that faith was often broken with the men who had been thus enlisted. The officers, having obtained their steps of rank, were contented ; the nominal corps were reduced ; and the men were drafted into regiments in India or St Domingo. But the most crying infamy was that which resulted from the employment of crimps on a very large scale. Our Government made contracts with certain scoundrels (bearing the king's commission !) who engaged to furnish so many hundred men each for such and such sums of money. The deeds of atrocity, to say nothing of the frauds, which attended the working of this scheme, could hardly be credited in the present times. They occasioned many serious riots, and they spread the taint of disaffection to the service."

Time passed, and the estrangement, which had already begun, of one member of the coalition from another, grew day by day more marked. The Austrian cabinet, influenced by the counsels of Thugut, changed its views altogether. The schemes of conquest which had induced the Emperor to pass the Belgian frontier were not only abandoned, but advances were made to the French Directory, having for their object the exchange of Austrian Flanders for provinces to be wrested from Austria's German neighbours nearer home. Meanwhile Prussia, though she readily accepted the subsidy which England offered,

abstained from putting in motion towards Holland the 62,000 men for which she had engaged. Accordingly the Duke, after receiving an unsuccessful battle at Hondschoote, was forced to raise the siege of Dunkirk, and, leaving behind him between forty and fifty pieces of cannon, and a considerable amount of baggage and military stores, to commence his march towards Menin. Finally, after a good deal of marching and counter-marching, and various affairs, in which victory alternated now to one side and now to the other, the campaign of 1793 came to an end ; and in the month of December the British portion of the allied army went into quarters in Tournay and Ghent.

The campaign of 1793, which had opened with every prospect of success, closed with little credit to the army of the coalition. That of 1794 can hardly be said to have been otherwise than discreditable from the beginning. The Emperor of Germany came indeed to Brussels, put himself at the head of 180,000 allies, and reviewed them with great pomp on the heights above Cateau. This was on the 16th of April, and on the 17th active hostilities began. They were maintained with alternations of fortune round Landrecies, at Cæsar's Camp, along the heights of Cateau and elsewhere ; till at last, on the 16th of May, a general action was fought on and around Mouveron, Turcoin, and Lannoy. We have no means at hand accurately to determine how many men on each side were engaged. We know, indeed, what the force of the Allies was on the 16th of April, and that General Pichegru, on the 22d of May, commenced his operations with not fewer than 200,000 men ; but what portion of these actually came under fire on the 16th we cannot undertake to say. This much, however, is certain, that notwithstanding the urgency of the occasion, and in the second year of the war, the Duke of York could carry with him, in the column of which he was at the head, only seven English battalions and ten squadrons of horse. All the rest of England's might was distributed as has already been explained, as if it had been the object of those to whom the management of the war was intrusted, to

show how entirely the experience of past failures, from causes not dissimilar, was to be thrown away upon them.

The battle of Turcoin was not in favour of the Allies. Two of three columns failed to reach their ground in time; three more, on arriving at Moucron, found themselves quite overmarched. The Duke of York, with his seven English, five Austrian, and two Hessian battalions, drove the enemy from Launoy; and halted, according to orders, till the corps in co-operation with him should have attained their objects. But nobody came to communicate with him, and the forward movement of a brigade, under Abercromby, as far as Roubaix, showed that the enemy were strongly entrenched there, and had never been molested. It was then as it is now; to arrive in front of an entrenched position held by their opponents, served but to stimulate the English to give the assault. The works were stormed, and the French driven from them with the loss of three guns; but here the successes of the day came to an end. Early on the 17th the French fell upon Turcoin, and carried it; and later in the day a strong division from Lisle forced its way through General Otto's corps, posted at Waterloo, and attacked the English rear at Roubaix. A rapid retreat was all that remained for these brave men. They were separated from their comrades; the Duke strove, but in vain, to join them; and so the whole corps, marching in two lines, fell back—one portion to Temploux, the other to Waterloo. They subsequently reunited, and took up a position, which, being covered in front by one or two redoubts, extended from the Orchies road to the Scheldt.

From that day till the final abandonment of the enterprise the tide of fortune flowed well-nigh without interruption in favour of the French. The Imperialists, beaten in every encounter, relinquished, one by one, all that yet remained to them of the conquests of the previous year. They even suffered the enemy to interpose between the Duke of York and Ostend, where Lord Moira, with 6000 or 7000 men, had arrived, and forced

that able officer to execute a difficult and dangerous detour before he could effect his junction with the headquarters of the English army. Then followed, as far as we were concerned, the retreat through West Wesel, the halt for a time at Oosterhout, and the passage of the Meuse to Wiben. There was sharp fighting here, which ended in the concentration of the Duke's corps about Nimeguen, and the successful defence of the outposts of the army on the 25th of October. But no one now fought for victory. The utmost to which it was possible to look seemed to be, that when winter set fairly in the troops might rest; for the rivers and canals would then offer to the enemy a more formidable obstacle than fortified towns very inadequately garrisoned, and allies in the field notoriously lukewarm.

The following account of the condition of the Duke's force, so far as it was affected by practices then of everyday occurrence, and not quite beyond the reach of possibility now, is at least instructive. Writing to Sir Hew Dalrymple, Sir Harry Calvert says on the 9th Nov. 1794:—

“The want of general officers to command brigades has, in this army, been an evil of the most serious nature, and has been attended with the very worst consequences. From the time Lord Cathcart left us—which, if I recollect right, was about the 23d of July—till Generals Balfour and De Burg joined, which was the latter end of September, we had five brigades of infantry of the Line, with one major-general (Stewart), for General Fox is too much occupied in his staff employment to be reckoned as a major-general, though his zeal induces him to come forward as such whenever he can.

“In this time, the command of brigades devolved on young men newly come into the service, whose years and inexperience totally disqualified them for the situation. I could mention lads of one-and-twenty who had never been on service before. Be assured, the Duke made the most urgent and repeated representations how much the service was injured by this circumstance; but the two most active months of the campaign were allowed to pass without any redress; and then, at that late period, two major-generals came out, in lieu of the four that were wanting; and, at the same time, an augmentation to the army of those regiments

which were sent from Lord Mulgrave, made a fifth absolutely necessary.

"The want of general officers is always a great detriment to the service; but in this army particularly so, where the field-officers are many of them boys, and have attained their rank by means suggested by Government at home, which, I am sure, have never directly or indirectly received the smallest countenance from the commander-in-chief in this country: consequently his Royal Highness cannot be responsible for their youth and inexperience."

Pass we on now from the campaigns of 1793 and 1794. Begun without a plan, carried on with means entirely inadequate, they brought unmerited disgrace upon both the army and its leader; and awakened, as there was the best reason that they should, the indignation of the whole people. At first an attempt was made to throw the entire blame upon the Duke of York. But from this—which would have been a bitter wrong—his Royal Highness was shielded by the failures, not less lamentable, at Toulon and in Corsica, as well as by the fatal results of the expedition to St Domingo, and the dearly-purchased achievements at Guadaloupe and Martinique. A strong reaction in his favour accordingly took place, and he was in 1795 raised to the chief command of the army. It would be difficult to over-estimate the benefits to the service which arose out of this appointment.

Up to the year 1796, the British army had been destitute of the first elements of drill. No book of instruction existed according to which officers might discipline their troops; but each battalion worked according to the whims and caprices of its commandant, and almost all upon a principle more or less at variance with that adopted elsewhere. The consequence was, that when two or three battalions came together, they were unable to move, except in the simplest formations. If a brigade attempted to march in line, the chances were, that, owing to the inequality of step, regiments lost their touch ere a hundred yards were covered; and except in line or in the column of march, which would, of course, be adapted to the road which the troops were to traverse, the brigade could not work

at all. One of the first measures of the new commander-in-chief was to apply a remedy to this defect. Sir David Dundas, who during the Seven Years' War had served in the Prussian army, was directed to elaborate a system of drill for the army of England. He took his ideas, of course, from drill-books which had passed under the critical eye of the Great Frederick, and produced in due time his *Eighteen Manœuvres*, a compilation somewhat pedantic, no doubt, and considerably improved upon in later years, but in the main resting upon sound principles. The volume in question became at once the text-book for the British army, and so continued till long after the hand which scrawls these lines first wielded a sword.

Another flagrant blot in the military system of the country the late Duke of York had the merit of wiping out. We speak of jobbing in these days—and jobbing, to a greater or less extent, there will always be, not in the army alone, but in every department of Church and State, so long as human nature remains as it is; but the jobbing of our times puts on the hue of absolute purity when brought into contrast with that which prevailed up to the period of which we now write. Previously to 1796, commissions in the Guards and appointments to the staff were considered as the birthright of young gentlemen holding a particular place in society; while commissions in the Line went to the dependants of men in power, to their supporters at the hustings, and not unfrequently to the sons or brothers of their mistresses. On the other hand, it was not unusual to find a young scion of nobility raised to the rank of major ere he had escaped from the nursery. Indeed, there are present to our recollection at this moment the names of several officers, most of them, by the by, of distinguished reputation in the late war, who, by force of high connection, joined their regiments as lieutenant-colonels commanding, at the age of eighteen. The Duke of York, by a regulation which rendered it necessary for a youth to have attained his sixteenth year ere he could be gazetted to an ensigncy, struck at the root of this enormous evil. The blow was not, indeed, effectual, because means

were constantly found of evading a rule which few seemed anxious to enforce; but at least the indecency was avoided of having field-officers carried about in their nurses' arms, and grey-headed captains and subalterns put under the command of boys fresh from the schools of Eton and Westminster.

With all his desire to reform the military institutions of the country, the Duke of York could not, however, succeed in amalgamating the artillery and engineer corps with the rest of the army, or otherwise getting the Board of Ordnance into manageable condition. The commissariat and medical departments likewise, but especially the former, continued absolutely out of joint. There was no system, no regularity, no organised means of transport. Provisions continually failed during the progress of the campaign, and medicines were always insufficient. It was to little purpose that generals at home and abroad remonstrated against these things, and the Duke himself at last gave up his projects in despair.

We had by this time taken the Cape of Good Hope and Ceylon, both important conquests; and of the West India Islands, all which formerly belonged to France had, with the exception of St Domingo, fallen into our hands. Garrisons were required to hold them, and the army was in consequence frittered away into so many detachments that the home duties, including the occupation of Ireland, devolved principally on militia and fencible regiments. The discipline among these corps, and especially the Irish portion of them, was exceedingly lax, and the regiments of the line which served with them caught the infection. Hence, when the Rebellion of 1798 broke out, terrible excesses were committed; indeed, one dragoon regiment so disgraced itself that it was dissolved, and the number effaced by order of the Sovereign from the army list. But what followed? Sir Ralph Abercromby, one of the best officers which the British army has produced, did his best to restrain the license of the soldiery, and received his reward by a sharp rebuke from Downing Street, and being superseded in the command of the troops in Ireland.

Our military efforts on the continent of Europe had, meanwhile, been limited to the wretched attempt at destroying the sluice-gates of Ostend. It was a measure recommended by Admiral Sir Home Popham, and well deserved the issues in which it resulted. We succeeded in damaging a harbour which was available only for merchant vessels, and being unable, in consequence of a heavy surf, to embark our troops, were compelled to leave a full brigade of Guards under General Coote prisoners in the hands of the enemy. In 1799, however, brighter prospects seemed to open: Russia had joined a new coalition. The French yoke was understood to press heavily on the Netherlands, and arrangements were made for throwing into Holland 13,000 English and 17,000 Russian troops, of which the Duke of York was to take the command. This army, after restoring Breda to the Dutch, was to push forward into Belgium, and thereby effect an important diversion in favour of the Allies on the Upper Rhine and in Switzerland. And so thoroughly in concert were both England and Russia, that they respectively exceeded the contingents which they had bound themselves to supply. Before sketching the progress and result of the expedition to the Helder, it may not be amiss if we present our readers with a short extract from a valuable manuscript which we have been allowed to peruse. It is a journal kept by General Sir Frederick Adam, one of the most accomplished officers which the late great war raised up, and is curious as showing how imperfectly five years of steady reform had corrected the abuses, even in matters of discipline, which used to prevail in the British army. What must these abuses have been ere the first attempts to get rid of them were made!

Mr Adam, it appears, had, through his father's interest, been appointed an ensign, unattached, while yet a boy at school. The fact that he had become an officer was as long as possible concealed from the lad; nor did he discover, till a confidential butler let out the secret, that, being an officer, he was entitled to pay. His prudent guardian intended, as it appeared, to let the pay accumulate, so that the



young gentleman, when old enough to join his regiment, might join with a balance at his agent's. But though the butler's breach of faith led to the squandering away of the accumulations, no more serious consequences befell. Adam, the elder, had many friends in high places; and Adam, the younger, was in consequence admitted as a sort of *attaché* into the family of Sir Ralph Abercromby. Sir Ralph treated the youth, as indeed he treated everybody, with the utmost kindness; but being a conscientious man as well as a zealous soldier, he could not consent to regard the arrangement as a permanent one. In his judgment, officers were all equally bound to learn their duty, and to learn it with their regiments and companies, ere they aspired to situations on the staff. Accordingly, the force which was to invade Holland no sooner began to assemble, and its advanced corps, of which he had received the command, to be complete, than he attached young Adam to the 27th foot; who thus describes his first experience of the manner in which discipline was maintained by officers and non-commissioned officers among their men:—

"I attended the company's parades while the inspection was going on; saw the opening and shutting of pans, the examination of arms, and such-like details, and picked up from my own observation what I could; but I cannot say that I obtained much knowledge by any specific communication from my immediate commander. There was not time, however, for much of this, as we left Barham Downs to march to Margate, to embark a few days after I joined; but before this movement, and on the second or third day after joining, I received a practical lesson in discipline which it may be worth while to relate.

"Haversacks and canteens had been issued, in the course of the afternoon, to the company; and when on the evening private parade in the company's lines, a private soldier named Cavanagh, who was not satisfied with the articles he had received, approached Mr Bevan, and, very respectfully recovering his arms, made some statement in complaint, and which involved a question of partiality on the part of the sergeant who had made the issue. There was nothing that I heard unfitting on the part of the man, except the insinuation or assertion, perhaps, of not having been fairly treated by his

non-commissioned officer. Bevan appeared to listen quite patiently to the man's statement, and called for the sergeant to inquire into the case, who justified his proceedings, and said the man was a troublesome, discontented fellow; and some few words passed from each of the parties. During this time I was standing alongside of Bevan, the soldier opposite to him, at a couple of yards distant. Bevan stepped forward, clenched his fist, and struck the man a strong blow on the chest, uttering at the same time, in a strong Irish accent, 'To hell with ye, you bloody villain!' This occurred while all the men were standing about and close to us, previous to falling in for inspection, and it did not appear to me that the transaction caused any sensation. Such was the first lesson of practical discipline I received; and it may well be imagined what its effects on a boy of fifteen must have been, coming as it did from one whom I had been specially led to believe was to be my model, and to whom I was to look up. The whole thing rather astonished me than shocked me, and this, perhaps, because it appeared to be taken quite as a matter of course. Nor did I afterwards hear any murmuring amongst the men; nor did I learn that it caused any dissatisfaction; from which I conclude that such proceedings must have been not uncommon in the regiment, as well as in the company, although to strike a soldier was then, as it is now, contrary to the regulations of the army, as it must have been at all times contrary to every good principle. But at that time the whole system was harsh and brutal; coercion and severity were the rule; reward or encouragement little thought of. I believe this to have been the general principle. I am sure it was so in the 27th regiment; and the effect of this upon the mind of a boy like myself must, of course, have been very detrimental."

On the 13th of August 1799, the advance of the British army, under Sir Ralph Abercromby, quitted the shores of England. Including artillery—of which the equipment was still very defective—it numbered about 10,000 fighting men; four battalions of Guards and eleven of the line being divided into five brigades, having at the head of each respectively the generals D'Oyly, Burrard, Coote, Moore, and Colonel Macdonald. The squadron steered towards the Helder, the British government being, as usual, much more intent upon the accom-

plishment of a purely British object, than thoughtful of the needs of the coalition; and after a gallant resistance from the Dutch General Daendels, made good its landing. But the opening of the enterprise gave only too sure a presage of all that was to follow. The establishment of a large camp on Barham Downs, and the assembling of transports at Margate and Ramsgate, had sufficiently advertised the French government of the point on which the cloud would burst; and a tedious and uncomfortable passage of not fewer than thirteen days, gave to it full time to complete its preparations. Hence, though the Dutch fleet in the Texel Channel could not be saved, the opportunity was afforded of getting together about 20,000 men, 6000 of which disputed with us the landing, while the remainder took post, corps by corps as it came up, at an easy march from the Zype, where Abercromby proceeded to intrench himself.

We agree with General Bunbury that, looking to the mistakes thus early committed, it would have been well if the Government had rested content with the accomplishment of this the only practicable object of the expedition. There had fallen into our hands seven sail of the line, three fifty-gun ships, and several frigates. To have brought these back to Portsmouth would have exhibited us to the people of England in the light of victors; but much more had been determined upon, and, failing to achieve all, we lost all. On the 10th of September, Abercromby received and repulsed a fierce attack of the enemy. He did not, however, follow up his successes, because he knew that the Duke of York, with the residue of the English contingent, must shortly arrive; and on the 13th he found himself strengthened by the coming up of the first division of the Russian army, under General D'Hermann. The second division made its appearance shortly afterwards; while, day by day, infantry, cavalry, and artillery from England continued to pour in. It cannot be said that they were of the best description. The infantry, indeed, seemed to be made up chiefly of volunteers from the mi-

litia, whom it was found necessary to ship off ere time could be afforded to give to them the uniforms of the corps to which they were transferred. Of course, these men knew nothing whatever of the officers under whom they were going to serve, and took the field ignorant of the very rudiments of their duty. The cavalry, in like manner, ill-appointed, worse dressed, and mounted on imperfectly-broken horses, had little to recommend it except the courage of the men; and the field-guns were dragged, sometimes with hand-ropes by seamen, sometimes by horses fastened in a row, one before the other, and kept at a walking pace by carters with long whips in their hands. It appeared, too, that as yet the Government had not learned fully to understand that bandages, lint, medicines, surgical instruments, and surgeons, are as necessary to the proper appointment of an army as either infantry or cavalry soldiers; and in regard to a commissariat, it had no existence at all. The army depended for its supplies absolutely upon the fleet. Still there it was, 18,000 English and as many Russians, all eager for the fray; nor did any great while elapse ere the courage and endurance of the men were put to the test.

The weather had been wretched ever since the expedition sailed from England. Rain fell in torrents, which, being accompanied by cold winds, told severely upon the troops, who, if unable to find cover in houses, were entirely without shelter, except such as the great-coats afforded; and even great-coats were in many cases wanting. Yet the courage both of officers and men never flagged; and there were those among the leaders whose after career gave proof that, had the chief management of affairs been committed to them, the results might have been different. Unfortunately, however, the custom then prevailed of considering every operation, ere it was entered upon, in a council of war, and the council, which assembled on the 17th, came to the determination that the enemy should be attacked upon a plan radically defective.

It is not necessary to describe the battle of the 19th of September, or to state its issues. Throwing away the

advantage of numbers which belonged to them, and detaching 10,000 of their best troops towards a point which it was impossible that they could reach in time, the Allies fell upon the French, as it were, by detachments, the Russians making their advance as much too early as the English made theirs too late in the day. The former were in Bergen, having carried all before them, ere the latter found themselves in a condition to afford any support, and, having suffered severely in such an ill-conducted advance, were well-nigh destroyed by the reserves which they encountered there. A catastrophe of this sort is too apt to change the whole order of a battle. Instead of pushing on their own attacks, the English columns were forced to detach to the succour of the Russians, and the whole, getting into disorder, were driven back with heavy loss to the position of the Zype. As to the detached column, of which Abercromby was the head, it had begun its march on a false calculation as to time, and after exposure to a heavy rain throughout the night of the 18th, reached Hoorn at four in the morning of the 19th, completely exhausted. What could Abercromby do? He despatched General, then Captain Bunbury, to inform the Duke of York of his case, and learned about noon from an aide-de-camp, who seems to have crossed Bunbury on the way, that the battle was lost. Abercromby retraced his steps to the old ground behind the Zype, and put his men as he best could into quarters.

From this hour the fate of the expedition may be said to have been sealed. Another battle, which cost the Allies 2000 valuable lives, was indeed fought on the 2d of October; but though claimed as a victory because the enemy abandoned Alkmaar, it produced no effect upon the issues of the struggle. Le Brune retired to a still stronger position at Beverwyk, where the junction of 5000 good French troops more than repaired his losses. General Bunbury shall narrate for us the evils that befell shortly afterwards. The Allies, it appears, thought that in occupying Alkmaar they had won the key of North Holland. They were eager to improve the advantage thus secured, and—

“On Sunday, the 6th of October, therefore, our advanced posts on the right were ordered to move forward, to occupy some of the villages in front, and force the enemy's detachments to fall back upon the position where it was assumed that he would make his stand. Our army was to follow the next morning. But we had mistaken the intentions of our antagonists, as well as the numbers immediately in our front, and the strength of the ground. At first, the troops that were pushed forward met with but little difficulty in their task, and were allowed to occupy some of the villages and posts allotted to them after sharp skirmishing. But at an important point near Baccum, the advanced guard of the Russian column was checked by an unexpected and severe resistance. Finding the enemy too strong for him, the commander sent back for reinforcements; regiment after regiment arrived, till seven Russian battalions were hotly engaged, and still they found the growing strength of the enemy overpowering them more and more. The French arriving rapidly, became the attacking instead of the defending party. Sir Ralph Abercromby, seeing how things were going, moved up to the support of the Russians; but the enemy's whole force was in motion. By degrees, the fighting, instead of being confined to Baccum, grew hot in every village and post along the line. The brigades of Dundas's division, as well as those under Abercromby, were drawn successively into severe action, and the Duke of York in Alkmaar was wondering what had fallen out, and what had become of his army. Though the rain poured down in torrents, the musketry was incessant, aide-de-camp after aide-de-camp was sent forth to make out what were the causes and objects of this off-hand engagement, and I was carried up and perched on the top of the tall steeple of Alkmaar, with a spying-glass, to try to ascertain for the Duke what was the direction, and where were the main points of the fight. But all was confusion, and in fact the troops were intermingled: they had been brought irregularly into action, without any definite plan on either side; engaging wherever they happened to meet with an enemy, and advancing or retreating in various directions as the one or the other party proved the stronger. The country itself was extremely intricate, and the thick rain and the heavy smoke dwelling on the coppice-woods and enclosures of the villages, made it impossible to distinguish anything clearly. This obstinate and bloody fighting ceased only with the day. At nightfall, the French drew back, and

left our troops in possession of the line of posts for which we had unwittingly involved ourselves in this fierce and fruitless contest. The loss of the Allies was not less than 2500 men, of whom about 700 were prisoners; that of the enemy was heavier than it had been in the former battles, and between 400 and 500 of the French were taken. The only gleam of brilliancy through this dark thunder-storm, was a charge of five companies of the Guards, under Colonel Clephane, into the village of Ackersloot, from which they drove two battalions of French, killing many, and taking 200 prisoners."

The battle of the 6th of October seems to have overthrown every lingering hope of success on the part of the allied generals. Even the best of our own troops began to show that they were disheartened, and the Russians made no secret of their despondency and anger. A retreat to the old position of the Zype was accordingly effected, and a council of war assembled to deliberate on the steps which it had now become necessary to adopt. It is not worth while to follow the members of that conclave through their deliberations. Ten thousand men, the *élite* of the allied armies, had fallen. The weather was completely broken, and of support from any quarter—such as would enable them, even if they survived the winter, to enter with better prospect of success upon a new campaign—no one pretended to speak. A proposal was therefore made and unanimously adopted to open a negotiation with the leader of the French army, and discuss with him terms for the evacuation of the country. How the proposition was received, and to what discreditable results it led, we need not pause to describe. Rather let us, keeping in view the proper object of our present article, consider how, sixty years ago, military affairs were managed in this country, and, by contrasting the policy of cabinets in 1799 and 1853, endeavour if possible to convince our readers that the prestige which outlived the blunders of the former body is in no great danger of extinction because of the shortcomings of the latter.

The expedition to Holland in 1799, if not conceived, was managed almost exclusively by Mr Dundas, then Secretary of State for War and the Co-

lonies. His entire force did not, it is believed, at the most, exceed 10,000 or 12,000 infantry, in such a state, at least as regarded the numerical strength and discipline of battalions, as to render them disposable for active service in the field. He had, to be sure, nominally at his disposal a good many corps, the wrecks of regiments which had perished of fever rather than by the sword in the West Indies. But these, besides that they consisted of old or worn-out men, were mere skeletons, and could not, in their existing state, be employed out of the United Kingdom. He was bent, however, upon his enterprise, and in the month of July passed the act which has ever since rendered the militia our best nursery for the Line. This measure he followed up by offering such an exorbitant bounty to volunteers as won them over to these skeleton regiments in shoals, but, of course, in such a state as rendered it impossible to create any bond of union between them and the officers under whom they were thenceforth to serve. They were all drunk when they reached headquarters, and continued in a state of beastly intoxication till shipped off to the seat of war. As has elsewhere been stated, they took their places in the ranks without having had their militia uniforms exchanged for those of the regiments which they came to reinforce; and though not without some acquaintance with the elements of drill, they lacked almost all the other qualities which combine to create what is called a good soldier. Hence, though, like Englishmen in general, constitutionally brave, they made but indifferent head against the disciplined regiments of France; and, failing of absolute success at the opening of the campaign, they grew positively despondent ere it came to a close.

If the constitution of the army was bad, its association with such allies as the Russians, and the selection of the particular field on which it was sent abroad to operate, were measures not less deserving of censure. The state of mind into which Paul had already fallen could not be unknown to the English cabinet. As long as victory followed his standards, the crazy emperor's

enthusiasm knew no bounds. He believed that his troops were superior to those of all the rest of the world, and that disaster could not overtake them except through the treachery of others. And as soon as a check came, a revulsion of feeling came with it, and he regarded himself as betrayed by those whose battles he had undertaken to fight. That the same temper which animated their master prevailed among the Russian soldiers of every rank, had already been made manifest in Switzerland. It was not to be expected that the divisions which had been sent to co-operate with us, should carry with them a more reasonable disposition; and Mr Dundas, therefore, hazarded a great deal when he associated his own ill-organised army of 18,000 Englishmen with an equal force of Russians—arrogant, tenacious, and ready to quarrel with their allies on the slightest pretext; and he reaped his reward in the alienation which at once manifested itself between them, when the result of the first combined operation came to be canvassed. Moreover, he directed a really formidable expedition against almost the only point on the continent of Europe where even partial success was impossible. However desirable the Dutch people might be of regaining their independence, there were probably not a thousand men among them who wished to replace the House of Orange in the Stadtholdership. There were certainly not a hundred who would have risked the chances of a war in order to accomplish that object. And so it appeared, after the Allies made good their landing; for, though the Orange flag was immediately unfurled, scarce half-a-dozen gentlemen rallied round it, all of whom, by the by, were natives of distant provinces, and were already in exile on account of their anti-republican principles.

Again, Mr Dundas and Mr Pitt (for on this point Mr Pitt is known to have given Dundas his cordial support), after having selected a commander for this expedition on political considerations, testified to their want of confidence in the man of their own choice, by subjecting him to a degree of restraint which cannot upon any principle be justified. The Duke of

York was charged to undertake no important operation without first submitting his plan to a council of war, and receiving the council's sanction to its execution. Now, a general so hampered may possess the genius of a Hannibal or a Napoleon, but we defy him to accomplish anything great, even if he desire it. And there were those in the Duke of York's council (for the very members of the council were nominated from home) who were little likely to deal, even with a royal president, in a spirit of too much submission. The Duke's advisers were Lieutenant-Generals Sir Ralph Abercromby, David Dundas, James Murray Pulteney, the Russian commander, and Major-General Lord Chatham, the last wholly without experience, and indolent to an extent scarcely conceivable. How could a force so composed, and so commanded, even though it numbered at one time at least 35,000 effective troops, succeed in any large undertaking? What can we say of a system under which such *outré* combinations could be formed, except that the country which proved sufficiently energetic to survive and break through it, need not, under any circumstances, despair of its own greatness or its own glory?

The expedition to Holland failed; and there succeeded to the confidence which had animated all classes of society, when the first division of transports put to sea, the despondency into which it is the habit of our countrymen to fall after every mishap of the kind. Partly to allay the clamour with which they were assailed, partly because they laboured under a chronic disposition always to be doing something, without having any accurate idea of the end which they were to achieve, the Government no sooner got the remains of the army back to England, than they cast about for some other Continental field on which to employ it. It was mid-winter, to be sure, and winter is not exactly the season when military operations—particularly operations to be conducted partly by sea—are most conveniently undertaken. And the Cabinet itself could not but be aware that defeated armies seldom regain their confidence, unless time be afforded to restore their discipline and fill up their

numbers. Still there were not wanting authorities to advise a descent on the coast of Brittany, and the giving of the hand to the Royalist chiefs of La Vendée, and the Chouans, who still maintained a not unequal combat with such forces as the First Consul could afford to send against them. A better scheme by far was, however, in December of this year, proposed by Sir Charles Stewart—an officer who wanted but the opportunity to show that England had in him a General worthy to be placed at the head of her gallant army. His soldier's eye had detected where, at that moment, the fate of the war was about to be decided. There lay, in an extended line, from Nice to Genoa, a French army of 38,000 or 40,000 men, of which the condition, as well physically as morally, was deplorable in the extreme. The Austrian general, Melas, with 80,000 good troops, threatened it from the north side of the Apennines; and Napoleon, in the utmost anxiety for the results, was quietly but energetically preparing for that marvellous passage of the Alps, which will hand down his name to the latest generations, in a sort of rivalry with that of the great Carthaginian commander. It was Sir Charles Stewart's opinion, that a corps of 15,000 British troops, thrown ashore at this juncture near Nice or Ventimiglia, would have given such a vast preponderance to the Austrian arms, that the expulsion of the French from Italy, perhaps the entire destruction of the French armies, must have ensued. He urged his plan vigorously upon the Ministers, and succeeded in obtaining its adoption. But Pitt and Dundas, however able in the concoction of great plans, seldom looked, in the management of details, beyond the day that was passing; and though, in February 1800, Stewart had made all his arrangements, in the following March it was announced to him that only 10,000 men could be spared for the enterprise. For the winter had been allowed to pass away in a manner of which we cannot now think without indignation. Scarcely any measures were adopted to restore discipline and efficiency to regiments, and recruiting seemed to have come to a stand-still. Stewart, though mortified, adhered to

his resolution. But when, by-and-by, he was informed that only 5000 men could be placed at his disposal, he threw up his command in disgust. How strangely is the fate of great struggles determined! Had Stewart's original project been carried into execution, Genoa would have fallen probably a full month ere it opened its gates. Melas, free from anxiety for his rear, would have marched to meet Napoleon, at the foot of St Bernard, with 20,000 more men than he actually carried with him; the battles of Montebello and Marengo might never have been fought, or, if fought at all, would have probably ended in the destruction of the First Consul. Such wisdom, however, did not then prevail in our military councils. On the contrary, while 5000 men proceeded with General Pigott to Minorca, and 5000 more made ready to assist Portugal against a danger which never seriously threatened, Napoleon achieved those wondrous successes which ended in the treaty of Alessandria, and the temporary secession of Austria from a league into which she had but lately, and not without considerable pressure from without, been persuaded to enter.

We should weary our readers were we to describe how, upon one abortive attempt after another, the strength and reputation of the British empire were thenceforth wasted. Abercromby's visit to Leghorn, just as the opportunity of effecting anything there had been taken away; his cruise from port to port, with at least 10,000 men, up and down the Mediterranean; the abortive expedition to Quiberon Bay; the reconnoissance of Ferrol; and the final junction of all the divisions of Lord Keith's fleet in the Bay of Cadiz, are matters of history. They were the natural issues of plans ill-conceived, ill-directed, and wholly undeserving of success. Indeed, we became, in consequence of them, objects of ridicule to all Europe. But as in the natural world it is said that the darkest hour of the night is that which precedes the dawn, so we seem justified in asserting that the ungenerous attempt on Cadiz, and its not very creditable abandonment, placed us, so to speak, on the apex of our military blundering. It suddenly occurred to

the War Minister and his colleagues that the continued occupation of Egypt by a French army could not but operate injuriously to British interests in India; and Abercromby, who had begun to despair of being allowed to attempt anything, received orders to carry his troops to the land of the Pharaohs. But observe how, in all respects, our policy was then a policy of errors. Always reluctant to keep a sufficient force on foot—always driven, in consequence, to enlist in a hurry, as often as troops appeared to be required—our rulers had taken into the service multitudes of men, the terms of whose engagements hindered them from being sent beyond the limits of Europe. The consequence was, that Abercromby, who, when threatening Cadiz, had been at the head of 22,000 infantry, found, when about to sail for Egypt, that he could carry scarce 11,000 with him; and that his entire force in cavalry consisted of two squadrons, or about 150 men, of the 22d Light Dragoons.

Here, then, we are in the seventh year of a war, which, undertaken in defence of a great principle, was waged with the whole force of the empire; and, though constantly engaged in military operations, we have not one solid advantage, scarce a single passing triumph, to place upon record. The defence of the Netherlands, which we originally undertook, had signally failed. From Toulon, which we had occupied with exceeding rashness, we were driven with disgrace. Corsica we abandoned, as we did the unhappy Royalists of Brittany. At Ostend we had left a whole brigade in the enemy's hands; and an entire army escaped from North Holland only by terms of a most humiliating capitulation. The whole of the year 1800 had been wasted, though we had then at our disposal 25,000 excellent troops, with a navy which dominated over every sea in Europe. We had failed to support Austria and to save Germany. We had retired with discredit from before Ferrol and Cadiz. We had sacrificed thousands of valuable lives, not in battle, but to yellow fever, and obtained in exchange for them a few worthless sugar islands. And now, at the eleventh hour, we direct Sir Ralph Abercromby, with

15,000 men, to invade a country of which all the harbours and fortresses were occupied by little short of 30,000 of the best troops in the world. That we succeeded in defeating those troops, and forcing them to evacuate their conquests, is indeed true; but our triumph was that—not of sagacious forethought, but—of constitutional bravery. We prevailed, in spite of the absence of all the means which were necessary to render success certain.

It would be difficult to over-estimate the importance of the Egyptian campaign, as well to the British nation as to the British army. There had begun to grow up, even among our own people, a suspicion that, except at sea, the military spirit was wanting among us; and throughout continental Europe no doubt whatever was entertained on the subject. The successful landing at Aboukir, and the victory of the 21st of March, dissipated the former delusion, and went some way to disturb the latter. It had the effect, also, of restoring to the British soldier that feeling of self-respect, without which no army ever has achieved, or ever will achieve, great successes. But it is idle to blink the truth, that neither then, nor for some years afterwards, were any steps taken to improve the military system of the country. No sooner was the peace of Amiens ratified, than the English government hastened to reduce its fleets and armies to the lowest attainable figure; just as the Government which happens to be in office will, in all probability, reduce them again, when our present war with Russia ceases. And so, on the renewal of hostilities in 1803, everything which was necessary to conduct war effectively proved to be wanting. There was the same scramble to enrol and equip men—the same absence of all the appliances of an army—the same eagerness to strike before proper preparation was made to strike home, which distinguished the country's efforts at the commencement of the revolutionary war. Expeditions were fitted out, sent to sea, and brought back again always without accomplishing any object worthy of the cost, and not unfrequently without accomplishing any-

thing. Even the occupation of Sicily, though complete in itself, cannot be said to have served any good purpose; for Sicily could be no object to France so long as the command of the sea remained with her rival—and that the victory of Trafalgar effectually secured to us. As to other operations—the landing in Calabria, the second expedition to Egypt, the shilly-shallying at Stockholm, and the buccaneering descent upon Copenhagen—the less that is said or written about them the better. With the exception of this last—of which the morality is at least doubtful—they all alike testified to the fact that the courage and endurance of the British soldier were then, as now, beyond praise, but that there was no military mind in the camp or the cabinet capable of turning his good qualities to a right account.

Thus matters went on, till the condition of the Spanish peninsula presented an opening to British enterprise which happily could not be overlooked. An army respectable in point of numbers accordingly took the field; but it did so, as usual, destitute of a transport corps, of a commissariat, of medical stores,—of everything, in short, in the absence of which no army can move, or even subsist, two days' march from its resources. Its first essay was brilliant, because Arthur Wellesley led it on, and it executed every movement within sight of its shipping; its second, though far from dishonourable, affords small subject of boasting, because the gallant Moore failed to obtain support from home, and abroad was deceived and betrayed on all sides. Its third—and three trials were needed—led to very different issues. Why? Because the iron will of Wellesley bent by degrees feebler wills to itself, and his genius elaborated on the spot all that the Government which he served ought to have supplied, but did not. Read his immortal Despatches, and you will see how, day by day, he makes known his wants,

without having the slightest attention paid to them. We conquer, indeed, and win for ourselves a high name in Europe; but it is in spite of the imbecility of our rulers and the unwise parsimony of our legislature, which, though prodigal enough both of life and treasure in the wretched expedition to Walcheren, kept him always at starvation point, and thereby protracted for seven long years a war which, if wisely fed, might have been brought to a successful conclusion in three.

The result which we are induced to draw from all this is obvious enough. The country is without doubt at this moment in great difficulty. The finest army that ever left our shores lies cooped up in a barren corner of the Crimea, whence it cannot move except over the ruins of a town, which, for a whole year, has resisted the utmost endeavours of the Allies to reduce it. Meanwhile a fleet, such as never before darkened the surface of any sea, lies idle in the Baltic; and there is exhibited by the Government neither military genius enough to devise an effective diversion for the former, nor common industry to supply the latter with means of assailing the enemy. There is ample ground of sorrow, perhaps of indignation, when we contemplate these facts; but there is no just cause for despondency. The heart of the nation is sound, its resources as yet scarcely called forth; and by-and-by, when its patience shall have been tried beyond endurance, it will take the matter into its own hands. Lord Ellenborough's manly speech of the 3d of August last, has already found an echo in many a household throughout the empire; and the prophecy will, as usual, work out its own accomplishment. We fully anticipate such changes, when Parliament meets again, as shall at least set us on a road to triumph, quite as sure, and probably much more rapid, than that by which, half a century ago, we conquered forty years' peace for the world.



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## NORTH AND THE NOCTES.

MAGA is fat, fair, and close on forty. Her disposition, now mild and motherly, was dashed in youth with a touch of acerbity, sometimes suddenly varying the sweetness of her aspect with a curl of disdain or a gleam of fierceness. Like Pallas, Britomart, Britannia, and other belligerent young virgins, she went forth glorying in her keen weapons and bright armour; she would strike an adversary's shield as Ivanhoe struck Bois-Guilbert's, with the sharp end of her lance till it rung again; and the foe thus challenged would, if a craven, cower out of sight, but if worthy of her steel, would meet her in mid career, and blows were struck with which not only the lists but the whole world re-echoed. Now she applauds with equanimity, and chides with tenderness. A certain Crutch, once the terror of evil-doers, after long leaning idle in the chimney corner, is become a treasured relic to be gazed on with reverence, but never more strong to support or swift to smite. Such forbearance, admirably according with the dignity of the matron Maga, and with the stateliness of her full-blown presence, has not been without ill consequences. All Cockaigne echoes with shrill voices like a marsh filled with frogs on a summer's evening. A cockney may no longer be called a cockney, nor a fool a fool, but each must be apos-

trophised in a polite periphrasis. The chivalry of periodical writing has lost some dash and brilliancy since the laws of the combat place buttons on the foils; the fiercer spirits miss the excitement of the game of earnest—meek men in spectacles venture into the ring once sacred to the grim yet graceful athlete, victor in a hundred fights—the combatants pique themselves on being (ha, ha!) open to conviction, and fight in the courteous spirit of Aberdeen as War Minister, and Dundas at Odessa. The stream of thought, no longer vigorously impelled through the channel of partisanship, is diffused in wide pools over the flats of liberalism and toleration, where public opinion may hang Narcissus-like, over its own reflection, but where there is none of the rush, the ripple, nor the cataract, that lent picturesqueness to the earlier course of the flood. Impetuosity has given place to a calm, where no breeze breaks the mirrored images. Not so when Maga, heavenly maid, was young.

Thirty years ago the world had far other objects of interest than now. That fine elderly gentleman, your father, sir, and that charming old lady to whom you are equally indebted for your being, whose silvered hair beneath her cap lends beauty to wrinkles, and invests her faded coun-

tenance with the mellow richness and melancholy charm of the later autumn, remember a state of things which appears to us dim and distant as the golden age, or the time when the Saurians wallowed at Brighton. They remember an era previous to the Peace Society, when Brougham, to whom years have brought the philosophic mind, shone with fierce and fitful brightness in the Blue-and-Yellow, corruscating into the most eccentric and many-coloured sparks — when Pam was young as well as gay — when the Whigs were acquiring instead of losing confidence in Lord John — when Wordsworth's reputation as a poet was still matter of dispute — when Byron had just shot athwart the globe like a meteor, and vanished, leaving mankind still rubbing their eyes, dazed with the glare — when the novels of Scott perplexed the world with the mystery of their authorship — and when Macaulay, the present poet, politician, essayist, historian, was alluded to as “a young gentleman who ought to make a figure in the world.” — (*Noctes*, p. 60.)

Well, in those times, from which we have steamed so far ahead, and to see which we look across an abyss deepened by volcanic political changes — Reform bills, Catholic emancipations, Education bills, Repeal of Corn Laws, French empires, and the like yawning fissures, — by revolutions in literature, heralded (not to mention portentous foreign apparitions) by the mournful shade of Tennyson, the genial sprite of Dickens, the dismal prophecies of Thomas Carlyle, and the impish ubiquity of cheap editions; and vast upheavings in science and art, whence have had birth railways, steamboats, photographs, electric telegraphs — there still existed a race of beings known to many in our land by the name of Tories, now recognised principally in fossilised specimens. If a man's heart were fine and his prejudices strong, — if he bore in the main features of his character distinct traces of relationship to the Bayards and De Coverleys, — if his natural refinement caused him to revolt at popular forms of government and their results — such, for instance, as the sad spectacle of a lettered and polished gentleman, proud

as Coriolanus, suing, cap in hand, the mob for their most sweet voices — you had a specimen of the better type of Tory; and if to these elements were added scholastic learning, high intellect, rich humour, fine wit, and gorgeous imagination, you had a first-class man of that type. Place that man in a position where he mingles much and intimately with the most distinguished characters of the day, and where his duty no less than his taste impels him to be conversant with all questions of contemporary politics, literature, and art — let his opinions be conveyed in the form of dialogues between characters based in truth but coloured by imagination, where philosophy and metaphysics, and public men and measures and poetry, all lightly and forcibly touched with the free hand of a master who can afford to sport with his brush, are relieved by an ever-shifting mosaic background of fun, pathos, and the most marvellous descriptions of natural scenery — and you have the first broad idea of Christopher North and his famous *Noctes*.

In those days when you, dear lady, our own contemporary, with whom womanhood now approaching its high noon — say about half-past eleven — finds some of its early freshness replaced by the mellow ripeness of a sultrier hour, were sucking your coral or your thumb, while on the ceiling, in the wondering gaze of infancy, were fixed those eyes which have since done such dire execution in the breasts of three generations, including — first, the present old gentleman who at fifty, after having bemoaned for half his well-spent existence his lost love, charming Betty Careless, married to a rival about the time the Reform Bill was passed, conceived for you a second and enduring passion which he will carry to his octogenarian tomb; secondly, your nearer contemporary, now beginning to lose, in the practice of a rising barrister, the memory of that terrible evening ten years ago, when you civilly declined his proposals under the laurels, through whose leaves, gilded by moonshine, came the tender beams which showed the despair written in his unfortunate face; and thirdly, the sentimental

individual who, in his short halt between Eton and Oxford, has succumbed at once to your experienced wiles, half-worrying, half-flattering you with his protestations that "disparity of age is nothing to a passion like his." Well, when your ladyship was sucking your thumb as aforesaid (that thumb against which your last enterprising lover rubbed his nose in a futile attempt to kiss your hand), your ladyship's father and mother, and other grown-up relations and friends of cultivated and discriminating tastes, looked forward from month to month, with an eagerness of which you, inured to patience by a long course of intermittent and hiatial literature, doled forth by Dickens, Lever, Thackeray, and the periodicals, can have but faint conception, to the publishing of the new *Blackwood*, in which some lively instinct forewarned them to expect a *Noctes* where North, Tickler, and the Shepherd, in Titanic sport and revelry, should gladden, inform, and divert their rapt audience with a pathos melting old Miss Backbite into benevolence, with vivid descriptions restoring to Mr Omnium of the Stock Exchange a temporary boyhood, and with passages of mirth forcing the rusty corners of old Billy Roller's mouth to relax into a stern smile (the only one that had distorted that feature since the last rise in cottons), but which must be carefully skipt in reading the article aloud to that charming consumptive patient in the cushioned chair, for fear of inducing hæmorrhage in the lungs by sudden fits of laughter.

North—Shepherd—Tickler—how real yet fantastic is the celebrated trio! Professor Ferrier is at pains in the preface to this new edition to assure us that their jovial meetings were purely imaginary, and that the festive scenes rose before the genial imagination of a solitary writer. We are very sorry to throw any discredit on the testimony of a man like the Professor, but we won't believe a word of it. We have, through faith, been familiar from early boyhood with that Blue Parlour. Other celebrated apartments may or may not have really existed. Whether Rizzio was

or was not murdered in Holyrood—whether there was a secret chamber in the family seat of Bluebeard—whether the convention of Cintra was signed in the Marialva palace or the convent at Mafra, or on the head of a French drum, are all questions we leave antiquarians to decide, and will never draw pen for. But to tell us deliberately that those three philosophers, poets, and humourists, did not carry on their learned orgies periodically and habitually, among other places, in the Blue Parlour of a hostelry in Edinburgh, kept by one Ambrose, is an outrage on belief which, if successful, would go far to upset all confidence in internal evidence and written testimony. We expect to be told next that there is no Ettrick Forest; nay, that Edinburgh itself, with the old and new towns, Arthur Seat, Princes Street, and 45 George Street, is an imaginary city, which, like an unsubstantial pageant faded, leaves not a wrack behind.

The Shepherd occupies the lion's share of the conversation, his part in which reveals a character, odd, fine, and finished, with a great deal of self-conceit, breaking out not only in his discourse, but in his dreams; for in describing a vision he had of an unearthly Hallow-fair, there were there, he says, "chiels from China, apparently, and the lands ayont the pole, who jogged ane anither's shouthers, and said, 'That's the Ettrick Shepherd.'" This vanity and some comic testiness serve to connect the man of genius with ordinary mortality, but the better part is all eloquence, of a kind at once minutely graphic and lavishly copious, giving appropriate utterance to the warmest sympathies with men and nature. Not very much does the Shepherd care for politics, except such as lie in the domain of plain common sense; not much does he trouble himself about philosophy, except the untaught philosophy native to genius—but he is a poet and an artist, with the finest eye to appreciate both the common features of everyday life and the grandest expanse of landscape, and in describing these he shows a power of word-painting, beside which the Dutch representations of our

day are stiff, laborious, and ineffective.

The Shepherd's vigorous power of expressing whatever comes upper-

most, sometimes leads him into contradictions, or, at any rate, proves he can be equally eloquent on both sides of a subject. At page 1 he says:—

“ I never dream between the blankets. To me sleep has no separate world ; it is as a transient mental annihilator. I snore, but dream not. What is the use of sleep at all, if you are to toss and tumble, sigh and groan, shudder and shriek, and agonise in the convulsions of night-mayoralty ? I lie all night like a stone, and in the morning up I go, like a dewy leaf before the zephyr's breath, glittering in the sunshine.”

At page 275 a great revolution respecting dreamless sleep and snoring has taken place in his opinions re- ing:—

NORTH.

I forget if you are a great dreamer, James ?

SHEPHERD.

Sleepin or waukin ?

NORTH.

Sleeping—and on a heavy supper.

SHEPHERD.

Oh ! sir, I not only pity but despise the coof, that aff wi' his claes, on wi' his nightcap, into the sheets, doun wi' his head on the bowster, and then afore another man could hae weel taken aff his breeks, snorin awa wi' a great open mouth, without a single dream ever travellin through his fancy ! What wad be the harm o' pittin him to death ?

NORTH.

What ! murder a man for not dreaming, James ?

SHEPHERD.

Na—but for no dreamin, and for snorin at the same time. What for blaw a trumpet through the hail house at the dead o' nicht, just to tell that you've lost your soul and your senses, and become a breathin clod ? What a blow it maun be to a man to marry a snorin woman ! Think o' her during the hail hinnymoon, resting her head, with a long gurgling snorting snore, on her husband's bosom !

Tickler is a fine old boy ; which expression we use, not in its general and familiar sense, but intending to convey the idea of the uncommon union of an old head with a young heart. Of singular height, great activity, and with “ een like daggers,” and “ maist amazin appeteete ” (in which he is by no means unrivalled by his co-bon-vivants, whose powers of eating and drinking are not the least singular of their endowments),

he manfully sustains his share in the conversation. His humorous speculations on the duties of a polygamist (p. 34) serve to show his comic vein, and, though the soberest and most discriminating of critics, he can sometimes give his fancy the fling, as when he describes how Malvina stole his breeches, at the beginning of Nox III. ; and for his descriptive powers, take this little bit of landscape and water-  
scape:—

TICKLER.

The Falls of the Clyde are majestic. Over Corra Linn the river rolls exultingly ; and, recovering itself from that headlong plunge, after some troubled struggles among the shattered cliffs, away it floats in stately pomp, dallying with the noble banks, and subsiding into a deep bright foaming current. Then what woods and groves crowning the noble rocks ! How cheerful laughs the cottage pestered by the spray ! and how vivid the verdure on each ivied ruin ! The cooing of the cushats is a solemn accompaniment to the cataract, and aloft in heaven the choughs reply to that voice of the Forest.—P. 52.

The idea of motion is conveyed in the flow of words in this passage as happily as in the celebrated lines where Ajax, "striving some rock's vast weight to throw," is contrasted with "the swift Camilla" scouring the plain.

But North—North of the *Noctes*—is but an adumbration of the complete Christopher. Unto us he hath a spell beyond his share in those festive meetings. First we knew and loved him, while we were as yet unbreeched, in his SPORTING JACKET, that remarkable garment about which so many memories cluster. Faithfully did we follow him in his career, from his first attempt at shooting swallows with a horse-pistol, to the moment, half-sad, half-exulting, when the adolescent Kit, leaning on his long single-barrel, stands over the curlew, victim to his unerring aim, and grieves that its wild cry will be heard no more—from the capture of the baggy, out of whose maw he scoops the pin, and subsequently exults in the scales adhering to his thumb, to the death of the mighty salmon of the Tweed. Not unfruitful of results was that epoch in our literary life and opinions—first in the purchase of a rusty musket, whose lock was fastened to the brass-bound stock by a supplementary screw of great solidity and power, about the size of a linch-pin, which we got for five shillings from a poaching shoemaker, and which was luckily found under our bed and confiscated before we had blown ourselves to atoms at the first discharge—and, secondly, in the secret production of a paper in the same style as that we so much admired, where, under the pseudonym of South, as having some magnetic relation to North, we set forth, in imitative phraseology, our own early initiation into rabbit-shooting, being accompanied in our imaginary sporting excursions by our parent, whom (he being of the nautical profession) we filially and periphrastically alluded to as "a son of the sea," thereby genealogically representing ourself as grandson to the Ocean. Our diligence in prosecuting this secret and brilliant work was very praiseworthy. In dusky corners, where we were supposed to be acquainting ourself with syntax, under apple-trees in the

orchard, and acacias in the shrubbery, it continued to expand, the death of each rabbit being chronicled with the minuteness of a hero slain before Troy, until one day at dinner we were blasted into nothing by hearing choice phrases of our own coining, existing only in the pages of this cherished production, banded significantly round the table. The roots of our hair became suddenly instinct with fire, emitting sparks which we felt like a palpable halo of shame; our ordinary under-clothing seemed exchanged for the horse-hair penitential shirt of an early martyr; and the last sound we remember hearing as, with the conviction that we were discovered and betrayed, we subsided, glowing and tingling, in our red-hot sand-bath, was the chuckle of the son of the sea himself at hearing his own historical appellation.

Next came Christopher on Colonsay, splendidly absurd in equestrianism, performing his involuntary circuits on his runaway steed round the great square of Edinburgh, at the fourth or fifth of which "there was a ringing of lost stirrups and much holding of the mane;" and the race he subsequently rode against Sitwell "in a saddle and holsters weighing about a couple of stone, which had originally belonged to the great Marquis of Montrose," of the truth of all which we were as firmly persuaded then as we still are of the existence of the Blue Parlour. Then those charming papers on Christmas Books, describing several varieties of young lady, each of whom we madly loved as she came forward to receive her gift-volume; and those slashing reviews, in which literary offenders were hoisted for punishment, and made to feel themselves, over and above the pain, in a situation as miserably ridiculous as a culprit schoolboy, when the master in the old story-books said, "Take him up," he having been previously ordered to take something down, viz. the plural garment of tweed, doeskin, or corduroy, which at ordinary times and seasons is buttoned over the blue jacket, beneath which his heart now palpitates so wildly. The glee with which these scourgings were administered was of a tremendous kind, scarifying and

scalping, yet depriving the subject operated on of the sympathy else due to his severe expiation, by the comic light thrown over his sufferings. The kettle is so dexterously adjusted to his unhappy tail, that, though you perceive the full terror of the victim, and know that, inevitably driven mad by the infliction, his career will be ended by a pitchfork under some hedge in a lane, counties off, you laugh in spite of yourself at his contortions, and join in the shout which greets him as he scours clattering by on his way to extinction.

And behind this many-sided mask lurked, half-seen, the Professor himself, the real man—the gipsy-queller, salmon-killer, grouse and red-deer shooter, scholar, critic, essayist, poet—landing at one time a salmon, at another a sophism—now bringing down a black cock, now a political opponent—Wilson lending reality to North, North mystery to Wilson, the brilliant imposing whole silencing detraction, terrifying enmity, and inspiring admirers with reverence, till the combined name stood of foremost mark in Scotland.

Perhaps the most remarkable faculty of this remarkable man is his humour, a gift never bestowed in any high degree without great accompaniments in sufficient measure to constitute genius. The warrant which it gives of mental superiority can never be forged. Other charms of style may be imitated—we may get sentiment, pathos, and wit, all Brummagem, to look very like the precious metals; but humour depends on inimitable, though universally recognisable, graces and felicities. The more laborious the copy the more signal the failure, and the aspiring impostor, instead of soar-

ing in buoyant airy currents hither and thither, catching echoes of mirthful applause from below, looks more goose than eagle, when, after flapping his short wings on the edge of the eminence he has laboriously climbed to, he casts himself off with the grace of a cat in bladders, and flaps and flutters towards the ground, in what he thinks may pass for a flight, but what the aggrieved witnesses of his calamitous attempt know to be a dizzy and dismal tumble. In our days, besides the numerous pretenders, there are many genuine "professors of apprehension," as Beatrice calls them—men who can turn a jest neatly, and make you laugh for sentences together; but modern times have seen but three great masters of humour in England, triply gilding our boyhood with the bright light of merriment—Dickens, Sam Slick, and Christopher North. Of all the varieties of humour, none can be attempted with less hope of success than North's. It does not depend on odd turns of expression, or quaint incongruities between style and subject, but springs from the keenest sense of absurdity, ever open to the most eccentric images, and so completely under control, that, with the wish to invest a thing or person with ridicule, the situation, position, or action required for the purpose suggests itself at once; the business is done in a sentence, and place and dignity can no more stave off derision than King Solomon's throne, had he been compelled to sit on it in the cap and bells of a jester.

As an instance, we will give a passage from page 141. They have been talking of the presumption of some writers on political economy whom they deride each in his own style:—

#### TICKLER.

About a thousand editors of pelting journals, and three times that number of understrappers "upon the establishment," think themselves able to correct the errors of Adam Smith. "We cannot help being surprised that Adam Smith," &c.; and then the dunce, shutting his eyes, and clenching his fists, without the slightest provocation, runs his numskull bang against the illustrious sage.

#### NORTH.

Adam never so much as inclines from the centre of gravity—while the periodical meal-monger, leaving only some white on the sleeve of the old gentleman's coat, which is easily brushed off by the hand, reels off into the ditch, as if he had been repelled from the wall of a house, and is extricated by some good-natured friend, who holds him up, dirty and dripping, to the derision of all beholders.

## SHEPHERD.

It's perfectly true, that a' the newspaper chiefs speak out bauldly upon the principles and yelements o' the science — and though I'm wullin to alloo that there's some verra clever fallows amang them, yet oh! man, its mair than laughable, for it's loathsome, to hear them ca'in that ower kittle for Sir Walter that's sae easy to themselves, wha write, in my opinioin, a sair splutterin style, as to language,—and, as to thocht, they gang roun' and roun', and across and reacross, back'ards and forrits, out o' ae yett and in at anither, now loupin ower the hedges, and now bringin doun the stane-wa's,—sometimes playin plouter into a wat place up to the oxters, and sometimes stumblin amang stanes,—now rinnin fast fast, like a jowler on the scent, and then sittin doun on a knowe, and yowlin like a collie at the moon,—in short, like a fou fallow that has lost his way in a darkish nicht, and after sax hours' sair and unavailing travel, is discovered snoring sound asleep on the road-side by decent folk ridin in to the market.

Ridicule is a weapon as potent as it is difficult to wield; few the gymnasts that can effectively sway the trenchant blade without tottering overbalanced. What numberless shams and absurdities — Palmerston Administrations, poetastings, Peace Societies, Vienna conferences,—all peculiarly open to Christopherian assault, stalk about without meeting half the derision they deserve for want of a North!

Whether in light or serious mood, the prevailing quality of his mind is force. Whatever the subject, or whatever the vein in which he treats it—whether reproducing a landscape, discussing a book, dissecting a character, or retracing the steps of some famous day's sport—the same power is apparent, impelling the stream of thought into the minutest ramifications of the subject, and making his lighter fancies resemble the relaxation of a jovial giant. Here, again, we have a quality impossible to simulate. Refinement of style may be attained by practice, so may logical clearness; and many men whom nature never designed for story-tellers, have lived to construct respectable novels and romances. The industrious Mr Rabbit studies Scott, detects the principles he worked on, and with much mechanical skill produces, by the dozen, novels which, equally removed from genius and folly, shall lead the reader's attention onward, and leave him as dubious of the result up to the last page as when he perused *Waverley*. But practice, though it may enable a man to keep three balls in the air, or to fence well, will never give him the power to rend, like the Douglas, “an earth-

fast stone,” and “send the fragment through the sky.” An ordinary writer can no more feign force of style than add a cubit to his stature; no more wield the weapons of North than bend the bow of Ulysses.

The value, nay essentiality, of these characteristics of force and humour in carrying out the scheme of such a work as the *Noctes*, in perpetually sustaining the ever-varying interest of the devious discourse, and touching the subject as it shifts with the bright relief of laughter, is at once apparent. Do but imagine such a work executed by some even of our best authors—think how, lost in the mazes of the plan, one would inevitably deviate into twaddle, another into prosing, a third into elegant feebleness, a fourth into flippancy. Set some popular and really good writer, though lacking the aforesaid requisites, to work in this way, and do but think of his wretched efforts to wander back again to a beaten path out of bramble-bushes and dry wells, torn and bedraggled—of the smile at once hopeless and silly with which he would gaze round him from the dreary summit of some impracticable subject looking pleasant in the distance but leading nowhere, whence North would have descended with the graceful agility of harlequin vaulting through a flapped window, simultaneously giving old Pantaloon a whack that makes him stare again, and sends the audience into fits;—how the mistaken man would, under the impression that his readers were cheerfully following him, pursue his solitary way, on some favourite though broken-winded hobby, like

Cruikshank's deaf postilion trotting away with the fore-wheels of the dislocated chaise, and leaving in the road the body of the vehicle with the enamoured couple whom he was conveying to Gretna;—how, on instinctively becoming aware that he was disgusting his readers, and really had nothing to say worth saying, he would, in a playful attempt to amuse, gambol with the ease of a stout old lady with elephantiasis in both legs;—how, in short, after making it at every step more painfully apparent that he possessed not the multifarious requisites for the enterprise, he would at length, bewildered by frequent failure, stand stock-still, fatuous and open-mouthed, till some good-natured friend drew him by the coat-tails with gentle force from the melancholy scene.

Famous as the Professor's name was to our fathers, it is quite possible that the intelligent youth of Great Britain, or rather we will say of England, up to two or three and twenty years of age, are partially ignorant of it, or, at any rate, to many of them he is merely a great name: and as the name is a common one, such of them as are naturalists will, perhaps, on hearing of the republication of Wilson's writings, confound them with those of the eminent ornithologist, while the more devout among our young friends may imagine them to be religious works by the author of the *Sacra Privata*. But "*nolo episcopari*," says North—"Don't confound me with the bishop;" and as for the bird-fancier, keenly, it is true, has our Christopher studied ornithology, but it has been on a moor or a grouse mountain, double-barrel in hand, and with Ponto and Sauchó for associates. Sportsman, poet, philosopher, humourist, critic—as such was he dear to the last generation, and as such he reappears to the present. Let us introduce the characters of the *Noctes* to our dear young friend: Mr North, Mr Tickler, the Ettrick Shepherd,—our young friend, intelligent, appreciative, and reverential. Be seated, young sir. To-morrow you shall give us thanks for the pleasant evening you have spent, floating on the stream of discourse with such companions, discussing

works now classic, men now historical, and catching as you go breezes heather-scented, and glimpses of Highland lochs and glens in the mountains.

Or suppose now, if instead of enjoying an evening after this fashion, you accept any of the invitations to dinner sticking in the mirror over your mantelpiece, and go into real society, what there can you hope to find worthy of replacing these ideal jovialities? Of course, we begin by presuming you are not in love, because if you are, and the object of your affections is absent, you are absent also in the spirit, and the bodily appearance which sits at table and passes for you, is a mere clod of the valley in embroidered waistcoat and coral buttons, incapable of relishing either the wit or the cookery, of being stimulated into vitality by conversation, curry, or claret; whereas, if she be at your side you think her teeming with wit passing the wit of women, though she should never have opened her mouth except to ask for mustard, while all the wearisome twaddle talked around you conveys a dim and delicious sense of social enjoyment and intellectual power; and you go away convinced that everybody agrees with you in thinking this the most delightful dinner-party ever known, and little suspecting that the rest of the guests pronounce, with one voice, you, who were formerly thought rather amusing, to have become absolutely idiotic ever since you took that fancy for Fanny.

But we will suppose that, quite heart-free, and otherwise qualified for social give-and-take, you proceed to dine with some Mrs Leo Hunter, who aims at making her menagerie a Holland House, and who, partly from private friendship, partly from respect to your literary talents (you being suspected of writing in the poet's corner of the principal newspaper of your native county), has invited you to meet some of the greatest celebrities of the day. That poet whose works first opened the latent vein of sentiment in your own mind—the novelist whose peculiar humour you find so congenial—and the great critic who, in praise or censure, seems to look down from a monthly or quarterly eminence on these and all other master-spirits of the time, are



to meet in harmonious rivalry; the critic starting subjects of discourse, which the novelist will treat in his own peculiar vein, with a fine bass accompaniment of deep feeling from the poet, and the critic coming in again at intervals to throw over the whole the charm of conversational skill; while you, sharp-set as Boswell, and twice as appreciative, will feast and batten on the intellectual banquet, and carry away fragments enough to make you the wonder and delight of the lesser circles in which you commonly revolve for the remainder of your natural life. Tremulously, yet hopefully, you enter the room and get through the introduction. Despite the disappointing appearance and manner of the three great men, you persist, during fish and soup, in practising towards them the parasitical adulation which you intend for the homage due to genius; with the *entrées* you begin to suspect that the novelist cannot afford to be colloquially pleasant, and that the critic shines principally in print: the haunch settles the hash of both these luminaries; with the cheese vanishes the last lingering prestige which still illuminated the poet, whose silence, you at length unwillingly perceive, is quite as much owing to stupidity as shyness—and three stars have fallen out of the constellation Leo, never to reappear to your astronomical gaze. Not only do they refuse to be amusing themselves, but they turn on the efforts of others a damned disinheriting countenance, so that the only sally which, in your first exhilaration, you attempted, was appreciated by nobody except your hostess, an old lady in a turban, whose laugh ended in a choke; after her dubious recovery from which she remarked, apologetically, that you were “such a funny creature,”—an opinion which nobody responded to.

Or you have arranged to dine at your club—say the Rag—with Cutler and Keene, fellows, by Jove, who, though they choose to fritter away their fine powers chiefly in conviviality, might be anything they liked, sir! You order the dinner yourself. Julienne soup, soles, roast lamb, duck and pease, both just approaching puberty, and lobster salad, and jelly, all light conversational dishes, moistened with

nothing but sparkling Moselle at dinner, and claret after, port, sherry, and Madeira being fulsome and oppressive. Nothing can be finer than the fun for the first half-hour after dinner; tap after tap delivered with the right fencing grace; ministers, generals, authors, and the press discussed with sportive sparkling wisdom, and all going merry as a marriage-bell, when that cursed question arose, nobody knows how, as to whether Grinder or Grubb wrote that article in the *Westminster*, which appeared, Keene says seven, Cutler eight, years ago. From that moment the demon of discord has it all his own way—the phantoms of Grinder and Grubb presently vanish in the wide field of debate into which the disputants wander, reasoning in circles, mistaking assertion for proof, shifting their ground, begging the question, losing sight of it altogether, and performing all the logic-defying feats which distinguish after-dinner argument, till, waking cold and with a headache about two in the morning from a temporary slumber, in which you had taken refuge with your face among the walnut shells, you find Cutler and Keene just leaving the club, and grimly bidding each other good-night with feelings of violent animosity, each persuaded that the other is the most obstinate ass in existence, and terminating in this agreeable manner the evening which you had intended should be worthy to be marked with a white stone.

If, instead of these futile attempts at social enjoyment, you eat your solitary steak quietly in your robe-de-chambre and slippers, after a couple of glasses draw your chair to the fire, which responds warmly and cheerfully to your persuasive poke, and opening the magic drab-coloured paper boards, transfer yourself to Ambrose's, none of these disappointments can possibly await you. Nothing but the untimely extinction of the lamp, from failure of wick or bad oil, or some accursed moth smothering the flame of the candle with his ill-timed suttee, can disperse the genial assembly of fun and wisdom a minute before the end of the volume. The Shepherd is ever eloquent, North ever gracious, Tickler always responsive and socia-

ble; and should the subject-matter of discourse flag for a page or two, you may skip, or even vault, in perfect security that you let slip no important thread of story in doing so, and are certain to land yourself in fresh fields of imagery, description, or criticism. This makes the *Noctes* especially eligible perusal for those whose avocations only permit them to read in snatches. We can picture to ourselves some high-minded clerk in the public offices, framed for better things, wending his way of a morning to Downing Street, where he has daily and hourly to do the bidding of the present ministry, like an Ariel, compelled to fulfil the hests of some damned witch or foul magician, and enlivening the road by the recollection of such a passage as we are about to quote, perused at breakfast,

that abstracted meal, where, absorbed in the book beside his plate, he had attempted to eat his egg without looking at it, daubing cheeks and chin horridly with the yolk, while the cat, after devouring on the love-embroidered cushion of a neighbouring sofa his only mutton-chop, returned to wash down the ill-gotten morsel by inserting her head in the cream-jug, and lapping up the contents unmolested. No social circle beams for him. London is a desert; but at Ambrose's there is an invisible chair where he may sit unnoticed and hear converse high.

Here is a bit of castle-building which a Richter-worshipping friend assures us is like a felicitous fragment of Jean Paul, idol of the Teutons. The Shepherd is describing a calm as a contrast to a storm he has first painted,—

## SHEPHERD.

I'm wrapped up in my plaid, and lyein a' my length on a bit green platform, fit for the fairies' feet, wi' a craig hangin ower me a thousand feet high, yet bright and balmy a' the way up wi' flowers and briars, and broom and birks, and mosses maist beautifu' to behold wi' half-shut ee, and through aneath ane's arm guardin the face frae the cloudless sunshine!

## NORTH.

A rivulet leaping from the rock—

## SHEPHERD.

No, Mr North, no loupin; for it seems as if it were nature's ain Sabbath, and the verra waters were at rest. Look down upon the vale profound, and the stream is without motion! No doubt, if you were walking along the bank, it would be murmuring with your feet. But here—here up among the hills, we can imagine it asleep, even like the well within reach of my staff!

## NORTH.

Tickler, pray make less noise, if you can, in drinking, and also in putting down your tumbler. You break in upon the repose of James's picture.

## SHEPHERD.

Perhaps a bit bonny butterfly is resting, wi' faulted wings, on a gowan, no a yard frae your cheek; and noo, waukening out o' a simmer dream, floats awa in its wavering beauty, but as if unwilling to leave its place of mid-day sleep, comin back and back, and roun' and roun', on this side and that side, and ettlin in its capricious happiness to fasten again on some brighter floweret, till the same breath o' wund that lifts up your hair sae refreshingly catches the airy voyager, and wafts her away into some other nook of her ephemeral paradise.

## TICKLER.

I did not know that butterflies inhabited the region of snow.

## SHEPHERD.

Ay, and mony million moths; some o' as lovely green as of the leaf of the moss-rose, and ithers bright as the blush with which she salutes the dewy dawn; some yellow as the long steady streaks that lie below the sun at set, and ithers blue as the sky before his orb has westered. Spotted, too, are all the glorious creatures' wings—say rather, starred wi' constellations! Yet, O sirs, they are but creatures o' a day!

## NORTH.

Go on with the calm, James—the calm!

SHEPHERD.

Gin a pile o' grass straughtens itself in silence, you hear it distinctly. I'm thinkin that was the noise o' a beetle gaun to pay a visit to a freen on the ither side o' that mossy stauae. The melting dew quakes! Ay, sing awa, my bonny bee, maist industrious o' God's creatures! Dear me, the heat is ower muckle for him; and he burrows himsel in amang a tuft o' grass, like a beetle panting! and noo invisible a' but the yellow doup o' him. I too feel drowsy, and will go to sleep amang the mountain solitude.

NORTH.

Not with such a show of clouds—

SHEPHERD.

No! not with such a show of clouds. A congregation of a million might worship in that Cathedral! What a dome! And is not that flight of steps magnificent? My imagination sees a crowd of white-robed spirits ascending to the inner shrine of the temple. Hark—a bell tolls! Yonder it is, swinging to and fro, half-minute time, in its tower of clouds. The great air-organ 'gins to blow its pealing anthem—and the overcharged spirit falling from its vision, sees nothing but the pageantry of earth's common vapours—that ere long will melt in showers, or be wafted away in darker masses over the distance of the sea. Of what better stuff, O Mr North, are made all our waking dreams? Call not thy Shepherd's strain fantastic; but look abroad over the work-day world, and tell him where thou seest aught more steadfast or substantial than that cloud-cathedral, with its flight of vapour-steps, and its mist towers, and its air-organ, now all gone for ever, like the idle words that imaged the transitory and delusive glories.

The editor, who assures us that the Scotch of the dialogues is of the most classical description, has appended foot - notes explaining the hardest words. One consequence we foresee from the republication of the *Noctes*, is the universal study of the northern dialect. French, German, and Italian masters will find their occupation gone. If it is worth while mastering

the Teutonic gutturals to read Goethe and Jean Paul, why not devote a short space of attention to the language of the Shepherd?

Many of the topics have great interest just now; for instance, at page 77, the trio discourse as follows on the power of war to afford fitting subject and inspiration to the poet:—

TICKLER.

True. But military war is much harder to conceive in poetry. Our army is not an independent existence, having for ages a peculiar life of its own. It is merely an arm of the nation, which it stretches forth when need requires. Thus though there are the highest qualities in our soldiery, there is scarcely the individual life which fits a body of men to belong to poetry.

NORTH.

In Schiller's *Camp of Wallenstein* there is individual life given to soldiers, and with fine effect. But I do not see that the army of Lord Wellington, all through the war of the Peninsula, though the most like a continued separate life of anything we have had in the military way, comes up to poetry.

TICKLER.

Scarcely, North. I think that if an army can be viewed poetically, it must be merely considering it as the courage of the nation, clothed in shape, and acting in visible energy; and to that tune there might be warlike strains for the late war. But then it could have nothing of peculiar military life, but would merge in the general life of the nation. There could be no camp life.

SHEPHERD.

I don't know, gentlemen, that I follow you, for I am no great scholar. But allow me to say, in better English than I generally speak, for that beautiful star—Venus, I suspec, or perhaps Mars—in ancient times they

shone together—that if any poet, breathing the spirit of battle, knew intimately the Peninsular War, it would rest entirely with himself to derive poetry from it or not. Every passion that is intense may be made the groundwork of poetry; and the passion with which the British charge the French is sufficiently intense, I suspect, to ground poetry upon. Not a critic of the French School would deny it.

Seldom has Mars offered to the Muses a more attractive spectacle than now, as he stands erect, and, strangling Plutus with his left hand, waves his right to Venus, who stretches her white arms lovingly towards him across the sea. What a soldier North would have made! What fiery valour, what chivalrous devotion, what energy of command! By soldier we mean general and commander-in-chief,—or, if he held a lesser command, it should be the cavalry, and that entirely independent. He would advance from Eupatoria to cut the communications of the enemy with the same confidence as he used to invade Cockaigne, throwing out his skirmishers, covering his flanks, and always mindful of the commissariat. What a gleam in his eye when he caught sight of the marshalled hordes of the enemy on that wide green horizon!—what a trumpet-clearness in his word to charge!—what splendour in the rush, at once wild and majestic, with which he would lead the line of sparkling helmets and dark Busbies against the northern hosts, cleaving, repelling, and scattering them, and weary only of smiting when the foe no longer resisted but fled, crouching on the mane!—Elected unanimously to the chief command, he moulds Pelissier to his potent will—the weak point of the garrison is detected, and after a brief cannonade, hark!—the rush of the stormers and the cheer of Zouave and Guardsman charging along the streets of the captured city!—Then the gazettes and tributes of a grateful country—Sir Christopher North, G.C.B.—Lord North,

Warden of the Cinque Ports—and so ascending from triumph to triumph, from honour to honour, till the population of Edinburgh throngs out to join in one wild uproar of applause, in greeting Duke Christopher returning from the East.

Yes, he would have made a fine soldier, but more fitted to shine before Troy than before Sebastopol. Not in our days, or in our army, is the race to the swift, the battle to the strong. Perchance the Norths might not have been connected with any family in power, or perchance there might have been some adverse star in the ascendant at the Horse Guards, or some of those numerous causes which blight the military aspirant might have kept him back, while flippancy and incompetence were raised to the high places, and distinctions, missing him, alighted on heads never meant for honour, till, wearied and soured—but no, North was too loyal for a grumbler. Maimed and obscure, but conscious of having done his duty, he might have lived through the war to retire on a stipend just capable of keeping him in wooden legs, and have beguiled the long leisure of lameness by writing the *Noctes* painfully with his left hand, his right having been long since disabled by a bullet in the trenches before the Redan. So, on maturely weighing both sides of the question, we will not regret that his paths were paths of peace.

No picture-gallery in the world contains scenery more varied and vivid than the pages of the *Noctes*. We know not what great master would have best rendered this Burning of the Heather—perhaps Rembrandt.

SHEPHERD.

Was you ever at the burning o' heather or whins, Mr North?

NORTH.

I have, and have enjoyed the illuminated heavens.

TICKLER.

Describe.

NORTH.

In half-an-hour from the first spark, the hill glowed with fire unextinguishable by waterspout. The crackle became a growl, as acre after acre joined

the flames. Here and there a rock stood in the way, and the burning waves broke against it, till the crowning birch-tree took fire, and its tresses, like a shower of flaming diamonds, were in a minute consumed. Whirr, whirr, played the frequent gor-cock, gobbling in his fear; and, swift as shadows, the old hawks flew screaming from their young, all smothered in a nest of ashes.

TICKLER.

Good—excellent!—Go it again.

NORTH.

The great pine-forest on the mountain-side, two miles off, frowned in ghastly light, as in a stormy sunset—and you could see the herd of red deer, a whirlwind of antlers, descending, in their terror, into the black glen, whose entrance gleamed once—twice—thrice, as if there had been lightning; and then, as the wind changed the direction of the flames, all the distance sunk in dark repose.

TICKLER.

Vivid colouring, indeed, sir. Paint away.

NORTH.

That was an eagle that shot between and the moon.

TICKLER.

What an image!

NORTH.

Millions of millions of sparks of fire in heaven, but only some six or seven stars. How calm the large lustre of Hesperus!

TICKLER.

James, what do you think of that, eh?

SHEPHERD.

Didna ye pity the taid and paddocks, and asks and beetles, and slaters and snails and spiders, and worms and ants, and caterpillars and bumbees, and a' the rest o' the insect-world, perishin in the flamin nicht o' their last judgment?

NORTH.

In another season, James, what life, beauty, and bliss over the verdant wilderness! There you see and hear the bees busy on the white clover—while the lark comes wavering down from heaven, to sit beside his mate on her nest! Here and there are still seen the traces of fire, but they are nearly hidden by flowers.

A grand piece, like a storm by some great musician, where sunshine follows the thunder. So does Nature ever essay to hide the traces of destruction. We remember once, while pursuing a moose in the woods of Maine, over snow frozen to a hardness and smoothness unattained by Macadam, the devious track through that white world led us to the borders of a region swept years before by a fire in the forest. The stately pine, with its deep green canopy, the feathery pointed firs, with their flake-roofed bending branches, the deep hemlock swamps, where black foliage and stems and snow were huddled and heaped in a wild tangle, as of ebony inlaid on ivory—all vanished; and instead, there sprung from the undulating desert only the grim charred skeletons of trees, bare, spectral, and ominous, with black branches, like ant-

lers, stretching against the grey sky, noiseless and motionless, though a breeze waved the living forest, and the pines, whispering as they bent and swayed to its wing, seemed to be telling the weird secrets of that ghostly scene, fit for lost spirits to wander in, for ever desolate. A hunter, of a race of redskins wellnigh extinct, leaned on his rifle, and told how, many years before, he, then a boy, had fled for life through these woods, pursued by the crackling roaring flames, which made the forest behind him one endless furnace, where trees glowed and shrivelled in a long perspective of shadowless fire, and before whose hot breath he dashed on in his race with red destruction towards the river below, and found shelter in its welcome waters. There he crouched, while there swarmed round him the wild beasts and venomed

snakes of the forest, their savage instincts quelled in the fear of burning, and the flames spreading to the other bank, and darting down like fierce serpents, till he and all the other living creatures scarce dared to gasp at the surface for those breaths which scorched their vitals, formed an arch beneath which the river, reddened to a bright glow, flowed on in a long vista of terrible beauty. Yet even on this blasted spot the soil, scarred but not desolated, had re-clad itself in verdure, now hidden by the snow, except where the tops of the infant forest peeped through, and was in summer filled with birds and fruits and humming life.

We remember to have somewhere heard, read, or dreamed, a kind of lament, that such a genius as North's should have written itself on his age in such desultory characters, and should not rather, with labour and thought, have left some complete and magnificent literary edifice, constructed by stricter rules, as an enduring testimony of its powers. No reader and appreciator of the *Noctes* will experience such vain and shallow regrets. It is better to have the Kremlin and the Parthenon than two Parthenons,—and something like the northern structure, vast, various, eminently picturesque, sometimes grotesque in its quaintness, often sublime in its savage grandeur, with dark corners of mystery, and nooks bright with sport and enjoyment, and always teeming with life and interest, is the monument left to the world by Christopher North. None but a mind of unequalled richness could venture to range, as his does, without other limits than the chances of discourse. Matters the highest and the lowest, of recondite philosophy and of everyday life, are connected by links slender, yet perfectly natural, and of quaint and various design, into a chain rich with ornament. Every subject in turn, and all alike, are treated with the fulness and luxuriance generally bestowed only on some pet theme. Such evidence of rare power leaves nothing to regret. Novelists and

dramatists must have some tambour-frame of plot on which to embroider their characters and scenes—essayists must acknowledge the efficacy of rule and compass in enabling them to express the results of thought, reading, and experience; and on their ingenuity and constructive power often depends, in great measure, the success of their work. But when an author, taking us, like some genie, by the hand, leads us, with no apparent choice of path, through scenes now wild, now familiar—sometimes by dark glens and gloomy forests, sometimes through cheerful streets, where the common sights of daily life are suddenly bright with interest—away across wide moors haunted by the gor-cock and curlew, to the deep ravine where we are made to pause and listen to the waterfall before being taken into the cottage on its bank, and shown not only the faces but the hearts of its inhabitants—and then, with a heigh presto! off to Princes Street, where the passengers on the pavement have a new meaning in their ordinary faces—now saddened with a tale of pathos, now convulsed with laughter—we acknowledge a power which has more resemblance to inspiration than the spirit which dictates either brilliant romance or profound philosophy.

Now is Maga like some fair widow who sees stalwart boys, blooming daughters, and laughing children of sweet promise, around her. Cheerful and bright, diffusing light through the household, and bringing pleasure to many a circle, she ceases not to remember him who was her pride, who has left on her mind, and the minds of her numerous offspring, the impress of his powerful spirit. The feelings with which, in moments sacred to memory, she reperuses the letters of her lost and wedded love—dwelling with fondness on the well-known characters, her eyes blinded with tears even while her lips smile brightly, mirth broken by sighs, weeping dashed with soft laughter—are such as Maga experiences in reviewing the writings and recalling the genius of North.

## ZAIDEE: A ROMANCE.

## PART XI.—BOOK III.

## CHAPTER XVII.—WANDERINGS.

BUT Sylvio's place, which was very well for a visit of two or three weeks, did not retain its attractions for a longer residence, and there was no telling when the unhappy house at Twickenham might be habitable. Mr and Mrs Cumberland were people happily independent of fashion; it mattered very little to them that "the season" was ending, and people rushing everywhere out of London. Mrs Cumberland was suddenly seized with a desire to spend a few weeks in town; and Mary—albeit Mary was by no means so indifferent to fashion as her mother was—eagerly seconded the proposal. It was in vain that Sylvio, somewhat discomfited, echoed Mr Mansfield's protest that there was "nobody" in town. "There are a great many charming people, my dear Sylvio," said Mrs Cumberland. "I am thankful to say my friends are not of an exclusive caste; I can find some one worth visiting in London all the year round."

"London in August! I admire your taste, I am sure, Maria Anna," said Mrs Burtonshaw. But even these dreadful sarcasms of Mrs Burtonshaw did not deter her sister. Sylvio had found no opportunity of giving Zaidee that other chance. He thought it might be as prudent to leave her time to contrast this place of his, and all the delights and honours of which its mistress would have full possession, with "some shabby house in London," where his own graceful attentions would be wanting. One of Mrs Cumberland's friends, who was on the wing for *her* place in the country, willingly handed over her house to Mrs Cumberland. If not a shabby house, it was rather a faded one, with little rooms, and no remarkable advantages of position, so far as these rustic people could judge. Mrs Burtonshaw was seized with shortness of breath the very first day of their entry into it; she thanked Providence she was not

obliged to live in rooms of such proportions. "Very different from Sylvio's place, my dear," said Mrs Burtonshaw; "you are pale already, Elizabeth, my sweet love! Maria Anna ought to have more thought for you."

And it was very true that Zaidee was pale, and that the mother of Sylvio was more and more impressed with the attachment to her son, which was so apparent. Mary's soft cheek, too, owned a flutter of variable colour, but this Mrs Burtonshaw did not notice. The good lady audibly wondered whether Mr Vivian, or that pretty sweet Mrs Bernard Morton, would still be in town; but Mrs Burtonshaw was not quite aware how important a question this was to both her young companions, or how often their thoughts made the same inquiry. But when they had been a week or two in London, it grew sufficiently evident that Mr Percy Vivian was not in town. Several of Mrs Cumberland's "charming" acquaintances, who were of the circle of Percy's worshippers, reported that he had gone home to Cheshire; and that Mrs Morton, though still detained by her husband's parliamentary duties, was also preparing to go—"everybody," indeed, was in the flutter of departure; even the good people who could only afford a fortnight's holiday, and who were innocent of fashion, closed up their windows and "went out of town." The sunshine burned upon the London streets, upon the hosts of people who have no holiday, and pleasure-seekers from the country, innocently unaware that "all the world" had forsaken the busy Babylon. Mrs Cumberland almost repented of her visit to London; and Mary, who was not above the horror of being unfashionable, began to urge retreat again with much perseverance. They drove down to Twickenham only to find Mr Cumberland peering over his

spectacles with his curious eyes at the mass of indiscriminate rubbish which encumbered the lawn, and attaching turrets and pinnacles and rounding corners at his own sweet will, fearless of criticism. Already, if the steamboat passengers up and down the Thames were not the happier for Mr Cumberland's improvements, they were the more amused; and it was even said that Mr Shenkin Powis had undertaken a voyage as far as Hampton Court, to survey with horror the extremely original specimens of domestic architecture which the philosopher was elaborating out of his comfortable square box. The holiday people on the river no longer passed this pretty corner with silent envy. There was always a crowd of gazers turning their attention to this grand effort of Mr Cumberland for the commonweal. The acacia on the lawn, being of a fastidious nature, had begun to droop and sicken in spite of the rude wooden railings put up to protect it, and shed its foliage in yellow flakes, no longer upon the beautiful head of *Zaidee Vivian*, or the clustering curls of *Mary Cumberland*, but upon the paper caps of plasterers, and carpenters, and sandy masonic locks. "We are getting on," said Mr Cumberland, rubbing his hands with glee as the ladies of his family stood by in horror-stricken silence—"already making progress, sister *Burtonshaw*. Before the winter frosts set in, you shall see a very different-looking building, I assure you, from the thing you left. This crocket is from *York*, and the work of this oriel window copied from a beautiful example in *Nuremberg*. I do not reject authority—far be it from me to dispute the wisdom of the past—but I retain my own ideas notwithstanding, sister *Elizabeth*. But for my oversight and care, it would be impossible to harmonise the whole; and I expect the science of domestic architecture to date this building as the first in a new period. The buildings of the age shall be harmonised, sister *Burtonshaw*; a character of benevolent forethought shall be added to the conscientious morality of Mr *Shenkin Powis*: there is not an addition here which does not represent, really or symbolically,

the celestial attribute of benevolence; but I have no time to enter into detail. No, by no means, I do not wish you to come home; women are always in the way of improvements; and I am glad to tell you that I am perfectly satisfied with the way we are going on."

The visitors got into their carriage, and drove away in respectful silence. Mrs *Burtonshaw*, panting for words in which to express her admiration of Mr *Cumberland's* proceedings, could find none sufficiently terse and expressive; and Mrs *Cumberland* contented herself with a sigh of relief when they emerged from the dust with which this benevolent architecture filled the atmosphere. They were quite cast out of their home, these unfortunate ladies. However benevolent the porch might be when completed, it threw most inhospitable obstacles in the mean time across the familiar threshold, and access by door or window was equally denied to them. When they reached their faded drawing-room, and looked out upon the closed shutters of this extremely fashionable and dingy little street, Mrs *Burtonshaw* thought it the best possible opportunity for urging a return to *Sylvo's* place.

"You will go back to *Essex* now, of course, *Maria Anna*," said Mrs *Burtonshaw*; "you will not shut up these dear children here, to pine away and lose their health again. Keep up your spirits, *Elizabeth*, my love—we shall soon return again—for I am sure you looked quite a different creature in *Sylvo's* place."

"But I cannot think of returning to *Sylvo's* place," said Mrs *Cumberland* from her sofa. "My dear *Elizabeth*, you are very kind, but we will take advantage of our opportunity, and have a change of scene. I have been thinking—we will not go to the coast, nor to *Scotland*, nor any place we have been before—we will go into the beautiful heart of *England*, my dear children. When your aunt *Burtonshaw* and I were young, we were there once many years ago; we will go to *Malvern*—we will quite enjoy ourselves being alone. My dear *Elizabeth*, I trust you have no objection; we shall be quite hermits, and enjoy that beautiful hill."



If Mrs Burtonshaw had objections, it did not seem that they were particularly important. Mary, being in the state of mind to which change of one sort or another was indispensable, eagerly lent her assistance, and within a few days the little party set out once more. "We know no one there—we will be quite alone, Lizzy," said Mary, with a sigh. Perhaps Miss Cumberland did not appreciate as her mother did the romantic delights of solitude, but Mary was eager to set out from this desolate London, echoing with emphasis the universal declaration that "no one was in town." An express North-Western train might have made London populous in a very few hours for Mary, but "nobody" was in it now.

"My dear love, we will not stay long—we will soon come back to Sylvo's place," said Mrs Burtonshaw, patting the beautiful head of Zaidee. Mrs Burtonshaw thought it was very cruel of Maria Anna to shut her eyes to the dear child's feelings so wantonly. What did any one care for Malvern? and it was easy to see how deeply interested this poor dear was in Sylvo's place.

But Zaidee bore with wonderful

fortitude the journey which carried her farther and farther away from Sylvo. Zaidee's fresh young spirit, and eyes shining with life and interest, traced all these inland roads with pleasure. The apple-trees on the pathway clustered with their russet fruit, and the pollard willows bristling over every little stream—the great Vale of Severn with its churches and towns, and that odd miniature mountain which has lost its way so strangely, and settled itself in the wide flat of this level country, where there is not another mound to break the horizon—were matters more interesting to Zaidee than to any of her companions. Mrs Cumberland was languid, and reclined in a corner of the carriage. Mrs Burtonshaw was interested, but depreciatory, making a perpetual comparison between Sylvo's place and this unfamiliar country. Mary was wandering in her own thoughts, and noticed external matters only by fits and starts; and no one knew how Zaidee's eyes brightened at the sight of gorse and heather, and how friendly looked these grassy heights of Malvern to one who had not seen for eight long years the rugged elevation of Briarford Hill.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.—MALVERN.

"Are we growing old, Elizabeth? We are not girls as we used to be," said Mary Cumberland. "Do you remember when we sat in that great room at Ulm, where mamma tried to make us think, and we would not, but quite made up for it when we were by ourselves? Do you remember all the sewing we used to do, and all our speculations? When Aunt Burtonshaw praised us for the one, she never dreamt of the other, Lizzy; but we never speculate now."

"No," said Zaidee. She was plucking up the short hill-side grass unwittingly with her hands, and thinking her own private thoughts.

"I suppose we were only looking at life then, and now we are in it," said Mary musingly. "Nothing concerned us very much, and we could wonder at everything. Life is a strange thing, Lizzy—what is the good of all these

humdrum quiet days, do you think? We never do anything—were we made for any use, do you suppose? Elizabeth! why can you not answer me?"

For Mary was as much given as ever to a comparison of ideas, and as curious to know her companion's opinion; while Zaidee, for her part, was not very much more disposed to "rational answers" than before.

"I think God made the days," said Zaidee, "and He must see some use in them. We have to live our lives out, however long they may be. Do people sometimes wish for long life, Mary? If it was fifty years, or sixty years, what a dreary length of way!"

"Now, that is just in your old strain," said Mary Cumberland. "Why should it be a dreary length of way? I have no regard for churchyards and tombstones for my part;

I am not in a hurry to live my life out,—one may be a little dull now and then, and wonder what is the good of oneself, without such dismal thoughts as these."

Zaidee made no answer. They were seated upon the hill of Malvern, with some grey slopes towering above them, yet, at a considerable altitude; as far as they could see on every side, a vast level of cultivated country stretched into the skies,—low down at their feet lay the houses of the little town, the grey towers of the abbey, and the setting of rich orchards in which these habitations were enclosed,—while striking up from the fertile flat were little far-off cities, sparkling with spires and gilded weathercocks, small ancient dignified cathedral towns,—and a faint line far away, of broken banks over-lapping each other, with a thin silver thread here and there shining out between, gave note of the Severn, treeless and labourless, pursuing his path to the sea. The multitude of roads mapping this strange wide landscape in every direction—the morsels of village glistening in a chance ray of sunshine, and churches which in fancy you could lift in your hand, so dwarfed are they by the long distance,—give a strange attraction to the scene. Of itself it is not a beautiful scene, and a dull sky sweeps down upon it, blending its unfeatured breadths with the clouds of the horizon; but the air, which has travelled many a mile since last it encountered any eminence, comes fresh and full upon this hill-side; and the eye, which is never satisfied with seeing, takes in with a peculiar gratification this singular extent of space presented to it, and revels in the world of air and cloud upon that vast uninterrupted sky.

"See, there is a bold road striking out by itself across all that wilderness of fields," said Mary. "What strange abrupt turns it takes; but it is not even crossed by another, so far as I can see: that is a man's road, Lizzy,—for my part, I do not like travelling alone."

"It is not quite alone," said Zaidee, speaking low. "There is a little foot-path behind the hedge, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other: some one might walk perpetually un-

der the hedgerow side by side with the traveller on the high-road, and he would never know."

"Well, I cannot say that makes it much more comfortable," said Mary, laughing. "You are mysterious to-day, Elizabeth. I do not like your secret people who travel under hedgerows. I like daylight and the broad highway for my own share. You like this place, do you not? I suppose I do; I don't want any one to talk to me; I want to think, Lizzy. How far away you can look, straining your beautiful eyes, Mr Vivian would say. What a weary length these days are for August days. Heigh ho!"

But Zaidee was so little disposed to interrupt Mary's thoughts by talking, that it was Mary herself who broke the silence first. Mary was in a strange mood of restless idleness; she was perpetually changing her position, as she half sat and half reclined upon this bank of luxuriant greensward; laughter that was rounded with a sigh, and sighing which incontinently burst into laughter, were the signs and symbols of Mary's state of mind. She was greatly in want of some little piece of excitement; her mind had a great deal too much scope, wandering back and forward in a restless haste, speculating on the future and on the past. Mary, half emerged from her first enchanted maze, was full of a restless disquietude; her whole life beyond seemed hanging upon some uncertain decision—a nervous, anxious, troublesome uncertainty—a decision which she would be ashamed to expedite by any measures of her own. Mary was not a little ashamed of herself for the length her thoughts had gone already, and scornfully scouted the idea that "any man" held her fate in his hands. Nevertheless, she had been an extremely imprudent guardian of her own happiness. Mr Percy Vivian, perhaps, might be quite unaware of this rich gift lavished on him; perhaps he was aware, and did not appreciate the possession: but whatever Mr Percy Vivian's sentiments might be, there was no longer any safeguard for Mary; her good sense, as Aunt Burtonshaw predicted, had been no defence to her; she had thrown away her heart.

"I think you are very innocent,

Lizzy," said Mary, suddenly starting from an apparent contemplation of the landscape before her, of which landscape, in reality, she saw nothing. "You never understand at all, nor seek to understand, what all Aunt Burtonshaw's hints and double meanings are full of. There, now, you look quite incredulous. Is it my fault if your thoughts are always at the end of the world? Who can *you* have to think of, Elizabeth? I suppose you never found out that Aunt Burtonshaw had double meanings at all?"

"No, indeed. I always understand Aunt Burtonshaw perfectly," said Zaidee, with a smile.

"Which means, that you are perfectly unconscious of all her endeavours," said Mary. "Aunt Burtonshaw thinks—I really ought not to tell you—Aunt Burtonshaw believes you are very much interested in Sylvo, Elizabeth."

"Very much interested! I will not answer for the 'very much,'" said Zaidee; "but, indeed, I do think of Sylvo, Mary; only Sylvo will find some one better for him than you."

"You are a simpleton, and I will not enlighten you," said Mary. "What do you think of Mrs Morton?" she asked abruptly, after a pause. Mary, but for very shame, would have been so glad to unbosom herself, and make a confidant of her friend—would have been so much relieved, indeed, if Zaidee had taken the initiative, and pressed into her confidence; but Zaidee was quite as shy of the subject as Mary was, though she was sufficiently clear-sighted to see how matters stood. Zaidee faltered a good deal. What did she think of Mrs Morton?—what did she think of Elizabeth Vivian, her cousin, the beautiful Elizabeth of the Grange? Zaidee felt herself change colour painfully—she scarcely knew what to say.

"I heard Mr Vivian say there was no woman like his sister; he ought to know best," said Zaidee.

It was an unfortunate speech in every way; unfortunate in its hesitation and faltering tone—unfortunate in quoting Mr Vivian—and, lastly, in

the opinion it conveyed. Mary Cumberland did not choose that Percy should think his sister the first of womankind. She did not at all appreciate such an extent of fraternal affection; and Mary was piqued at the idea that any one knew better than she did what Percy's opinion was.

"I asked what you thought yourself, not what Mr Percy Vivian thought," said Mary. "One does not care for having Mr Percy Vivian's opinions at secondhand. He is a very great author, perhaps; but I would not quote him so often if I were you, Elizabeth."

When Zaidee raised her eyes in astonishment, she saw Mary, very red, and with a disturbed and troubled face, gazing down the hilly path, while she plucked the grass by handfuls. Some one was toiling upward, looking about him anxiously, sometimes pausing to survey the wide landscape behind him, sometimes turning aside to gather a wildflower, but always on the alert, as if looking for some one on the hill. As his figure advanced, Mary Cumberland's face varied like a changing sky; as it drew near and nearer, she rose to her feet with irresistible excitement. Zaidee looked at her pretty form, relieved against the dark background of the hill, and at the stranger advancing hastily, before she herself rose, and then with an instinctive impulse of reserve, to control and subdue her friend. Zaidee took Mary's hand with an involuntary grasp of caution, which Mary returned vehemently, and then the pretty fingers unclasped, and these two stood distinctly visible, waiting to greet Mr Percy Vivian as he appeared out of breath behind an angle of the path. In the moment's interval, Mary's good sense and Mary's pride had come to her rescue triumphantly. Percy thought the beautiful sister gave him the warmest welcome, and was much concerned to see Mary so reserved and stately; the young gentleman was extremely assiduous—extremely devoted; he fancied he had been losing time.

## CHAPTER XIX.—THE BEGINNING OF DANGER.

“So you found the young ladies, Mr Vivian,” said Mrs Cumberland. “Dear children! they love nature. I was convinced they were on the hill. I tell them we have nearly as good a prospect from this window; but they are young, and have more enterprise than I have. Is it not a delightful surprise, my dear Mary, to see Mr Vivian here?”

“We were much astonished,” says Mary in an under-tone. Mr Vivian, who has looked up to catch her answer, though people say he has a great knowledge of character, and though this constraint is the very thing with which he would endow his heroine in a novel, to evidence the state of her feelings in presence of her lover, has so totally lost his penetration that he is quite disappointed. “It was no pleasure to her, then,” muses Percy; “only a surprise.”

“For my part, I thought Mr Vivian had come to tell us of some great misfortune,” said Mrs Burtonshaw—“that the house had come down, or that Mr Cumberland had had a fall, or some accident; nothing else was to be looked for, I am sure.”

“There has been no accident; Mr Cumberland was in excellent spirits,” said Percy, “and feels that he is making progress. The porch, I assure you, would accommodate a couple of poor families already, Mrs Burtonshaw; and when Mr Cumberland has his heating apparatus in order, I have no doubt it will be greatly patronised in the cold weather. If you were nearer town, a benevolent institution like this might be subject to abuse, Mrs Cumberland. I am afraid a colony of London boys in immediate possession would not quite carry out your charitable views.”

“Charitable views!” echoed Mrs Burtonshaw; “what sort of views will we have from our windows when we get back to our poor, pretty, unfortunate house at Twickenham—if, indeed, there are any windows left? The little wretches will play at marbles and all sorts of games; it will not matter to them if the Queen should come to call. Mr Cumberland has

all his own way, Mr Vivian. Maria Anna will give in to him, and I cannot describe to you the trouble I have. Do not speak to me, Maria Anna! I have no patience with it; and it will be all the same, of course, whosoever comes to call.”

“I had an interview with Mr Cumberland on the lawn over a heap of mortar,” said Percy, while Mrs Burtonshaw groaned aloud, “and heard from him you were at Malvern. I had business in this quarter. No lack of views here, Mrs Burtonshaw, though they are not charitable ones. This place reminds me a little, I scarcely can tell why, of my own home.”

“That delightful Grange which you described to us once?” said Mrs Cumberland from her sofa; “and of course I recognised it again in your last charming book. When are you going to favour us with another, Mr Vivian? But first tell me how this reminds you of your own ancient romantic home.”

“I suppose because it is perfectly unlike,” said Percy, with a little laugh. “There is no Grange on the hill of Malvern; but we stand upon a lesser eminence at home, and look out from our height upon a flat expanse, which this is just sufficient to recall to me. Our low country is not a cultivated plain, or a Vale of Severn; it is only a bleak stretch of Cheshire fields, a low sandy coast, and sullen sea. There are a multitude of roads, Mrs Burtonshaw, all leading to the Grange, as you would suppose, and never a wayfarer on one of them; and we have a fierce little hill for our henchman, bristling with gorse, and armed with broken rocks, and undergo a perpetual siege and cannonade from all the winds. There are only inland gales at Malvern, but our visitors come fresh from the sea.”

“It is very strange; that is like the place Elizabeth used to tell me of,” said Mary.

And Mary, looking up, found Zaidée’s eyes fixed upon her with such a trembling eagerness of entreaty, that her idea of resemblance between the two descriptions was quickened into

instant certainty. She returned this beseeching look with a glance of the extremest surprise. Her curiosity was suddenly roused. What did it mean? When Mary's look left Zaidee, she met Mr Vivian's; and Mr Vivian had been watching this interchange of glances, and looked at her, earnestly repeating the question. Mary was quite perplexed; she could only look at Zaidee again.

"Perhaps Miss Elizabeth Cumberland has been in Cheshire," said Percy. Percy was very curious; but he always was, Mary remembered with wonder, in everything that concerned Elizabeth.

"No—no," said Zaidee hurriedly. She withdrew back out of the light of the window, and grew very pale. She dared not lift her eyes again, but sat trembling and in terror. Never had she been so near betrayed; and her ears tingled, almost expecting to hear the cry of "Zaidee! Zaidee!" with which Percy could throw her disguise to the winds.

For Zaidee did not think that Percy Vivian held her without a doubt for the daughter of this fantastic, kind Mrs Cumberland, reclining on her sofa—the sister of Mary, the niece of Aunt Burtonshaw. Percy could not account for his own interest in her, nor for sundry little occurrences which startled him with a vague wonder and suspicion. He never dreamed that she was Zaidee; he had not even connected her with the lost child; he had only a vague, floating curiosity about her, which he himself thought he had no right to have, and did not understand.

Zaidee dared not withdraw to her own apartment to subdue her agitation. She must sit still to watch the conversation, to hear what they said, to guard her secret at all hazards. She scarcely knew how the day went on as she sat among them, watching them with this intense and steady vigilance: she made no sense of the buzz of words which rung in her ears. She only knew that her secret was not threatened, nor her possible knowledge of the Grange discussed again. There were a great many other subjects of interest to the other members of the party. There was one most absorbing topic in the minds of two of them, which, like Zaidee's secret

anxiety, did not bear talking of; and beyond the surprise of the moment, Zaidee's brief and hurried answer was not remarked by her companions. She kept with the little company obstinately in her great anxiety. When Mary and Percy spoke aside for an instant, Zaidee was thrown into a secret agony; and when the evening came, and Mr Vivian followed Miss Cumberland into the garden in the twilight to listen to the nightingales, Zaidee sat unseen by the window watching them, as they wandered through the trees. Her overpowering terror made her forget for the moment that they had other things to talk of than her secret—this secret which neither of them could have suspected till to-night, and which both had forgotten before now.

"These two young creatures, they are quite happy; they forget how cold the night air has grown," said Mrs Burtonshaw, coming behind the chair where Zaidee sat alone looking out into the dewy darkness of the garden. "My dear love, you are sighing; you are all by yourself while Mary is away. Ah! it is all very well to speak of business in this quarter. I suppose Mr Vivian is attending to his business among the trees yonder. These young men are such hypocrites, Elizabeth. I should be glad to see what lawful errand Mr Vivian had here."

Relieved by remembering that there was no fear of her secret coming into discussion between two people who were busy with themselves, Zaidee bethought her of the disappointment of Sylvo's anxious mother.

"I am afraid, indeed, Mary likes Mr Vivian, Aunt Burtonshaw," said Zaidee. "I should be very glad, if it were not for you."

"You are a dear, unselfish child," said Mrs Burtonshaw, stooping to bestow a kiss on Zaidee's brow, "and you need not be sorry for me, my darling. I have quite made up my mind to lose Mary. I have other views for Sylvo now."

"I am very glad, then. I think Mary will be happy," said Zaidee musingly. "Percy would not grieve any one; no, I am sure of that."

"Did you say Sylvo would not grieve? I do not think he will, my

love," said Mrs Burtonshaw. "You do not ask me what my views are for Sylvo, now, Elizabeth; but you are quite right, my dear child. I will not say anything of them; I will leave it all to Sylvo himself."

"Yes, Aunt Burtonshaw," said Zaidee. Sylvo was not farther from the scene in person than he was in imagination from Zaidee's thoughts—she was thinking of Mary and Percy, in charmed twilight, with the sweet dew falling on their young heads, and the air full of the singing of nightingales. She was lingering for a moment in her maiden meditations upon that oldest and newest subject of romance—that universal love tale which somebody is always telling—that unknown witchcraft to which her own heart had never been tempted. Beguiled out of her mere personal agitation, Zaidee's heart beat with a wondering sympathy; with a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye, she watched for Mary coming

home out of the realm of fairyland, out of the enchanted twilight, to the lights and common life of this dusky room. Zaidee's own eyes were dazzled by these lights, and with a pensive wistful sweetness, through the tears that made them brighter, those beautiful eyes turned back again to the falling night. With a little visionary sadness, her thoughts too returned again to herself: all by herself, alone and solitary, this turning-point of youthful history must never come to Zaidee; she must never wish, nay, more than that, she must so guard her daily living that no affection shall be drawn towards her. No one must love Zaidee, if Zaidee can help it, except those kind friends who shelter her and the innocent hearts of little children. She must do no more harm, and it is strange to see her bending her beautiful face in the darkness, praying never to be tempted, praying to be left in her solitude, to harm no one any more.

#### CHAPTER XX.—MARY'S FATE.

Zaidee had gone to her own apartment thoughtful and somewhat anxious. Her mind, which had begun to recover its composure, was stirred to its depths once more, and her thoughts were full of a longing and wistful inquiry about Mary, who had been very silent and strangely reserved through all that evening. Sitting in the shadow where Zaidee could not see her face, answering in monosyllables, and in a voice so low and shy that even Aunt Burtonshaw was astonished, Mary had given no indication of Mr Vivian's business, nor of how it sped. As Zaidee went about her own chamber, preparing for rest, her ear was caught once or twice by a faint rustling in the passage outside. She turned to listen with quick curiosity, and in time to see Mary softly open the door and look in, with a momentary investigation. "I thought you had lain down by this time," said Mary. "I have been waiting till you were quiet, and the light out. Why don't you go to bed, Elizabeth? Young people should not sit up so late at night—there, let me put out the light."

Before Zaidee could remonstrate, the little light was extinguished, and in the faint radiance of the moon, Zaidee saw her friend drawing near her with a shy yet hasty step. "Sit down, Lizzy; I have a great deal to say to you," said her visitor, and Mary herself drew a stool to Zaidee's feet, and threw herself down beside her half kneeling, embracing her companion's waist, and leaning on her knee. But though this satisfactory attitude was assumed, the great deal which Mary had to say remained still unsaid. She leaned her soft cheek on Zaidee's hand, and Zaidee knew instinctively that it was warm with blushes of pride, and shame, and pleasure: she played with Zaidee's fingers, folding them over her lips; she held Zaidee's waist more closely with her arm; but Mary was quite content to lean here, as it seemed, and forget that she had anything to say.

"Mary, tell me," said Zaidee—Zaidee's own heart beat high with sympathy. Zaidee, though she was quite new to it, and had never been much a confidant before, had an instinct-

tive perception of the tale which Mary came to tell.

“My mother never taught me to go to her; I cannot tell Aunt Burtonshaw. I never have had any one but you, Elizabeth, that knew all my heart!”

This was the beginning of Mary’s confession, and then there followed a long pause—so long a pause that Zaidee feared this was all, and that there was nothing to follow.

“I have never been like you, Elizabeth. I do not think I deserve to have a very noble nature near me,” said Mary. “Instead of being very glad as I thought I should be, I think I am sad to-night—not sad either—I cannot tell how I am. It is so strange, so very strange. I think I am venturing into a new country. Perhaps I had better have been content with Sylvo, Elizabeth,” said Mary, rising into her more natural tone; “one could find out Sylvo’s depth, poor fellow, and measure him to all his height—no one will be troubled with anything wonderful in Sylvo—but now!”

Mary’s voice sunk again, and so did Mary’s cheek, once more resting on Zaidee’s hand. The office of confidant and confessor to Mary was doomed to be rather a perplexing one.

“A common person,” said Mary again, with a little sigh of self-contempt. “Yes, I think I should only have had a common person. I cannot tell why this strange fortune has come to me. If I had been full of dreams and fancies, Elizabeth, like what one reads of—perhaps like what you have, my beautiful sister; but you are sitting here by yourself, Lizzy, with all your sweet thoughts and your lovely face, and this has come to me.”

“It is best for me to be alone,” said Zaidee; “and this should come to you, for it is your proper fortune. I have been sure of it since ever Percy came.”

“Do you call him Percy?” said Mary, raising her head in sudden wonder. “Well, but of course Lizzy had no reason to be ashamed, no need to be so precise as I was,” she continued with a low laugh. “I was so much ashamed of myself, Elizabeth. Do you know, I thought he had found

me out. I thought he was coming to enjoy his triumph. I really do think I could have killed myself sooner than have let him fancy I cared for him when he did not care for me.”

It was not necessary for Zaidee to say anything, the stream of communication was interrupted, but continuous, and wanted no help as it flowed on.

“But instead of that!”—Mary paused, and lingered on the words, “instead of that! I think it can only be a poet who is so reverent of women,” said Mary, touched to the heart by the deference of her betrothed. “We are no such great things after all, Elizabeth. We are very poor creatures, a great many of us. Fancy me standing listening to him. I am nobody; I am only Mary Cumberland; and he, bending that noble heart of his, and speaking as if he spoke to a princess,—he whom all the world honours. I don’t believe it is true after all, and that makes me melancholy,” said Mary with a change in her voice—“it is his own eyes that see something else in me than what I have.”

A long pause followed after this, which Zaidee only disturbed by a silent caress of sympathy and encouragement, and she resumed her monologue.

“Did you wonder what I meant putting out the light? I will be your maid now, Elizabeth, since I have left you in the dark; but you do not think I could come in, and sit down opposite you, and tell you all this, looking in your face, with that inquisitive candle twinkling like a saucy listener. You cannot see how I am looking, Lizzy—it does me no harm that you are shining over me with those eyes of yours. It is very hard to have eyes looking into one’s heart. Yes, I think he has enchantment in his, Lizzy; they make beauty for themselves wherever they glance; and suppose he should awake some time, and instead of the princess whom he spoke to to-night, find only *me*! I do not think I was very humble before, but one grows humble in spite of oneself when one is addressed so grandly. He thinks I have a noble nature like his own, Elizabeth—a pure religious spirit, like what you are, Lizzy; and when I try to convince him, he only

smiles and thinks the more of me. When he finds it is only plain working-day Mary Cumberland, what will he say?"

"That she is better than all the princesses," said Zaidee, clasping her friend round with her loving arms; and then Mary cried a little, with a sob half of joy and half of melancholy, and then ran off into low, sweet, tremulous laughter, as she raised her head from Zaidee's knee.

"You think I am very humble, do you not?" said Mary, "yet I am afraid I shall be as saucy as ever, and as stupid, and as perverse when to-morrow's daylight comes. Do you want to go to sleep, Elizabeth?—for I had rather stay here, if you are as wakeful as I am. I have made a great many resolutions to-night—I should not like him to change his opinion of me, Lizzy; but I am afraid they will all vanish with to-morrow. One cannot overcome two-and-twenty years in a single day."

And thus they sat in the moonlight talking a great deal, and quite forgetful of the lapse of these swift-footed hours; their low voices whispered so lightly that no one woke in the neighbouring chambers to be aware of this innocent midnight conference. Mary did not leave Zaidee's room all that night,—truth to say, Mary did not wake after her unusual vigil till Mrs Burtonshaw had sighed over the breakfast table all alone for a full hour, and the sun was full in the sky. Zaidee was more wakeful; *her* morning dreams were disturbed and broken by a strange pleasure, and a strange dread of this new connection. She was glad and proud that Percy and Mary were betrothed to each other. She pleased herself with thinking that "our Percy's" manly care and tenderness would make amends to the real daughter of this house for all the love and kindness which she herself had met with at Mary's hands. They had been very good to Zaidee Vivian, all these kind people; and Percy Vivian's devotion would repay them for the great debt his cousin owed. But a

darker consideration mingled with that; Mary was now of course on terms of perfect confidence with Percy. Mary would tell him that her beautiful sister was a stranger, a poor little orphan adopted of the house; and Percy and Elizabeth, who remembered so well the lost Zaidee, would discover her secret ere she was aware. This fancy filled her mind with dreary anticipations. Only one resource seemed open to Zaidee; once more she must go out unfriended upon the world,—she must not be taken home to annul all previous sacrifices—to make this seven years' banishment of none effect. No longer a child, a woman with that perilous inheritance of beauty to make her way harder, she must once more break from the grasp of affection and friendliness, and go forth to the unknown. Zaidee looked at Mary's face sleeping under the morning light, with its sweet colour and its unconscious smiles; she could not grudge the happiness of Mary; she could not be otherwise than glad for this consummation, whatever the result might be to herself. Zaidee's generous heart never faltered in its congratulations for the sore and hapless chance which she perceived approaching in the distance; however it might fare with her, she was glad for Mary. A distinct and pleasant future full of sunshine lay before the footsteps of her friend; for herself Zaidee saw nothing but a world of clouds and shadows—a forlorn path leading away through the solitude towards the horizon. Lover nor friend was never to stretch out a hand to her; she had no possession in the world but her father's Bible, and that book of Grandfather Vivian's,—no sweet fortune descending out of the tender twilight skies, but an inexorable necessity, a pursuing fate. To the end of the world, if need were—to the unfriendly crowds of London, or the stranger solitudes of some distant country,—anywhere rather than here, where she was in danger of discovery,—anywhere sooner than the Grange.



## CHAPTER XXL.—CONSENT.

The next morning overwhelmed Mrs Cumberland with surprise and doubtful pleasure. "I should have been very glad had it been Elizabeth," said Mrs Cumberland; "but Mary!—how could you possibly think of *Mary*, my dear Mr Vivian? I am sure I will not stand in the way of your happiness—one to whom the whole world of readers owes so much!—and I assure you it will make me very proud to call the author of those delightful volumes my son-in-law. But Mary!—Mary has no genius, Mr Vivian. She is a child of very plain tastes, and takes strangely after her Aunt Burtonshaw. I am extremely surprised; I cannot understand it: Mary! Are you sure you have made a wise choice?"

"I am very sure I have no other choice in my power," said Percy, somewhat astonished at this novel reception of his addresses. "Choice is a fiction, I suspect; at all events, I am quite beyond that agreeable freedom."

"I assure you I will never stand in the way of your happiness," said Mrs Cumberland; "on the contrary, I am only too much delighted to have it in my power to aid your wishes. Mary is a good child; but she has no genius, Mr Vivian."

"I fancy I prefer having all the genius myself," said Percy with a saucy smile. This was for the benefit of Mary, who entered at the moment, abruptly concluding Mr Vivian's audience. Mrs Cumberland, much bewildered, followed her daughter through the room with her eyes. Mary!—How could the distinguished author by any possibility think of *her*?

But Mrs Cumberland had no alternative but assent, and the concurrence of Mr Cumberland was certain; even Mrs Burtonshaw gave her approval of this conclusive blow to all her former hopes. "But it is some time since I made up my mind to lose Mary. I have other views for Sylvio now, my love," said Mrs Burtonshaw. Again *Zaidee* assented innocently to

this seeming harmless declaration, and asked no questions. "She never asks me what my views are, poor dear," said Mrs Burtonshaw within herself; and she received her sister's condolences over Mary's new engagement with great resignation. *Zaidee's* want of curiosity was proof positive to Aunt Burtonshaw.

"Promise me one thing, Mary," said *Zaidee*, wistfully, amid the many talks and confidences of the following night. "Do not tell Mr Vivian I am not your sister—I would rather he thought me your sister; do not tell him, Mary, for my sake."

"Why?" Mary looked up with immediate curiosity. Mary had one or two strange things in her mind to wonder at when she had leisure; her glance was so sudden that *Zaidee's* face was almost surprised into the beseeching look with which she had barred further mention of the Grange on the previous day; but she was wise enough to subdue her anxiety, and look unconcerned.

"I suppose if he comes to know all our family matters by-and-by," said Mary with a blush, and a little hesitation, "he will have to know that you were not born my sister, Lizzy—he will never know anything else, I am sure; the only difference is, that if you had been born my sister, I might not have liked you so well—one of us surely must have taken after our father or our mother. But I will not tell him, Elizabeth; I will not say a word about it, I assure you. I wonder if you will ever be on good terms—I think he is a little afraid of you: it is always my beautiful sister, or Miss Elizabeth Cumberland; he does not half understand you, I am sure; I wonder if you will ever be friends?"

*Zaidee* could not answer; she durst not say no. No, it was impossible—she must not be friends with Percy—but *Zaidee* became aware that a cloud and weight of doubtfulness began to be visible on Mary's face; she could not understand either Percy's curiosity about *Zaidee*, or *Zaidee's* evident wish to avoid his presence and his

friendship; she could not be jealous any longer—far from that, she had given up all her thoughts to the safe keeping of her beautiful sister, and made a confidant deeply interested and most sympathetic of Zaidee. But she was disturbed; there was some mystery in it: could Zaidee have known Percy before?—and immediately there returned to Mary's memory, that description of the Grange which corresponded so strangely with a description Zaidee had once given to her. Had Percy by any chance made Mary acquainted to-day with the story of his lost cousin, Mary must have leaped to the conclusion, and Zaidee's secret been discovered on the spot. As it was, Mary went out with a good deal of doubt and wonder in her mind, but after half an hour's wandering through those hilly paths where the sunshine lay warm upon the grass, and the air came fresh and sweet across the plain, Mary forgot in a great measure her doubt and her wonder. She forgot her beautiful sister altogether, and all that was mysterious in her—she thought of nothing but the present sunny hour, and the charmed prospect of the future. Mary, though she was generous by nature, was not a striking example of unselfishness; and perhaps, under her circumstances, it would have been an equivocal kindness to suffer her anxiety for any one else to interfere with the regard she owed to Percy, who was devoting all *his* thoughts and all his cares to her.

So they came and went together unproved upon these hilly ways, and grew into acquaintance with each other on the grassy slopes of Malvern. To Percy Vivian's versatile and many-sided nature there was repose and support in the much more limited mind of Mary, which was strong in what it did grasp—though its grasp comprehended but a small part of his wide range of thought and fancy. She never brought him down out of his aerial flights by lack of understanding, but sometimes she listened with a smile. His sister Elizabeth, who also was limited in her mental range, was perfect, in Percy's apprehension, within her boundaries; but Mary was

not perfect. She was young; she had a world before her, on which she, too, glanced undismayed. She was ready to follow his caprices of exuberant imagination—she was ready to share the impetuous delight with which he threw himself on one new field after another, and rejoiced in his waste of power and universal reputation—his capacity for everything. Percy's prudent friends warned him to build his edifice of fame on more lasting foundations, and consolidate his glories; but Percy, who threw himself from one branch of the profession he had chosen to another for pure delight in the change, and exultation in the exercise of his young powers, took no time to pause and think of fame; and Mary, glorying, like himself, in the magic of that power of his, scorned, like himself, to bring this glorious vassal into harness, and make Pegasus do his day's work steadily, like an ignoble steed. He told her of all his countless schemes and projects; and she, to whom the profession of literature had become the most noble profession under heaven, heard and gave her whole heart to them, without a single reserve of prudence or recommendation to concentrate; they were quite unanimous in running this brilliant race, and Percy's breast expanded as he stood looking out upon that great plain, with Mary leaning on his arm, and the fresh wind tossing his wavy hair about his temples, at thought of all that he could do.

"I'll make thee famous with my pen," quoted Percy, half laughing and half in earnest—

"I'll serve thee in such glorious ways,  
As ne'er were known before;  
I'll deck and crown my head with bays,  
And love thee evermore."

"Should it not be *my* head you crown with bays—is that not the strain of the song?" said Mary, looking up to him as his eyes brightened under the influence of the verse. "You are only the crowner—you are not the crowned."

"Ah, Montrose knew better," said Percy. "If I crown my head with bays, I am a more creditable vassal. You will rather conquer the conqueror than hold a slave in your fetters; the bays are not emblems of great enough

royalty for a poet's bride; it is only her knight, her vassal, her sworn servant, who must be laureated. Stars, or the living sunshine, are the only fitting crown for the brow of her beauty, which is above fame; the man has honour to win, but the lady of his thoughts is above his honour; the rewarder and inspirer of it, throned in an atmosphere higher than his bays and his fightings. Yes, yes, Montrose knew the homage he could offer—not the bays, but the love.”

And Mary Cumberland cast down her eyes, and bent her pretty head in humility almost painful. This ethereal type of womanhood was not “*me*.” She was ashamed of herself, to have all these undeserved glories laid upon her. Her atmosphere was not so high, nor her world so pure as the poet represented it, and Mary was humbled with too much praise. Yes, he had crowned his head with laurels, fresh and noble; he had taken the universal heart by storm, and raised a fairy temple of fame for himself; and all the store he set by it was to make his homage more worthy of *her*—of that Mary Cumberland who boasted of being one of the common people, neither intellectual nor superior. Mary went by his side very humbly after this conversation; the

burden of his song rang in her ears, “and love thee evermore.” Mary’s fancy was singing as she listened to his voice rather vaguely, more for the music of it than to understand its words; she could be even with him in that one particular,—it was a comfort to Mary.

And Zaidee sat at home thinking over this strange chance which had befallen the family—wondering how she could have been so glad of it last night—how she could have shut her eyes to its important bearing on her own fate! Percy would by-and-by become a member of the family, and know all its secrets; Percy would soon have perfect acquaintance with all that his bride knew of her—Mary’s suspicions perhaps—her own request to Mary,—a hundred circumstances which only Mary could remember. She sat in desolate idleness, twining her fingers together, and looking blankly towards the future. When this engagement ended in the marriage to which they all began to look forward, this place was no longer a shelter for Zaidee. Were it but for her own self, she could not endure close intercourse with the family so infinitely dear to her. She could not meet Aunt Vivian—Philip—all of them, as strangers. She must go away.

#### CHAPTER XXII.—PERCY’S SHORTCOMINGS.

“My dear love, you are losing all your beautiful colour—you are pining to a shadow,” said Mrs Burtonshaw. “We must go home, Elizabeth. I will go home with you myself if Maria Anna will not hear reason, and the sweet air of Sylvo’s place will set you up again, my dear child.”

Mrs Burtonshaw could not be sufficiently grateful for this constant affection, which rewarded Sylvo so abundantly for Mary’s loss. She exhausted herself in solicitude for the unconscious Zaidee, who never dreamed of any special reason for this excessive kindness. Except in the lengthened confidences which brought Mary every evening into Zaidee’s room, and delayed their rest till far into the night, Zaidee had lost her companion. Mr Cumberland had

given his consent by this time in an odd letter—a curious contrast to the eloquent one which Percy sent to him, and to the elegant epistle full of notes of admiration in which Mrs Cumberland had intimated the event, and her own wonder; so that the way was quite without an obstacle, and the course of this true love threatened to run provokingly smooth, and to have no obstructions. There began to be considerable talk even in Zaidee’s chamber, where sentiment was a little more prevalent than formerly, of the *trousseau*, and the important preparations of the wedding. There was a great flutter among the attendant maids, who had come here with the family, and a general excitement and expectation of the great event which began to draw near.

On one of these evenings, when Mary followed Zaidee up-stairs, no longer finding any occasion to extinguish the light, the old spark of mirth was dancing once more in Mary's eye. "I have given up being humble, Elizabeth," said Mary; "I have no such extraordinary occasion as I fancied myself to have; he is not so immaculate after all, Lizzy. I am very glad; a perfect man would be a sad weariness. He has human frailty in him. The lofty Percy Vivian, who has only to say the word and his hero or his heroine is forthwith endowed with fairy fortune, is much troubled with the vulgar question of ways and means, Elizabeth. He has been making a great many confessions to me. He is quite afraid to bring Mr Cumberland's daughter into poverty, and talks of taking advantage of 'our goodness.' He should have thought of that in time."

"But you did not think he was rich," said Zaidee hastily. Zaidee's face flushed with a little family pride. She was not content to hear a Vivian spoken of so.

"Of course, I did not think him rich," said Mary, "and I am sure I did not care whether he was rich or poor. I don't believe he ever thought of it himself, till Aunt Burtonshaw had been saying something of my fortune; and when I came in, I saw something was wrong; he was restless and disturbed, Elizabeth, and his eyes were flashing about everywhere. Now, when I think of it, his eyes are not unlike your eyes, and he was a little haughty, and a great deal troubled. After a long time, I prevailed on him to tell me, and it appears that Mr Percy Vivian has been an extravagant young gentleman, Lizzy; that he is not quite prepared, after all, for entering upon what mamma calls 'new responsibilities,' as he was so anxious to do; and that something more is necessary than papa's consent. We are not running quite so smooth after all, you see," said Mary, with a little sigh; "I believe he has followed Sylvio's example, and taken a cigar into his counsel. There is a little red spark down below there, pacing up and down through the darkness. He has confided his trouble to me very

frankly, Lizzy; but when I tried to hint at that poor little fortune of mine, you should have seen what a glance he gave me. I may sympathise, or I may advise, but I cannot try to assist; I see he must do it all by himself."

"He must do it all by himself," echoed Zaidee eagerly. Zaidee forgot for the moment everything but that she was a Vivian, and looked almost as haughty at the idea of Mary Cumberland's fortune as Percy himself could do; "but Mr Vivian was of a good family, you told me; will not they set him right?"

"Like those bad princes that Aunt Burtonshaw talks about," said Mary, laughing, "who had all their debts paid when they suffered themselves to be 'settled.' I do not think I ought to talk like this. Percy only told me, because I plagued him to know what was the matter, and he said he must tell papa; but I do not think he thought it anything to laugh at. I do not suppose they can be people of fortune, Lizzy, for his elder brother is in India. Why should he be there, if there was a good estate at home?"

"Does Mr Vivian speak of him?" said Zaidee. Zaidee could by no means explain to herself why Philip was in India, nor what reason he could have had for leaving the Grange.

"Yes, he speaks of him. One would think he was a *preux chevalier*, and he is only a merchant—an Indian prince's agent—a something in business," said Mary, who was a little jealous of this much-commended brother. "Percy says Philip—that is his brother's name—used to send him an allowance to help him to prosecute his studies, till he gave up the law for literature, and had a great deal of money of his own, and did not want it any more. Do you know Percy really is a barrister, Elizabeth? He could go and plead to-morrow, if any one gave him a brief. I do not know if he is a good lawyer, but I am sure he is an orator by nature. I am certain he would win his plea. I do not believe he ever failed in anything. You need not smile; it is a simple truth. It would kill Percy to fail."

"And his brother—he whom you

call Philip?" asked Zaidee, with hesitation. "Mary, he will help him now."

"I do not know," said Mary slowly; "perhaps Percy will not ask him. I think he will resume his profession, and work very hard, and get over his difficulty by himself. He will not give up literature, of course; but I am sure, if he devoted himself to his profession, he might be lord-chancellor, Elizabeth!"

For Mary Cumberland's well-regulated and sensible mind had been dazzled into an overweening admiration for the genius of her betrothed. Somewhat cynical of every other excellence, Mary had yielded all the more completely to this one, in which she believed. She was not much given to exercising faith where reason was practicable, but in the present case the neglected capabilities of belief and enthusiasm avenged themselves on Mary. She delivered herself over to this overpowering fascination. She who was so wary and cautious in her ordinary judgments, believed in Percy with the blindest faith. There was nothing too glorious for his attainment, nothing too great for him to reach. Her sober fancy borrowed and exaggerated the glowing colours of his poetic imagination. Everywhere else the earth was common soil to Mary Cumberland; the days were working days, the men and the women very ordinary people; but all the vague indefinite charms which a youthful imagination throws upon the general surface of the world were gathered into one for Mary. There was but one magician sufficiently potent to throw this spell upon her; but now, when she was fairly enthralled by the magical influence, she gave up her whole heart to it, and reasoned no more.

But here was a temporary pause in the smooth current of their love. Percy's wooing must not blossom into Percy's marriage quite so rapidly as that ardent young gentleman had intended. All these wanderings over the hill of Malvern, those charmed walks and fairy twilights, must be interrupted by a laborious necessity, and their renewal indefinitely postponed. Percy would have started for

town that same night could he have had his will, but being persuaded to wait till the morning, he waited longer; a day or two did not so much signify—and a world of plans were formed and discussed, and little time lost, as these two well-occupied people thought. Zaidee did not even have that evening's report of the day's proceedings, which at first had indemnified her for the loss of Mary's society. Mary's thoughts and time were alike swallowed up by Percy Vivian; and Zaidee, whose interest in Percy no one suspected, wondered by herself over the family circumstances unknown to her, and could not understand why Philip went to India, or how Percy's allowance during his time of study should come from him. Could some new and unthought-of misfortune have plucked the little possessions of Briarford out of Philip's hands once more? But Percy still spoke of the Grange. Zaidee wasted many an hour in wonder, but without comprehension. She had relinquished all that *she* had, seven years ago, when she left her home. Whatever difficulties they might be in, even if by chance they should come to poverty, as Zaidee's old vision was, she could no longer help them now. It was bootless for her to ponder Percy's difficulties—to wonder why Philip should not help him—but Zaidee could think of nothing else, as she bore Mrs Cumberland and Mrs Burtonshaw company in that little drawing-room, or sat in her own chamber alone.

When Percy did go away at last, it was at night. He could not set out upon his journey, he protested, while the morning light lay so sweetly upon these heights of Malvern, and when there was a whole day to be enjoyed. He proposed setting out when he had said good-night—when there was no more to be seen of Mary for all these hours of darkness; and when another moment's lingering would have made him too late, Percy dashed off in great haste, and went whirling past their gate in the night coach, which he caught, with his usual good fortune, after it had left its starting-place. When the sound of its wheels had died into the distance, Mary turned

from the window with a sigh. She was very anxious for the breaking-up of the little party this evening—very anxious to take Zaidee's arm, and hurry her up-stairs. Mary had no patience for mamma and Aunt Bur-

tonshaw in the sudden relapse into languor and quietness which followed Percy's farewell, and she had more than usual occasion for her confidence, and more than common news to carry to Zaidee to-night.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE HISTORY OF THE VIVIANs.

"I have never heard a stranger story," said Mary Cumberland; "it is like romance. I am very sure it is not like actual life. He only told me last night, and I have had no time to speak to you to-day. Do not stand there, Elizabeth, as if you were marble; you are as pale as marble, indeed. Are you really pining for Sylvo's place, as Aunt Burtonshaw persuades herself? And what are you going to do with work—work at this hour of the night? I really do wish you would sit down, Lizzy, and let me tell you my tale."

Zaidee sat down with passive obedience. She did not take the work she had lifted, but she turned her face away from Mary, and sat with a breathless interest in her look, which made her great paleness more apparent. Mary did not observe this; she was full of her own thoughts, and went on.

"His family had a little cousin living with them, and they had been very kind to her; but suddenly a will was found made by Percy's grandfather—who must have been a dreadful person, if all is true that is said of him—leaving the estate to this child. She was quite young, and her name was Zaidee. Mrs Morton's little girl is called after her. Well, of course the family were very much disturbed about this, and they all made up their minds unanimously not to dispute the will—as I should fancy could have been done—but to give up the estate at once to this girl. The eldest son—who is Philip—was especially anxious, and determined to go to India; and when little Zaidee found that she could not persuade them to burn the will, or to take the property from her, what do you think she did, Elizabeth? Percy says she was only a child—not pretty, nor very clever, nor anything particular—she ran away!"

Mary waited an instant for some comment, but, hearing none, resumed her story.

"I think it was very grand of her! whatever you may think, Elizabeth; and though it was a very foolish thing, you know, and gave them great distress and trouble, I think it was very grand of that child. They never could find her, though they were once very near; so where she is, or if she is living at all, they have no knowledge—they cannot tell anything at all of her. She may be in Malvern here, or she may be at the end of the world. They advertised, and did all sorts of things, but Zaidee was never heard of again."

Zaidee listened to all this, and was silent; she had clasped her hands together so tightly that they were some support to her, and her heart was leaping against her breast with such loud throbs that she feared lest Mary should hear. Another vehement aching pulse beat in Zaidee's temples. Her slight figure now and then was swept by a sudden shuddering; but she felt that on her self-denial now depended all her hope of eluding discovery; and with an effort of which she could not have believed herself capable, she kept herself from trembling, and cleared her choking voice to speak. "What then?" said Zaidee. Her whole force was strained to make the tone of these two little syllables clear and calm; no trace of the burning anxiety with which she listened, nor of her passion of fear and excitement, was betrayed in her voice,—"What then?" but no effort could have strengthened her to say more.

"I suppose she had thought they would remain quietly in possession of the estate after she was gone," said Mary, in her lightness of speech—and every word that Mary spoke was a

revelation to Zaidee; “of course that was what she meant, the poor, foolish child; but her running away did not make any difference, except to embarrass them all the more: for you could never expect that Philip—Philip must be very proud, I am afraid, Elizabeth—would be content to have the estate after the heiress had run away; so, when he could not find her, Philip went to India, and Percy came to London, and Mrs Morton was married,—all these changes happened at the same time; and their mother and their two younger sisters were left in the Grange.”

Another dreadful pause, and Zaidee must compel herself to speak again. “But at least *they* are there now,” said Zaidee. Her great strain of excitement was slackened a little; she was no longer in doubt; she saw the whole; and, with bitter disappointment and mortification, marvelled at her own blindness, which could not foresee this certain failure of her childish sacrifice.

“They are there now,” said Mary—and Mary’s light and sprightly tones fell so strangely upon this heart which was troubled to its very depths; “at least the old lady is there now, for I am not sure whether one or both of the sisters are married. Mrs Vivian must be a very active old lady, Elizabeth. Percy says she manages all the estate, and looks after everything; and if this little cousin should ever be found, she will be a very great heiress—one of the richest in the country—for the rents have been accumulating ever since she ran away. Percy does not think she will ever be found now, it is so long since they lost her; and I do not know who all this money will go to, I am sure; but that is why his own family cannot help him in his difficulties—none of them would touch this that is left for Zaidee, however great the necessity might be. Now is it not a very strange tale?”

The conclusion of the story restored Zaidee to herself; she had heard all Mary knew of these dearest friends, whom she yearned at all times to hear of, and she recalled her mind to the present moment, and left all this startling intelligence to be considered

hereafter. Slowly, and with pain, she unclosed the white hands which had held to each other with such a fixed and deadly grasp, and constrained the sobbing sigh which struggled in her breast. She knew that her face did not betray her when she turned it to the light; she saw that Mary’s eyes were quite unsuspecting, and her composure unbroken; and she felt her heart expand with a strange satisfaction in her own power—she had been able to listen to all this, yet make no sign.

“In other circumstances, Percy could have had little difficulty; but he must do all for himself now, and we must delay. It does not trouble *me*,” said Mary, with a blush; “but it troubles Percy, and I am afraid he must be more than a little embarrassed. It was natural that he should live as he had been used to live; and then he got a great deal of money for writing, you know, and was so much applauded, and invited everywhere. I do not wonder at it in the least, Elizabeth; it was the most natural thing in the world. I am afraid it will be some time before he is able to encounter ‘new responsibilities,’ Lizzy. I am afraid it will be a long time—perhaps two or three years. If he should happen to make an extraordinary impression in the first case he conducts—as I have no doubt he will—it may be different; but otherwise, we will have to be patient, and he must work, and I must cheer him all I can.”

Mary ended with a little sigh; then she took up one of the lights, and gave her good-night kiss to Zaidee, listlessly, and went out of the room with a languid step. Percy was gone; there was a long working-day of labour and anxiety before the brilliant, versatile genius. Mary, in her undoubting confidence in him, did not inquire how he would bear this ordeal; but she felt that it must be a very wearisome, tedious time, and she yielded to a little natural depression as she went slowly to her rest.

But there was no rest for Zaidee that night. When she had closed her door, she returned to think over all this story—the story of her family and of herself. She could not sit still to

contemplate this glimpse of her home; she wandered through the little chamber, by turns calling upon one and another, with tears and an unspeakable yearning. She fancied she saw Aunt Vivian alone in the Grange, every one of them gone away from her; no Philip to support her declining years, not even pretty Sophy, perhaps, to gladden her mother's heart. Alone—all by herself—Zaidee's fairy godmother, employed in anxious cares for the lost child; while Philip, under the burning Eastern skies, toiled to achieve for himself the fortune of which Zaidee had deprived him at home. With an eager and hasty anxiety, her thoughts laboured to find some other means of making effectual her futile and useless sacrifice. All these years she had been consoling herself, in her simplicity, with the thought that she had done justice; but she had not done justice; her labour and exile, and martyrdom of love, were all in vain. Zaidee could not tell what side to turn to in her momentary despair; she had lost her name, her home, her identity; but she had not fulfilled that last command of Grandfather Vivian: with all her anxiety, and all her exertion, she had still supplanted Philip; the house was desolate, and the heir in a far country, and on Zaidee's heart lay the weight of it all.

She could have hated her own for-

lorn existence—she could have prayed again her child's prayer to die; but Zaidee was a woman now, and had not any longer the boldness and the ignorance of the child to justify these cries of her grieving heart. When she lay down upon her bed for form's sake, and when she rose again in the early dawning, her mind followed, without intermission, a serious question—a matter of life or death. She had failed—and now, how to succeed—how to put her urgent duty beyond reach of failure? She had attained to an elder age, and a more mature understanding; but she was still simple, youthful, inexperienced, and knew of no certain means to attain her object. A thousand impracticable plans crowded upon her as she stood at the window, watching the sun climb up the eastern sky. Mary was dreaming the morning dreams of youth and happiness; Percy was resting from his night journey, and even in his sleep impetuously pressing forward to over-vault his difficulties. Where was Philip, in his far-away exile, near yonder sunrising? But had they seen this beautiful face, gazing with wistful eyes upon the golden light of the morning, neither Percy nor Philip could have dreamed that this was Zaidee, labouring, in her secret heart, with prayers and plans a hundredfold, to restore to his inheritance the exiled heir of the Grange.



## THE BALTIC IN 1855.

## PART II.

IN estimating the elements of Russian defence—in describing the material form it presented at Cronstadt—we made no mention of man; yet man and his labour constitute its real strength and vitality; and no true calculation can be made of it as a whole without taking account of these, as the means by which the system has been raised, and must be maintained. Russia's strength—both aggressive and defensive—lies, no doubt, in the possession of masses of men, and in the entire command and disposal which despotism gives her over them: in defence especially she finds therein a compensation for her deficiency in other resources—a power which enables her to combat the art and science of more civilised nations. During this struggle she has used this power—this resource—ruthlessly, yet effectively; she has worked her men as we would our steam-engines, but she has thereby baffled our chivalry and skill in the Crimea, and nullified our steam force in the Baltic. She has set man-power against steam, muscle against mechanical skill, masses against valour—and the result has been an amount of resistance, and an equality betwixt the aggressive and defensive forces, which we hardly expected. The present state of Cronstadt exemplifies such a result. Last year there was a consciousness on both sides that the place was assailable; on both sides there was a sense of weakness. The enemy knew that his defence was in some degree open to the vantage of steam attack; we felt that we had not the proper means to make that attack with success. The campaign closed virtually in September, and could not open again until May, thus leaving to both an interval of many months for preparation—for supplying deficiencies, and remedying defects in their adopted mode of warfare. When the allied fleet appeared once more before Cronstadt, it found that the foe had employed its mechanism of bone and sinew well and vigorously in repairing

old and creating new defences. The weakness had become strength. Did we also make our advance prepared and ready? Alas! what we lacked at first, we lacked now. The gunboats were still too few; we were still too weak for attack. Spite of our steam-manufacturing and mechanical resources, man-power had beaten us. Much allowance must be made for the energy with which it was wielded, and the apathy which had stagnated our own arrangements; but even in what has been done, the evidence of man-power as the vital source of the antagonists we have to encounter, stands forth so prominently, that we could not rightly value Cronstadt without reckoning it as a main agent therein—without considering the fact that the living element is equal to the material—that these forts are no empty vaunts—that within and behind these walls abides a mass of at least forty thousand men, ready all to dig or build—to fight and to be slain in heaps at one despotic command.

The fact of these forty thousand wills, these forty thousand bodies, all in subjection to one purpose, gives a stern meaning to the batteries of Cronstadt; gives us a strong warning that we must not sleep, that we must gird up our strength, rouse all our energies, and gather in all our resources to meet a force which is ever acting, ever preparing against our attack, if we would conquer our enemy's defences. It was said at the beginning of the war, in reference to Russia's soldiers and sailors, that ill-paid, ill-fed, ill-clad slaves would neither work nor fight, and that they would assuredly fail their masters in the hour of need; but despotism has shown that it possesses some strong principle which can extract from men as much of labour, endurance, suffering, and obedience as human nature is capable of rendering. It cannot beget chivalry or high heroism, but it can command a dogged resolution, a disciplined obedience, which, after

them, are perhaps the qualities most effective in military operations. Manpower has done great things, left vast monuments, vast signs and tokens in the past; and now it is achieving a defence which will form a marked page in the annals of military history.

So wholly martial, so wholly a tenement of war seems the place we are looking at, that it is hard to associate it with civil or social life, much less with commerce; and yet hither and hence flows and reflows the great current of Russian trade. In peaceful times, whole fleets of merchantships sail beneath those grim fortresses, carrying out their freights of machinery and cotton, and bearing back cargoes of flax, hemp, tallow, and timber. An unromantic traffic, yet it meets many of our commercial wants, and feeds the luxury of many a palace at St Petersburg. Entire lords of the soil, the nobles are the chief exporters of its products; and so much are their revenues dependent on this trade, that it is said English gold buys the crops ere they are sown, and that English capital furnishes the means of production. The course of this trade is now dammed up. Our commercial enterprise has already opened other sources of supply, and found other markets. Where are theirs? On such battle-ground we should assuredly be victors; but we hope—we men of the sword, we aspirants for martial renown—that to us and to our allies will be given the glory of subduing the foe in the grand assay of arms to which he has provoked us, long ere his might can be frittered away by the slow operation of blockades, closed markets, and suspended commerce. Our traders relate curious incidents in their barter, and tell strange tales of the effect produced on a cocked-hat and green plume by an English cheese, and of the strange power which Yorkshire hams have on the vision of belaced and bespurred functionaries. But our business is not with trade, with cheeses, or hams. Our aim is war. Let us then pursue the system of defence, as it extends itself along the northern shore of the Gulf—a shore which fell into the hands of its conquerors ready armed, strongly by art,

more strongly by nature. The fortress of Sveaborg stood a citadel already built to their hands, and the coast, more broken, more strewn with islands, and more exposed to prevailing gales, than the southern, offers many and great difficulties to inroad or invasion. This shore, so long coveted, so long regarded with wistful eyes—this shore, which would make the sovereignty of the Gulf complete, and convert a hostile frontier into a sea boundary, was an acquisition very alluring to Russian ambition, and very advantageous to Russian policy. The extension of territory, the addition of so many square miles of empire, and so many heads of people, are in themselves, without any other advantage, motives enough for Russia's aggression. But here was a position which combined for her the possession of a vast seaboard with the dominancy of the North, and she hugged the opportunity which extended such a prize to her grasp. It fell an easy prey—European politics aided the conquest. Gold won its great fortress from traitor hands, and gave it to new masters in all its virgin strength, unassayed, unsubdued by arms. The country and people could offer little temptation. Cold and sterile, Finland became the last refuge, the last home of the Finnic race. Driven by stronger migrations from their first settlements and conquests, they retreated hither. Seas and oceans barred their further wanderings, so they spread themselves along its fens and forests, and sat down quietly beside its lakes, rivers, and shores. Broken in spirit and in fortune, they subsided gradually into subjection under the Teutonic knights, Swedes, Russians, or any power which claimed sovereignty over the land—sank into a state simple and rude as their ancient nomadic condition, only lacking its wildness and movement. Thus they have remained for centuries, advancing little with the tide of progress, and retaining many of their nomadic characteristics and habits. To chase the elk in their forests, to trap the fox and marten for their furs, to fish in their turbid streams or lakes, are still more congenial modes of livelihood than to dig, or plough, or reap. Necessity, however, in many places

compels them to agriculture, and there are many slopes and valleys, lying betwixt the hills and beside the rivers, which even now stand thick with corn, and are green with rich pasturage, in which large herds of cattle and horses are fed.

They boast, these Finns, of a sort of liberty, in an exemption from serfdom, though subject ever to a foreign power, and little raised in actual life above the condition of a serf; and, doubtless, this consciousness of individual freemanship makes the black bread more sweet, the cold less chilling, the toil less heavy, and the squalid homes less dark and dreary. These homes are wretched enough in appearance. The houses are built of pines, roughly hewn and rudely joisted together, the interstices being filled up by a lining of moss. The rural population live scattered about in hamlets formed of these houses, heaped irregularly together, on ground often only partially cleared, and enclosed by a rude paling. The Finns have no noble class; the merchants, the officials, and the dwellers in cities, form their aristocracy. The cities, which are all on the coast, boast a moderate civilisation, and are peopled chiefly by the functionaries and soldiers of Russia, who keep aloof and apart from the natives. These Russian garrisons and this corps of officials stand amid the people, much as the Norman castles stood at first amid the Saxon peasantry, awing and repressing them, but aiding little in the cause of civilisation or amalgamation.

The Finns have one luxury—salt; one source of wealth and traffic in the beautiful Baltic pines, which have no equal in other countries, and for which, in certain species of workmanship, no substitute can be found. Both the luxury and the traffic have been cut off by our blockade. They can get no salt wherewith to prepare their winter store, and daily see the small vessels laden with planks of deal for exportation, or firewood for St Petersburg, seized by our cruisers. As these prizes are made, we can think without pity that many a palace gate in the capital may thereby be fireless, but it grieves us to feel that war compels us to throw the shadow of pri-

vation over the squalid content of these poor Finns.

Even such a country and such a people have been turned to the account of despotism. The country, as we said before, gave the command of a sea and an ocean boundary—things more acceptable to Russian aggrandisement than a wealth of products or an internal prosperity; the people, skilful at sea from early training in the fishing and coasting trade, were eagerly seized for the Russian navy, and made the picked crews of the Baltic fleet. So much for Finland and the Finns. Let us turn again to the shore. Low and wooded, it has rather bolder features than the southern coast, and does not, like it, run into wide bays, and out in long promontories, but breaks into narrow indents, creeks, and inlets, and is bordered ever by thousands of islets, which lie thickly clustered together in a minute intricacy resembling the tracery of a tessellated pavement, or the mazes of a gossamer web. Strange and eccentric are the figures—the fretted points, the jagged indents, and the irregular sinuosities—which the coast works as it winds onward. Starting from Cronstadt, and leaving the close narrow funnel end of the Gulf, we find for the distance of twenty miles that its shores begin to bend outwards, until it opens into its greatest width in the bay of Narva on the south, and in Trans-Sund on the north side. Betwixt these, though nearer the southern shore, is the island of Seskar, which is now a station for a portion of the English fleet. To the north, the shore rounds suddenly into a bay and fine anchorage near the island of Biorke, and, winding thence, makes its first and largest indent in Trans-Sund. At the end of this stands Viborg, a considerable town, and the capital of a province, included in the government of Finland, though a much older possession. The passage, however, from the entrance is intricate and difficult, and in many parts so narrow, that ships passing through would be exposed to the fire of rifles from either banks: near the town, too, it is defended by earthwork batteries and a barrier of piles, behind which are war-steamers. Lower down, in other islets, are the

towns of Fredericksham and Lovisa, places of some importance, and which have been the objects of attacks hereafter to be narrated. Following the shore hence as it bends rather more to the southward, we arrive at Helsingfors and its fortress of Sveaborg, a name of strength. Here we are arrested by the second great stronghold—the second point in Russian defence. Though only the adaptation of her policy, not its creation, Sveaborg stands before us still as another index of Russia's system—another proof of her strength. The natural advantages of Sveaborg, as and for a naval station, though different, are as great and peculiar as those of Cronstadt. Its position near the mouth of the Gulf gives it a primary importance to a power which would stretch its empire onwards—marking the stages by strongholds, until Bothnia and the Baltic become as much a Russian sea as the Gulf of Finland: its harbour, its strength, the vicinity of the pine forests, all increase its value to a power which would create and maintain a great navy.

At a point on the northern shore, almost opposite to Revel, but rather more to the eastward, where the land circles in a bight, and then, springing out, spreads like a mushroom into a broad low promontory, stands Helsingfors—a stately city, with its squares, streets, promenades, dockyards, and official buildings. More central in position, it has superseded Abo as a capital, and become the seat of government, or rather the headquarters of the military rule which subjects the land. From the lowest point of this promontory a chain of small islands stretches for about a mile and a half to the south, and then, bending to the eastward till it again meets the mainland, completely encloses a magnificent basin, broad, deep, spacious, and sheltered, like a lake. Nature had made this a haven. Its advantages also as a naval station, its size, its security, the difficulty of access, and the capacity for defence, were too great to be overlooked; and there Sweden, in its palmy days, when its strength was unbroken and its pride unquelled, when it could stand face to face and

foot to foot with its great rival, built its ships and fixed its power. The place, position, and character of the defences declared themselves. The islands in the eastern part of the chain being comparatively large, and divided only by narrow channels, possess almost the impenetrability of a promontory, but betwixt the east of these (Back Holmen) and the city a number of islands, smaller, more open, and scattered, form the south-west face of the harbour. Amid these were five, which lay nestled so closely together in a group, and were so situated relatively, that they could be all easily joined and united as parts in one whole of defence. On these Sweden set its fortress of Sveaborg. Built on rocky foundations, constructed according to the rules of regular art, and planned so that though each island was a complete fort in itself, the five might be still constituent parts of one great work, it was long numbered among the strong places of the world, and stood pre-eminent as the stronghold of the North. Sveaborg has been often styled the Gibraltar of the North, but to military eyes it will suggest a greater resemblance to Malta. Like that island-fortification, it is, though on a much smaller scale, a combination of detached forts; like it, has its walls built on and out of the rock itself, many of its embrasures hewn and its slopes scarped from the solid stone of its own basement; like it, its ramparts rise tier above tier, frowning down on deep narrow passages; and it, also, is esteemed a model of art. This island-fortress follows next in proximity to Back Holmen, which we spoke of as the last link of the eastern bend. Betwixt the latter and Gustavsvard, the southernmost fort, which hangs like a pendant from the rest, flows the chief channel or entrance to the haven of Helsingfors. This channel, though deep, is only about one hundred and fifty yards in breadth, and twice as much in length. On the side of Back Holmen it was quite naked of defences, but the rock-built, rock-hewn batteries of Gustavsvard flank it with a strong and heavy fire, and, as the chain here makes a sudden turn to the north, the inner end of the entrance is overlapped and

raked by the guns from the south faces of Vargon and Oster or East Svarto. These islands lie north of Gustavsvard, nearly abreast of each other, are the principal in size and importance, and form, as it were, the mainland of the group. Vargon, the chief and centre, is the citadel, to which the others, attached by causeways and bridges, serve as outworks. Its fortifications, planned on scientific principles, and comprehending all the regular details of ravelin, lunette, bastion, cavalier, &c., command, overtop, and enfilade all the rest, though its main batteries bear towards the south-west or sea side, and the entrance to the harbour. A little military town, with its church, barracks, and official houses, stands within its lines; behind its south-west bastions are large magazines; a larger one is placed on the north-east shore, and near it appears a most extensive range of docks for galleys. A pontoon bridge and causeway connect Vargon with East Svarto, a large long island, which lies close to it on the harbour side, and though surrounded by fortified lines, has few guns mounted, except on the south side. Its central space is appropriated to ground for the exercise of troops, gardens, barracks, and provision stores. Along the north and eastern side, facing the harbour, are sheds for one hundred and sixty gunboats, and immense stacks of wood; on that next to Vargon stands an extensive arsenal. Directly north of this and Vargon, Lilla, Svarto, and West Svarto, complete the cluster of islands and the chain of defences. At a little distance from the latter is a detached islet called Lang-örn, strongly fortified also; these together defend another passage, which leads into the north or inner harbour, and though less deep and practicable than the main one, is still available, especially for small vessels. One other island, Stora Rantan, originally unfortified, carries on the chain to the mainland of Helsingfors.

Let us review briefly this position and defence of the enemy as it existed at the beginning of the war. There was a fine harbour formed by a bight in the land, and a barrier of islands which circled from one side of it to

the other. In its centre was an anchorage for ships of war, sheltered and spacious; and if this were not secure enough, there was an inner one close under the walls of the town still more land-locked and more protected. Of the many inlets which led betwixt the islands to these anchorages two only were practicable for attack, and these were guarded by a fortress, the batteries of which would sweep both them and the sea-approaches by a fire from hundreds of guns. There was the fortress itself, strong by nature and art, and amply supplied with all the resources of men, munition, and material,—there was the town, with its garrison of forty thousand men, and its immense reserves of stores, from which the wants of Sveaborg could be readily fed and supplied in case of need, and in front of its walls, for many miles betwixt it and the open waters of the Gulf, lay myriads of islets and sunken rocks, which rendered the navigation difficult, if not perilous, spite of the general depth of water. Across the main channel a three-decker man-of-war had been moored to obstruct the passage, and some earthworks thrown up hastily on Sveaborg. Such was the position. What was its strength—what its weakness? Its strength consisted first, of course, in the character of the fortification, the number of its guns, in the difficulty of approach, and of making an impression on its walls; then, in the facts that nought could be done until Sveaborg was subdued—that it could be attacked on its own ground only by ships, as not a line could be raised against it or a soldier landed on its shores until its fire was silenced and it had become untenable—that ships attempting to force the entrances would be opposed by a crushing fire—and that the strong garrison at Helsingfors rendered a combined attack by land and sea possible only by the presence of a large army.

Its weaknesses were many,—more, perhaps, than are at first apparent, or have been fairly reckoned. In the first place, the islands to the eastward of the chain offered points of occupation, where troops might be landed and batteries erected against the ships in the harbour and the

forts; then the depth of water along the sea face and the absence of a cross fire admitted of ships steaming in within point-blank range, exposed only to the direct fire of the batteries, which, however, would be formidable enough; then there were many points from which Sveaborg and the town it protected were open to the effects of a distant cannonade without the opportunity of return, and the numerous islands which lay at a distance of two thousand yards from the forts, and nearly in a parallel line to them, were so many sites for batteries: any and each of these weaknesses suggested a separate plan of attack—combined, they presented an opportunity which might have been fatal to the enemy; but the means or the will were wanting. The opportunity passed away. Such was the position in 1854; what was it in 1855? Had the enemy overlooked the weak points, or neglected to strengthen them? Such oversight or neglect was hardly to be expected. When the second campaign opened, the islands of Back Holmen, Kung's Holmen, and all the prominent points of the mainland on either side, were studded with earthworks, and a two-decker was moored in the passage betwixt Lang-örn and West Svarto, so that General Jones's plan of an attack from Back Holmen had become impracticable, and many places formerly favourable for a distant fire were now effectually commanded.

It will be seen that Sveaborg differed much from Cronstadt in the character of its defences. On paper, or to an unpractised eye, it might look as formidable; but to those who understood naval movements—to those who had rather encounter heavy guns than shoal water, narrow passages, and pile barriers—to those who held it the highest vantage to close with an enemy, it would seem an easier enterprise. It was doubtless more accessible, more assailable. So thought Russia, for she withdrew her ships from thence at the first opportunity. Near Helsingfors is the fine anchorage of Baro Sound, and lower down the Gulf are the Hango forts—the objects last year of our mock demonstration—now deserted posts, abandoned by the enemy on account of their confessed weakness. Rounding

the turning of the Gulf, and threading an intricacy of passages greater than has yet been met, we arrive at Abo, the ancient capital of Finland, and there find the usual obstacles of boom-barrier and earthwork.

Thus have we traversed the Gulf of Finland, surveyed its shores, reconnoitred its strongholds, and noted, as we were able, the details of Russian defence. Let us view it for a moment as a whole. The line of this defence includes two shores of a narrow sea, which flows betwixt different divisions of the empire. This line is guarded by strong military positions at all the prominent points of attack, three of these being naval stations, and two first-class fortresses: it is occupied by large bodies of troops, connected by a chain of posts, and capable of speedy concentration or reinforcement; and a system of telegraphs keeps up a communication throughout it. Its great extent would be a weakness did the different parts depend on the capital for supplies, but each province has its own corps, and can feed its own seaboard strongholds from its own resources. Long preparation had provided everywhere abundant war *materiel*, had strengthened the different posts; the weak ones were abandoned, and the ships withdrawn within their defences. Thus, trusting to the number of her men, the extent of her war resources, to the difficulty of her shores, and the strength of her fortresses, Russia stood on her defence. The great objects of this defence were to maintain her seaboard intact, and to preserve her navy.

This defence suggested several modes of attack: one was to seize the Aland Islands as a *point d'appui*; thence to carry on a series of combined operations by sea and land successively against Abo, Helsingfors, Vyborg, and the strong places of Finland, and thus wrest from the enemy the possession of one of his lines of coast and the military dominancy of a province. This, however, demanded the co-operation of an army, and more time, perhaps, than a summer campaign could have afforded. Another was, by an organised plan of assault on one or both of the great fortresses,

to break the line of defence, destroy the fleet and resources, and thereby strike a blow at the life of the naval power of Russia. The proper execution of this required a large force of gun-boats and mortars, skill and opportunity. A third was simply to drive the enemy within his lines, to blockade his seas and ports; a naval force which he feared to meet would suffice for this purpose.

A brief narrative of the events of the year 1855 will best show how much or little we, as assailants, adopted any or either of these modes. Such a narrative will perchance appear tame to a public already glutted with highly spiced and highly embellished accounts, in which the blowing up a deserted fort, the burning of storehouses, and the capture of wood boats, were described in terms grandiloquent and lengthy enough to have sufficed for announcing such battles as Copenhagen or Algiers. The exaggeration of military exploits is ever the bane of military glory. The meed of praise or reward lightly won leaves no incentive to real heroism; the self-laudation of small deeds gives little promise of great ones.

In our last chapter we left the allied fleets anchored off the north shore of Cronstadt.

No change disturbed, no event varied, the monotony of their blockade, save light skirmishes with telegraph stations, and chases after poor wood-boats. The expedition to Narva has been already alluded to. Men's minds were still anxiously turned to the future.

On the 14th July the two British admirals, accompanied by the French squadron, and taking with them the greater part of the gun-boats, and all the mortar-vessels, departed for Nargen, leaving Admiral Baines, with eleven line-of-battle ships, in the old anchorage off the Tolbuken.

Meanwhile a flying squadron, under Captain Yelverton, consisting of the Arrogant, Magicienne, and Ruby gun-boats, with occasional changes and additions, made frequent raids and incursions on the shore betwixt Vyborg and Helsingfors. A numerous fleet of unarmed boats was captured at Kotka; at Svartholm, near the entrance to Lovisa, a large fort, from

which the garrison had fled, was blown up, immense ranges of barracks and storehouses, and great quantities of war material, were burnt or destroyed. A landing was effected in the town of Lovisa itself, which was accidentally set on fire during the night; at Fredericksham a battery was engaged, silenced, and great loss of life, it was supposed, inflicted on the enemy; the whole coast was harried, and much mischief done.

An attempt to inflict the same destruction on Vyborg failed signally. The Ruby and boats detached from the Arrogant and Magicienne having proceeded within sight of the town, found their farther advance checked by a strong barrier and a masked battery, and were obliged to withdraw, their retreat being harassed by the fire of riflemen from the banks, and impeded by the explosion of a magazine in one of their own boats.

Thus the month of July passed away. It was well known now that an expedition against Sveaborg was meditated, and men's interest was speedily turned from the small actions of the summer to the expectation of this greater enterprise. The admirals remained at Nargen, maturing their plans, and awaiting the arrival of reinforcements, and fresh supplies of ammunition, and other *materiel*. Early in August the vessels were all assembled and arrangements completed. On the 6th the allied squadrons left Nargen and appeared before Sveaborg. The British force consisted of two liners, four block-ships, four screw-frigates, four large paddle-wheel, and several smaller steamers, sixteen mortar and sixteen gun boats. The French had their line-of-battle ships, five mortar and five gun boats. On the 8th the position, which had been already planned, was taken up. Nearly south-west of Vargon, and at a distance of about 3300 yards from it, is the small island of Oterhall. This was the site of a reconnoissance in the early part of the year, and to the left and right of it the mortar-vessels were moored head and stern, at an average range of 3200 yards,—hawsers being laid out, whereby the distance might be altered according to circumstances. Lieut. Hobart was intrusted with the naval management

of these vessels. The mortars were manned by men of the Royal Marine Artillery, and Captain Wemyss of that corps had the chief charge and direction of them; Captains Lawrence and Schomberg, commanding divisions under him, and nine subalterns, being distributed among the different vessels. The gun-boats, arranged in several divisions, were to take their stations respectively about 400 or 500 yards in advance of the right, left, right and left centre of this line; five, under Commander Preedy, were to manœuvre in front, and rather in prolongation of the extreme left; two, under the orders of Captain Stewart, were placed round Oterhall; and seven more, commanded by Captains Ramsay, Glasse, and Vansittart, occupied the right and right centre. Two others, armed with Lancaster guns, under the orders and direction of Captain Hewlett, were to assail the three-decker moored in the channel. In front of our right the French planted four mortars on the island of Ny Rantan, and in rear of and around it their gun and mortar boats took position. The Cornwallis, Hastings, and Amphion, at some distance to the eastward, occupied the attention of the batteries on Sandhamm and Kung's Holmen. The flag-ships and other liners were anchored out of range in rear of the left or western division; a frigate and the paddle-wheel steamers behind Oterhall forming a reserve to the different parts of the attack. The Arrogant, Cossack, and Cruiser kept in check some troops landed on the island of Drumsir to the westward.

Thus disposed, our force occupied a position parallel to the line of the forts from Back Holmen to Lang-örn, threatening and commanding all the different points.

Between seven and eight in the morning of the 9th the first shell was fired,—it was a trial shot. Many eyes watched its course. It fell well and truly. The range was good. Then mortar after mortar opened fire, and their shells burst in the very heart of Vargon—a little white cloud rising where each had sped its way. Soon after, the gun-boats took up their stations about four or five hundred yards in advance of the mortars, moving hither and thither, circling and wheel-

ing, passing and repassing—ever in motion, never giving a fixed point for aim, so that the shot plunged about and around them, without taking a life or striking a splinter. Their fire was directed chiefly against Stora Rantan, now armed by a battery, Lang-örn, West Svarto, and the two-decker lying betwixt them; and was throughout effective. The enemy returned the fire vigorously at first. The cannonade grew loud and heavy—gun answered gun, and “far flashed the red artillery.” About nine o'clock those who witnessed the conflict saw a bright flame and a thick cloud rise from Vargon; presently the flame grew redder and redder, the cloud darker and thicker, and then the whole centre of the fort was wrapped in fire and smoke. Every moment the fire became fiercer and spread wider, until a loud explosion told that it had reached a magazine. Another explosion followed, and about noon one again, louder and heavier, which seemed to shake the very battlements. There is no event of war more striking in effect, more grand, than an explosion. The deep heavy concussion, the bursting cloud, and the eruption of dust and stones, fire and smoke, into the air—the shaking of land and waters, as if by an earthquake, the hush which involuntarily follows, whilst men take breath, and think what has happened,—all these must create a new and startling sensation, even amid the din and blaze of conflict. All day the bombardment continued; the shells fell with deadly aim, and the fire did its wild and devastating work. At night there was no cessation. The gun-boats were recalled, and replaced by rocket-boats. The mortars still threw their missiles, “spreading death-shapes.” The rockets sped, hissing and writhing through the air like fiery serpents, streaking the darkness with meteoric flashes, and the fires of Sveaborg, with “conflagration pale, lit the gloom.” In the morning the gun-boats came to their old posts, and the work began earnestly as ever. The three-decker had been compelled to move from the channel betwixt Gustavsvard and Back Holmen, and find shelter behind East Svarto, where, it is said, she afterwards sank. Towards mid-day the



conflagration seemed to break out afresh and extend to East Svarto; and there finding more combustible material to feed on, burnt more furiously and fiercely than ever, sweeping and rushing on over the buildings, throwing up great jets of light and columns of smoke, and lapping the walls with angry flames. Again the night came on, again the shells fell, the rockets sped, and the fires burned. In the morning the firing ceased—Sveaborg stood a charred, blackened, and smouldering ruin. All that was within the reach of destruction had been destroyed; but though there was so much desolation within, without the walls stood intact and strong as ever. However, all had been done which could or was intended to be done. So the ships were withdrawn.

So ended the bombardment, which had been carried on for two days without intermission—night and day it had neither ceased nor slackened. All parts of the attacking force had been engaged in it; all had acted in support and unison; the efficacy of all arms had been tried; the energy of all classes called into play. The results had been great; and though it may not be worthy of record among our triumphs or our great deeds, it will be recognised as an exploit of war, exhibiting much skill, zeal, and conduct.

The mortars, of course, bore the brunt of the work. Their fire was excellent, and its rapidity and exactness were high eulogies on the skill and judgment of the officers who directed it. The gun-boats were more exposed to danger, had plenty to do, and did it well. The officers and men belonging to the larger ships were afforded an opportunity of service in the rocket-boats.

The brilliant delusion which seized the minds of the people of England, moving even the dull hearts of the men of Manchester with a spasm of triumph, that "Sveaborg was no more," has doubtless passed away; those who were loud in their pœans, and saw in imagination the fortress lying in ruin and annihilation before them, have doubtless returned to reason, and men will be ready to receive a calm and dispassionate comment on the event as it really was—on its real

issue and importance. Military exploits can never be fairly judged by extravagant expectations, by probabilities or theories, or what might have been done, but by a comparison betwixt the design or purpose with which they were undertaken, and their fulfilment of it. The admirals assert "that the operations contemplated by them were limited to such destruction of the fortress and arsenals as could be accomplished by means of mortars." As such, the operations were eminently successful—successful as punishment and warning to the enemy—as an experiment for ourselves. The enemy had been scared out of the belief of his invulnerability, had been attacked at all points, assailed with every kind of missile; had seen his men falling around him, his material consumed, and had felt his powerlessness to defend or retaliate; he had been compelled to withdraw the three-decker, a part of his defences, and had been left at last with a naked fortress, a mere shell, gutted and cleared of all its habitations and arsenals. This was certainly ample fulfilment of the design.

Spies and deserters brought intelligence that two thousand men had been killed or wounded, that six hundred had perished in the great explosion alone, that the three-decker had sunk, and that all the buildings on Vargon and Svarto had been burnt to the ground. This was scarcely an exaggeration of the results to be expected from such a bombardment. Vargon, from its position, had suffered most, but all the other forts along the line showed marks of injury. Helsingfors lay at our mercy. It was spared. Our foes, it is said, gratefully acknowledged this generous forbearance; it was a noble return for the brutality of Hango. It cannot be doubted that Sveaborg, as a fortress, stands firm and formidable as ever, that not a stone of its walls was overturned, nor a gun injured; but the demolition of its stores, and the destruction of its arsenals, will doubtless be a severe loss and mortification. It boots not now to argue whether or not more might have been done. Such results were aimed at, such results have been attained.

As an experiment the bombard-

ment has taught us many lessons. It has taught us that our foe is not beyond our reach; it has taught us the value of the long-range missiles, and the proper means to be employed for the future. There was a failure in the material. The mortars, owing either to defective casting or the quick and frequent firing, became quite unserviceable at the end of the two days,—two were burst, and almost all the rest ran at the vent and chamber, so that they could not be fired again; and our rockets seem so dangerous to handle, that they frequently inflict serious injury on our own men.

This bombardment will probably close the campaign, which has not been signalled by any great event. Its operations have been restricted to the annoyance of the enemy and the destruction of his property. Not a ship mounting a gun nor a defended fort has been taken; not a foot of ground been wrested from him; not a trophy captured. His line of defence remains unbroken, and our relative position as assailants and defenders is little altered. Such operations as it has displayed are necessary, but they are overrated when looked upon as having any important effect on the bearing of a war or the exhaustion of a powerful enemy's resources. They are great accessories, though they alone will never decide the war, or affect its continuance—can never subdue or humble an enemy like ours. Expenditure of money and man-power may distress, but will neither exhaust nor humble him. Such a result will be only achieved by a blow struck at his territorial power or political ascendancy. Such a blow would be the overthrow of one or both of the great strongholds. Such a blow it was the hope of the nation would have been struck in each successive year of the campaign. That hope must now be carried on to a third; yet it still lives and is strong.

1854 was a year of reconnoissance.

It was also a year of golden opportunities. Few men doubt now that Sveaborg was then open to destruction, and that the impregnability of Cronstadt might then have been fairly tested. We were unready, however,—unprepared with the proper means—diffident of our own strength—ignorant of the enemy's—loth to stamp the commencement of the war with the evil augury of a catastrophe;—so the opportunity was lost. "There are three things," says the Arab, "which can never be reclaimed,—the spoken word, the sped arrow, and the lost opportunity."

1855 has been a year of experiment. We are well assured now of all the best points of attack, and of the best means to be used. We know that an overwhelming force of gun and mortar boats will be necessary for future operations, and that ships of light draught, and guns of long range, are our best weapons. It might be thought, too, that a body of troops, to be landed for short operations at different points, might take from our enterprises the doubtfulness and incompleteness which has hitherto characterised them. Such a force, wielded by hands which can unite the discretion of present with the daring of past days, must surely be successful.

1856 should be the year of great deeds and great results. It will have the wisdom and experience gathered in the former ones, and should garner their fruits. The success which was once offered to opportunity, must now be won by force and daring. With added strength we shall meet added resistance. Yet still the hope is strong within us, if the nation be true to itself, and send forth an armament equal to the service, that Sveaborg will be ours, and that the scene of conflagrations, explosions, crippled ships, and blackened ruins which we have just been rejoicing over, will be enacted anew at Cronstadt with more terribleness, and attended with fuller triumph.

## MODERN LIGHT LITERATURE—HISTORY.

Two or three generations ago, when it was our wont to have extensive dealings with the Muses, and invoke these venerable ladies for every page of turgid verse or inflated prose “composition,” the Muse of History—a matron of the direst respectability—was something awful to approach or venture upon. Who does not remember the rustling echo of these prodigious brocades of hers, as she swept by in hoop and farthingale, keeping her solemn antique fashion, with a grave disdain of the scanty draperies of her less decorous sisters? Thalia might be extravagant, or Melpomene forget her gravity; but the historic muse was always proper, always observant of becoming decorums—a general *chaperone* and mistress of the ceremonies, taking care of all the young ladies of Olympus, and preserving a moderate degree of order and propriety even in the much-invaded court of these poetic deities. We might trifle with the others as we would, but who dared be less than respectful of this severe and “unimpassioned” dowager—this impartial observer of everything, who sat aloft like a second Justice, weighing the nations in her gigantic scales?

And when she would write, she went about this solemn operation with an importance becoming its weighty nature. Great were the preparations of the historic muse; and with awe and wonder, out of this busy age of ours, we look back upon her as she accumulates libraries, stalks over hills and sea in solemn travel, buries herself in important and mystical seclusion; and after a year or two of uninterrupted quiet and mysterious labours, lays down her pen, an immortal relic for the veneration of future ages, when her great achievement is completed at last.

Alas! the spirit of her dream has changed. No rustling brocades, no measured march, no solemn *avant courier* proclaims the journeys or the researches of *our* historic muse. There she is—behold her!—in the library of the British Museum, with her poke

bonnet, her umbrella, her india-rubber overshoes; perhaps—most likely—some sandwiches in that pocket where weighty tablets and bits of antiquity alone were wont to be. There she sits all the dull November day, the London fog peering in at her through the big windows; nobody blowing a trumpet to clear the way as she goes home through the dingy streets of Bloomsbury,—instead of her triumphal car, putting up with an omnibus, and possibly carrying her notes in her little bag or basket, like any ordinary womankind who has been buying buttons or hooks-and-eyes. Oh, grievous downfall and decadence! Yet is not this the whole. For her one immortal quill the poor lady has nothing better than a box of steel pens, hard and mercantile, which the most enthusiastic fancy could scarcely consecrate; and instead of a slow succession of elaborate volumes, full of style and pomp, accuracy and importance, it is a shower of pretty books in red and blue, gilded and illustrated, light and dainty and personal, that fall upon us from her hands. In short, it is not Edward Gibbon, but Agnes Strickland—the literary woman of business, and not the antique man of study—who introduces familiarly to our households in these days the reduced pretensions of the historic muse.

Now, it is not to be disputed that, to a great majority of us, who are working-day people, and scarcely know what retirement and leisure is, Rome and its Decline and Fall are something of a bore; and though we speak of him with the profoundest respect, who reads the elaborate and ponderous volumes of Gibbon? It is but of small comparative importance to us that he should keep step with himself, elegantly, and in perfect time; indeed, to tell the truth, in our irregular and impetuous age, a break in the cadence would be the greatest relief to us, and a “false quantity” endear the historian more than the most rigid correctness in the world. These books were made for an age of leisure, for a restricted and narrow

audience, which itself dabbled in "composition," and appreciated its niceties. But we are little given to style in this busy generation, and the mannerisms in which we abound are for the most part characteristic and individual, marvellously different from the solemn polish of the coat-armour of our predecessors. So far our public is better off when we have anything to say to them; and when we have nothing to say, pure foolishness itself is at least honest than a string of pompous sentences, which look as if they meant something, but in reality are only empty vestments—style, and nothing more.

The historic muse, however, has lost more than her mere personal *eclat* and importance in these days. The historical poem is an extinct existence; they are neither Shakespeares nor Homers who frequent the British Museum. Our poets are a great deal too much occupied about the inner life to have a due appreciation of the outer one, and, in making "magnificent protests against materialism," are gradually excluding themselves from all that noble external form and circumstance which the old minstrels used so picturesquely and so lovingly, and which the grand Poet of the universe does not disdain to use. So long as we are dealing with human people, and not with pure intellects, we are afraid an event must remain more important than a mere significance, though it is a significance of our own finding out, which nobody ever dreamt of before. Your poet of history must have an eye for *things*, as well as a soul for subtle investigations—a perception of appearances, and humanity enough in him to believe in what he sees. The outward dress and habili-ment of this world is something more than a mere husk, after all; and the secret soul within which fashions all our movements, takes colour and impulse many a time from the "materialisms," which also are of God's making, and perhaps not so vulgar, after all, if we could but look at them aright. But however that may be, it is not mere ethical Mind which is qualified to deal with history; and as our Tennysons, great and small, are psychological, and given to metaphysics, the result is that historical

poems are numbered with the things that have been.

We are not great at historical novels either in this day—perhaps because we are more universally acquainted with the costume and language of the old time, and are rather a hard audience to deal with, and much disposed to suspect a masquerade; perhaps because we are seldom or never honest in our historical fictions, but always have some ulterior motive, some development to trace out, or principle to illustrate, or hidden significance to evolve. This intrusive century of ours goes with us everywhere. We are perpetually tracing out with inquisitive finger, in the far-away records of the past, those springs and fountain-heads from which, by far descent and slow degrees, the rivers of our prosperity and national character have come—a laudable occupation certainly; but it is always the safest policy to do what we are about, "aefauld," and single-minded, and to keep our eye upon our subject, altogether independent of its connection with ourselves—especially when we recollect that these old heroes had not a thought of the nineteenth century under these grim visors of theirs, nor the smallest intention of benefiting *us* by their blunders and mischances, their breaking of heads and spears, their squabbles with kings and commons. So our philosophising tendency comes in our way once more. The historical novel is beyond our powers, like the historical poem; and we can no more write a second *Quentin Durward* than a second *King John*.

Yes, it is very true—yet there is comfort in the circulating library; we are not altogether delivered into the grim hands of the old historic muse. Novel-less, and without a single heroic canto to brag of, we have still an easy byway here and there remaining, by which a glimpse of the grand highroad may be had at small expense. The idea was a happy one, though neither quite new, nor very admirably carried out. Biographies of kings and great persons are always the staple of history; and the true poetic idea of historic teaching, the principle adopted in the grandest and most antique of records, the Bible

itself, is that of personal narrative. To this larger principle it occurred to one ingenious lady to unite a lesser one, very well established in private life; to wit, that you are much more likely to attain a thorough acquaintance with a man, the habits, nature, and motives of the same, when you know his wife, than when your personal knowledge is only of himself. A homely truth enough, when placed in conjunction with the more important one; yet true notwithstanding, and of practical use and importance, as most of us know experimentally. So we have no longer mere records of kings and statesmen and politicians. The faded glories of old wardrobes bloom out before us from the dusty account-books, that were closed and reckoned up a thousand years ago. Old chambers of old palaces wake up to echoes of their ancient housewifery; and through this quaint telescopic glass we have a strange one-sided glimpse of the larger historic scene, its positions reversed for once, and its great people coming in only as incidental figures, to the clearer revealing of the throned and sceptred lady who was but a very secondary personage in our other view of this same scene. It was a pretty thought, and struck the popular fancy; and if we are not tolerably well satisfied by this time with the records of feminine royalty, we are very ungrateful people, and do not appreciate as we ought the exertions of Miss Strickland, and of the host of disciples and imitators who have followed in her train.

The first place in this branch of modern literature belongs without dispute to Miss Strickland, by right of superior value and importance, as well as of priority. She has founded the school, such as it is, and deserves full credit for the original conception; and her works are at once more voluminous, and more entitled to serious consideration, than any of her successors. It seems to us idle to discuss what claims these volumes have as historical authorities; their view is partial and limited by necessity, and in proportion as they are true to their immediate subject, they must be content to lose in breadth and general power. The court affront or saucy indecorum

which brings tears to a fair queen's eyes, may be a much more picturesque and characteristic incident than a prosy board of council or clamorous popular assembly, though the ruder fact is tenfold more important; and little weight can be attached to the chronicle in which a graceful individual act holds equal place with a national revolution; and the fashion of a coronation robe is of quite as much importance as the framing of a law. Undue pretension would only bring contempt upon these pleasant additions to our literature. We will not say that Miss Strickland makes saints of her Catholic princesses, and deals unjustly with their Protestant sisters, as she tells us she has been accused of doing; but our authoress has not failed to perceive, with many a greater writer, how much more picturesque and attractive adversity and misfortune are than success and happiness, and with a very natural generosity she takes the part of the afflicted and belied. Discrowned and humiliated royalty has always something pathetic in its condition; and in general, if we are not very mean creatures ourselves, we have an instinctive respect for the fallen greatness, which conquers our enmity by its own overthrow. Nor does Miss Strickland's weakness in this respect go half so far as some of her greater contemporaries. She has never reached at any time that height of sentimentalism to which Lamartine attains in his *Girondists*. Misfortune is the most extraordinary talisman in the world, in the hands of the French historian. The fiercest ruffian of the Mountain expands into sublimity and heroism whenever this touchstone is applied to him; and the tyrant whom we abhor and denounce on one page, becomes, by a rapid revolution on the next, the martyr for whose sorrows we are called upon to weep.

We lose our sense of moral right and wrong altogether over such fascinating volumes as those of the French poet, philosopher, and statesman. Such a formal and cruel thing as justice is not to be tolerated in the rose-coloured atmosphere of his philosophy, where the first touch of suffering is enough to efface the cruellest vices, and where misfortune, more

effectual than the purgatorial fires, infallibly and speedily throws an angelic radiance over the murderers and despots whom success made infamous. A little of this same sentiment is in all our histories. Who can doubt that a hundred charms of romance and imagination, which endear to us the hapless race of Stuarts, would never have belonged to them had the race been prosperous instead of hapless? Who cares for James, the First and Sixth—he who was prosperous and peaceable, and reaped none of the dragon's teeth, yet who, perchance, might have made a very pretty martyr, had such been his fate? or who will ever take the pains to tell us what the second Charles remembered of his romantic youthful adventures, in such rhymes as those that embody the reverie of "Charles Edward at Versailles?" Mary herself, the fruitful subject of tale and song, had she lived to the age of her princely rival Elizabeth, and died in full possession of her power and state, but with beauty gone and strength exhausted, who would have cared, in these later days, to swear themselves knight-errants for *her* reputation? No! Put political opinions aside, and moral verdicts; but the death-room of state, in the great halls of Windsor, has no chance against the "ensanguined block of Fotheringay." The tears of half-a-dozen poor attendants speak more eloquently than the plaudits of a multitude; and we sigh for the heroine of prisons and flights and disastrous battles, while we dislike her of the state pageants and royal progresses. We have a certain universal *sentiment* of generosity about us, whatever our practice may be. John Bull himself, as Sir Walter says, after his illuminations and thanksgivings, and universal rejoicing over Waterloo—John himself "had well-nigh wept for Bonyparty;" and he must be a very mean figure indeed, who, after playing a prominent part in the affairs of this world, does not attract more eyes, and conciliate more hearts by the downfall and failure of his greatness, than he could have done by the most triumphant end. We remember in the days of our youth, when Napoleon was our great hero, how extremely annoyed we

were that he did not die at Waterloo: an apotheosis and grand definitive conclusion were all he wanted, to our fancy, to make the hero sublime. But our youthful impatience was as wrong and as shortsighted as the fervour of youth most usually is; for there are no such effectual words as sorrow and suffering and exile for moving the impressionable heart of posterity, and even for making the contemporary mind very heartily ashamed of itself, when it remembers its first flush of exultation over the fallen foe.

But the plea which so prettily justifies Margaret Ramsay for her foolish fancy to the young Glenvarloch—"He is unfortunate;" the plea which has made the most of us furious Jacobites for some certain period of our lives, one time or other, though a very poor justification for a careful and elaborate historian, is plea enough to vindicate Miss Strickland in her kindly regard towards the poor Catholic princesses of our fighting times. Sore enough bested and hardly judged were these poor women, and with so many picturesque incidents in their lives and surroundings, they are very tempting themes for historical romance. Our authoress will not thank us, perhaps, for saying so much; but we are not at all disposed to judge her after the standard of severe authenticity. We can get the grander historical facts elsewhere; and so long as she is honest, and says nothing positively *against* truth, the zeal of a partisan is quite befitting to the fair historian. It is true that this sometimes exhibits itself in an amusing and most feminine fashion, as in a passage on which we have just lighted accidentally in her last published volume, wherein poor Morton—he who was Regent of Scotland in his day, and a notable man enough among the men of his generation—has his portrait painted for him, with no very flattering pencil. Why it should be necessary, or for Miss Strickland's benefit, to prove this grim old earl *ugly*, as well as a plotter and dangerous person, we cannot well see; and it reminds us of the story told of some Edinburgh infidel of the last century, who shocked the orthodox ears of certain fisherwomen with some of those miserable little bits of blas-

phemy which passed for wit in those dark days. "Eh sirs," cried one of them, "look till him; what an atomy!" and it is quite probable that this little personal compliment struck deeper than a sounder argument. But we cannot read Miss Strickland's description of the stormy old Scottish baron without a smile. The dark and dangerous Douglas, no longer a paladin "tender and trew," is a singular object for such a shaft of lady-like malice.

And we are afraid that our authoress is kindly willing to believe in the beneficent influence of her royal heroines, when she has no great ground to build her faith upon—not much, indeed, beyond an inference or a possibility; and that the generally lofty and elevated tone of sentiment which we find among those illustrious ladies, says more for the courtesy than for the strict reality of the story. We have been used to fancy, rightly or wrongly, that queens whose hands were gages of state, or prizes of battle—poor princesses, born to establish political compacts and seal the alliances of their fathers—had often enough an unkindly fate, and did not always find the husband chosen for them either fond or attractive. But, as a general rule, Miss Strickland's queens are very happy wives, and "fond love" and "conjugal tenderness" are very common phrases in these volumes. Grim middle-aged kings, and widows at their third or fourth marrying, are not quite fitting subjects for the sentimental language of romance; and we are doubtful whether any lower class of "wives of England," take them in general succession, could exhibit conjugal heroism, wifely forbearance, and self-forgetting devotedness in such bright and ideal perfection, as do the royal wives of Miss Strickland's picture-gallery. One would suppose, to read these histories, that there was no school like a court for inculcating the domestic virtues; and that so far from being hindered or burdened by the cares of state, the royal matron was almost invariably the flower and perfection of matrons;—not only a good queen, but a model wife and mother, an example to her humbler and less encumbered subjects. This, we humbly

opine, was scarcely a thing to be expected. One business is about as much as one person can manage in common circumstances; and we have always had a strong conviction that Elizabeth was in the right, and that a sovereign prince who has the misfortune to be born a woman, should give herself to her profession, and let common life and its responsibilities alone,—always excepting, as in duty bound, our own most gracious liege Lady, who is not called upon to be a ruler and governor, like Elizabeth. Yes, the poor needlewoman who rocks her baby's cradle as she works, has no better claim upon our forbearance and sympathy than the poor queen who is not permitted to rock the cradle, but has the care of it notwithstanding, and a more onerous business besides than the needlewoman's—and whose "little tempers" should require quite as much allowance made for them. But we are amazed when we come to find how unnecessary our forbearance is, and wonder in silence at the unruffled amiability of the illustrious heroines of Miss Strickland. Everything here—or almost everything, for our authoress has her aversions—is *couleur de rose*; and Miss Strickland is quite willing to take the word of the court poet for her lady's beauty, and to give the same lady every credit for the highest womanly qualities, whether possible or not, in her circumstances. Poor Catherine of Braganza, for instance, some two months after her marriage to the stranger Charles, whom she had never seen before—and while in the very act of struggling with him against the unpardonable insult of introducing Lady Castlemaine to her, and placing this wretched woman about her person—"Catherine," says Miss Strickland, "loved him too well to dissemble her feelings." What evidence is there of this extraordinary love? The chances are certainly very much against it; and if it rests only upon the poor queen's formal expressions now and then quoted, of entire devotion to her neglectful husband, that age of sin and impurity must have been the most affectionate age of the world—for even Evelyn and Pepys, who were only acquaintances, exhaust themselves in expressions of mutual devotion. For

our own part, we are very slow to believe in a love which could be conciliated by a few days' fondness, and live through insult and neglect ever after. Life is not so partial and unequal after all; and "woman's gentle heart," which our lady-writers are so fond of magnifying, is fortunately human, and capable of disgust and indignation, as well as the stouter organisation which belongs to man. For our own part we cannot see that the Portuguese Catherine gains any credit from the unlikely supposition that she "loved" her disreputable spouse "too well." It seems misery enough for a devout and virtuous woman to live in that foul atmosphere through all her best days; but if she gave her heart to the princely satyr, whom even Pepys despised, she must have been such a "miracle of womankind" as one does not care to hear of, and no particular credit to her sex or name.

Miss Strickland's great work, as everybody knows, embraces almost the whole historical period, properly so called, of our national existence. Neither exercising her imagination upon the half-fabulous heroines of the early English, nor losing herself in the chronicles of our grandfathers, which are scarcely old enough to reach the importance of history, our authoress has made a wise limitation to her labours. The Matildas, though they are a little like figures in tapestry, the Shakespearian queens, whom Miss Strickland bravely ventures to handle—not fearing even to differ from Shakespeare, which is no small boldness—are safer ground, on the whole, than those princesses of later times, whose perplexed and troublous age still agitates with a certain partisanship our far-off existence. Yet we are slightly disposed to resent the presumption of the historian who converts the weeping queen of the second Richard into a little innocent girl; and who presents a very bloodless but stately personage before us in the real aspect of that grand termagant and heroine, Margaret of Anjou, of whom it is not pleasant to read in the common terms of biography. After all, it is bad policy to contradict that Lancastrian chronicler, who is an authority above history. Let facts say what they

may, who will ever bring such a certain impression from any page of well-attested veracity, as from those pages, where not facts but persons—not wooden appearances of men, but real princes and nobles, fierce and rapid—come and go before our very eyes? We acquiesce in the statements of Miss Strickland, and consent to the decision of historians of heavier metal. Yes, we suppose Isabella of Valois was only nine when she was married, and never could have spoken that speech full of tears. We agree that the same merry and coy Catherine, who spoke French-English to Harry of Agincourt, was not half so easily disposed of as the playwright would have us suppose. And having satisfied our conscience by concurrence, of course we go on like sensible people, believing Shakespeare quite as much as ever, and forming our real opinion, if we have one, from his view of the matter, as steadily as if we had never heard a word on the subject from the true historic muse.

But, seriously speaking, we do not think Miss Strickland has done half justice to her happy idea in the execution of this work. Those picturesque and animated times,—those half-disclosed, half-visionary personages, blazing forth in the splendour of a coronation pageant, or the more romantic royalty of tilt and tourney, only to disappear into long mysterious seclusion in some jealous tower or rush-strewn chamber—those strange eventful passages of life—those quiet days of patience and embroidery—those sudden and magnificent revels—those wild flights, disasters, and calamities,—how much might have been made of them? What Miss Strickland *has* made is an extremely creditable and well-compiled historical work—a book invaluable to all the good people who have a natural craving for story-telling, yet deny themselves novels, and also for that other numerous class who do their reading conscientiously, and with a view of improving their minds. But the execution comes a very long way behind the conception of the book. Of how many books in existence can we say anything else? Like the painter who owns to an ecstasy at sight of the blank and



spotless breadth of that untouched canvass of his, where his imagination is free to produce such creations as no picture in the world could equal, we are all of us able to improve in fancy upon any human performance. Our authoress might have made a very animated, graceful, and picturesque book of it,—she *has* made a very good and serviceable one; and popular opinion, less fastidious than critical judgment, has plentifully received and acknowledged the labours of Miss Strickland. She has originated a class of books—a distinct school of minor historians—and her disciples own her pre-eminence and authority, by eagerly supplementing her original work. We are now extremely well informed respecting the lives of our female sovereigns; at least, if we are not so, it is our own fault, and not that of the ladies and gentlemen of literature who cater for us. Here is one enterprising writer who sends us the *Queens before the Conquest*\*—a daring attempt to rescue from darkness and chaos a number of royal ladies, as distant and misty in their obscure past as those doubtful Scottish potentates, over whom we remember puzzling in the days of our very youth, as they appeared in the learned pages of Buchanan's History; and to another witty and accomplished author (a male intruder, by the way, into this feminine preserve—a gentleman who has clearly no business here, and who ought to be incontinently expelled by the original proprietors of the domain) we are indebted for the equally daring attempt of rescuing from gossip and court scandal, and transferring to history, the Hanoverian queens.

A bolder woman than any other of her sisterhood is Mrs Matthew Hall—who does not hesitate to declare, of her two pretty volumes, that they “will be found to present the first connected outline of the history of royal women prior to the Norman Conquest.” We are entitled to expect something serious from such an important preface; but we are straightway startled, before we are aware, by an instantaneous leap to the fabulous or conjectural history of

sundry illustrious and princely people who arrayed themselves after the most primitive fashion imaginable, cutting their embroideries upon their own persons, and substituting a simple coat of colour for the “robes of pall,” which were usual in more sophisticated society. To this primitive community of early Britons comes a “royal woman,” in whom the primitive and unalterable qualities of ambition and love of power are very sufficiently developed—whom it pleases Mrs Hall to call the consort of Cymbeline, but who might just as well, for any identity she has, be called the consort of Jack the Giant-killer, or any other worthy of antiquity. Cartismandua, but for her royal weakness of marrying a great many people, has very little to distinguish her; but turns out a very indifferent character in her latter days, and is by no means a creditable leader to the long array of queens of England. Nevertheless Cymbeline, it appears, did not have two wives, as is falsely reported of him by that very untrustworthy person who wrote a play on the subject—never had a daughter Imogen either, nor survived the sainted mother of the same, but was survived and superseded by some five or six successors in the affections of the redoubtable Cartismandua, the mother of the two boys who never were lost,—who never lived in a cave at Milford Haven, nor entertained a runaway princess, nor won a battle by their individual arms. It is rather humiliating all this to us, who used to have familiar acquaintance with Guiderius and Arviragus long ago, and had a certain affection for these imps of fame—nor, as Mrs Hall has nothing more satisfactory to tell us of her obscure heroine than a “may be imagined,” are we very much the better for this grievous unsettlement of our ideas. Boadicea follows next in this list of queens—and Boadicea had a “fine womanly nature,” Mrs Hall says; and we are expected to be very much moved by her affecting story,—which, however, we are obliged to say, has no more effect upon us than mere words without life or meaning generally have. And

\* *Queens before the Conquest.* By MRS MATTHEW HALL.

then comes a formidable array of Roman matrons, empresses of the imperial state, including no less a person than St Helena—most royal and renowned ladies all, we do not doubt—though to call them *queens before the Conquest* is to use a very extraordinary license with words. Gradually coming down from these mists of antiquity, we feel we are getting into quite accurate and historical ground when we reach as far as King Arthur and Queen Guenever. How many Queen Guenevers do you suppose there are, most courteous reader? We, in our ignorance, wist of but one lawful possessor of the mythical king's affections; but Mrs Hall says there were three of them, a perfect trio and complement of wives; and this learned lady gravely discusses their different qualities, and professes to write distinct biographies for our instruction of Guenever I. II. and III. with as much importance as if she had mountains of information to build upon, when in fact she has no materials whatever, and nothing to justify her story except a name and a scrap of ballad! We protest against this foolish playing with the public. If this lady, or any other, has power enough to make ballads or legends out of the far-off echoes of history, let her do it by all means; nay, if she will write trite essays upon names, we have no desire to baulk her fancy. But to present to us, as a contribution to historical literature, these perfectly profitless chapters, in which there are neither information nor interest, is a pure piece of literary imposition, and deserves no mercy at any honest hands. We have no doubt that many innocent people will fill up one end of the shelves which contain their *Lives of the Queens*, with this supposititious preface and introduction to them. But it is a pure delusion; and we beg to assure all well-intentioned persons that Sir E. B. Lytton's *Harold* contains a hundredfold more of real historical information about the early Saxon princesses than they will find in the empty and pretentious pages of the *Queens before the Conquest*—where Edith the Good and Edith the Fair

come in after all the Cartismanduas and Guenevers, and look as lifeless and as mythical as they.

A very different period and class of heroines has been chosen by Dr Doran.\* This learned and witty gentleman has just a shade of consciousness upon him, as it seems to us, that he is poaching upon somebody else's manor, and writing a book which no one expected at his hands. But this does not hinder his book from being at once an amusing and valuable production. These volumes have of necessity considerably more political and immediate interest than the pageants of the middle ages, or even the vexed questions of our grand era of national history—the coming in and going out of the Stuarts. Our fathers and mothers were partisans for and against the hapless Caroline of Brunswick; and to whom but Queen Charlotte are we indebted for the greater share of our social proprieties? So far there is a peculiar interest in Dr Doran's book; but it has likewise the great disadvantage of belonging to a prosaic and unpicturesque age, and dealing with characters mean, small, and un-elevated. There are clever people in the world, and one great leader at their head, who can still make a hero of Dutch William, and find sublimity and nobleness in all he did, and all he did not do; but no one has had the boldness to put lance in rest, or strike one blow for the honour of the first Georges; no one has vindicated the memory of the “wee, wee German lairdie”—immortalised only by his gay Jacobite ballad-making enemies—who made the winning of three kingdoms no longer a heroic achievement, but the dullest event in existence, and distinguished himself among many royal and princely competitors only by his supereminently evil treatment of his innocent wife. It is something of a misnomer to call the first part of this work a biography of Sophia Dorothea—for she, poor lady, has the smallest part in it—and save for some details of her personal appearance, we do not really know much more about her at the conclusion than at the beginning of her story; but it is a distinct and well-written chapter of his-

\* *Lives of the Queens of the House of Hanover.*

tory, which, though disfigured by some trifling at the beginning, and not without something of that popular affectation which prompts the historian—a much wiser man, and of a greater altitude than they—to exhibit his characters as he might exhibit a set of puppets, and to be very condescending to them, their motives, and performances,—tells its story honestly, and is what it professes to be. The electoral Prince of Hanover and the young Princess of Zell could not have looked like a loving couple at any time, even under Miss Strickland's peace-making hands; and though Sophia Dorothea seems too good and gentle to have hated anybody, her husband was in no such condition, and detested her cordially. The miserable little German court, in which this miserable couple held their state, receives no flattering portraiture from the hand of Dr Doran. To say it was immoral would not be to speak truth, for that would imply some conscience or consciousness of its offences; whereas, in fact, its very breath and existence was pollution, and the only standard of manners seems to have been a heroic emulation which should go furthest in the abominations of the time. Poor Sophia of Zell, like other poor women in like wretched circumstances, was jealous, by way of making herself more miserable; and being an innocent woman, was also indiscreet a little, and gave a handle to her husband's hatred, and to the ingenuity of the plotters round her. With the habitual want of logic which guilty people and *intrigantes* betray themselves into, her persecutors seem very early to have given up the shadowy and false stigma which they had tried to cast upon her honour, but did not give up the punishment appended to it; and the unfortunate princess was accordingly banished, under the strictest surveillance, to a solitary German castle—a true princess of romance, but unfortunately with no chivalrous knight at hand to dare her rescue; in which hard durance she remained, while her husband was crowned King of Great Britain, while her children were married, and her grandchildren born; and while her entire family hurried on in the crowded ways of life, leaving her behind, not even per-

mitted, from the battlements of her dungeon, to be a spectator of her progress. A very sad, dismal, heart-breaking story; but, after we have assisted to lock the poor lady up in her forlorn castle, rather a barren one—for there is not even a prison scene—not one melancholy episode of tears and tapestry-work—to give us a parting glimpse of the sufferer. Perhaps it was really impracticable, and nothing more authentic than imagination could find entrance within these jealous walls; but we had rather have heard something of this dreary, long imprisonment, which doubtless had its incidents, than of the vulgar little Dutch king, and his first pageants of state. How wonderfully strong, after all, must have been that national conviction, which, in spite of sentiment, and in spite of the enthusiastic fervour of the partisans of the Stuarts, had self-denial and perseverance enough to establish these mean and disagreeable Dutchmen—abstract representatives of the constitutional Protestant monarchy—upon the throne, instead of the graceful race, with all its precedents and associations, to whom the longest exile, and the greatest misfortunes, could never teach wisdom.

Our historian makes a much more distinct and characteristic sketch of the elder Sophia, who ought to have been the first queen of the house of Hanover, and would have made a queen of other metal than this patient princess. Sophia of Brunswick, a caustic, shrewd, philosophical old lady, is no great favourite with Dr Doran. Miss Strickland has quite a different opinion of her; and it is amusing, and slightly perplexing to simple faculties, to see how totally unlike are the two views of this one illustrious personage. The ancestress of our royal house is a wise, liberal, and princely matron, in the kind judgment of Miss Strickland; she is only a clever old lady who snuffs, and dabbles in philosophy, and desires with her whole soul to reign Queen of England, if only long enough to have that title on her coffin, to Dr Doran. Queen Anne had the grievous discourtesy to refuse this melancholy satisfaction to her august relative—the queen lived longer than the electress—and the philosophic Sophia had no prouder titles than

those of Hanover and Brunswick upon her coffin-lid; from whence it comes that a much less distinct Sophia,—the voiceless and patient prisoner of Ahlden—never called by the name, nor invested with the symbols of majesty, holds shadowy rank as the first Hanoverian queen, if in no more regal record, at least in Dr Doran's book.

And to balance Miss Strickland's loving and happy royal wives, Dr Doran presents us incidentally with a sad list of broken-hearted women, all within the same family circle, and not unfit companions for his first heroine, Sophia of Zell. Her own daughter, the Queen of Prussia, mother of Frederick the Great; her immediate descendant, the unfortunate Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark; and others whom we have not space to name; ending with the name of the foolish and hapless woman, the second uncrowned Hanoverian Queen, Caroline, also of Brunswick, whose memory is still among us.

Our author's second heroine is no queen of misfortunes, of heartbreak, or oppression, or jealousy. Queen Caroline, not only crowned, but regnant, forms the greatest contrast in the world to the pale and weak victims of conjugal cruelty whom we have just been contemplating. Dr Doran is not favourable to Caroline; and, to tell the truth, not all her great qualities, nor even greater qualities than hers, could veil the disgusting and vile accompaniments of her power. However, the historic muse is not particularly called upon to record these circumstances, though Dr Doran cannot help it. And though the wife who manages her husband with such extreme and notable art that he never knows he is managed, and the mother who is at deadly feud with her first-born son, is not quite the person to whom we give our private esteem, we cannot refuse our admiration to the accomplished and powerful princess who made her husband's reign respectable, and procured that no harm should come to the nation from his disgraceful pleasures. But what a court, and what a society! One shudders while one reads of the daily talk and habits of these princes and princesses; and there is some little difficulty in believing that while Jeanie

Deans and her history are a true though ideal representation of one extreme of society, this picture of court manners and morals should be a faithful portrait of the other. In truth, these philosophical and tolerant women who, wiser than poor Catherine of Braganza, patronise instead of expelling the Lady Castlemaines from their train, are about the most disagreeable representatives of that complacent and inhuman philosophy which we have come to identify with the eighteenth century;—that philosophy which, in its pretended intellectual elevation and superiority to merely moral qualities, only made its own meanness and poverty the more conspicuous. Those witty people, who laughed at "vice" and patronised "virtue," or, still worse, made a tool and instrument of the iniquities of their time, establish a very precarious footing for themselves in the estimation of posterity; and though we smile at the extreme of feminine love and jealousy with which Miss Strickland endows her royal heroines, we find something a great deal more detestable in the toleration of Caroline, and unfeignedly trust that we will never see such a race of philosophical and forbearing women as this irreproachable queen or her gifted grandmother-in-law, the Serene Sophia, in this dull island of ours, which does not appreciate such a degree of virtue.

Had Dr Doran been at all given to symbolism, he might have classed these four heroines of his after an imaginative fashion. The contrast of power and want of power—of one woman who was mistress of her position, and another who was only the victim of it—could not be more complete than in these two portraits of Caroline and Sophia. Nor could there be found a more perfect balance than in Queen Charlotte on her high pinnacle of decorum, prudence, and perfect irreproachableness, and the poor, light-headed, foolish, flighty Caroline, who perhaps was not bad at all, and perhaps was very bad—but who, at least, did everything in her own power to make all the world condemn her. Queen Charlotte has never been a popular favourite; yet if we consider that she was the next successor of George the Second's strong-minded

queen, and that her house itself was scarcely cleansed of its immediate pollutions when she came, a stranger and a young girl, to assume the sway of it, we will feel sufficiently grateful to this model woman for all she really accomplished. She had a graceless family, but many a good mother has like evil fortune; and though the curse of the race descended to her household, it did not go quite so far as the feud between the last Prince of Wales and his father and mother had gone. Then her gossiping and tea-drinkings with Mrs Delany are kindly and womanly enough to balance her rigid etiquette, and the fainting of the hapless court ladies, who perhaps did not suffer so much as she herself, in her training for this dignity, had already done. To be a model person is always a perilous elevation, and Charlotte had the full pains and penalties of this exalted place; but a model woman she was notwithstanding, let who will say ill of her—narrow, perhaps limited, and full of prejudice—but, in reality, by mere dint of walking in her own way, and attending to her own business, a very important agent in the social reformation which began in her time. Sweet ladies! gentle preachers! you who talk of woman's mission, and of the especial vocation your sex has in the world—you who make eloquent appeals to your sisters, and write books to show what a woman can do,—softly, let us whisper in your ear—a woman can do—not by way of any celestial mission or inspired enterprise, but simply because she must, and it is her duty, as it is the duty of that uninspired animal by her side, who is a man, and has no mission—a woman can do—her own business, whatever that may be. This was what Queen Charlotte did with conscientiousness, if not always gracefully; and now indecorum is so entirely out of fashion, that we no more believe in it than the first Queen Caroline believed in that pure delicacy which she herself had no understanding of.

The best and most closely-written of these four biographies is the last. Dr Doran seems to find it rather serious work here, and goes about it seriously. It is a deplorable story; and though the training of the bride, and the careful and anxious tutorage

of the perplexed statesman who was sent to bring her home, is sufficiently amusing, the calamities that follow are miserable enough to keep us from all further inclination to smile. In the whole narrative there is not one redeeming point; we scarcely can be indignant, because the oppressed person does not deserve any championship; and we have no sympathy to bestow upon either of the belligerent powers. It is all pure, disgusting, deplorable misery; there is no pathos in the sufferings, no justice in the punishment. The unfortunate heroine, who never makes an effort to gain any one's good opinion, but, on the contrary, does all a reckless woman can to sully her own good fame, is recommended to us by few even of those superficial virtues which sometimes redeem an erring character. Her circumstances are all that give her interest; and even the sympathy she certainly met with seems more an indignant popular protest against her husband than any regard for herself. Is not Dr Doran somewhat severe upon this unhappy lady? We acquit him entirely of any apparent *animus* against her; but the picture is remorselessly drawn; and almost the only incidents that the reader is tempted to linger on are those little outbreaks of spirit and affectionate self-will which the Princess Charlotte exhibited once or twice in her short career. We are afraid that nothing but the pity of the moment could ever defend the cause of Caroline of Brunswick; and the story of her funeral procession is a strange and striking comment on her unhappy life. With the poor spite and malice which distinguished all the proceedings against her during her lifetime, the governing party set themselves to thwart her intentions after her death; but jealously watched by a mob, and under fierce compulsion of the same, the officials who were charged to convey her remains to their place of embarkation were driven from street to street out of the route appointed to them, and obliged to obey the dead queen's will by the enraged populace, the self-appointed executors of poor Caroline's last desire. It is a miserable story from its beginning to its end; and such a tumultuous funeral procession

was scarcely even an unsuitable display to mark the last scene of this troubled and agitated life.

Our author keeps very close by the court in these biographies: they were stirring times enough, and great things were being done, and greater attempted; but we hear little of them. We have reached to an entirely opposite point of view in these volumes from that which we have in the more popular histories of the time. It is the king and queen, a minister or two, and a select suite of ladies and gentlemen, of whom our author treats; and we can scarcely fancy that the wild mob in Edinburgh were hanging Porteous, or that all Scotland was trembling with expectation and intrigue, and Prince Charlie about to raise the old standard of his house, while we are hearing of little but court squabbles and fashions, and the ridiculous likings of the old king. Neither is the house of Hanover supremely indebted to Dr Doran for this arrangement of its history, seeing that a less amiable and less harmonious family scarcely ever was presented upon any canvass. Here there is nobody respectable but "that decent man" George III., and Queen Charlotte, who really seem to have had a very commendable kindly household till their sons grew men, and threw them into squabbles and unseemly domestic warfare: for the rest, the less opinion we express upon their royal characters the better. The nation was extremely indulgent to them on the whole; and the nation was perhaps not so very much in advance of them as we are disposed to fancy now.

We have left ourselves small space for the other branches of historical light literature; but one thing we cannot help expressing our unfeigned gratitude for—the Queens at last are exhausted. Nobody can write any more lives of our female sovereigns; and though there are a formidable number of princesses remaining, we trust our fair writers (begging humble pardon of Dr Doran, who is not fair—but if it is his will to place himself in the Amazonian cohort, it is no fault of ours) will be merciful, and not overwhelm us with a new series. Saying this,

however, we would give all commendation to Mrs Everett Green's learned and painstaking efforts. We have been introduced to a great many princesses by this lady's kind exertions; and from the faint Adelizas of the Conquest to that burly Margaret Tudor, who was a Henry VIII. in petticoats, and who has twice had her life "taken," there is a most wearisome amount of them, we can assure our readers, and one not to be lightly ventured upon; but we trust that nobody will be bold enough to leap over those blissful interregnums of Elizabeth, Mary, and Anne, when there were no princesses, and tell the weary story of all the German beauties whom Dr Doran disposes of without much ceremony in his Hanoverian Queens.

But there is another prospect which we confess appals us—the Queens of France! Alas! already we have begun to nibble at them; and when some Amazonian knight spurs upon that enterprise, we tremble to think that we will find no end to it. We have already in our hands two Lives of French Queens: one\* brief, graceful, very well written, and very endurable, of a picturesque and virtuous personage—a heroine very well worthy of a biography, especially when her historian is discreet, and confines it to one volume. Anne of Brittany, whose hap it was to marry two French monarchs, and whose very early youth before her first marriage was a very good specimen of the troublous if flattering homage to which a great heiress and a beautiful young woman was subject in chivalrous times, is the worthy subject of Miss Costello,—who could have done this book better, we are inclined to fancy, had she left the beaten track, but who has done it very well. The young Duchess of Brittany married for her second husband that Orleans whom we are all acquainted with in *Quentin Durward*, but whom, perhaps, we do not all recognise again as Louis XII.—a sensible monarch, who in his foolish young days had been Anne of Brittany's first lover, and in his age was the husband of that English Princess Mary, who married Suffolk when she had shaken off her cumbrous

\* *Anne of Brittany.* By MISS COSTELLO.

but shortly-worn crown. This maze of marrying and giving in marriage is very hard to thread sometimes. Young ladies and young gentlemen of meaner origin do not, fortunately, cross hands and exchange partners with the marvellous facility of these illustrious brides and bridegrooms—and the number of *fiancées*, betrothed, rejected, or “under consideration,” who crowd round a monarch of the middle ages, is something quite overwhelming—not to speak of the confusion of kindred which takes place at almost every royal alliance. The other French biography is that of Mary de Medici,\* a historical chapter very uninteresting, and far from agreeable, lengthy, ponderous, and drawn out—three great volumes full of loves and intrigues, in which Henry of Navarre, the Protestant hero, the grand Henri Quatre, makes a very poor figure indeed, and where his Italian wife finds an ardent champion eager in her defence, and quite regardless of the unfavourable opinion pronounced by Miss Strickland upon the mother of Henrietta Maria. It is not easy to reconcile the difference of these fair historians; but in this department of history, partisanship is a small fault if it is not carried entirely beyond the bounds of truth.

A series of lives is a dangerous undertaking for the most accomplished biographer; and the often-repeated saying, that every man's life, could it be truly told, is interesting to all his brother men, is not near so true as it appears to be at the first glance. For the most part, we want either the glamour of love, which can only extend to a limited circle, or the glory of personal greatness in one manifestation or another, to make us interesting to the world of other people, whose sorrows, and cares, and difficulties are perhaps more serious and important a great deal than ours have been—and queens are no exception to the ordinary and universal rule. A line of common human succession embraces commonplace, insipid, and unlovable people as an invariable necessity; and in this particular, also, the families of royalty are not more fortunate than their neighbours; and, to crown all,

it is very possible, as experience proves, to occupy a historical position, yet have little more influence on history than a milkmaid or a plough-boy. History indeed, in her severer guise, puts out a king or a queen entirely sometimes,—extinguishes the imperial existence with the irresistible sweep of events, without remorse or compunction; and it by no means follows that to write the life of a sovereign is to make an important addition to historical literature. This practice has been long enough in fashion; and it is no great proof of our boasted superiority when we observe the eagerness with which every literary success is followed up, and how many followers throng upon the traces of the fortunate author who has hit the popular fancy, or lighted upon a new vein. “Kill a shentleman for yourself,” said the aggrieved Highlander, whose comrade showed a disposition to share in the spoils of Donald's lawful victim; and we can fancy Miss Strickland echoing Donald's protest, in dismay at the multitudinous invasion which has poured in upon her rightful but limited standing-ground. Kill your own shentlemen, good people, before you essay to plunder him; find out your own diggings before you poach upon the reserve of another—for one scheme will not last for ever; and there is scope enough for historical chapters out of our island history, without hunting one idea to the death.

We have scarcely left ourselves space for any other branch of light historical literature, and cannot venture now to return to the *Girondists*, or any equally important book. Here is one pretty bit of gossip, however, lightly interspersed with twaddle, in pretty binding and broad margins—a piece of bookmaking not too elevated to complete our tale. We know tolerably well what we have to expect when we see the name of Leigh Hunt† upon the title-page; but the veteran does no great service to his reputation by such an effort as this, though the book has a pretty title, suggestive and promising. *The Old Court Suburb* is Kensington, where

\* *Life of Mary de Medici.* By MISS PARDOE.

† *The Old Court Suburb.* By LEIGH HUNT.

the first Georges held their state,—where Queen Victoria was born,—and where, in the last generation, flourished that mimic court of literature and fame where great people dined and supped, and made reputations—where wit was patronised, and genius had its laurels made up for it into crowns of proper fashion, becoming the lofty latitude of Holland House. Mr Leigh Hunt goes over this favoured quarter with affectionate garrulity; and we confess we will look with more interest hereafter upon the prosaic streets and terraces, which never had any history to our dull eyes before. But why should our old friend labour to spoil his pleasant volumes with his own dogmas—he who is so intolerant of other people's, and snubs so peremptorily men bearing names even more honoured than his own? Preach charity by all means; but ye who fly your arrows perpetually at the good people whom it pleases you to call saints, and whom, perhaps, you name more appropriately than you have any intention of doing, does it never occur to you that, of all censorious commentators, yourselves are the least charitable, the most intolerant, and show the most impertinent determination to thrust your opinions in at all unsuitable places, whether your audience choose it or no? We remember the name of Leigh Hunt from of old with the kindest sentiments; his very twaddle, which was more sentimental in those days, charmed our youth, and we never wearied of him while he babbled of green fields. Even now we cannot lift our hand unkindly upon our ancient favourite; but what Scottish flesh and blood could tamely submit to this?—

“We know not what assured evils would have resulted to Scotland had Mary and her maids of honour been suffered to dance and play their guitars in peace; but it is certain that John Knox was the founder of whisky shops.”

Now, will anybody tell us the use or advantage of this stupid piece of impertinence? John Knox had as little to do with Kensington as we have, who never saw the fading glories of Holland House; and though we know very well what an old man's

dogma is, and can smile at the “it is certain” which even a domestic circle is not always very tolerant of, we are irritated, in spite of ourselves, at so foolish and causeless an interruption of the pleasant strain of talk, in the midst of which this and other bits of ignorant assumption—all aimed at the unfortunate *saints*, whom so many wittlings shoot at—find a place. Had the writer of the book been a boy, we might have chastised him accordingly; but he is Leigh Hunt, and so he disarms us—which is taking an ungenerous advantage of us, as well as lowering himself.

However, we will not rail where we cannot fight, and it is our turn to vindicate ourselves for placing *The Old Court Suburb* among the lighter productions of the historic muse. This is history after a fashion, good reader—and a very pleasant method of history, if it were but a little more distinct and accurate. Kensington Palace is not Windsor Castle, yet has its share in the national records; and this pretty book, though it is only at second-hand, and by means of Lord Hervey, gives a very pretty notion of Queen Caroline, and identifies her pleasantly with the house of her royal habitation. In that other court, too, the temple of fame, where no greater combats are now than singlestick and innocent sword-exercise, and no more important athletes than brawny Highlanders—the “five-and-twenty men, and six-and-thirty pipers” of the ballad—this gossiping story-teller is much at home; and we have the history of all the Foxes—no very long line, it is true, when all is done—with many an agreeable little incidental notice of the personages of their time; and much talk of the beauties of the “Popish” age—of their promenade in Kensington Gardens—of their hoops and head-dresses, their loves and marryings—in all which agreeable gossip our author is skilled. On the whole, this book is a very fair specimen of the bookmaking of our time—aiming a little at instructiveness, a little at amusement—smoothly written, easily read, most easily forgotten—the current coin of our universal literature,—which would be very well and agreeable in its place, did it not threaten to overwhelm us



with the most woeful of over-productions—a deluge of unimportant books.

But we venture respectfully to recommend to the consideration of those ladies and gentlemen who make books on “historical subjects,” Mr Leigh Hunt’s plan in preference to Miss Strickland’s. The idea does not belong to Mr Leigh Hunt, but has been used before by sundry writers after a more important fashion; so there is no particular danger of poaching on other people’s preserves in this case. And in the story of historical places there would be this advantage, that only the more notable figures of the past appear upon the scene, and that the chronicler has no call to register secondary names, or shadowy personages. The charm of locality is very strong with most of us; and the steady background of one distinct place is of infinite advantage to the storyteller, and, if he has an eye as well as a pen, may furnish him with many a picturesque particular, and give life and colour to his tale. There must be scores of places in the country more interesting than Kensington, and with greater memories attached to them than those of the royal Georges or Holland House; and many a range of ruined battlements might speak their bold addition to our national history if some fit interpreter were by. We remember us of Corfe Castle, and some other ancient potentates, who have told their tale already; but there is abundant scope, —though, if we be left much longer to the tender mercies of American tourists, and the pert observation of *Notes and Queries*, the chances are that we will tremble at such a name

as Kenilworth, and flee before the mention of tower or castle. Meanwhile the ground is open, though encumbered; and stories of siege and beleaguerment will have all the greater interest for a generation which has kept its watch one weary twelvemonth, among battlefields and trenches, upon that heap of smoking ruins which once was called Sebastopol.

Yes, while we are talking of it, our sons and brothers yonder have been making history—rounding their solemn periods with the roar of cannon, or the last pathetic volley over a soldier’s grave. Many a sore heart among us has had full share in the lengthened vigil; and it is good to know, before the 20th of September comes again, that all the noble blood shed upon the heights of Alma, and all the nobler patience of the intervening time, have not been spent in vain. It may be but the beginning chapter of a grander historic episode than our age has known—it may be the inauguration triumph of a grand final peace; but we walk darkly step by step, and see nothing of the history that will be, which God holds, in the unrevealed silence of His providence, in the grasp of His almighty hand. It is easy to expend our comments on the past; but before the undrawn curtain of the future we wait on equal terms, both great and small of us, learning, in the midst of great events—of national loss and triumph—of personal anguish and deliverance—how true He spoke who said to our whole race, wise and foolish, “Ye know not what a day or an hour may bring forth.”

## FROM MADRID TO BALAKLAVA.

CRIMEA, 28th August 1855.

FROM west to east, much-esteemed Ebony, has my course been since I wrote to you in May from Madrid. It is now nearly two months ago that I entered a carriage on the Albacete railway, my destination the Crimea, by way of Valencia, Marseilles, and Constantinople. Spanish railways are very deliberate in their proceedings, and after much loitering on the road, and lingering at stations, it was five in the morning before we reached Albacete, an uninteresting little town, as far as which the iron line from Madrid to the Mediterranean is completed. Two hours were wasted there, over an execrable breakfast in a picturesque inn, situated at the extremity of a square old-fashioned court, to which a spreading vine forms a roof of foliage. At last the *correo diligencia*, a diligence that conveys the mails, was declared to be ready, and twelve unfortunates packed themselves, as best they might, into a vehicle that would hold eight but inconveniently. It was a blazing July day; the road was a foot deep in dust, the ruts resembled ravines, the drivers were reckless, and the jolts sent our heads against the tops of the carriage. As regards speed and safety, we got on pretty well, until we passed the Sierra of Almansa and began to wind down towards the Valencian plains. Confident in the strength of his wheels, and in the efficacy of certain antediluvian hooks and chains used to secure them at a descent, the *mayoral* suffered his postilion to gallop down hill as well as up. Suddenly, as we swept swiftly round a declivitous angle, there was a shout and scream, immediately followed by a shock and crash, and a volley of obscene Spanish oaths. A heavy *galera*, with which we had come in violent contact, pursued its upward way, whilst we, unable to check our speed, bounded on to the bottom of the hill. There we pulled up to ascertain damages. A spring was broken, an axle injured, a linchpin lost. Although such accidents are frequent enough (the *mayoral* boasted that this

was the first that month, of which we were in the first week) no provision is made for them. Fortunately we were not far from a desolate-looking *venta*, where it at first appeared likely we should have to pass the night, and whence ropes and rude tools were procured. The spring was patched up, a nail replaced the linchpin, and we proceeded, at more prudent pace, to Jativa. That we were too late for the last train was the less regretted, for by starting at four in the morning, instead of at nightfall, we had full enjoyment of the beautiful garden through which passes the railway from Jativa to Valencia. The richness of the far-famed *huerta* can hardly be exaggerated. Carefully cultivated, its productions are innumerable. Already, before reaching Jativa, we had been warned of our entrance into a new zone and climate by the appearance of an olive ground, whilst in the *barrancos* the rhododendron, the rose-laurel, and other naturalised tenants of English gardens and greenhouses, grew wild and luxuriant. At Jativa, lofty palms, rearing their tufted summits above the surrounding foliage, gave an Eastern character to the landscape. In the plain of Valencia the productions of the temperate and the torrid zones mingle. The rich soil, for the most part of a vivid red colour—which contrasts with the fresh verdure of that well-irrigated region as strongly as does a new brick house with the vine that climbs its wall—yields an infinite variety of fruits, grain, and vegetables. Luxuriant rice-fields, overflowed with water, lie adjacent to glorious apple-orchards, whose healthy-looking trees bend with the load of ripe and rosy fruit, and to mulberry plantations, the silkworm's storehouse. There is a field of melons, here one of peaches; orange groves mingle with tracts of the *algurroba*, a large handsome tree bearing long pods of beans, which serve as food for cattle. The hedges are of pomegranate and prickly pear, and tall tufts of aloes shoot up by the roadside. In

the field the labourers wear but a shirt and a pair of very loose linen drawers, reaching to the knee or just below it. The labour of the Valencian peasant is a rewarding one. Rich and frequent crops crown his exertions; he lives in ease, if not in affluence; foreign lands and distant provinces traffic for his produce, and Madrid, the barren and unfruitful, derives her luxuries from his superfluity.

The city of Valencia is pleasant and clean-looking. Its narrow streets have no footpaths, its women are pretty, and the *Cid* is a good hotel—for Spain a particularly good one. I would gladly have remained there a day or two, but our break-down on the road had stunted me of time, the *Vifredo*, which had arrived a few hours previously from Cadiz, was getting up her steam, and I hurried down to the Grao (the port of Valencia) as fast as one of those springless, bone-setting *tartanas*, which there supply the place of cabs, could be prevailed upon to take me. A word of warning here against the Spanish steamers that ply from the south of Spain to Marseilles, touching at various places on the southern and eastern coast. Spaniards are utterly incompetent in anything that requires punctuality and despatch. Now that a railway takes you in forty-eight hours from Marseilles to London, steamboats up the eastern coast should be a favourite mode of conveyance with many foreign travellers in Andalusia. This is so evident that, a short time ago, a French naval officer was sent by a company to establish a line, but the outbreak of war caused the project to be postponed. So the Spaniards, for the present, have it all their own way, and a very bad way it is. A good English or French company would quickly beat them out of the field. Their narrow, dirty, slow-sailing boats fill extremely well at exorbitant rates. The agents at the various ports give intending passengers most flattering assurances of speed, assurances never realised. They lie with a *bonhomie* and appearance of candour that would deceive the most wary. Forty-eight hours are ample time for a steamer of average speed to get from Valencia to Marseilles. The *Vifredo* took 117 hours, thanks to stoppages of unreasonable length

and at undue places, thanks also to her wretched rate of travelling, and to the extreme prudence of the captain, who, when there chanced to be a mist on the water, lay to until it dispersed. We should have risked perishing of monotony and ennui but for the presence on board of musicians and dancers, returning from starring expeditions in the southern towns. Chief amongst these were two Spanish *bailerinas* of some fame—one of them a fine woman, with masculine but handsome features—and an Italian pianist, a dapper gentleman with a well-trimmed beard, a good musician and an arrant coxcomb. There was a piano in the cabin, on which he played for hours together—with great good-nature, I should say, were it not that the sole object of the tuneful Adonis evidently was to fascinate the fair Pepita by the display of his skill, and by flashing in her eyes a diamond *solitaire*, that sparkled on the little finger of his white and carefully-tended hand. There was also a guitar-player and a guitar, and the boat resounded with the lively strains of the *Jaque*, the *Torros del Puerto*, and the well-known and piquant Andalusian ditties. Adding to these sources of amusement the studies afforded by a male dancer—a comical little old creature with muscular legs, a shrimp-like body, and traces of rouge about his cheek-bones,—and by a venerable duenna and a sort of *père noble*—snuffy, seedy, and facetious—we managed to pass away the time, but still it was a delightful change to find oneself on board the fine French steamer *Thabor*, bound for Malta and Constantinople. With light and pleasant breezes we skimmed over the sunny Mediterranean, down the coasts of Sardinia and Corsica, paused for a few hours at the “little military hothouse,” Malta—and hot enough it certainly was—got a good English breakfast at Dunsford’s, and visited the curious old church of St John, paved with the tombs of the Knights, and were put in quarantine at Syra, in the heart of those “isles of Greece,” beloved of Byron. Most tourists are disappointed on their first passage through that Greek Archipelago, of which all have heard so much, and whose beauties have been exalted and exagger-

ated by poets. They disappointed me, I confess, as we glided past them on the stout and pleasant Thabor. The eye seeks in vain for the refreshment of foliage. A few stunted olive-trees mock instead of rewarding the search. On the other hand, nothing can be more beautiful than the waters of the Archipelago. Their deep, clear, transparent blue is not to be surpassed. It forms a magnificent setting for those delicately-tinted islets, amidst whose lilac and golden hues is here and there discerned the shimmering white of a Greek town or village, whilst along the shore rise rocks of a green bronze colour, at whose base fancy easily depicts Nereids disporting themselves in the azure ripple.

We had brought very few passengers from Marseilles, and—a blessing which those only who have made passages in transports can fully appreciate—no troops. Two or three English officers, a French aide-de-camp, returning to his duty after recovering from a severe wound received at Inkermann, a Cockney speculator in liquids, proceeding to Balaklava to meet a cargo of beer and wine, three amateurs on a visit to the scene of war, and a Queen's messenger bearing despatches, composed the whole of the first-cabin passengers; but we gathered as we went. At Malta we picked up two more amateurs (the tide of them is considerable this year), and a couple of naval officers. One of them had been terribly wounded in the naval attack on the forts of Sebastopol on the 17th October last year. A Russian bullet had crippled his right arm for life and given him his commander's rank—not too soon, I thought, when I found he had been seven-and-twenty years in the service, and half that time a lieutenant. At Malta we also received on board a Greek lady and her two daughters, the latter the most passive, tranquil, and impassible of beings, who sat on deck the whole voyage, motionless as a group in a picture, and rarely exchanging a word. One of them had the pure Greek features, and needed only a little more delicacy in their chiselling and a more intellectual expression to be very lovely. But it was at Smyrna, Mitylene, and the Dardanelles that

our numbers were most increased. Turks, Greeks, and Armenians, male and female, crowded our decks, encumbering them with their beds and baggage, their long pipes and not very cleanly persons, until we were compelled almost to give up walking, and fain to take refuge in the cabin. There were some capital groups for a sketcher, and our French aide-de-camp, and a professional artist, who was proceeding eastward in search of the picturesque, were busy with book and pencil. We had one complete Turkish family on board, with, to all appearance, their entire stock of household goods and chattels. They at once established themselves close to the larboard bulwark, and made their domestic arrangements for the voyage, spreading out carpets and thin mattresses. The head of the family was a slender, rather good-looking Turk, clad in a long wadded coat like a dressing-gown. He did little during the whole time he was on board but smoke and sleep. His wife, whose figure was concealed by an ample green robe, was pretty in her style, notwithstanding the yellow tint of her complexion and her massive black eyebrows, which would have been more in place on the face of an Arragonese muleteer. She had beautiful dark eyes, and small hands and feet; the latter, which she bared whilst resting on her carpet, were stained with henna in broad parallel bands, extending across the sole. She cared very little for exposing her face, and frequently allowed her yashmak to fall entirely aside, at most retaining a corner of it in her mouth—an un-Turkish display to which her husband seemed in no way to object. With her was an old lady, whom I took for her mother, or mother-in-law, and who was much more particular about the concealment of her shrivelled physiognomy. Her yashmak was thick and closely drawn. Then there was a little boy in a striped Turkish dress, looking like a diminutive Bajazet in an oriental melodrama, and reminding one of Astley's amphitheatre. A young and rather handsome negress, a slave, dressed also in long loose striped trousers, with a short frock, open in front, and wearing a necklace of gold

coins and other baubles round her neck, completed the group. The family's luggage and furniture consisted of—besides the carpets, mattresses, and pipe aforesaid—a huge pair of greasy and well-crammed saddle-bags; a ponderous leather case, which might have served as sheath for a six-pounder, but contained only some harmless umbrellas, two water-jars of elegant shape, made of streaky red clay, and glazed green round the top; and a long cage, formed of painted laths of wood, and having two compartments, in each one of which was a magpie of staid and respectable demeanour. The magpies were the object of particular attention on the part of the ship's cat, a newly-embarked grimalkin, which, after being grievously sea-sick during the first two days of the voyage, and disturbing the entire cabin by her piteous moans and ejaculations, ended by becoming habituated to the roll of the ship, and roamed ravenously to and fro, seeking something to devour. Pacing the deck towards eleven at night, the aide-de-camp and I amused ourselves by watching puss's strategical combinations, her gradual approaches, her cautious advances, until at last she was close upon the cage, and evidently on the point of a *coup de patte*. But Africa was wakeful. A heavy yellow slipper, launched from the hand of the female Ethiopian, caught the cat under the ear and spoiled her game and supper. She fled, utterly routed, to an undiscoverable retreat in the fore-castle. In the Dardanelles we received on board thirty negro slave girls, presents, as we were informed, from pashas in that vicinity to friends in Constantinople. The unfortunate creatures, children of twelve or thirteen years of age, cowered upon the fore-deck under their coarse coverings, and were guarded by a despotic white-bearded old negro. They were planted down in ranks, and, except that they were not closely packed, reminded one of the arrangements of human cargoes on board slavers. They seemed cheerful and contented with their lot; but the question might be raised, how far a vessel under French colours is justified in conveying slaves of any description,

and to whatever purpose destined. A couple of Turkish deserters, manacled, but allowed to drag their chains about the deck, completed the motley collection of passengers by the Thabor.

At the Dardanelles, where we paused for two or three hours, we had a glimpse of the Bashi-Bazouks, who were encamped there to the number of about a thousand, under command of General Beatson. They were careering about the shore on their little active horses, and looking just what they are, a most ill-disciplined, incorrigible set of scamps. There had been a sort of mutiny amongst them a day or two before, and a report followed us to Constantinople that they had arisen and murdered their chief. For this, however, there was no foundation. General Beatson is a distinguished officer, who has done good service as commander of irregular cavalry in India, and fought with credit under General Evans in Spain, but it seems doubtful whether he will succeed in making anything of the reckless insubordinate band now placed under his orders.

It was daybreak when we reached the Golden Horn and took leave of the Thabor. The journey to Constantinople is now reduced to a mere pleasure-trip, since railway takes one to Marseilles, and thence, twice-a-week, start these excellent and well-appointed boats, commanded by French naval lieutenants, and leaving little to be desired in respect of speed and accommodation. Nevertheless, we were not sorry to get on shore, although really the change was hardly for the better, from the steamer's cabin to Misseri's crowded hotel, where it seems to be considered that exorbitant charges atone for indifferent accommodation and scanty civility. What struck me most at this, the fashionable hotel at Pera, was the scarcity of ice and the abundance of fleas. Ice is of all things the most necessary in such a diabolical atmosphere as that of Constantinople in July. One literally melts and dissolves away, losing daily pounds of solid flesh, which stream off in perspiration. Misseri's, however, has got the vogue, and is always full of English. The spacious entrance-hall is

at present, I suppose, the most amusing room in Europe, through which passes a constant current of many nations and varied costumes. There are to be seen officers going out to join, others returning sick or wounded, others who linger in Constantinople to regain health, which it certainly is not the place to restore; naval officers, amateur tourists, medical men temporarily attached to the service; adventurous spirits, come out to join the Turkish contingent, now encamped and organising on the heights above *Buyukderé*; commercial speculators, bent on making the most they can out of Crimean necessities, and occasionally a lady or two, whom maternal or conjugal affection has brought out to sooth the weary pillow of a wounded man: with such is *Misseri's* crowded. Around them hover a host of Turks, Ionians, Greeks, Jews, eager to sell, waiting to be hired, ready to guide, and invariably trying to cheat. Constantinople is literally a den of thieves, where everybody you deal with seeks to extort more than the value of his wares or services. Here one begins to note the effects of war on the usually trim and elegant appearance of England's officers. The gilding is somewhat rubbed off; regulation is less attended to; the unbuttoned coat discloses the coloured flannel shirt; the neat forage-cap, with its gold band or embroidered device, is covered with quilted white cotton; spurs are not so bright, or boots so exquisitely polished as on a parade-ground at Hounslow, Windsor, or Brighton. The realities of service are substituted for its fripperies. On board the transport that conveys us from the Bosphorus to *Balaklava* are a dozen fine lads, high in spirit and full of enthusiasm, eager to flesh their maiden swords in the Russian's hide, and as yet but partially informed as to the hardships and privations that await them. They drink, as they steam across the *Enxine*, bottled liquids, adorned with the names of *sauterne* and champagne, to an early encounter and speedy promotion; and, as they approach the port, trunks are opened, and they appear in all the glory of vivid scarlet and brilliant gold. How much more highly, in a few days'

time, will they prize a cool mug of ration-beer or rum and water, and the blanket that shelters their limbs from Crimean dews. And how many of them, perhaps, ere a few weeks have elapsed, will have been laid in the inhospitable earth that already covers the bones of legions of their countrymen! From what I have seen, and from the material evidence I have collected since my arrival here, I am persuaded that it is a fatal mistake to send out very young men to the Crimea. Their frames are not sufficiently matured to resist the hardships to which they inevitably are exposed; and the majority of them lack the knowledge and self-command necessary to govern their lives in a manner that might save them from disease. It is to be regretted that means cannot be found to obtain older recruits to fill up the gaps in our army here. At every step through the camp one meets lads who may be eighteen years of age, but who do not appear to be more than sixteen or seventeen; fine smart boys, many of them, with all the making of good soldiers, but particularly liable to the prevalent diseases, and speedily prostrated. The regimental and divisional surgeons will tell you that, when a draft of such recruits joins their corps, they quickly find an increase in the hospital returns. Their constitutions are as yet too tender for the sort of life, and to resist the noxious influence of the climate. Would not a higher bounty procure older and hardier men? If so, it would be true economy to offer it. Looking at the soldier as a mere machine, he is so costly a one, by the time he arrives in the Crimea, that it is waste and extravagance to send out an inferior article, to perish almost as soon as landed. My stay here has been as yet too short to embolden me to put forward my own observation as evidence of any value in a question of this kind, but I could adduce, in its support, the testimony of numerous officers, medical and others, who have had experience of this war from its commencement, and who declare that the Crimean army at this moment, although well cared for, in good spirits, and as brave as any army can be, has not the elements of fortitude

and endurance possessed by the troops that fought at Alma and Inkermann, and that were sacrificed in thousands during the last winter, by the shameful mismanagement and want of foresight of an incapable government. But I do not intend getting into politics, and moreover I am outrunning my conveyance.

We are off Balaklava. The coast is wild, the morning gloomy, heavy clouds rest upon the mountain-tops, there is a nasty chopping sea; the Crimea presents itself to us under no cheering aspect. A number of vessels are at anchor, or lying to, outside the harbour, awaiting the hour of departure or permission to enter. Ships thus situated, in that place, may emphatically be said to exist by the mercy of Providence. A sudden violent squall would dash them against the lofty rocks. There, on the right hand, within a stone's throw, as it seems, of the port, the ill-fated "Prince," and some fifteen other vessels, were destroyed. Yonder the precipices open, but there is little appearance of a port. As we near the land, however, we discern the low hull of the little "Triton," moored close to the shore, just opposite the harbour's entrance. And yonder, painted on a slab of the rock, are the words "Cosack Bay." Only a small portion, a nook of Balaklava harbour, is visible from without. As you enter, it opens on your right hand, a loop of water enclosed by high rocks, and of such depth up to their base that the largest vessels lie close in to the shore. In some other situation Balaklava harbour would be precious, for it is a natural dock; and, to complete it, all that is required is, to cut quays out of the surrounding rocks, which in some places rise perpendicularly from the water. It is crowded with vessels—British men-of-war and transports of many nations. The town itself is a paltry group of wretched houses. Passing through High Street and Raglan Square, sites far less imposing than their names would indicate, we leave it behind us and make for the camp. At a short distance along the road the village of Kadukoi for a moment arrests our attention. Built almost entirely of planks, it is the British bazaar, as Kamiesch is that

of the French. There a colony of sutlers thrive and fatten on the British army. Thither all the wine-merchants and grocers of London appear to have despatched their worst fabrications and stalest goods. The English in the Crimea do not grumble at paying exorbitant prices for their little luxuries, but they do complain that most of the merchandise they get for their money is of the most execrable quality. Good brandy (almost a necessary of life in that country) is not to be obtained for any money nearer than Constantinople—I might almost say nearer than Malta. An honest trader, bringing out a well-assorted cargo of "notions" of good quality, might run it off in an extremely short time, and realise a very handsome profit. From Kadukoi various tracks lead out to the camp. The regular road is bad—in winter wretched and almost impassable. People generally canter over the downs, which are tolerably good riding ground in dry weather, barring these blocks of stones and patches of smooth rocky surface that one encounters in some places at every step, and the broken bottles and iron hoops that are strewn wherever there has been a camp. Bottles and barrels are a drug here. The former, perfectly useless, are heedlessly tossed away by the soldiers, regardless of probable damage to horses' feet; the staves of the latter are applied to various purposes, to making fences, building stables, and as firewood,—but with the iron hoops little can be done, and these are scattered over the soil in rusty profusion.

The British camp before Sebastopol is spread over an undulating surface, and it is necessary to seek an elevated point in order to obtain a view of it as a whole. Various considerations have prevented much regard to symmetry in its construction. Many regiments have pitched their tents in tolerably regular lines, but then these perhaps run off at an oblique angle to those of some other corps, and are broken by tenements of other descriptions. The general aspect of the camp, seen at a glance, is that of a confused assemblage of tents, marquees, huts, painted and unpainted, and of low buildings, variously

shaped and roofed, and the occupants of which live partly below the surface. The huts are used chiefly for stores and hospitals, but the number of them increases, and not a few officers and men enjoy their shelter, at all seasons far preferable to that of a tent. On a dark night the camp has the appearance of a town, nothing being seen of it but numerous lights. Probably the best way of giving you an idea of its general aspect by day is to sketch that part of it visible from the door of the hut in which I now write. Six o'clock has just been sounded on a gong, which the captain of a neighbouring division of the Land Transport Corps keeps going to promote punctuality amongst his motley command, composed of English, French, Spaniards, Poles, Turks, Affghans, and of heathens and infidels of every clime and description. The heat and glare of the day, which have been considerable, begin to be agreeably replaced by a cooler air and more subdued light; the atmosphere is beautifully clear, and the slightest undulations of the Inkermann heights, which tower in the distance over the edge of the plateau, are distinctly visible, as are also the white tents of the Russian encampment on the north side of Sebastopol. Directly opposite, a break in the hills affords a glimpse of a more distant and elevated ridge; and, away to the right, where a French semaphore just now brandishes its black arms, is a sort of jumble of hills enclosing the valley of the Tchernaya, where the action of the 16th August was fought. To the left the ground rises, and on the summit we see a flagstaff, in the direction whence proceeds the noise of the cannonade, which, as is usual at this hour, has just freshened up. The flagstaff is planted at the corner of the cemetery, on Cathcart's Hill, where a too numerous group of tombstones and of uninscribed mounds cover the remains of victims of this long and bloody campaign. On the hill a number of figures are visible, on foot and on horseback. The same is the case every fine evening at this hour. Our soldiers are particularly fond of going up there and watching the fire; it is also a favourite lounge with the officers, and some of the cavalymen

generally ride over of an afternoon from their quarters near Balaklava. Not unfrequently, when a tolerable group is assembled, the Russians throw up shot, which usually have the effect of dispersing, or at least diminishing it. In the course of August they have fired a good deal at the camp, but the distance is great, and few of their shots have taken effect. Looking nearer home,—to our right front, we see a dark column approaching with the steady even march that characterises British troops, and contrasts with the loose irregular array of the French on the move. They are in light marching order, undress and forage-caps. The Guards and Highlanders are on their way to the trenches. Following them is a working party, clad in coarse grey drill frocks and trousers, and carrying nothing but wooden canteens of drink slung round their bodies. Two or three stretchers follow, to bring off the wounded, for no night passes without casualties. The whole presently disappears in the ravine, where the shades of evening already begin to gather, although a rich sun-glow still lights up the plain.

Scampering to and fro, on ponies of every size and description, are numbers of infantry officers, who seem to hold it their duty to keep their unfortunate Crimean and Turkish chargers at a perpetual gallop. Some are returning from Sutler's Town (Kadukoi), and carry loads with which they certainly would not traverse even a lonely country common in England. Birds, bottles, sauce, and biscuits apparently occupy the thoughts and havresacks of most of them. Here is one who has slung around him a capacious game-bag, containing a turkey, and two couple of fowls, all alive. There is no saying with what he may have filled up the corners; perhaps with a bottle of pickles and a pot of preserved meat. Another man has a ham; a third water-melons, and a jar of honey. This last is a very young sub, who has not yet lost his sweet tooth and taste for forbidden fruit, and who will probably pay for his school-boy indulgence, with an attack of a complaint easily provoked in the Crimea. Not all, however, come from market. Not a



few blue frocks and scarlet jackets are seen, converging towards a point near the edge of the plateau, hard by the Semaphore. There stand a *gourbi* (an African wigwam, built of branches), and a long white hut, close to which the band of the Zouaves forms a circle, the bandmaster in the centre. These are General Bosquet's quarters, and every evening there is military music in front of them. The attendance of English officers is regular, and often large. Few French officers are seen there; but there are generally groups of French soldiers, and especially of the Zouave, in his green turban, short loose jacket, red petticoat, and yellow leggings, and wearing that peculiarly devil-may-care air, which at all times characterises him. Looking nearer to where we now stand, the view in the foreground assumes a domestic character—almost a farmyard aspect. There is the commissariat cattle-pound, formed of empty barrels, and to which the sheep and oxen have just returned from the scanty pastures, whither each morning they are driven. Here are the stores. A huge mass of compressed hay, each truss bound in iron bands, is piled under tarpaulins. Nearer still at hand, a tethered goat nibbles the few grass roots that remain on the well-trodden plain. She supplies milk for our mess (a mess of four persons), when our milker is not forestalled by some early-rising pilferer. Fowls, turkeys, a solitary goose—who looks as if he would prefer the greenest horse-pond in which ever frog fattened, to the arid and dusty heights of Balaklava; a grunter in a corner (promising fat feeding for winter), in a sty made up of old wine-cases, and a varmint-looking little bantam cock, who has taken a dislike to the goose, and spurs and pecks him by the hour together, complete the farming-stock. Throw a sunny glow over the whole picture, and you will probably, on reviewing it, declare it to be not an unpleasing one, and decide that, after all, things are not so bad in the Crimea, or campaigners there to be greatly pitied. A little examination will disclose the reverse of the medal, the discomforts and hardships of camp life. There are not a few even in fine weather; when it rains, discomfort is perfect and complete. Your drenched tent

totters before the rude blast; wind and wet penetrate between the ill-joined planks of the huts, and dash into the low entrances of the caves or dens in which some of the officers live. These last are ditches or holes in the ground, surrounded with low walls, supporting roofs formed of planks, sailcloth, tarpaulin, old tents—anything that comes to hand. These are the favourite abodes of rats and mice, which however abound everywhere in the camp, and increase so rapidly, that if our army passes the winter where it now is, and does not call to its aid a cargo of cats and terriers, it risks being eaten up (it or its rations) by the audacious and innumerable vermin. The Crimean rat is of very large size; many of the mice are as big as a small English rat. Traps being here unknown, and cats extremely scarce, both rats and mice revel in impunity, and one hears them fighting and frolicking all around one. At meals they walk deliberately about your hut; when you sleep they run across your bed, and sometimes awaken you by marching over your face. As hanging shelves and well-closed safes enter very little into housekeeping arrangements in the Crimea, it is difficult, indeed impossible, to keep them from one's food. Every morning the bread bears marks of their teeth, and it is considered lucky if they have respected the bit of cold-ration mutton reserved from yesterday's dinner for to-day's breakfast. Another nuisance here is the centipede, an ill-favoured reptile, some two or three inches long, its body about the size of a flattened quill, and fringed by numerous feet, by the aid of which it hooks itself on to its prey, and stings venomously. The injury it inflicts is often very serious; the part swells to an enormous size, and is long in getting well. These loathsome creatures are not unfrequent about the huts and tents; they get into your boots, and occasionally into your bed, and it is not a bad precaution to shake the former before drawing them on, and to examine the latter before getting into it, especially if it be upon the ground. Beds here, I need hardly say, are innocent of sheets. Sleeping between blankets is no hardship, especially in winter, and

even in summer the nights are rarely very warm in the Crimea, where, moreover, one may be said to sleep *al fresco*, since even persons who have doors to their huts usually leave them open in fine weather. The absence of sheets is, I think, rather favourable to fleas, which are tolerably active; but after a few days one hardly feels them. Generally speaking, the Crimea is a great place for insects of all kinds. I was at first tempted to believe that the camp, the numerous collection of men, the cooking, the food, the refuse that inevitably gets more or less thrown about, the great number of horses and mules, were the causes that the common black house-fly abounds here to such an extent as to become an almost unendurable plague and torment, and actually to embitter one's existence. But on going up to visit a friend, who has pitched his tent at some miles from camp, in a charming rural situation, high above the sea, and remote from most of the fly-producing circumstances I have enumerated, I found him just as much a martyr as we who abide on the heights before Sebastopol. Fortunately, by a merciful dispensation of Providence, the Crimean fly, like other flies, requires sleep; and, when darkness covers the earth and you put out your candle, he leaves you in peace until sunrise; then he is up again, vigorous and refreshed, and quickly rouses you from the soundest slumber. At night, however, when he rests, blackening your walls and roof with his sleeping masses, which the first sunbeam will rouse into activity, other insects and winged things visit and afflict you. To give you an example. It is now past eleven; the camp is quiet; two or three friends, who dropped in in the course of the evening to smoke the pipe of consolation, and imbibe the grog of good-fellowship, have just departed (people go to roost pretty early here); the stillness of the camp is broken only by an occasional scrimmage between Turkish ponies and Spanish mules—closely picketed in an adjacent enclosure, and who seem to have inherited the traditional fends of the Moslem and the Spaniard—and by “the distant random-gun of the enemy sullenly fring.” I sit down

to conclude this letter, and, as I write, various monsters hop and flutter around me and my guttering candles. They are of all shapes and sizes, from a tiny midge to a locust two inches long. Moths are there in great plenty, and some of them, I daresay, would be prizes for the entomologist, for their wings are beautifully pencilled. I sincerely wish the entomologist had them. There is a great green fly (I never see it in the day), with gauzy green wings, which has the look of a diminutive imp in an incantation scene, as it squats itself close to my paper, and impertinently watches me write; and there are other queer-shaped creatures, whose shadows, cast upon the wall, have the most grotesque appearance, reminding one of some of the little fantastical diabolins which Teniers loved to introduce into his pictures of St Anthony's temptation. The tobacco smoke has cleared away, and the quietness and the light have attracted the myriad of winged tormentors. All these, however, are but summer plagues, and, although harassing enough, may be cheerfully endured by those who went through the serious and terrible sufferings of last winter in the Crimea. Heat and insects, and even the indescribably nauseous smells one here and there encounters—proceeding, in many cases, from shallow graves of man or beast—are light evils compared with bitter cold, incessant wet, scanty raiment, and little or no shelter. One has read much of the winter sufferings of our gallant and unfortunate army; but the narrative acquires fresh interest, to a new-comer in the Crimea, when derived from the lips of the survivors. One hears of men passing many weeks without once taking off any part of their clothes. Wet through regularly every day, at night they found it impossible to get warm. Had they removed their boots they would not have been able to get them on to go to their duty in the morning. Those who risked it found their feet swell instantly. Few had a change of anything. Most men had one suit—often a most uncouth and incongruous assemblage of garments—but they had no more; and, if one article of their dress gave way, they were put to dire shifts to replace it. Im-

mense prices were paid for the commonest clothes; a second-hand pair of seaman's boots was worth more than the choicest work of art that ever issued from Hoby's shop. I heard of ten pounds being offered for a pair of trousers by an unfortunate wight who had split his across the stern—and drawers, it is to be observed, were then scarcer even than trousers. The owner refused to sell them, but afterwards, touched by the applicant's misery, bestowed them as a free gift. Such generosity, under such circumstances, should have constituted an eternal bond of friendship.

A terrible moment was that which immediately followed the November hurricane, when tents, clothes, and every kind of comfort were swept away, with scarce a chance of recovery—when sheep were blown into the Russian lines, and the men on the Marine Heights, above Balaklava, had to throw themselves down, and hold on by the ground to save themselves from being hurled over the cliffs. The ensuing twenty-four hours were passed by many seated in the wet, under the lee of low walls, heaps of stones, or any other partial shelter they could discover; and all winter the road from Balaklava was a quagmire, through which it was scarcely possible to bring such scanty supplies as should keep body and soul together; whilst in the camp it was mud to the knees, and overhead the cheerless, turbid, stormy Crimean sky. It is useless and painful to dwell on that horrible time, except as a warning for the future. Things are now better organised; there is abundance in the camp; the army is well provided with clothes and necessaries; storehouses have been erected, and others are in course of erection; and if, as many believe, our troops are destined to pass another winter before the almost impregnable fortress that has already cost us rivers of blood, and gold, it will be under less trying circumstances than before. Assuredly there will be plenty of hardships to endure; disease and the climate must be expected to snatch many victims from the ranks of the fine young soldiers who have replaced the veterans that last winter destroyed. And if we fail in capturing the south side of

Sebastopol before the bad weather sets in, the wet and cold of the trenches will render them the grave of thousands. At this moment opinions are much divided. The generals-in-chief may possibly be possessed of information enabling them to calculate the probabilities of the campaign; but all others in the camp are confined to conjectures, to doubts, and hopes, and fears. All are weary of the long protracted campaign, in which so much has been sacrificed for the gain of so few solid advantages. But the men are cheerful, obedient, and full of spirit and ardour; whilst the feeling of duty and honour supports the officers, although, from all I have seen and heard, I believe there are few of these, at least those who have been out from the beginning of the war, who would not gladly purchase, at the price of a sharp wound, a few months' or weeks' repose in England.

I shall not attempt, in this letter, which does not aspire to be more than a mere feather-light bundle of impressions, to enter into any of the grave questions connected with the war, or even to give you a detailed account of the chief events that have occurred since my arrival in the camp. The former would be more fitly discussed in another form, and of the latter you will doubtless receive full particulars from your able military correspondent, whose "Story of the Campaign" is as highly appreciated here as it cannot fail to be in England. Before this reaches you the newspapers will have informed you of the pretty action on the Tchernaya—the first in this war in which the French have triumphed unassociated with the English. The fight, which commenced before day-break, was on a series of small hills bordering on the river, and terminated in the utter rout of the Russians, who came on in great force, and at first were encouraged by a shadow of success. It was but a shadow. The Zouaves, who gave back for a moment before the swarm of enemies that advanced upon them up the side of one of the Mammelons, rallied upon other battalions of their own corps, and met the advance with a murderous fire, driving back the Muscovite. The artillery, however, played the most important part in the fight, at least as

regarded, what is here colloquially termed, "the butcher's bill." The French, the Sardinians, and Moubray's English battery, sent shot and shell with terrible effect through the hostile masses. It has been said that the victory could have been more complete had the cavalry been sent forward, but this appears doubtful. As it was, the Russians lost as many thousands as the Allies lost hundreds. Had the cavalry pursued, they could have gone but a short distance before coming under fire of the enemy's batteries, which awaited them in position, hoping, perhaps, for a repetition of the mad scamper at Balaklava. The Sardinians behaved extremely well, proving themselves gallant, steady, and skilful soldiers. Their artillery practice elicited high praise from all who beheld it. Their pride has since been wounded by an order of the day, issued by the English Commander-in-chief, who declared that their conduct on the 16th August proved them worthy to fight by the side of the first military nation of Europe. A little reflection might have helped General Simpson to a happier form of compliment. In military power, France is to Sardinia as a giant to a pigmy; but in soldiership and warlike prowess the Sardinians have never deemed themselves inferior to any; and certainly it was not the moment, when their valiant struggle against Austria is still fresh in every man's memory, to hint, however remotely, that a doubt had been entertained of their being found up to the French mark. Generals may be pardoned for being but clumsy with the pen if they prove themselves able with the sword. As yet we have had no taste of General Simpson's quality—at least in his capacity of commander-in-chief. Since he as-

sumed the supreme command the camp has been simmering in sunshine and idleness. Down into the trenches, nightly, go some 15,000 men (English and French), to shoot and be shot at for twenty-four hours. Scarcely even a sortie, worthy of note, to vary the monotony. On the Malakoff are all eyes centred; that key by which, if once we grasped it, we should quickly open to ourselves the gate of southern Sebastopol. The French are working up to it, but they get on very slowly. When little expected, the Russians roused us from our seeming slumber. The trumpet of the Tchernaya sounded the note of action. So at least it appears to us, although it perhaps may long before have been resolved, in the inscrutable councils of Head Quarters, that, at four in the morning of the 18th August, another bombardment should commence. It lasted three days, varying in vigour, and under its cover the French advanced their works. They are now so near to the enemy—and so are the English on the left—that it seems impossible a bloody and decisive encounter should not very soon occur.

About this time, you, oh fortunate Ebony, are doubtless disporting yourself on the moors, slaying and eating the most fragrant of grouse, dulcifying your œsophagus with that nectaræan compound known as the brose of Atholl, solacing your evening repose with a moderate tumbler of toddy, inhaling the balmy breezes that blow from Highland hills. But I dare swear that, amidst those pleasant pastimes and peaceful enjoyments, your thoughts wander, not seldom, to your less comfortably-quartered and cared-for countrymen, who sleep in hovels and under canvass on unfriendly Crimean hills, like your faithful

VEDETTE.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, 28th August.

## BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

## NO. II.—ANY RECENT WORK UPON SPORTING.

Most notable among the drawbacks which attend the literary profession, is the extreme jealousy, almost amounting to hatred, manifested by the great body of authors towards those who undertake the duty of reviewing. Converse with any young gentleman who has presented a volume of spasmody to the public inspection, and you will find him as full of bile against the critics as if he had subsisted solely upon curried oysters since the eve of publication. He denounces them *en masse*, as a gang of heartless desperadoes, cold-blooded assassins, mean-spirited stabbers in the dark, malevolent scalp-hunters, ignorant pretenders, shallow boys, arrogant asses, conceited prigs, egregious numskulls, and so forth—protesting, at the same time, with a hollow laugh, that he cares nothing for them or their verdicts, but despises them from the bottom of his soul. From this you conclude, naturally enough, that the poor young fellow has been made the victim of some foul literary conspiracy—that a whole nest of hornets has been buzzing about his ears and stinging him to exasperation—that he has been flayed alive, gibbeted, and quartered, in the most ruthless and savage manner—and that his mental pangs must have been more exquisitely acute than those of “Eleemon who was sold to the demon.” Never in your life were you more mistaken. No familiar of the Inquisition has laid hands on his innocent carcass, or proceeded to stretch his limbs on the rack. No midnight murderer has been thirsting for his gore. He has sent copies of his duodecimo to the editors of every conceivable periodical in the United Kingdom; but not one of them has even recognised his existence, much less expressed an opinion derogatory of his poetical abilities. He is suffering indeed; but it is simply from the want of notoriety, to achieve which, he would, in reality, be glad to undergo any reasonable amount of tomahawking.

After all, in cases of this sort, the critics are the parties who have real ground for complaint; and we can speak most feelingly on the subject, having undergone, at the hands of unnoticed authors, every imaginable species of persecution. Over and over again has the public been assured in these columns that Maga edits herself; and on the title-page of every number there is a distinct intimation that all communications (post paid) must be addressed to William Blackwood and Sons, 45 George Street, Edinburgh, and 37 Paternoster Row, London. After such clear announcements, it appears absolutely amazing that human beings should persist in attributing the editorial functions to those who neither claim nor exercise them; and in poisoning and embittering, by their solicitations and complaints, the lives of lazy contributors, who have seldom the inclination and frequently not the opportunity of revising the proof-sheets of their own articles. We cannot undertake to specify the amount of individual annoyance which may fall to the share of our fellow-labourers in the vineyard of Buchanan; but we can assert with perfect truth, that upon one devoted, but blameless, head, a whole Niagara of literary indignation, has been poured. The process usually is as follows:—One morning we receive an unstamped letter, which the servant, contrary to orders, has taken in, referring to a volume which the writer states that he forwarded six weeks previously, and requesting to know when the work is likely to be reviewed. As we never saw the volume, have no intention whatever of reviewing it, and feel deeply aggravated because of the sacrificed twopence, we chuck the communication into the fire, hoping that silence may be deemed a satisfactory reply. But we reckon without our host. A week afterwards another epistle arrives, again unstamped; but this time we are more wary, and the letter is peremptorily refused. Next comes a

communication from a fellow who styles himself "an old friend," and a very old friend he must be, for we have not set eyes upon him since we left school, and remember his name solely from the circumstance that he was the perpetual booby of the class. He canters through a few preliminary compliments and reminiscences, and then comes "to the object of my troubling you at present," which turns out to be a request that you will notice, "for the sake of auld lang syne," the volume published by the man who sent the unstamped letters, and who turns out to be a brother-in-law, cousin, or some other indefinite connection of the affectionate booby. What "auld lang syne" has to do with the matter we cannot exactly perceive; but our heart yearns towards our ancient playmate, who used to take his floggings with such stoical indifference, and we write him a very kind letter, explaining that we have nothing whatever to do with the management of the Magazine, and that we have never set eyes upon the literary production of his friend. The last is an unlucky remark, for, by return of post, we receive a copy of the volume in question—prepaid, however, for our friend the Booby, though somewhat dull of apprehension, is a thorough gentleman in his feelings. We open the book—find that it is, as we expected, rubbish of the worst quality—and fling it aside, trusting to hear no more about the author. Again we are wrong. This time the author writes, ostensibly to apologise for his former error, but in reality to inquire whether, now that we are made aware of his connection with the house of Booby, we will not exert our influence with the Messrs Blackwood to get the work noticed. "Perhaps," so writes the unblushing one, "you may be inclined to undertake the task yourself." Assuredly if the book were only three shades less contemptible than it is, we would comply with his wishes, and give him such a capper-clawing as would send him for a season howling to the wilderness; but we hate needless cruelty, and the imbecility of the creature is his salvation. Therefore we write the iciest of all possible epistles, declining the flattering proposal; and believe that we have at

length got rid of the incubus. Not so. We receive a jaunty epistle from Booby, apparently quite delighted with our recognition, expressing a hope that when we come to his part of the country we will pay him a visit and talk over old stories, and then diverging to the subject of the accursed duodecimo, and its persevering author, who, Booby assures us, is one of the finest fellows in the universe. "Do write me what you think of his book," quoth Booby; "I do not pretend to be a judge of such matters, but I think some parts of it are very clever." Goaded on to desperation, we sit down deliberately, and waste a whole precious morning in explaining to Booby, in no unequivocal language, our opinion of the intellects of his friend. That epistle of ours Booby, with exquisite good taste, communicates to the aspirant after literary distinction, who consequently becomes our enemy for life.

Scott, whose knowledge of human nature was scarcely inferior to that possessed by Shakespeare, has admirably brought out this itch for notoriety, in the character of the dwarf, Sir Geoffrey Hudson. Rather than not be noticed, the little man would submit to the imputation of impossible crimes; and his self-conceit rose proportionally with the enormity of the charge preferred. With one literary Hudson it might be easy to deal, but it is no joking matter to be molested by scores. Like the detestable Swiss children who infest the fall of the Staubach, they will not let you alone, even though you would give a tolerable ransom to be freed from their company. They cling to your skirts, follow at your heels, and perform every conceivable manner of antic in order to attract attention; in vain do you alternately resort to the distribution of coppers, and a warning flourish of the horse-whip—the crowd increases and sticks to you with the closeness and tenacity of a swarm of midges, until, driven to desperation, you rush frantically from the valley, registering a vow that no power on earth will induce you again to set foot within precincts so beautiful yet so rife with irritation.

Far be it from us to insinuate that this strong passion for notoriety is peculiar to literary aspirants, or that

it is more observable in them than in the followers of regular professions. We never yet knew the briefless lawyer, or the patient-less physician, whose want of success was not attributed by themselves and their friends to the heartless neglect of the world; nor do we remember any instance of the kind in which the consummate abilities, erudition, and talents of the would-be practitioners were not assumed as notorious and indisputable facts. Vanity is the one common garment of the whole human race: it cleaves as closely to the frame as the poisoned shirt of Nessus, and torture unutterable is caused by any attempt to remove it. Our observations, if properly understood, merely go the length of vindicating reviewers from the charges of hard-heartedness, indifference, and cruelty, which have been so often brought against them by unnoticed authors. Not one of those latter seems to imagine it possible that the almost preternatural silence of the critics with regard to his productions can be caused by their insignificance or worthlessness. Delusions of this kind are common, and they are easily accounted for. The gradations of nature are infinite; and however weak may be the intellects of a man, he is pretty sure, in the course of his career, to encounter one or two others who are even less gifted than himself. To them, by a natural law, he appears an oracle of wisdom: they adopt his opinions, repeat his sayings, and, if he ventures into the perilous field of authorship, applaud his writings to the echo. He is the prime star of a very minute constellation—the biggest animalcule in an isolated drop of water. So that when Vespasian Tims, the boast and cynosure of the literary club which holds its weekly meetings at the sign of the Jolly Ogre, has indulged his friends with a private audience of his forthcoming tragedy entitled *Abdel-buffer, or the Bravo of the Bosphorus*, it is small wonder if the little circling vibrates with delight, and if Vespasian is assured by more than one devoted satellite that his work will stand comparison with the choicest productions of the Elizabethan era. As a matter of course, Tims would rather “doubt truth to be a liar,” than question the

propriety of such a verdict; accordingly, after he has committed himself in print, he cannot for the life of him understand the universal apathy and indifference which appears to have pervaded the whole body of the British critics. For hostile notices, of the most truculent kind, our Vespasian is prepared. He knows that he has enemies; for, to use his own beautiful language,—

“Genius is a flower  
Which the base market-gardeners of this rank  
world  
Won't let the sunshine beam on; but they  
clap  
Shards, broken envy-bottles, hideous hoods  
Of most opaquy and unnatural tint,  
Right on the top on't; and so deem to pale,  
By shutting out the bright effulgence of  
The locks of Phœbus, that splendiferous,  
And never-to-be-classed-in-catalogue  
Star of the mind —”

Any attempt to put him down he is prepared, like another Antæus, to resist; but he can meet with no antagonist. He has entered the lists, displayed his banner, and blown his trumpet; but not a living soul will vouchsafe him the slightest notice. He is as unfortunate as the knight of the Round Table, who, though constantly on horseback, and in the very midst of a prime preserve of giants, never could fall in with an adventure; and, like that worthycion of chivalry, he halts before the drawbridge of every castle, and heaps every kind of vituperation upon its inmates, because nobody will take the trouble to sally out and indulge him with the luxury of a drubbing.

Critics, however, are merely men, liable to human infirmity and impulse, and we have known instances in which, when irritated by incessant badgering, they have so far forgot their duty as to allow their temper to overcome their discretion, and have administered a contemptuous shake or so to the clamorous candidate for notoriety. Then—mercy on us—what a yowling ensues! No lady's lap-dog could shriek louder, when, after a series of deliberate small insults directed against a mastiff, Jowler makes a spring, and catches the unfortunate pug in his jaws, than does the new-fledged author when the critic is down upon him. The public, who really are in the main good-natured, and who hate

to see any man or any animal over-matched, are apt to cry "shame" upon such occasions, being, of course, in utter ignorance of the previous provocation; and the mangled innocent, who, after all, is more frightened than hurt, is picked up and covered with caresses—which, however, have merely the effect of prolonging the period of his yelping. He *has* been attacked—he *has* been bitten—he *has* excited sympathy; and he is determined that, in so far as in him lies, that sympathy shall not be permitted to abate. So he continues to howl, and disturb the whole neighbourhood, until even his well-wishers pronounce him to be a positive nuisance, and become rather angry with Jowler because he did not finish him at once.

If any of our readers should be at a loss to know what these preliminary remarks portend, we beg to inform them that they are merely in explanation of the title which we have affixed to the present article. The fact is, that, situated as we are, we have no book before us to review; and we are anxious, before the expiry of the legitimate holidays, to deliver ourselves of a sporting article. Were we as unscrupulous as some of our Quarterly brethren, we might have adopted their convenient custom of transferring, from the advertising portion of the *Times*, the names of any new works which appear to have the slightest relation to the topic in hand, and then compounding an article from ingredients totally different. But, in our estimation, the practice to which we refer is base and cowardly; and, follow it who will, we trust that the columns of *Maga* may never be stained by such degradation. It is an utter abuse of literature, and an insult to literary men, to string together the titles of some six or seven different works bearing upon the same subject, in order to make a preliminary flourish, and then calmly, in the text, to pass them over as if they were so much waste paper, undeserving either of praise or of censure. Who, in the name of Mumbo-Jumbo, wants to see a book-catalogue in the table of contents of a quarterly review? and yet, what other denomination can be correctly given to the literary bills of fare which our bulky brothers are

went to throw out for our allurements? Why should Mr Mechi's list of cutlery be made the mere handle or apology for a prosy article regarding the manufacture of iron? or a treatise upon Macadamisation be paraded as an excuse for a rickety essay upon mail-coaches? It would be quite as sensible a proceeding to select *Tooke's Diversions of Purley* as the proper text for a dissertation upon nursery literature.

Our sporting friends, therefore, will understand that we intend no manner of disparagement to recent writers upon wood or water craft, by omitting to specify their names. Some of them, we doubt not, are practical men, and conversant with the subjects they have selected; while it is not irrational, nor even uncharitable, to surmise that others are rank impostors. Be that as it may, we shall summon no parties to the bar; and therefore we hope for once to escape from expostulation or complaint.

The compilation of a really good sporting work is, we suspect, a task of great difficulty, requiring, in the person of the author, the union of many accomplishments. A man may be a first-rate shot, a deadly angler, an admired disposer of a field, or a prime judge of dogs and horses, without being able to commit any of his experiences to paper. Many men who are admirable practitioners in their art either fail in the exposition of its principles, or make that exposition so exceedingly bald as to be devoid of interest. The truth is, that in sporting matters there is not very much to be learned from the perusal of books. Practice and perseverance, combined with a just enthusiasm, are indispensably necessary for the formation of the finished sportsman; and many lessons there are which cannot be imparted through the medium of print or precept. We are aware that, in saying this, we run counter to the prevalent theory of the day, and the opinions of those eminent philosophers and philanthropists who maintain that the only effectual means of educating the masses, are by deluging the country with cheap publications, and letting loose a horde of itinerant lecturers. We more than doubt the soundness of that view. No amount



of attendance upon lectures on typography will make a man a creditable printer; and heaven forbid that any of us should intrust our persons to the tender mercies and scientific direction of a railway-driver, whose means of knowledge were solely derived from the perusal of treatises upon engines. If we heard a stoker descanting learnedly upon the merits of the machine invented by Hiero of Alexandria, we should feel very much inclined to eschew proceeding by the train of which he is so accomplished an ornament; nor would our mind be much more at ease if forced to cross the Pentland Firth during stormy weather, were the helm intrusted to the hands of the most eminent living lecturer upon navigation. Able and perspicuous as are the art-writings of Sir Joshua Reynolds, no man, however attached to art, will become a painter merely through their study; and, notwithstanding all the treatises upon poetry, ancient and modern, which are extant for our perusal, the art is not, at least at the present time, in a thriving or a healthy condition.

In sporting, practice is all in all. We verily believe that no angler can honestly say that he has ever added the weight of six ounces to his creel in consequence of all the maxims that are laid down by Isaak Walton; and we are quite sure that no marked diminution in the race of wild-fowl followed the revelations of Colonel Hawker. Old Isaak's book, of which no one who is able to appreciate the charm of a simple, manly, and unaffected style can speak otherwise than in terms of love, is a mere pastoral; beautiful indeed as a composition, but useless as an angling treatise. Useless at least, in so far as its precepts are concerned; but not useless from the spirit which it breathes, and the enthusiasm which it has often kindled. Many anglers, who otherwise might never have thrown a line, have confessed that the perusal of Walton was the first incentive which urged them to the water-side; and they have blessed the memory of the good old man who introduced them to a pastime which never palls, and to an enjoyment as keenly relished in age as in early youth. But in angling, there are many gradations. The generic term of

angler embraces men of totally opposite temperaments and habits. The placid drowsy citizen who in his punt, with a gallon of beer beside him, beguiles gudgeons at Twickenham or Kingston, claims the same title with the sturdy Gael, who despises angling even for trout, but confines himself to the capture of the salmon. There are those who esteem the conquest of a single pike enough foundation for a piscatory name—there are others who expect to be known to posterity as the slayers of thumping barbel. And what is there unreasonable in this? But for the boar of Caledon we never should have heard of Meleager—take away the dolphin from Arion, and the poet becomes an empty sound.

Pastoral or no pastoral, we still place the *Complete Angler* of Walton in the foremost rank of treatises upon the gentle craft, and hail him as the Homer of the streams. Had he been more practical, more fishified, less credulous, and less discursive than he is, it may be that the virtue would have departed from him, and his treatise have lost that charm which has been recognised by many generations. Only once was it our lot to tread on the grassy margin of the Lea—to see in fancy the venerable form of Piscator with his pupil by his side, reclining under the shelter of an elm, and watching the floats, as the big drops pattered on the leaves above, or made a thousand dimples in the pool—and to cast a line in the waters, hallowed by such classic recollections. We wish now that we had left the latter deed undone; for the man who accompanied us, and who called himself, *par excellence*, “the fisherman,” put into our hands something which more nearly resembled a staff than a rod, with a line which might have held a porpoise, garnished with a couple of bullets; then, shouldering a hamper, which contained what he denominated “ground-bait,” he informed us that we were to fish for barbel. Of course we made no objection. Arriving at a very dirty and drumly pool, our guide, philosopher, and friend—who, by the way, was the ugliest dog we ever had the fortune to set eyes on—opened his wallet, and drew out some balls about the size of oranges, which he stated to be

a compound of tallow - greaves, slugs, and cheese! We had heard previously, or read somewhere, that barbel were by no means delicate or particular in their diet, but we really did not suppose that they would have touched anything so ineffably abominable. Howbeit the filth-balls were broken into fragments, and thrown into the hole, which we were assured was the finest cast for barbel in the river—in fact, quite “a favourite lie.” We baited the hook with gentles, and pitched the bullets in. We sat for three hours, and smoked four pipes, without even the semblance of a nibble; maintaining all the while a grim silence, which Harpocrates might have envied. Not so our guide, who kept up a perpetual torrent of gabble touching the monsters that he had seen extracted from “that ’ere deep, vich his the primish bit for barbel in them ’ere parts,” varied only by personal anecdotes of the Cockneys who were in the habit of resorting to the river, and who, judging from his account, must have been sportive and playful rogues, addicted to all manner of practical jokes, but “real gemmen,” in so far as liquor was concerned. At length, when further sufferance would have become a positive sin, we kicked the basket with the tallow-greaves into the river, for the benefit of the fish, if there really were any there—a question regarding which we entertain the gravest doubt; expressed, in unmistakable terms, to the panic-stricken fisherman, our opinion of the piscatory merits of the stream of which he was the guardian; and, guiltless of barbel’s blood, quitted the banks of the lazy Lea, which assuredly we shall not visit again, at least for angling purposes.

Stoddart is an excellent practical guide, and displays, in dealing with his subject, the decision and clearness of a master. His observations are the result of long experience; and even by the best anglers, some of whom are rather crotchety in matters of detail, and wedded to their own systems, he is acknowledged to be a first-rate authority. But Stoddart, though himself a poet of no mean ability, as his capital angling songs do sufficiently testify, has put less of

the leaven of poetry than we could have desired into the *Scottish Angler*, and is technical almost to a fault. We doubt whether any sporting book which does not contain very vivid and graphic sketches can be popular in the best sense of the word; for the author who delights us by his enthusiasm and manner of style, will always be preferred to the writer whose object is solely to instruct. And if, as we have already remarked, it is impossible to gain any deep insight into the mysteries of wood or water craft from the mere perusal of books, it follows that books upon these subjects ought to be made as attractive as possible, in order to win new votaries to the science of the sweet Sir Tristrem. Ah, kind Sir Tristrem!—courteous knight—fine forester—lover of ladies, and of all manner of vert and venison!—well is it for thee that thou canst not know what a ninny-hammer thou art made to appear in the strains of modern poets! What though thou wert luckless in love, as many a good fellow was before thee, and has been since thy time—is that any reason why thou shouldst be depicted shivering under the attack of a tertian ague, and moaning for the absent Iseult in thy disordered sleep? Cæsars and Alexanders were, like others of the human race, liable to the stroke of disease, and have called piteously on Titinius or Hephæstion for drink; but what eulogist of either hero would select for illustration those moments when he lay with a nightcap drawn over his aching temples, and a pitcher of ptisan by his pillow? Not so, assuredly, Tristrem, would we have depicted thee, had it been our vocation or choice to summon thine eidolon from the thickness of the mediæval mist! Not as a brain-sick lazar, ghost-like, wan, and gibbering, shouldst thou have appeared—but as a free and joyous knight riding through the greenwood, and making bolt and thicket ring again with the blast of thy merry bugle—or, as a champion of the Table Round, splintering lances in the tilt-yard with Launcelot, Gareth, and Gawaine, before the eyes of King Arthur and Guenever his beloved queen!

Having delivered ourselves of this apostrophe to an eminent early sportsman, let us return to our more immediate gear. We eye our rods, as they stand, a slender sheaf in the corner, with a feeling approaching to melancholy; for the season is now far advanced, and in a few days most of the rivers will be shut up. That circumstance, however, is in itself of little consequence; for the sea-shore still remains open, and there is as good angling in the salt-water as in the fresh. This must be, we know, a startling announcement to many, who have been reared in the belief that, below tide-way, the rod and line are useless. Nevertheless, it is a fact that, in the northern counties of Scotland, and more especially in the islands which contain few streams, and those but of insignificant size, it is not only possible, but easy, for a good angler, during the months of September and October, and even later, to fill his basket with splendid trout in the bays. Nay, we are using far too moderate a term; for no basket that angler ever slung at his back could contain one-half of the fish which we have seen taken by a single rod in the course of a few hours. It is quite a mistaken idea to suppose that there is any virtue in fresh-water or running streams, which causes migratory fish to rise at the artificial fly, or to seize on the minnow or other natural bait. They bite freely in the sea; and we have repeatedly captured trout from the end of a little pier, at a great distance from any stream, with no other bait than a common limpet. In order to insure success in this kind of fishing, the angler must make himself acquainted with the localities, must study the state of the tides, and must not be anywise particular about wading. He should provide himself with a stout rod and strong tackle; for if the day is a propitious one, he may expect to meet with fish of four, six, or even eight pounds weight, and he has to bring them ashore among patches of the toughest sea-weed. He may use either the fly or the worm; but the latter is the surest bait, and trout will rise at it when they will not look at the feathers and tinsel. The bait must not be allowed to sink, but the worm should be kept near the

surface, and drawn slowly along, very much as if you were fishing with a minnow. The best time to commence is about half-an-hour before full tide, spring-tides being decidedly preferable, as the trout are then upon the move, and the sport will continue as long as the nature of the bottom will allow. But as the fish go out very fast with the receding waters, it is in most places difficult to reach them after the tide has half ebbed. An excellent station for taking sea-trout is where the tide runs rapidly past a ledge of rocks; indeed, the more current there is, the greater is the chance of success. The ground near the mouth of streams, even though these may be so small as scarcely to make their way through the gravel, is almost always good; but even in bays, where there is neither rock nor stream, excellent sport may be obtained, especially if the wind is blowing freshly from shore. One great advantage of this kind of angling is, that all the fish, without exception, are in prime condition; and, as regards sport, we would at any time as lieve angle in a Zetland voe as in a Highland river. You may miss the trees and the mountains; but, on the other hand, there stretches before you, fresh and free, the glorious ocean, with the white comb on every wave, as it rolls toward the barrier-cliffs of the rocky island, and, bursting on that wall of adamant, sends the spray of its surges, glittering in the sunbeams, in a rainbow shower, up to the grand old ruined fortress, which, in times of yore, Earl Erlend, for the sake of his bride, made good against the hosts of the Norsemen.

Do you open your eyes in wonderment at this kind of sport, ye sons of the city, whose souls are set upon gudgeon, and whose highest aspirations are after dace? Come then with us to the brow of the cliffs, and we will show you greater marvels! Take heed to your footing, for the herbage is short and slippery, the precipice goes down sheer two hundred feet to the water; and, were your heels to fail you now, you would never eat white-bait at the Trafalgar more. But be of good courage—for here the ledge is broad; and it is only a pic-tarnie, and not an eagle, that is

circling round your heads with such vehement and threatening screams. Look out seaward, and tell us what you behold. Gulls of every kind, white, black, and grey, are wheeling round the broken skerry, and adding their distracting clamour to the cries of the tern, auk, and teist; whilst the long-necked cormorants fly sullenly over the face of the deep. Down yonder, on the point of the reef, are some thirty seals—*Neptuni pecus*, the herd that only will obey the winding of the Triton's horn—basking in the sun, flapping their tails as they revel in the unwonted luxury of heat, and nodding their heads as if in acquiescence to the sage remarks of their neighbours. For they are right wise fellows, those seals—more sagacious than many a biped who piques himself upon his superior education—and it would puzzle an acuter youth than ever stood in your shoes to circumvent them. But look out yonder; can you not descry something like white spouts bursting from the water, and occasionally a dark speck rising to the surface and disappearing? Congratulate yourself, child of Whittington; for that is a shoal of whales, and it may be your good fortune to witness the most exciting of all spectacles—a WHALE HUNT among the northern islands!

Other eyes than ours have lighted upon that most gladsome apparition. On the hill-side stands a frantic woman waving her apron—yea, she has even torn off her petticoat for a more conspicuous banner—and, leaping like a Mœnad, she vociferates, "Whales—whales!" And well may Tronda leap and vociferate; for, if the chase should prove successful, her superior sharpness of vision may win her a five-pound note, besides diffusing comfort over the neighbourhood for miles around. "Whales—whales!" The whole district rises at the cry. The township below vomits forth its inmates by tens and twenties. The fisherman, dozing on the beach with the pipe in his mouth, bounds to his feet as though an adder had stung him, and rushes desperately to his boat. Swarthy men, and weather-bronzed women, their hair streaming in the wind, unconfined by snood or kerchief, start out of peat-mosses, and

race violently to the shore. The reaper abandons his sickle, and runs with the rest; for oil is dearer to him than corn; besides, the oats and bere cannot swim away, which is more than can be said of the whales. Horses may take to the hill, and cows make havoc among the crop, for their appointed guardians are gone;—even the ragged urchin, whose duty it is to herd the geese, has caught the general infection, and, mad as a March hare, gallops after his insane mother, both of them shouting, as if for dear life, "Whales—whales!" though the whole inhabitants of the parish are by this time thoroughly cognisant of the shoal.

Quick—quick! shove off the boats—every one of them, however old and leaky, and tarry not for thwart or rowing-pin, because every minute is precious. "Huzza! here comes the minister!" "Bless you, my bairns!" quoth the good man, as, armed with a flinching knife, he steps panting into a boat; and the flotilla begins to move. "How many whales may there be?" On this point there is some diversity of opinion, for, large as they are, whales in the sea are not so easily counted as chickens in a farmyard, but nobody thinks there are fewer than four, and some estimate the number at five hundred!

"Five hundred whales!—well, that is coming it rather strong!" Hold your tongue, you ignoramus! and, for the future, confine your remarks to what you know and understand. If we had told you an hour ago that we could show you thirty seals, some of them not much smaller in carcass than a young Highland bullock, lying together upon a rock, you would not have believed us. You have seen that number now; and very much mistaken shall we be, if on your return to Cheapside, you do not multiply it fourfold. The whales out yonder are not Greenlanders, such as Scoresby has written about so well and oleagiously—they are "ca'ing whales," which the learned style *Delphinus deductor*, and there are huge shoals of them in the northern seas, especially around the Faroe Islands, which pertain to the Crown of Denmark. In those distant islands their appearance at a certain season

of the year is confidently expected ; and regular preparation is made for the fishing, or rather the chase. Round the British Islands they are not so common ; but few years elapse in which they do not show themselves off some part of the coast of Zetland, and they are frequently captured in large numbers. Among the Orkneys they are not often seen, probably owing to the extreme rapidity of the tides in that archipelago ; and of late they have been rare visitors. In the bays of Skye and the sea-lochs of the Lews they are occasionally visible—indeed we believe that the largest shoal of the past season came on shore in the latter island.

These fish—for such by immemorial usage we are entitled to term them—often reach the size of twenty or four-and-twenty feet ; and their carcases are extremely valuable on account of the quantity of oil which they produce. Although “whales,” according to the law of Scotland, are droits of the Crown, that claim has long since been abandoned as regards the “ca’ing” whale ; and the proceeds of a lucky chase are divided in certain proportions, and according to a graduated scale, among the captors, after deducting a certain share for the proprietor of the ground adjacent to the shore where the fish may be stranded. Such at least is the custom in Zetland ; and therefore it is not to be wondered at if the apparition of a shoal should be sufficient to throw the inhabitants of the fortunate district into a state of the most violent excitement. For yonder, where the spouts are rising, and the black backs dipping, swim creatures to the marketable value of, it may be, two thousand pounds ; and with patience, caution, and perseverance, they may all of them be driven ashore.

Of that little fleet there is no appointed admiral ; but, by common consent, Jerome Jeromson, a very patriarchal Triton, who for more than forty years has gone out regularly to the *haaf*, and who has even witnessed and joined in a whale-hunt at Faroe, is installed in the chief command ; or, to speak more correctly, assumes it without any murmur. But for him some of the hastier hands would have pushed off without ammunition, there-

by committing the same blunder which was perpetrated by that sagacious creature, and bright star of intelligence, Sir Charles Wood, in despatching our fleet to bombard the Baltic fortresses without a relay of mortars. But, fortunately for the Zetlanders, and their chance of spoil and oil, Jeromson, unlike Wood, is thoroughly up to his business, and has taken good care that no boat has been allowed to leave shore without a proper provision of *stones*. Start not again, youth of our adoption, nor insinuate that we mean harpoons. We mean simply what we say, stones—tidy pebbles from the beach, to make, when necessary, a splashing in the water, and urge the whales onwards to their doom. This is at best but a clumsy substitute for the more regular apparatus employed at Faroe, which consists of ropes extending from boat to boat, to which wisps of straw are tied ; and that is said to constitute an impenetrable barrier, at least effectually to prevent the shoal from heading backwards. But we have already explained that the appearance of whales off the coasts of Zetland cannot be relied upon with certainty, and therefore it is no wonder if each township or fishing village should be but scantily provided with the implements appropriate for this occasional chase. After all, stones answer the purpose pretty well, the great matter being to keep up a sufficient splashing ; and we dare to say that a Cockney in a cork jacket would be sufficient to terrify the whales. As for harpoons, they are quite out of the question, for the use of them would break the shoal at once, and so destroy the hopes of the fishing.

Pull strong and steady, and keep the line, and above all, in the mean time, keep silence ; for we are now at no great distance from the whales, and the first manœuvre is to place the boats between them and the outer ocean. Old Jerome leads the way ; and gradually the boats creep round the shoal, and place it between them and the land. So far good ; but even yet there must be no noise, for the fish are still in deep water, and if greatly alarmed will inevitably make a rush and escape. Nor is the shore immediately opposite of a kind to render their capture practicable ; for it

is rocky and broken, and there is no beach upon which whales could be run. But yonder, beyond the point, is the Trows Bay, with a fine marginal sweep of white sand, a fitting race-course for the steeds of Amphitrite; and if we can beguile them on there, our triumph is next to secure.

Though not alarmed, the whales are evidently conscious of the proximity of danger, for they cease their gambols and swim in more compact order, the smallest and weakest being placed nearest to the shore; and one fine old "bull," who probably has been in trouble ere now, leads the van, and occasionally rears his head as if to reconnoitre. There is now no need to enforce silence, for the whales are running fast, and every sinew of the strong fishermen at the oars is strained to keep pace with them. Hurrah! the point is passed—the white sands of Trows Bay are visible—and the boats rapidly form a semi-circle round the shoal.

Now, then, give tongue, and splash with stone and oar, for the "bull" begins to see that he has been led into a natural trap; he swims no longer in front of the shoal, but turns his head toward the boats, and it is evident that he meditates a rush. If he makes his purpose good, and his heart fail him not, farewell to our hope of oil; for the whole herd will follow in his wake, and, tough though Norway timber be, it cannot resist the shock of the ocean cavalry. Therefore shout, splash, howl like demons, ye sons and daughters of Hialtland! Chaunt runes, pitch stones, and roar vociferously like the Berserkars of old, for the moment of battle has come when the voice of the champions should be heard! And heard it is, for never from the heart of a sacked city arose a more discordant cry; and the "bull," fairly cowed, turns tail, and runs himself precipitately ashore. Then what a flurry! what a lashing of tails, and wallowing, and snorting, and moaning, as the poor misguided whales recklessly follow their leader, and attempt to escape from their enemies at sea by throwing themselves on the sand! And here let us close the picture. After victory, what boots it describing the horrors of the battle-field? After the

excitement of the chase, is not the process of gralloching disgusting? Therefore, having seen the whales stranded, and past the possibility of escape, let us, if you please, leave the captors to despatch them at their leisure, and turn to some other field. Indeed, after such a take as this, the shore in the neighbourhood of Trows Bay will be anything but an agreeable promenade for persons whose olfactory organs are sensitive. It is possible that invalids to whom the use of cod-liver oil has been recommended by the faculty, might derive benefit from inhaling the odours which arise during the subsequent processes of flinching and boiling; but, as our lungs are reasonably sound, we beg to make our bow, and cheerfully surrender our share of the profits for the benefit of the common fund.

Let it not be supposed that scenes, such as that of which we have attempted to give a sketch, are of ordinary occurrence; or that, when a shoal of whales is discovered, the chances of capture exceed those of loss. The reverse, indeed, is the case. Within a fortnight from the time when we are writing, a considerable shoal appeared in the Bay of Scapa, within two miles of Kirkwall, the capital of Orkney; but, though the chase was perseveringly maintained so long as there was hope, it was found impossible to drive them on shore. In 1852, a shoal, computed at the enormous number of eleven hundred, was seen near Scalloway in Zetland; but the result, in that case, was equally unfortunate. Still the chances are great enough to excite the cupidity and arouse the enthusiasm of the fishermen; and few Zetlanders are so stolid and impassible as not to exhibit eloquence, if you can induce them to describe the charms, vicissitudes, and dangers of a whale-hunt.

Some enthusiastic members of Parliament meditate, as we are given to understand, a complete codification of the laws of England—by which we presume they mean, the condensation of all existing and operative statutes in one Brobdignagian act. We shall not venture, at the present time, to offer any opinion as to the feasibility of that scheme; but we should much

rejoice, were it possible, to see the whole science of sporting expounded in a fitting Encyclopedia. Such as do exist are worse than useless; but surely, with so many splendid sporting writers upon various topics as the present age has produced, something might be done towards furnishing us with a creditable code of St Hubert, applicable to the British Isles. Take, for example, the subject of deer-stalking. The Stuarts, Mr Scrope, and Mr St John respectively have written books, which have not only commanded general applause from the fascination of their style, but have been acknowledged by sportsmen of the highest accomplishments, as noble works of strategy. Colquhoun's book—"the Moor and the Loch"—is, in our opinion, one of the very best sporting works that ever was compiled; inasmuch as it is eminently practical, while entrancing the reader with the vitality and power of its descriptions. Scrope, though good upon deer, is bad upon salmon—at least to any real purpose—and, for a first-rate "kettle of fish," he must needs succumb to Stoddart. In the chase, there has been a decided hiatus, since "Nimrod" was called away; still, there is ample material, from his writings and those of others, who may not have achieved the same degree of notoriety, for maintaining the honour of "the brush." Probably, however, a long time must elapse before what we contemplate could be realised; and it is not impossible that the realisation might, when attained, be, in many respects, mere matter of history. For, in the north, so rapid are the changes, that each succeeding year makes a marked difference both on the sporting grounds and on the streams. The former are becoming more circumscribed; and as cultivation increases, there is a change in the character of the fauna. Within our own recollection, many streams, once famous for the sport they afforded to the angler, have become comparatively barren, owing, as we think, to the system of drainage, which renders the floods more heavy and impetuous than they were before, and in dry seasons cuts off the supply of water which was previously yielded by the mosses. Some birds and wild animals have become

very scarce. The haunts of the eagles have been thinned; and rarely now, except in the remotest districts, can you hear the scream of the king of birds as he swoops down upon his quarry. The capercaillie, though lately restored from Norway, was extinct for nearly a century; and in the south, as we are informed, the breed of bustards exists no longer. If a story which was once told to us by an English sportsman be true, ignominious was the termination of that noble race of birds. For many years the numbers of the bustards had been declining, and they had disappeared from one locality after another, until it was supposed that only three were left. These were known to frequent one of the large downs in the south of England; and as the plain was a wide one, and not likely to be broken up by cultivation, it was still hoped that the birds might multiply. But one day there arrived, on a visit to the lord of the manor, a London tradesman—we believe a dry-salter by profession—who happened to possess that sort of influence over his host which is often the result of pecuniary accommodation. Now, Stigginson, like Mr Winkle, had the soul of a sportsman, and he yearned to perform some exploit in the fields which might entitle him to claim the admiration of his less fortunate friends in the city. The only drawback to his ambition was that, though well advanced in years, Stigginson had never handled a gun; and, in consequence, his notions upon the subject of projectiles were somewhat hazy and indefinite. But the drysalter was a man of courage, and knew full well that the only way to conquer difficulties was to face them; so when his host offered him some shooting, he eagerly accepted, and went forth to the stubbles and potato-fields to wage war with the partridges. The birds were numerous, and not wild; but that day fortune did not smile upon Stigginson. Blood indeed he shed; but the blood was that of an unfortunate pointer, who, standing dead at point, thirty yards off, received in his rump a charge of No. 5 from the barrel of Stigginson's gun, which, as he protested to the keeper, had exploded of its own accord; and

the poor brute limped home yowling to his kennel. Next morning, on being ordered to proceed to the fields in charge of the aspiring neophyte, the keeper sternly refused to budge a single step, and had the insolence to state to the squire that, though he was a keeper, he was also a Christian man, with a wife and five children depending upon him for support; and he would not stand the extreme risk of being shot dead upon the spot, or rendered, like poor Ponto, a cripple for life, to gratify any Cockney, even were he an alderman of London. It was of no use showing the gentleman where the birds were, for he could not hit one, were it to sit up stuffed before him as a mark; and as for carrying the bag, surely Mr Stigginson's own man was quite competent for that duty—besides, the exercise would do him good. As Sykes the gamekeeper was a valuable servant, and, moreover, had reason on his side, the squire was compelled to yield, and Stigginson and his man went forth together. Ignorant of the country, they proceeded right across the cultivated fields, without any notable result, and at last reached the open ground. In the futile expectation of finding a hare, they walked some distance over the downs, and at length, in the heat of the day, lay down in a gravel-pit to enjoy their luncheon. Then and there Stigginson began to bewail his ill-luck, which his servant, who had once, in the days of his youth, been employed to shoot crows, attributed entirely to the over-fineness of his ammunition. "For," said he, "if you fires at a feather pillow with them 'ere little drops, you'll find they won't go through; and it stands to reason that they won't do no harm to a bird, vich also is all feathers, or mostly. I knows what shooting is; and I never see any real work done with shot as is less than peas." In consequence of this remark, which appeared to him to throw a totally new light upon the subject, and satisfactorily to account for the failures of the previous day, the drysalter, without drawing his charge, rammed into each barrel a cartridge intended for shooting wild fowl at a long range. Not ten minutes afterwards a whirring of wings was heard; and there, sure enough, over

the quarry, with a slow and deliberate flight, came an enormous bird, which, to the diseased imagination of the drysalter, appeared larger than the roc of the Arabian Tales. "Fire!" roared his man; and Stigginson, shutting both eyes, fired both barrels, and rolled over from the recoil. But he fell not alone; for down, with a violent thump upon the sward, came the bird that he had aimed at. It was a memorable shot, for it took the life of the last cock-bustard in England!

Foxes, were they not preserved for the purposes of the chase, would very soon become extinct in Britain, like their more ferocious cousins the wolves; indeed, the hill-foxes, as well as the genuine wild-cat, are now very rare. On the other hand, Alpine or white hares are fast increasing in some districts, and afford excellent sport in high grass-fields and enclosures. Somehow or other, seals are not so plentiful as they once were around the Scottish coasts, though they are still to be found in large numbers about the islands. We do not attribute their diminution so much to the exertions of regular sportsmen—though to secure a seal is reckoned no contemptible feat—as to the deadly hostility with which they are pursued by the owners of salmon fisheries, to whose nets and tackle they do an infinite deal of damage. The appetite of the seal for salmon is something perfectly uncontrollable; and he is so far from being a fair fisher, that he plunders without any scruple. He will even force his way into the nets for the purpose of taking out salmon; and if he could effect this delicately and cleanly, there would be comparatively little ground for complaint; but he rends the net to pieces with his strong, sharp claws, and facilitates the escape of many more fish than he actually carries away. Therefore he is looked upon as an enemy entitled to no law or quarter, and is shot down and knocked upon the head without mercy; even poison has been resorted to as an effectual means of destruction. For our own part, as we do not happen to have any pecuniary interest in salmon fisheries, we are rather partial to seals than otherwise; and we have often derived much amusement from watching a herd of them lying on the skerries. They



must have many fine points in their character, for they manage to conciliate, in a wonderful degree, the affections of the gulls and terns, who officiate for them as sentinels, and seem really intent on giving them special warning of the approach of danger. These keep circling round the seals, screaming with all their might, as if to inform them that an enemy in a shooting-jacket is creeping up towards them behind the rocks; and seldom do the phocæ neglect the intimation. They wallop with a loud splash into the sea, their round bullet-heads not appearing again on the surface until they are safe from the reach of shot; while the gulls, having successfully executed their mission, keep sailing above your head, taunting you with a kind of hoarse, derisive laugh, and most certainly enjoying the spectacle of your disappointment.

Very interesting also is the solicitude with which these animals watch their young—an instinct which seems to be strongly developed in all marine creatures. The mother seal, when her young are killed, will not quit the place; and then the gunner, if hard of heart, may easily make her his prey. Sometimes young seals, from curiosity, will follow boats, and approach so near that it is possible to strike them with an oar. On such occasions, the mother, if near at hand, rises to the rescue, and carries off the unconscious offender, very much in the same way that an excited parent of the human race dashes into the street, to pick up her dirty darling who *will* persist in crossing before cart or coach.

Various are the modes resorted to for entrapping and destroying seals; but by far the most original plan that we have heard of, sprang from the fertile brain of Rory M'Nab, a fisherman, and occasional poacher, whose habitation stood upon the banks of the Oikel. We give the tale as it was told to us, without pretending to vouch for its authenticity. Rory was one of the race which has been thus characterised by a Highland minstrel—

“Of all the Highland clans,  
M'Nab is most ferocious,  
Except the Macintyres,  
M'Craws and Mackintoshes;”

but, after all, though hot in temper,

he was no desperado, and was a very pleasant companion in a small still. Rory's circumstances were not supposed to be remarkably flourishing; but all at once he came out strong in the article of peltry, offering for sale as many sealskins as would have served to furnish winter-clothing for a company in the Crimea; and a revenue-officer who had occasion to search his house for the products of illicit distillation, was perfectly petrified to find that his barrels were overflowing with oil. Nobody in the district could say that he had seen Rory out shooting seals; but however he might come by them, the fact remained that he secured a far greater number than any six men in the district put together; and great was the marvel and curiosity as to his secret. Some opined that “the Queen of Phairie,” had communicated to him a charm, by means of which he could tempt the creatures to follow him far away from shore, into a sequestered place, where they might be despatched at leisure. Others of less superstitious tendencies, who knew that Rory M'Nab was a capital performer upon the bagpipes, opined that he took advantage of the notorious fondness of seals for music, and beguiled them to their ruin, like the mysterious musician of Nuremberg, who first enticed the rats and then the children belonging to that city. But though speculation was rife, nothing could be known to a certainty; for Rory, with admirable discretion, preserved his own secret, and could not be brought to blab, even under the influence of usquebaugh.

The river Oikel expands into the estuary called the Firth of Dornoch, and a very valuable salmon-fishing is carried on there; consequently it is a favourite haunt of seals, who may be seen in considerable numbers upon the mud banks left by the receding tide. One evening towards dusk, some fishermen were returning in their boat from a station near Bonar Bridge, exceedingly incensed at the injury which they had just discovered to have been inflicted upon their nets by the seals. “The tefil is shoerely in the baistes!” said one of them, Angus M'Bane by name. “I will tell you what it is, you might have putten a stot through the

hole that was in my nets; and it is not my beliefement that it was done by any ordinary sealgh. Besides, and what is more, I have seen my own self something going about that is not canny; and you yourself, Lachlan M'Tavish, were witness to things whereof you can testify."

"And that shoerely I will do," replied the party thus appealed to; "no later than yesterday was two days, I saw down there something that was not a sealgh, though it was fery hairy; and what do you think it was doing? May I never taste Glenlivet more, if the creature was not smoking a pipe!"

"And I will tell you morely," said another, "I would rather take than receive a plow from the baiste that has been leaving its marks on the mud for this last two weeks; for I looked at them as I went by, and saw the print of toe-nails as clearly as I see this tobacco. But yonder are the sealghs—filthy prutes!"

And undoubtedly there lay, upon a mudbank opposite, a large herd of these animals, apparently not at all inclined to move. Among them were some of great size, especially one, which, in the uncertain light of a September evening, looked positively enormous in bulk. It seemed of an amorous disposition, for it was sidling towards a group of females.

"I will make them get out of that, in a fery small expenditure of time!" said Angus M'Bane; and he lifted up his voice, and shouted, as did his comrades. Down rushed the seals precipitately to the water, as is the wont of those animals—all, save the monster who, to the consternation and terror of the fishermen, reared himself bolt upright upon his tail, shook his clenched flipper at the boat, and spoke thus with a human voice:—

"A plack fushing and a pad harfest to you; and ill luck upon your head, and on your fireside, and to all your undertakings, and female relations, you Angus M'Bane, son of Dugald M'Bane, blacksmith, at the Meikle Ferry! And the same to you, Lachlan M'Tavish, who do not know who your own father was, though your mother was Elspat M'Farlane, in Tomantoul! And the like to the rest of you down there, whom I shall descry as soon as I can perceive you! I'll tell you what it is—

I will not submit to be molusted by such insucts; and if I should catch you again disturbing the panks, tefil take me if I do not give you some shots from a gun, which will be no ways comfortable for your bodies!"

But ere the seal apparent had delivered himself of half of this defiance, Angus M'Bane and his comrades were a long way down the firth, making the boat spin through the water in the sheer ecstasy of their panic.

But after this encounter, notwithstanding the asseverations of the fishermen, who declared themselves ready to testify before the kirk-session that a seal had spoken to them (a marvel, after all, not much greater than Livy's stock omen, "*bos locutus est*"), Rory's secret oozed out; in fact the story was so good, that he could not keep it to himself, but disclosed it under a solemn oath of secrecy to Evan M'Kay, who, in like manner, communicated it to Donald Gunn. In consequence, not a week elapsed before every man, woman, and child in the district knew Rory M'Nab's method of dealing with the seals. It was ingenious in conception, and was very cleverly carried into practice. Disguised as a seal, in a cunning garment of skins, Rory used, when the tide began to ebb, to lay himself down upon a sand-bank, and imitate the grotesque motions of the creature. Unsuspicious of danger, the seals scrambled up to their usual place of resort; and then Rory, taking care to avail himself of the wind, for the scenting power of these animals is nearly as acute as that of deer, crawled towards them, and stunned the nearest by a blow over the nose with a short bludgeon which he carried. In this way he was able to secure five or six seals for each tide; and, miraculous as it may appear, he was only once fired at by a sportsman. On that occasion Rory displayed great presence of mind; for the bullet struck within an inch or so of his whiskers. Most men, under such circumstances, would have made an attempt to disclose themselves; but Rory, not knowing, as he afterwards said, "but that the carle might have another parrel," thought it most prudent to preserve his phocean character, took the water along with the herd, and reached the shore without discovery.

Such were the adventures of Rory

M'Nab with the seals; and if any man doubts the veracity of the narrative, or the possibility of so beguiling them, let him purchase a sealskin and try. People have no right to be incredulous until they have convinced themselves, by personal experiment, of the impossibility of the thing stated; and so far as we are concerned, we should think ourselves guilty of an act of unpardonable impertinence, were we to express a doubt regarding the accuracy of any anecdote which a sportsman may be pleased to communicate. Indeed it is not safe to indulge in doubts, lest these should degenerate into positive scepticism; and the best method to deal with a sportsman who is recounting his own feats, is to take your tumbler quietly till his is exhausted, and then trump him if you can.

But we are running short of paper, and the advance of time admonishes us to draw to a close. Yet another day, and the cottage which has been our headquarters for so many weeks will be deserted, and not again, this year at least, shall we, descending from the hill, see the blue smoke curling upwards in the hush of a summer's eve. Soon—very soon, must the flowers in the little garden be beaten down and withered in the rain, and the bonny bower be broken. No more, at early morning, shall we hear the crowing of the gormcock among the heather, or watch the herons winging their lazy flight to the promontory where they delight to dwell. Ever with the waning year is there a tinge of melancholy and regret; for the seasons glide away like shadows, and with them we hurry to our end.

Short but sweet is the northern summer; and after its delights have drawn to a close, sportsmen as well as birds begin to migrate, and turn their faces towards the south. The days have become perceptibly shorter, and almost every night there is a glare of aurora in the sky. The winds begin to pipe shrilly, and the seas to awaken from their summer calm; and gladsome of an evening is the flickering of the fire upon the hearth. Men are not yet prepared to settle down deliberately for the winter city life; but they are withdrawing themselves from the remote districts, and are beginning, like swallows or plovers, to

congregate. All over the Highlands, now once more gladdened by the presence of the Queen, there are gatherings and games; and loud and clamorous has been the strife of rival pipers at Inverness. Birmingham has had its musical festival, whereat Costa has won fresh laurels; and hospitable Glasgow has spread the board for upwards of a thousand philosophers. The heather is well-nigh deserted for the stubbles; and soon among the yellowing woods and coppices the whirring of the gorgeous pheasant will be followed by the deadly report.

And hark! over land and sea ring the thrilling news of victory. Sebastopol, that grim fortress of the Euxine, before whose bastions so many heroes have fought and died, has at length fallen, as a giant falls, after a desperate and sanguinary struggle; and the flags of Britain and France wave together in glory and amity above its ruins. Confounded, conscience-stricken, and dumb, stand the hypocritical cravens, who, in the very hour when it was most needful that the country should put forth its strength, and that its great heart should beat with energy and power, attempted to quench the enthusiasm of the nation by lying prophecies of disaster, and whining homilies upon peace. Who is there within the compass of the land that does not feel and know that no lasting or honourable peace could be effected until Russia had been made to feel the arm of retributive justice—until the mortifying conviction had been forced upon the Czar that, with all his armies and allies, it was utterly beyond his power to coerce or cope with the free States of Western Europe? This is not a quarrel to be patched up by mere dexterous negotiation, by seeming concessions which mean, and are intended to mean, nothing, by counterpoises and other preposterous projects emanating from the silly brain of a Russell. As an aggressor and undisguised robber, Russia took the field; nor will she quit her scent of her intended prey until she has been driven, howling and crippled, to her den. Then let the bells ring, and the cannon thunder, and the bonfires be lighted on the hills; for the great fortress of Russia has fallen; and wall, town, and ships, are confounded in the common ruin!

## AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR AT THE SEA-SIDE.

To the Editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*.

MONT

September 1855.

SIR,

WHERE AM I ?

AHA! Here I am! I could crow like Chanticleer! And so would you, were you in my position at this moment: snugly nestled in a small chateau perched on a breezy summit, embosomed among trees and gracefully-disposed shrubberies, largely intermingled with the chastely-drooping fuchsia—all waving in obedience to a gentle wind, so as to afford me fitful glimpses of the glittering blue ocean, as I sit ensconced in my little library—one window opening on a terrace sloping down with undulating rich greensward towards the ridge of an eminence, bordered with poplars, which seem to stand as sentries round my charming solitude, but only as against any intruder adventurous enough to scale heights somewhat of the steepest; the other window affording me an ever-refreshing vista of laurels and laurustines, disposed, ah! how picturesquely! Here, again, the fuchsia in blushing dalliance with the breeze, and roses glistening in autumnal pensiveness and beauty! Aha! 'tis not *very* early morning, and the dew lies still glistening on the foliage and greensward, but soon to exhale under the beams of the glorious sun, intermingling in mellow harmony with the cloudless azure—morning, still morning! in all her fresh loveliness; her tresses all uncurled; her smile, shedding serene cheerfulness, soothing the sense into sympathy with nature's beauty, and then hallowing the soul

into wrapt contemplation of nature's God! I do but change my position at my desk, and through an opening in the foliage my eye rests on a grand ruin at scarce three hundred yards' distance—once a castle famed in history. How dignified in its age stands it now; the slanting sunlight causing the ivy, tenderly o'ermantling the ruder ravages of Time, to glow like a tissue of emeralds: aye, it stands enthroned grandly on a rocky promontory, at the base of which surges ever the profound blue ocean, on which have thence looked the wistful eye of royal and noble captive—the beautiful, the brave—envying the sea-gulls, then, as at this moment, wheeling gaily and freely around turret and dungeon-keep.—Hark! a sound! a gentle bleat! It is the kid that I saw last night, a white tuft in the moonlight, resting on the lofty ledge of the cliff, from which one might fear it would fall some fine day, but that it evidently feels its footing firm! Another sound!—a faint click-click, as with a hammer. I know what it is, and exactly whence it comes, though I can see nothing here. It is a fisherman mending his boat, far down on the beach; and why should I not throw myself for a moment upon yon green sofa, from which I can see nothing but the illimitable ocean, and dream a while of Robinson Crusoe, hard at work on his canoe?

WHAT I GOT OUT OF, TO GET INTO ALL THIS.

Out of a quandary: I leaped, by a bold bound, out of a very Slough of Despond. I was sick of London, and yet knew not whither to go for the autumn. But this is too serious a business to be slurred over. What is

meant by being *sick of London*? The very Babylon of Babylon for magnitude and moral grandeur: the radiating centre of Intellect, Civilisation, Virtue, Power,—and attracting to itself the attention and

anxieties of the whole earth! What, then, do you mean, I may be asked, good sir, by being *sick* of such a stupendous scene of action? Do you presume to use such language out of a mere silly would-be sympathy with others? Without maudlin or affectation, tell us, like a man, what you are sick of. Do you mean merely that you are tired for a while of dissipation? Or—let me faintly whisper so hateful a word—of dun-dodging? Are you heart-sickened amid the scene of ambitious hopes blighted? If those hopes were well founded, you are entitled to sympathy; if ill founded, to a pity which, it is feared, you will feel intolerable. Are you well or ill? Have you had a hard year's work, whether sufficiently or insufficiently paid for it? But what are you? A parson, a lawyer, a literary man, a politician, or a doctor? But if the last—only fancy *him* daring to sneak out of town, beyond, at least, immediate contiguity to the telegraph, and half-an-hour's return to hospital and bed-side? O, doleful must be a doctor's holiday, if for this only—that he leaves so many voracious and sedulous rivals behind him, eager to snap at the chance afforded by his absence! As for the leather-tongued and bleary-eyed lawyer, one does not care what becomes of him: he will probably oscillate between Margate, Ramsgate, Clerkenwell, and the Old Bailey, or seek the picturesque and romantic solitude of Herne Bay, whither tape-tied packages may reach him regularly. The London parson one wishes a comfortable month in the country, and hopes he has cultivated the acquaintance of some country brother with a pretty vicarage or rectory, and who wishes to come up to see London even in the autumn. The literary man one wishes heartily well to, for, generally speaking, no one works harder, and for more precarious pay, in London, teaching and pleasing us; but, by thinking for us, he unconsciously lulls us into a sort of indolence that may ultimately subside into mental paralysis. The politician!—I mean the member of Parliament, Peer or Commoner, not in office (as for those who *are*, confound them! let them, as they are paid for it, and have intrigued for it, be kept with their noses to the grindstone,

and luxuriate night after night in dreams of red-tape convolutions, imagining it statesmanship!) they—peer and commoner out of office—may go to their castles and seats to enjoy themselves as best they may. But there are poor Peers, and exceedingly common Commoners!—what is to become of them, if no one will invite them into the country? As for me, to which of these classes I belong is a point of mighty little consequence to any one except myself; but I may, if it pleases any one, be imagined one of these aforesaid exceedingly common Commoners; and yet who, he conceives, possesses pretensions to be considered a very uncommon Commoner. For he did not go into the House of Commons as an adventurer; he made no inordinate professions to his constituents; never asked a favour for himself, or a constituent, of any minister; never failed to attend a committee to which he was appointed, and discharge his duties to the best of his abilities; never neglected to read as much of the most lumbering, ill-digested blue-book as he had time for; never gave a vote on a question he had not attempted really to understand; never paired off for mere pleasure, or avoided a vote which he feared might be unpopular. But such an one, though not aspiring to be a model member, may be entitled to your sympathy in respect of leisure and domestic comforts sacrificed for the public good. Oh those misty, chilly, half-and-half nights and mornings on which he has crawled shivering homeward, his wearied ears ringing with “Hear, hear!—oh, oh!—order, order!—the noble lord—the right honourable baronet, or gentleman—the honourable member,”—all the cant terms and war-cries of party! Oh the misery, far beyond all this, of having mastered a subject, and got up to perfection a speech that must tell on the country, and with which you have, so to speak, sate *enceinte* during the whole session—never being able to get an opportunity when you were in the humour, and the wicked whipper-in, suspecting your intention, passes you with a semi-wink, and his tongue thrust into his cheek!—which signifies, that the arrival of the Greek

Kalends will be exactly the happy moment for your speech. Methinks I see him at this moment, with his oily leer! The rogue knows that I cannot be angry with him, and am as much tickled with his impudence as he with my discomfiture. But what is to be done? So this would really constitute a quandary such as I have spoken of, and surely a thing to be got out of as soon as possible. And at length came the end of the session—the very last day; as it approached, gilding brighter and brighter the visages of the veriest hacks about the House—official and non-official, place-holders and place-hunters—in fact, parliamentary vermin of all sorts, glistening for a moment into popularly-visible existence, as they wriggle into obscurity, to crawl out at the commencement of the next session! But this year the sunshine of the Queen's presence was wanting; her silvery voice did not dismiss my lords and gentlemen into privacy as heretofore; so the effete and drowsy Legislature, exhibiting almost the features of a collapse, sunk into slumber ingloriously. The Chancellor and Speaker gave, each of them, delighted, a puff of relief as their attendants respectively received the awe-inspiring wig. "Good-by," said each, as he gazed at it, "till February, or"—adding, with a sympathetic spasm, *quod Deus avertat*—"November!" It would have done your heart good to be present at the improvised *tête-à-tête* of those two exalted functionaries that day at the Crown and Sceptre, where each, in his inexperienced simplicity, fancied the gigantic white-bait to be in full season, and gave orders to the admiring waiters for some to be potted!

"From the sublime to the ridiculous!"—but the proverb is somewhat musty; yet from hilarious Chancellor and Speaker what can I do but, by a *facilis descensus*, with all its consequences, come to MYSELF? I have not the least doubt that *they* had made charming arrangements for the recess; but as for myself—just listen for a moment: 'Twas the middle of the day, in the middle of the month of August, and London was frying under the heat canicular.

There was not a drop of moisture in the gutters—and the man with the watering-cart found that our street, none of the longest, nevertheless occupied his thoughtful attention all day long—seeing that the spot which he had left watered four minutes before was again heated to a whiteheat, and cried, "Give! give!" So he took off his cap, wiped his head, and betook himself again to the pump. The *modicum* of meat brought by a languid butcher's boy to the area-gate of the west door, to keep life in the old creature that kept the house in the absence of its owners, looked flaccid, and, as it were, warm; and by-and-by a handful of greens, brought by another, looked withered as though it had lain in a hot green-grocer's window for a week. The policeman would stop opposite every house, take off his iron-bound hat, and wipe his oppressed forehead. The dogs walked leisurely past, with elongated tongue hanging out, and panting with the heat visibly radiating from the pavement. Doubtless it was the same irresistible absorbing agent that licked the froth off the contents of the vessels carried by the leisurely pot-boys about dinner-time, and left an interval of an inch from the top of every quart, pint, and half-pint! If a cab passed, it was laden with luggage, and always going in the direction of one of the two railroads with which our blessed neighbourhood was favoured. The five houses opposite—numbers 15 to 19, both inclusive—eloquently indicated the absence of their occupiers in various ways: the blinds of the upper windows drawn down, and nice little tea and supper parties held in the area-regions at the expense of the unconsciously hospitable and absent occupiers. At No. 14, next door to us, on the right side, they were laying in an enormous stock of coals, because a paragraph in the day before's paper said, "Now is the time for doing so." Next day the provided occupants left town; and the morning after that, No. 13 had three cabs before it, and the like thing was done, my wife and two of the children looking on through our windows in highly-significant silence, and I making similar use of the other. The pale face of madame

spoke volumes, and my fingers groping into my breeches' pocket with a curious and only moderately satisfactory air. It had been an indifferent good year, had that—that is, *this*—with one or two of my friends, who had become Right Honourables, and entitled to grin at Fortune every quarter-day for some time to come; but with me it was quite another way, and Fortune, I grieve to say, whenever she cast her eye on me, grinned at me! I heaved a deep sigh, and tried to whistle her off, when I heard a heavy knock at the door; and looking towards it, *there* stood a fat, hard-faced, white-haired man, with a thin red book under his arm, and an ink-bottle hanging from his waistcoat button-hole. It was that attentive person, Mr Gripe, the tax-gatherer, who had called to pay his compliments to me on behalf of the Government; and when I had paid him some eleven pounds thirteen shillings and ninepence, favoured me with a long document, to wit, an income-tax paper, which I was to fill up within twenty-one days under a penalty of fifty pounds—to enable my delightful fat friend to pay his respects to me again at his earliest convenience. When he left, I played the devil's tattoo for a minute or two with considerable emphasis, and then set myself to consider by what singular provision of nature tax-gatherers were always such ugly, hard-featured men, with a twinkle of calm insolence in the eye! Scarcely a quarter of an hour afterwards, a bold rat-tat-tat-tat recalled me from a reverie, and—would you believe it? but Gripe had met his friend Grab, the poor's-rate collector (the wretches keep shops opposite each other), and told him that I was still in town, and that *now!* was his time. The friend came in calmly, and sate down to write me a receipt for a rate considerably higher than that of the preceding quarter. I ventured, with forced composure, to ask the reason? "Provisions is raised," he said, in a heartless way, blotting the receipt, which he gave me with a certain hateful matter-of-fact air, and left the room with a whole skin, nay, positively untouched, though I found he did not deserve it. A shower-bath would

have had a delightful and salutary effect upon my heated body and soul at that moment (for each stimulated the other). Matters were getting to a high pitch; for I suddenly set my teeth together, and, with a sort of spasm, hoped that everybody else whom I owed anything on any pretence whatever would take it into his head to follow in the wake of Messrs Gripe and Grab, and suck me dry at once! Now, be it observed, that in giving you this little tit-bit of frank autobiography, I do not desire it to be understood that I kick at rendering to Cæsar the things which are his; I wish to starve neither the poor nor the war; but what I want, with a little suppressed fury, to know is, what put it into the heads of this brace of ill-omened birds of prey to pounce upon *me*, at that particular moment? and to look so hatefully matter-of-fact about the business? I threw myself into my easy-chair, and, in the irritation of the moment, pitched down two deeply-interesting blue-books, with an entralling array of figures. . . . Philosophy at length came to my assistance; and some cheerful little sprite soothed me into a brown study, pointing my thoughts steadily the while towards the sea-side, as the appropriate remedy for over-taxed faculties and depressed spirits, as far as I was concerned, and for the pale cheeks of a confiding and submissive wife and children.

Yes, with the utmost respect to Madame London, I determined to take French leave of her and be off—for a while. Should it be to Brighton? Not a bit of it. 'Tis a crowded and conceited place, not to my taste—merely fourth-rate London gone out of town: the act of going, simply as it were the being crammed into a mortar and shot out at Brighton, and *vice versâ*. I shall not say what I think of Margate, Ramsgate, and certain other "watering-places," except that those who go thither, and are of my sort, have my true sympathy. But as for myself, I'll none on't. I'll strike a blow in a new hemisphere. I'll go clean out of England with all my family bodily! I had long fixed my eye on a particular locality, of which I had heard alluring accounts from a

trustworthy friend; and having long since found that *decision* is the great engine for working out differences between man and man, I said—*Fiat!* took my hat and stick; and saying simply that I should return to dinner at half-past six, sallied forth, not to commit suicide, in order to be revenged, at my own and family's expense, on Messrs Gripe and Grab, but to present myself at my banker's, and see how matters stood there. Passably well; the thing I found could be done, provided my expenditure did not prove heavy. After this I made such good use of my time, that, when I returned to dinner, I was able to issue marching orders! the proximate effect thereof being some skipping and dancing overhead, and a merry air dashed off on the piano at an astounding rate. Our forces consisted of seven souls—eight, if I may venture to include a lively little gentleman from the Isle of Skye, who looked as if he felt it out of the question that *he* was to be left behind, to luxuriate on board-wages. We were to start, D.V., on the fourth ensuing morning, at 6.45, for the good steam-ship —, then lying near the Tower, and by which we hoped to reach our destination, wind and weather permitting, after a delightful two days' sail. Whither, you may ask, were we bent? I decline to tell you, for several reasons, some of which may appear by-and-by, in the course of this letter; but I had boldly determined to go beyond Cockney-ken—the reach of rail or telegraph, or the entertaining and useful hand-books of Mr Murray, and even out of the magic circle of newspaper intelligence, content to be for a while several days behind the age in that particular; for, as far as I could make out, I should have to trust to tidings from the great world once or twice a-week! But even this became of itself somewhat exciting; for who could tell, in the present grand and fitful march of events, what a day or an hour might have brought forth? Sebastopol might have been basking for a fortnight under the three-fold flags of its chivalrous conquerors; the Emperor Alexander dethroned; or the long-dreaded explosion might have occurred in Italy, kindling an European conflagration not to be extin-

guished during the present generation. Or matters might have gone awfully wrong with us and our allies in the Crimea, and Austria and Prussia have then dared to draw their swords on behalf of Russia!

Of all the preparations for this expedition, I allotted to myself but two—arranging for the transmission of letters and newspapers during our absence; and completing the transfer, from my bankers to myself, of a certain number of spick-and-span new sovereigns, at their recommendation, and which they obligingly enclosed for me in a small canvass bag, which, with a half sigh, I perceived could have held twice as many more of the glittering effigies of our gracious Queen as I was taking with me!

There being, in the opinion of certain of my senatorial friends, nothing like statistics in season and out of season, it occurs to me to view our meditated departure from town somewhat thus. Based on the census of 1851, the present population of our modern Babylon may stand at the figure of 2,663,378, which being reduced by the number of those who have gone out of town for the autumn, looks like . . . . . 2,343,378  
This being subjected to de-  
duction for ourselves, . . . . . 7

there remain, . . . . . 2,343,371  
to represent so many as two million, three hundred and forty-three thousand, three hundred and seventy-one *nobodies* left in town—seeing “*everybody*” is gone out of town! How all these *Nobodies* are to get on in our absence, I must leave themselves to discover against our return; but, to do them barely justice, I must advert to the singular and creditable circumstance that, to look after all these *Nobodies*, we leave only one Jack Ketch—unless he be, by the way, himself gone out of town on a non-professional tour; for surely Jack's spirits must require recruiting equally with those of any of his professional brethren of the law. Not that it is the gloomy nature, as some might sensitively consider it, of his calling, that oppresses him; but that the Legislature has so seriously interfered with the extent of his practice as may some day tempt him to keep his hand in, by trying it upon *himself*.



## HOW I GOT OUT OF ALL THIS.

Why, by putting our five selves, two servants, our lively Skye friend, and no end of luggage, into and upon divers cabs, which startled the serenity of the morning, at 6 A.M., on the 26th August 1855. At length we rolled off, and had any one else been left in London to see it, our appearance might have been as wistfully regarded by such as we passed, as we had regarded similar objects.

What a contrast did the silent city present—Holborn, Cheapside, Thames Street—that early Sunday morning—to its state on week days! At length we reached the stairs, and found the little steamer lying in mid-stream, it being dead-low water; which afforded a fitting opportunity, of which they availed themselves, to the porters to fleece us, while carrying our luggage from cabs to boat; and boatmen, for rowing us a few yards to the steamer. But we at length got afloat, and so actually commenced our adventurous voyage of forty hours at least. 'Twas a plain little boat, whose professed character was slow and sure, carrying goods as well as passengers, and of the latter at least three times as many as could be accommodated with berths. We, however, had been so questionably fortunate as to secure the right of suffocation in separate night-births had we pleased to exercise it. The majority of those who might survive the process, I soon found had not our destination, but would be disposed of many hours before we should land on our *terra incognita*.

The day was bright and beautiful; and as we slowly sailed out of the narrow and crowded into the rapidly widening river, our spirits became buoyant. It was quite exhilarating to see the Gravesend, South End, Margate, and Ramsgate boats, crowded with cheerful faces, in quest of a day's fresh air and relaxation; but a little mortifying to see every one of them leave us behind; and that being so, what justification was there of the fat citizen, with a glistening new travelling-cap on, and a jolly face, to put, as he passed us close, his left thumb to his nose, and his right thumb to the extended little finger of his left

hand, and then give the former a gyratory movement? Was not this adding insult to injury? As his dignified figure grew dim in the distance, so also died away the rich echoes of fiddle and clarionet, to the tune of "The girl I left behind me;" which doubtless, to his mind, had suggested the pleasing paraphrase, "The *boat* I left behind me." What, again, did the charming fair one in the next boat mean, while busied in engulfing deceased shrimps in fizzing ginger-beer, in flinging towards us the undevoured remains of the aforesaid shrimps? And was it absolutely necessary to the day's enjoyment of the young gentleman in the boat following, whose admiring parents had permitted him to wear a blue cap with a gold band, to ask me, in shrill tones, if "my mother knew I was out?" Long familiarity, however, with parliamentary sarcasms, had contributed to indurate my sometime sensitive idiosyncrasy; till I reflected, with a sort of sudden sting, that he might have meant, by my mother, my country; and that "out" meant out of office, to that mother's great concern. The sea-breezes soon puffed away the smoke which hung about the organs of my offended sensibility, and also operated sensibly on the drooping energies of my inner man. What a sort of secret fascination there is, by the way, about a glass of soda-water and brandy—at sea! Down I went, and got it; the steward telling me, as I gave him my shilling, that at the place I was going to I could get no soda-water, but brandy for asking; and then he inquired if "my party" intended dining? This sent me back to the deck to inquire; but by this time we were not fifty miles off Ramsgate: and a certain luxurious rolling, fancifully varied by sudden jerks and throbs, seemed strangely to disincorporate them to whom I spoke to any mention of dinner. Over feminine features was creeping a visible expression of white-faced Resignation setting out on a voyage to Cape Despair; the aforesaid resignation being liable, to a keen eye, to little puffs of disgust and misery. Nevertheless, closed eyes,

perfect quietude, and an undoubted diminution of Neptune's heavy antics, soon began to mend matters; and such proceedings were thereupon had (*taliter processum est*, would say my brother the lawyer) that all our party, within half-an-hour's time, might have been seen seated at the table of the hospitable captain, before the following liquorish array: two-thirds of a large salmon, corned beef, roast beef, boiled and roast fowl, potatoes, pease, French beans. Nothing could be nicer! What an appetite the sea air gave! "That pale ale is particularly nice, captain."—"Take another glass, ma'am; it's Bass's best; for our owners are remarkable particular about providing for our passengers."—"And

these pease, too, are excellent for the season of the year." . . . But by this time was becoming more and more sensible a recurrence of the rolling; so that through the cabin-windows were alternately visible and invisible the frolicsome green waters, with their feathery or fleecy chaplets. . . . "Do you think they have any brandy on board?" was faintly whispered in my ear. A faint smile of mine was encountered by a look of unutterable apprehension and uncertainty. . . . "O! that horrible jerk! . . . Is there anything the matter with the machinery? . . . I should like to go on deck and see," quoth the fair but lily-cheeked speaker; and so she did. . . .

## I AM GETTING ALONG.

Moonlight on the waters! Thou orb of beauty ineffable! Thou *lesser light, ruling the night*, according to pristine ordination, and so serenely! How thy bright mantle trails along the surface of the undulating deep! Thou gentle but potent Magnet! attracting the waters of our planet; and at the same time the devout meditation of its inhabitants towards the Almighty and beneficent Maker of thyself and them!

'Twas a glorious night, and I spent it on deck, wrapped up in a huge cloak, which also served to shelter my little Skye friend. I do not think he slept a wink, though I did, occasionally. 'Tis charming to be consciously retreating into unconsciousness.—The man is at the wheel; the captain has turned in, as it is near midnight, and the mate has taken to the look-out, and is enjoying his pipe, in silence. No one else but myself and Tickler is on deck. How pleasant is the gurgling and splashing sound of the water against the side of the good little ship! The night-wind moans plaintively. The moon seems going to bed, and drawing dark curtains about her; and Venus, also, appears to be thinking of her nightcap. Tickler lies still as a mouse, his little nose resting on his fore-paws, and his coal-black bright eyes fixed on the man at the wheel. What a time for meditation! This solemn sense of quietude and freshness

of itself repays the effort I have made to gain it! I wonder whether I shall succeed in obtaining the object of my wishes when I land! The captain says, that if I want wildness, he thinks I shall be satisfied, from what he has heard of that part of the coast—but I shall find it rather lonely. I dare say our dear little Queen is just now fast asleep, and dream-dazzled with the ceaseless splendours of the past week.

. . . . What fearful scenes may now be enacting at Sebastopol! And the one and the other may at this moment be intermingling—as it were blood and light alternating in imperial and royal fancy, not yet steeped in forgetfulness. Ay—yonder, apparently within a stone's throw, is the French Sebastopol, barely visible, except in stupendous outline and proportion—Cherbourg! What a scene occurred hereabout in this month of August, wanting three years, a century ago.—What events here may history have yet to chronicle! Victoria and Louis Napoleon—the lips imperial have kissed the royal cheek—two mighty nations are in union.—But a few short months ago preparing, as it seemed, for mortal encounter—their ancient rivalry boiling up to blood-heat—but—

"Now is the winter of their discontent  
Made glorious summer . . .  
And all the clouds that lowered upon their  
house,

In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.  
 Now are their brows bound with victorious  
 wreaths,  
 Their bruised arms hung up for monuments ;  
 Our stern alarums changed to merry meet-  
 ings,  
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.  
 Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled  
 front,  
 And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds  
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries—”

And fearful they are, as fearless we !  
 —Cherbourg ! Sebastopol—fire re-  
 opened — concentric — hideous — the  
 rumbling of the distant cannonade.  
 . . . But, sir, I own that what I  
 fear is, that as soon as the noble lord  
 has got rid of the House,—has sent it  
 about its business, and no impertinent  
 questions can be asked—(hear, hear),  
 —when the cat’s away,—I say, sir,  
 when the cat’s away, the mice—the  
 mice—(order, order!)—will play—will  
 play—play—(great confusion, amidst  
 which the Speaker, who has got red

in the face, rises up, snatches off his  
 wig, and flings it into the face of Lord  
 Palmerston, who, taking up a flute,  
 plays “ The British Grenadier,” while  
 Mr Disraeli and Mr Gladstone dance  
 hornpipes on their respective sides of  
 the House, amidst cries of the right  
 man in the right place—the wrong  
 man in the wrong place—great cheer-  
 ing and counter-cheering—the wrong  
 man in the right—the right man in the  
 wrong place. Sir Charles Napier and  
 Sir James Graham fighting behind the  
 Speaker’s chair, and Lord John Rus-  
 sell can’t separate them. Divide ! di-  
 vide). . . .

“ Bow ! wow ! wow ! Bow ! wow !  
 wow,” suddenly exclaimed Tickler,  
 at the top of his voice, and leaped  
 clean out of his snuggery under my  
 cloak : had he been dreaming, too,  
 and had my dream made me disturb  
 his ? . . . .

I AM GETTING NEAR THE END OF THE VOYAGE.

Morn on the waters ! O trans-  
 cendant, pure, and soul - inspiring  
 spectacle ! The rising sun, in crimson  
 glory ! Not a word can I utter, to  
 desecrate the silence, or disturb the  
 reverence with which my soul is pros-  
 trate before the Almighty Maker of  
 that *greater light to rule the day !*

Full fifty-one hours have elapsed  
 (it was now 11 A.M. on Tuesday),  
 since we left London, having enjoyed  
 settled sunshine and brisk breezes all  
 the way ; and another hour will, we  
 are assured, enable us to land in the  
 harbour of —, not yet in sight.  
 But we were in close proximity to  
 what filled me with admiration—the  
 grandest rocky coast I ever beheld—  
 one of wild magnificence, and solitary,  
 with a witness. The first symptom  
 of life was a striking one: perched on the  
 peaks of as many rugged rocks, within  
 apparently a few feet of each other,  
 were six (two of the largest particu-  
 larly recalling the images of Gripe and  
 Grab) cormorants, whom no shouting  
 could rouse into any sort of motion,  
 though we passed within three or four

hundred yards of them. The swelling  
 blue waters were bursting into foam  
 at the base of the steep rocks. There  
 was not a glimpse of shore. By-and-  
 by became visible a goat or two ;—  
 and then, at the door of a small cabin,  
 stuck between two great ledges of  
 rock, as a sort of look - out, stood,  
 shading her eyes from the sun, a young  
 woman, eyeing our somewhat sooty  
 little majesty, as she came hissing  
 past. A few moments afterwards we  
 turned a corner of the coast, and then  
 burst on us a bay more beautiful than  
 any I had ever seen in England : per-  
 fectly semicircular, the calm and bright  
 blue waters leaving only a thin white  
 line of shore between themselves and  
 the luxuriant verdure here and there  
 studded with white cottages, and pic-  
 turesquely seated enclosures. We  
 eyed them wistfully, as we left it  
 behind us, coasting the rocky but  
 beautiful shore. We might well do  
 this ; for I must remind you that  
 we had come — so considerable a  
 party — all this way, entirely on spe-  
 culation, as to the discovery of a fit-  
 ting locality.

## EYPHKA!

Mercy on us! what a jabber! Almost before we could land, the *Philistines* were upon us, showing that the English were not the only boatmen and porters who knew how to deal advantageously (for themselves) with passengers and luggage. But at length, at 1 P.M., we were all safely housed in probably the best, and certainly, as it proved, most expensive, hotel, in the little town. Pretty figures we looked,—our faces glaring red, and the skin even beginning to peel off! Having been refreshed with an excellent breakfast, I at once commenced my inquiries for a suitable residence; and on hearing my requirements, the quiet man of business whom I consulted, and whose name had been mentioned to us by a respectable fellow-passenger, said that as it happened, he could exactly suit us; and engaging a carriage, he accompanied me on a five miles' drive to the charming spot where I am now writing. Two days, however, would be requisite for getting it into proper trim—which insured us two days at our hotel, at a cost of £5, British money. Nor was this the only little drawback; for, relying on misinformation before leaving town, we had come unprovided with household linen of any sort—and being unable to hire any, were forced forthwith to invest divers monies in the purchase of materials for sheeting, table-linen, napkins, &c., and have them made at once! These, however, were but small difficulties; and having overcome them, and ordered pretty freely stores of all sorts from the market town, at 3 P.M., of Thursday August the 30th, behold us installed in our little chateau; but not before I had been required, in accordance with the law of the country, to take a formal written lease of the premises for one month certain, and an additional fortnight, dependent on certain contingencies. The rental was fifty shillings a-week! with a sum of £1, to be paid on quitting the premises, for cleaning the same. Thus I became a landed proprietor, in a foreign country, of house and grounds,—including garden crammed with

heavily-laden pear, plum, greengage, and other fruit-trees,—coach-house, and stabling,—as tenant to an absent *propriétaire*. We were fortunate enough to meet with an English cook, and our establishment was thus complete. For butcher - meat, wine, groceries, &c., we place our dependence on dealers in the neighbouring town (at five miles' distance), who ordinarily make the tour of these regions twice or thrice a-week; for fish, especially oysters, and delicious sand-eels, with which the shore swarms—bread, butter, and milk, we rely on the little village beneath us; and for fowls, pork, &c., on the neighbouring farm-houses, to which we are constantly sending foraging expeditions, which constitute a substantial item of occupation and excitement to certain members of my family. No sooner, indeed, had I been installed in my brief lordship, than a very particular domestic event occurred to me: Madame presented me a couple of fowls, who are at this moment eating their heads off with corn, for prudential reasons best appreciated by the astute economists who have thus early made me, for the first time, a proprietor of Live Stock. Nay, if things go on at this rate, I expect, on sallying some fine day from my library, to be saluted by the gentle tones of a pig; for I have caught some faint ominous hints about that also being economical, since the little grunter is to fatten himself cheerfully on “mere slops and offscourings!” In short, I think my friend Stephens' far-famed *Book of the Farm* is exactly the kind of literature suited to my present exigencies; and I must send for my copy from town forthwith. But in seriousness, how can a man, loving solitude and seeking relaxation, be more favourably situated than I am at this moment? Resolved to make the most of the halcyon interval, the last thing I did, on retiring to rest the first night (how hard it was to tear oneself from the terrace irradiated by the mellow moonlight!) was to issue an order, that all were henceforth to rise at six, and breakfast be ready at seven every

morning, thus securing a long day, but which was to close, as far as bedtime was concerned, at half-past nine, or at latest ten o'clock. This having done—"Good-night to you, Mr Gripe! good-night to you, Mr Grab! good night, Mr Speaker!—and by the way, P——, if any sand-eels are brought in the morning, have them fried for breakfast! Good-night, good people all!" Our chief bedrooms are *en suite* with the others; mine opens on the terrace; and throwing it wide open, I stood gazing at the moonlit foliage, the greensward, the calm silver sea, and the richly fringed and variegated bay stretching away to the right, and soothed by the silence,—in fact, I could have got a chair, and slept sitting there all night!

An over-excited brain kept me tossed about from one wild dream into another almost the whole night; but the moment after I had left my bed, and glanced round the lovely scenery glittering in the dew and morning sunbeams, all sense of disturbedness left me. What a contrast to the mornings of every previous day in the year!

At seven o'clock, precisely, behold our little party of five, as cheerful as larks, sitting round the breakfast-table, on which was spread simple but inviting fare, of which—I can speak for myself at least—we partook with a tranquil satisfaction and deliberation unknown in town; where my morning meal is restricted to a cup of tea, the newspapers, and my letters! But *here!* the birds were singing merrily in the little grove on which the window to my right opened, and on the other, a few spreading laurustines and fuchsias, with pinks gaily bedizening the border of the terrace, served to afford us picturesque glimpses of the glittering ocean which was visible where we sate. The prospect seemed to afford equal satisfaction to Tickler, if one might judge from the attitude of quiet attention with which he sate in the middle of the large opened bay-window. Fancy breakfast entirely over, and all trace of it gone, before the old clock in the hall had struck eight! Shortly afterwards, my two sons set off to reconnoitre our position, chiefly with a view to discover by what means we were to communicate with the village beneath,

finding it sufficiently precipitous. There were three modes of access—but one only, and that very steep, suitable for ladies: the other two seemed favourite pathways of the village dogs, who in considerable numbers during the day came by that route to pay their respects to Mr Tickler, of whose arrival, I suppose, they had heard down below. As for myself, I was well pleased to see myself soon made snug in my study. I had brought ample writing materials, for I was heavily in arrears with correspondence; but I own, I little thought of writing to you, and so lengthy an epistle. I had brought my library with me: there it stands on the spacious mantel-piece; and as you may like to know the selection made by your quaint correspondent of literature for the sea-side, here is the aforesaid library for the whole family: Shakespeare; Soyer's Cookery; Butler's Analogy and Sermons; Haydn's Dates; Richardson's Dictionary; Thucydides; Christopher North, vol. i.; Tacitus; Blackwood's Magazine for August and September. The light literature department comprised the Penny Census, and an Almanac gratuitously presented to us by our London stationers, its publishers, Messrs Parkins and Gotto. Add to this two or three bibles and prayer-books, in French and English, and you have our whole stock of sea-side books—sacred and profane—by which the inner man was "doubly armed!"

The first time that I came to the place, I saw how it would be: that the long, smooth, straight avenue leading from the high white gate, opening on the high-road down to the chateau—which, however, you reached by a slight detour at the last—would be appropriated for my promenade at all times of the day. 'Tis exactly one hundred and seventy of my ordinary paces, and between two rows of trees, not quite turned my own height, and affording a free view of the green country on one side, and the sea, with the aforesaid glorious old castle, on the other. Up and down, up and down this avenue for me! early in the morning, or during the lovely evening—alone, if in meditative mood, or with one of our little circle,

if in chattering humour! By the way, I shall lay down my pen now and play the peripatetic for a quarter of an hour. I have been writing to you since breakfast-time, and it is now nearly ten: there is a brisk breeze

stirring, and the glorious sun's rays are tempered by a few fleecy clouds. So in a twinkling I step on to the lawn, through the open window-door, and commence my constitutional!

BATHING, AT —————.

*Saturday.*—I have had nothing to do to-day, and done it to perfection. Yet, on further thought, I am rather hasty. I have shared the responsibility of ordering dinner; the main knot of difficulty being, that high winds had prevented any fish but oysters making their appearance—and they for the first time this season—in the village: should we have them in their native unadorned state, or scalloped, or stewed? After much consideration, and a little difference of opinion, we chose the last; so an order was forthwith given to the fisherman's wife, who had come up to announce the boat's arrival with her first cargo, for five dozen. Well, don't start! Are we not five in number? And don't three of us intend to take a walk between this and dinner? Besides, we shall have the beards cut off, so we bought 'em—splendid oysters, at 3d. per dozen. The fowls, it was agreed, should be roasted; and the younger folk put in their claim for stewed pears—(*our own pears!* the plea was irresistible)—and cream; and having got this weighty business over, we felt greatly relieved, knowing that each had honestly done his best to contribute to his own enjoyment. As for myself, I must confess that I several times thought of the arrival of five o'clock, relying on the tried talents of our cook, without any displacency or impatience. About eleven o'clock A.M., I found that everybody under my roof had gone everywhere; so why should not I go somewhere? I had read nothing for three hours, nor set pen to paper, nor could I do either that day; but I had walked for an hour up and down the avenue, then lain on the library sofa for half an hour, then sauntered about the shrubbery, sitting down at length on the bench in the centre of the laurel arbour, my ears soothed by the sound of the trembling poplar's leaves be-

hind me, and the faint fitful creaking of the old-fashioned vane just before me, unsteadily indicating a S.W. tendency of the wind, and suggesting to me—who was in a mood of utter listlessness—half-formed fine notions of the contrast between the arrow in one direction, and the fickle vane boxing the compass; symboling Constancy and Inconstancy—"true as the dial to the sun, although it be not shone upon." *Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel*, says Wisdom: how many men I know who illustrate that saying—C——, and M——, and Z——, —then the hum of a bee steals into my ear; and—I am on the point of being

"By whispering winds soon lulled to sleep"—positively! Not much past eleven o'clock, and I am on the eve of dozing and dreaming; so I jump up, and resolve to go and bathe—ay, *really* to bathe! Not, be it observed, to go down to the cockney-crowded sands, with a wretched row of "bathing-machines," for one of which I am to wait my turn in the broiling sun, squatting on red-hot shingle, till the fat old gentleman has got out, having taken half an hour to himself;—then to be told to "hold hard"—while a man astride of a huge, raw-boned, rough-hided hack urges it into a horrid canter, or worse trot, over the shingle, into water which comes up to your knee only, and you are told as he unhooks his horse, that there are several waiting for the machine, and he hopes you will not be long. Now it takes you five minutes to get into water not so high as your hips: and having tried patiently to get your whole body for a moment under water, you uncomfortably retrace your steps, finding yourself nearing a motley group of children, and old ladies and gentlemen picking up shells close to the machine, into which you

sneak with mingled shame and fury ; and just as you are beginning to wipe your shoulders with a towel which has done duty that morning to a dozen predecessors, you are pleasantly prostrated by the aforesaid hack suddenly starting back with you at a rattling pace towards the shingle. Do you call *this* sea-bathing ? I do not : but slowly rising from my bench in the laurel arbour, while disappear from my mind's eye "the fickle pensioners of Morphens' train"—I saunter leisurely up the avenue ; turn down the steep road leading me, in five minutes' time, to the foot of the old castle, and then take the narrow road to the left, and am instantly in close proximity to the rocky shore. I pass one or two vine-clad fishermen's cottages, every now and then pausing,—the heathery hill-side on my left, where one or two goats are browsing, and the blue boundless waters on my right are softly swelling against the huge rugged rocks. I ask a fisherman's wife where I can bathe ? and she with good-natured volubility tells me that Monsieur must follow the road down to a little bay close by, and that there is beautiful bathing there now, for the tide just suits ; and that in answer to inquiries if Madame or Mademoiselle choose to bathe, they must do the same, for there is no one to interrupt them. . . . O ! enchanting scene ! Here is the bay ! Its two extremities consist of huge rocks scattered about in rugged and wild grandeur, but all the interior of fine white sand, over which the bright blue waters are advancing gently, their surface just, as it were, ripple-ruffled with the fluttering of zephyr's wing. Around the bay, sheltered by high rising ground covered with luxuriant foliage, may be seen two or three humble cottages, and the gable-ends of a structure of far higher pretensions, barely visible through the surrounding trees—and now, on glancing towards the rocks nearest to it, but furthest from me, I can perceive something glistening indistinctly : while a slight blue figure is seen in the water close beside them ; doubtless a nymph laving in the crystal wave—if wave there be. 'Tis one of the fair young tenants of yon house "bosomed high in tufted trees ;" and if one's eyesight

were strong enough, one might see her maid standing by the edge of the water, laughing at her young mistress's efforts to swim !—and presently to assist her in dressing behind a huge blue umbrella ! But take care, my fair one ; has your delicate feet quit the silver sand to tread those relentless rocks ! Pursue your gambols undisturbed ! dress at a distance that is sacred. But as for me, I betake myself to the huge rocks at *my* end of the bay—and grope my way to a hollow in the rock, where I am hidden from mortal eye, with nought to look on but the deep blue azure beneath, and the stainless azure above. Which is the bluer ? Methinks the sea : on which I cannot perceive the glimpse of a sail, as there is not a fleecy trace above. The glorious sun is pouring its golden flood on sea and sky from behind me. No sound is audible but the waters gently insinuating themselves into the crevices and fissures of the rocky fragments around me. I sigh involuntarily, from a deep sense of enjoyment, and sympathy with the beauty of nature. How it contrasts with the anxiety and hubbub of life ! This is—solitude !

"Hail, sacred Solitude ! from this calm bay  
I view the world's tempestuous sea !  
And with wise pride despise  
All its senseless vanities !"

—But *do I* ?

Ah ! what a question ! Folding my arms, I lean against my rock, and sink into reflection—concerning my relations to my Maker, All-Glorious, Good, and Long-Suffering with His wayward creatures : concerning the *use* I am making of the life ebbing from me for ever : is one's sensual encroaching on one's moral, or that overcoming one's sensual nature ?—What distinguishes me from the kid, browsing yonder, but who, having suddenly caught sight of me, is gazing down in timid wonder at a Lord of Creation, in me ? Physically, we are both marvellously made—we both eat and drink,—are born, grow, and die : we both feel pleasure and pain, and have even some mysterious approximation towards each other, in respect of intellectual action ! but as to moral nature, you have, methinks, no more of it than the rock on which I sit, and which—bless us !—is very

nearly surrounded with the smooth insinuating waters! 'I look around, and soon find a safe exit from my strait, infinitely easier and sooner than I should have found my way out of the mists of metaphysical speculation into which I had begun to stray. I emerge from my rocky solitude,—I return to the beach, and am now its only tenant, for my sea-nymph is gone. In a trice I am in the sea! the water clear as crystal, and almost smooth as glass. How warm is the surface of it! Smooth as velvet are the sands; and were any stones or rocks nearer me than the high ledge on which I have deposited my clothes, safe from the softly but swiftly advancing tide, I must but do not see them through this pellucid medium. Five or six strides bring me into safe dipping-depth, and in an instant my feet slip from me, and I plunge—a little startled with the coldness of my

first immersion into salt water for a year. Quickly accustomed to it, however, I swim—I float—I splash—I plunge again—being, in fact, so exhilarated as to feel inclined to swim farther out than is prudent, having regard to my being alone. But this is only my first introduction to the gentle Thetis, and I have six weeks before me! Will she, however, be always in this lovely humour? Shall I have to say, as the poet to the fickle Pyrrha—

“ Qui semper vacuum, semper amabilem,  
Sperat nescius auræ,  
Fallacis! ”

But this can be more readily quoted by that laughing youngster now bounding towards me, having been hurried down by one who affects to believe I had given her a promise—after a former hair-breadth 'scape—never again to bathe alone!

#### LETTERS AND NEWSPAPERS! EMPEROR AND QUEEN!

News from the world! Five letters and six English newspapers spread out on my table! Three of the former are for me, and all the latter: so despatching the two letters to those whom they concern, and graciously giving out five of the newspapers to diffuse useful and entertaining knowledge throughout the household, till I have devoured whatever is to be found in the *Evening Mail*, considerably coming twice a-week in modest and agreeable guise,—the *Times* stripped of its horrid advertisements. In this, its reduced form, is to be found all I want to know; for whatever isn't there hasn't happened!—but whether everything has, that *is*, I shall not take upon me to decide. False intelligence may for a while alarm, or delight—at all events it titillates, or excites. 'Tis awkward, however, if it have elicited a dogmatic—“I always anticipated and predicted this—I saw the course of events tending in this direction months ago, though everybody else denied it. Such and such will be the consequences of it.” If the next paper bring a contradiction, and editorial *peccavi*—you can only say “a-hem”—take a long walk in the country, and on your return allude to

every other topic except that which has made you wince so much, in your stinging reflections on the extent to which you have committed yourself in the character of Sir Oracle. If the intelligence was unpleasant and unfavourable, it is delightful to have it contradicted; but if it were the other way, what can you do, but grin and hear it, and practise a sagacious shake of the head, against the time that any other intelligence of a pleasingly surprising nature may present itself for your acceptance? *There* lies the *Mail* before us, as yet unopened, containing the first account of what has happened in England since it lost for a while the inestimable safeguard of my presence! At length I open it, and with every Englishman have at this moment only two topics present to my mind—our Queen, and our Army before Sebastopol. With a suspended sigh, a glance tells me that “nothing new has happened there;” but I am rejoiced to find that the dear little lady who rules over us, and was so lately “the cynosure of neighbouring eyes,” “raining influence” of affable queenly dignity, has returned to her own dominions, and is again quietly ensconced in her royal nook at Os-



borne. Well, pleasant and profitable may her meditations be on the stately and splendid hospitalities of her Imperial brother! The interchange of visits between these now puissant personages which this summer has witnessed, constitutes, with existing circumstances, antecedents, and probable consequences, a wonderful and dazzling event, to be recorded by the pen of history, before which the Field of the Cloth of Gold sinks into a mere gaudy display of theatrical extravagance and improvidence. How thick the veil hanging before the nearest Future of mankind! Who can tell what a day or an hour may bring forth with nations as with individuals? And what lessons should it teach both, of virtue, prudence, and moderation in regulating their Now, according to the precepts of Him who has placed us in this brief scene of action, and whose perfect existence is an Eternal Now! Three short years ago we were making almost convulsive efforts to provide against an apparently imminent French invasion of our shores by a hundred thousand soldiers, whose hearts bore the searing scar of *Waterloo*! Now, both sovereigns and people are in strict accord, in ardent alliance against a colossal Northern Power, who was then our long-tried ally and friend!—London was familiar to its imperial visitor; every moment of whose stay, and every object which met his eye, was pregnant with recollections and suggestions of unutterable interest and mighty significance. I was one of those to whom his stay here was a continued spasm of apprehension for his personal safety, from the blood-red hand of some fell foreign assassin. Had that hand been raised here, and successfully, what incalculable consequences would have ensued,

such as make the boldest and strongest heart quiver to contemplate! Yet they were within a hair's-breadth of being precipitated upon Europe within a few short hours of the Emperor's return to his own capital. And our fearless Queen went, in return for his visit to her, to be the guest of him whose life she might deem so awfully precarious, trusting, not to a gallant and chivalrous people only, but to the protection of the King of Kings! Both Queen and Emperor have played their parts grandly in this historic scene. The course of each was deeply considered with reference to the tempers of the two great nations of France and England, and the great and unexpected exigencies of the times. Making all due allowances for errors and shortcomings referable to our respective idiosyncrasies, let the severest censor of the two countries point to any others, morally and intellectually, comparable to them in ancient and modern times; and I do from the depths of my soul believe, that if their present union prove stable, a new era for civilisation is dawning. Grave difficulties, and infinitely graver contingencies, may present themselves to the eye of the wisely forecasting; but let us repose a rational and manly confidence in each other's perceptions of duty and interest, as involved in a glorious destiny, under an approving Providence. All that England and France have ever known of each other's characters and capabilities is calculated to engender reciprocally admiration and respect; and their richest blood, intermingled in a magnificent enterprise like that on which the eyes of all other nations are now fixed, will prove a perfect styptic for any wound which either may have heretofore inflicted on the other.

#### THE SNAKE.

See what the *Evening Mail* is answerable for in the case of a politician turned sea-side recluse!—But I am invited, with eager haste, to go and see “a large snake,” just caught and killed by a neighbouring farmer. 'Tis irresistible—and I start off. What an instinctive horror one has of the whole

tribe: and yet, speaking for myself at least, one has a queer perverse satisfaction and curiosity in looking at them, dead or alive, or hearing or reading of their horrid doings. The last time I saw a French adder, or viper—they are, as you know, different names for the same reptile—was

at the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, London. It was "a very fine specimen," as a naturalist would express himself, doubtless; but it looked hideous enough to me, and must have appeared utterly blasting to a poor little mouse, screwed up in a corner of the cage, at an angle just above a small trough of water. If ever horror started out of eyes, it looked out of those of the poor destined victim of the viper; which seemed beginning to get lively—writhing about not ungracefully; sometimes passing its whole body slowly through the agreeable water. At length the monster approached the quarter where the mouse had planted itself, resting on its two front paws, immovable, but its eyes following every turn of the snake, with an expression of terror that was sickening to behold. The snake advanced nearer and nearer, but in rather a languid mood, and at length slowly and gently lifted its hideous head out of the water, close to the mouse, with faintly flickering tongue and glittering eye, when the poor mouse, with a sudden and desperate effort, sprung clear over the snake's head to the opposite corner of the cage, and there planted itself as before, apparently trembling violently, the snake taking no farther notice of it. "He ain't ready for his supper yet," said the sentimental keeper with a smile, apparently amused at the start I gave. The reptile which I was on my way to see, while recalling the above scene to my memory, had been luckily detected by the farmer in the act of entering his parlour door, a not very welcome visitor. A well-aimed blow with a stick, however, immediately behind the head, killed it, without interfering much with the head. When I saw it, the reptile lay scarce cold on the top of a small heap of manure. It was nearly four feet in length, in the middle about an inch and a half in diameter, a larger and finer specimen than that of which I have been speaking. In spite of the blow which had extinguished life, its eyes had a sort of cruel brightness,

and a faint undulatory movement was visible in the body. Such creatures as this were not, surely, pleasant companions in our solitary walks; and one is now on the *qui vive* whenever one hears any rustling, or sees any motion at the foot of a hedge, or among the dry leaves. I examined the interior of the mouth. The fangs were large and powerful—but ask any naturalist to tell you a tale of wonder, in describing the structure of the roof of a serpent's mouth, so exquisitely contrived to work downward, and prevent the exit of anything which has once been introduced as prey, for deglutition! Here are organs for the destruction of other animals, as consummately contrived by the Creator to effect that object, as the mental organs of Sir Isaac Newton to discover the law of gravitation! But to what purpose are such idle inquiries and speculations, as—why all animals, and why man himself, might not have been graminivorous instead of carnivorous? Or, why those destined to be the prey of others, should have been invested in any degree with that sense or sensibility which occasions the suffering attendant on the apprehension or infliction of violent death? What thoughtful person ever witnessed a cat playing with a mouse, and was not impelled to speculate on the objects with which such an inclination, or disposition, was conferred, and such opportunities for indulging it were afforded by an infinitely wise and beneficent Creator? Yet all such questions run up into another—why should not everything have been otherwise than it is?—and are calculated to set weak, ignorant, and presumptuous minds floundering down in thick fog, and the very slough of despond. The Christian philosopher is not thus bewildered or harassed, but with confiding humility reflects upon his own limited faculties, and the infinite Power, Goodness, and Wisdom, of his Maker; and betakes himself to Holy Scripture, which expressly tells him that *now he sees through a glass darkly, and now*

\* Very different thoughts and emotions are excited by the spectacle of a human being—a rational and moral agent—wantonly inflicting pain and suffering on either one of his own species, or one of the animal creation.

knows in part. And so I shall not concern myself with Archdeacon Paley's ingeniously - unsatisfactory speculations in his Natural Theology on the subject of poisonous serpents, but, laying down my pen, will betake myself to my favourite and secluded seat in the laurel arbour, with my copy of Butler's Sermons, and again read over that grave and noble one, *Upon the Ignorance of Man*. There he says what completely satisfies me. "But it is evident that there is another mark set up for us to aim at; another end appointed us to direct our lives to—an end which the most knowing may fail of, and the most ignorant arrive at. *The secret things belong unto the Lord our God, but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children for ever, that we may do all the words of this law.* Which reflection of Moses, put in general terms,

is, that the only knowledge which is of any avail to us, is that which teaches us our duty, or assists us in the discharge of it. The economy of the universe, the course of nature, almighty power exerted in the creation and government of the world, is out of our reach. What would be the consequence if we could really get an insight into these things, is very uncertain; whether it would assist us in or divert us from what we have to do in this present state. . . . Other orders of creatures may perhaps be let into the secret counsels of Heaven, and have the designs and methods of Providence in the creation and government of the world communicated to them; but this does not belong to our rank or condition. *The fear of the Lord, and to depart from evil,* is the only wisdom which man should aspire after, as his work and business!"

#### A LITTLE EVENT!

*Monday.*—There is a particular corner of my domain, whence, through a loophole contrived partly by myself, I catch a view of the Castle in its most commanding aspect; and this morning, about ten o'clock, the sun's rays coming from behind, arrayed it in magnificently disposed light and shade. And behold, from the topmost tower waved two flags, the Tricolor and Union-Jack! I gave a great start, and my heart began to palpitate: what might this mean? Anything glorious from the East?—Hastening into the house, I made eager inquiries, but no one had heard anything from abroad: the good lady who had just brought us a brace of *poulets* knew of nothing; the gentleman who had brought our butcher-meat from the neighbouring town, said that all was quiet when he left: but there were fluttering the two brave flags—and something *must* have happened. On this we formed ourselves into a council, to consider how best we could make discoveries. I presided; but several of the members gave home-thrusts to the president. "This is getting out of the way of the telegraph!" said one.—"What would you give now, for a second edition of this morning's paper?" inquired another.

—"And of the daily post?" subjoined a third. "For my part, this place is very beautiful, I dare say," quoth the senior member, madame, "but I confess I don't *quite* like being so completely out of the world, and the way of everybody, and everything!"—"Go and look after your fowls, madame!" said the president sternly.—"Ah, but we're likely," said the junior member brightly, "to have a PIG by to-night—mamma saw such a love of a pig last night!"—"Well, and what if I did, sirrah? Haven't we plenty of accommodation and food?"

*President.*—"Order! order! is the order of the day! and the matter of the Pig is not one!"—*Solvuntur tabulae*—and each of us determined to go about in the neighbourhood, and especially the village, to ascertain the news, it occurring to one long-headed individual to go straight to the castle. But as that distinguished personage—to-wit, myself—was just entering the avenue, behold, an apparition! Half-way down was a gay little fellow, apparently about twelve years old, gaily dressed, and carrying on his shoulders two flags—little counterparts of those great ones now waving in proud amity from the castle tower!—"Ah, mon cher Eugene!" thought

I, "how graceful of you, or those who sent you, to bring an English visitor such glorious intelligence!"—and I hastened towards him; but I was on a false scent altogether! The modest youngster, placing both flags on his left shoulder, removed his cap, and in the prettiest way in the world, with a low bow, begged to know if Monsieur would give them some flowers? "Flowers, my child! what for?" 'Twas a great day, it seemed, in these parts; for there was to be a treat given to the scholars of several village-schools, and one or two prizes delivered, and romps on the castle green, and, in plain English, what we should call a tea-party! This was his peaceful intelligence, not that brilliant and bloody news of which I was expectant. So I said, "Go into the garden and grounds, and you shall have as many as you can carry!" Forthwith my willing servant and he paid their respects to such flowers as we had, and ere long he went away almost staggering under his brace of flags and a huge bouquet. Having planned an expedition for the day, we could not go to witness, and perhaps share, the festivities of the castle; but just as we were finishing dinner, about seven o'clock, a sound of merry music—drums and fifes approaching from the direction of the castle, but evidently far beneath us—sent us all—masters, servants, and Mr Tickler—to run round the plantation to a small plateau overhanging the village, and there all eight of us stood, witnessing a charming sight—

the procession of the children, some two dozen, two and two, and every couple bearing a flag—the union-jack and tricolor pretty evenly mingled—and waving about merrily by the youngsters to the air of *Partant pour la Syrie!* First came the good *curé*, marching at the head of his troops, as a proud and cheerful conqueror of—ignorance! Then came four fifes, a clarionet, and a drum; and then the dear little heroes of the day, two and two, with a small concourse of attendant mothers, brothers, and sisters. Was it in compliment to the compact phalanx heading the heights, headed by the donor of the flowers, that, as they approached us, *Partant pour la Syrie* gave way to our grave and thrilling—"Godsave the Queen?" 'Twould have done your heart good to see us all: the castle, glistening in the mellow evening sunlight, and now silent and deserted by the merry throng of that day—the blithe little varicoloured procession winding through the village below us—the band playing with renewed vigour as they passed us—faint sounds of tiny voices shouting, till sights and sounds are lost in the approaching shades of evening and the distance. These little events of the day supplied food for pleasant meditation during the evening, but during the night for monstrously-confused dreams, in which our little procession, and the castle whence it had so merrily issued, mingled with the fortress of Sebastopol, the trenches, and storming-parties!

#### A DAY OF GLOOM!

*Wednesday.*—Nothing has happened that ought to have happened, and that has which ought not. The morning was ushered in with fitful gusts and a cloudy sky, with one or two symptoms of swelling by-and-by into a storm of grandeur, giving us a new aspect of our romantic locality. But nothing came of it all day long; only little gusts of wind; occasional dribbles of rain; glimpses of the sun, sullen and watery-eyed—nothing came, either one thing or the other; and as for the thunder-storm, "it did not come off." The newspaper did not come, and only

one letter, and that I did not wish to receive.

No fish was to be got for love or money; the butcher, grocer, and wine-merchant at — had forgotten us, as if by concert; the beer had gone sour; the *blancheuse* had again broken her promise, and allowed our linen to accumulate on her hands, while she and her daughters went out on field-duty—viz. to dig potatoes. All of us seemed prepared to find fault with everything and one another. Tickler was skulking under the sofa; I broke the lamp-glass; the drawing-room

window was broken by nobody; my library afforded me no relief; we had a hasty little dinner of odds and ends, the servants, dining before us, having had the choice. I walked moodily up and down my favourite avenue half-a-

dozen times in vain; I could settle to nothing; we all seemed in a contradictory humour; and I went to bed at 9.30 P.M., not caring one button whether I slept or not. *Dies ater! Pereat!*

## COULEUR DE ROSE!

*Thursday.*—In a philosophical humour to-day. After much reflection on men and things, I am satisfied that, upon the whole, everything serves everybody right. As for myself, I think I have a very fine forgiving disposition, particularly active when nobody requires forgiveness but myself, for whom, however, I am always willing to make vast allowances; and I am at this moment disposed to look with forbearance and compassion on the erring portion of mankind. I confess it looks odd to say it in so many words, but I feel in a humour of dignified benignity. So serene is my temper, that I see everything in *couleur de rose*. How is it to be accounted for, but by my possessing the well-spring of a genial temper, always ready to look on the bright side of things, and so become independent of accidents and external things? I woke well and cheerful; the sun wore an enchanting smile; the breeze was disporting himself merrily among the trees; breakfast laid out prettily, and abundance of nicely-fried sand-eels! And we had scarcely finished breakfast, before we had the offer of as much fish, and of the best and freshest, as would have kept us for a fortnight. And, in fact, the butcher

brought us a lovely piece of beef for to-day, and an unexceptionable haunch of mutton for the next; the grocer soon afterwards deposited miscellaneous excellencies on the hall table; the wine-merchant, followed by the brewer, did his duty; two huge baskets-full of the snowy linen made their appearance during the morning; the drawing-room window is set down in the inventory as broken; the postman brought me my paper, with voluble apologies for having left it, the day before, at l'A—by mistake. Such a delicious bath, in my favourite bay, between 4 and 5.20 P.M.; a plump little turbot, ribs of roast-beef, and plum-tart for dinner. Such appetites! Wine excellent, and so reasonable; we drink one another's healths; the evening as pensively, as the day has been briskly beautiful. Oh, that solemnly beautiful old castle! I could gaze on thee all night long—but 'tis ten o'clock, and I shall retire. I care little whether I sleep or not: if I lie awake, I have many things to think of pleasantly; if I sleep, I may dream, I feel sure, charmingly. N.B. How delightful to have a temperament so even and well-regulated as to be independent of external circumstances!

## A GREAT EVENT!

*Thursday.*—Let me now write gravely and calmly as is becoming. Imagine your contributor sitting on a grand evening on a rude stone bench in a ruined, and the highest, turret of the castle facing the sea—the evening wind sighing around me, the blue ocean undulating gently far beneath, the sun setting magnificently—a newspaper lies at my feet, with a stone on it to prevent its being hurried away by the breeze—I, gazing on the disappearing monarch of day, but my

thoughts profoundly occupied by the tidings recently brought by that same newspaper—that at last—at last! SEBASTOPOL HAS FALLEN! Two hours of solitude passed away in meditation upon an event so immense, and having so many aspects, as well towards the past as the future; and well may any one meditate long and deeply on such an event, who feels the slightest interest in the welfare of Europe, and any degree of responsibility for public affairs. As a mili-

tary feat, it seems resplendent and unique among all sieges on record; but the political consequences which may ensue from it, are such as no man living can venture to speak of confidently. What may we suppose would have been the view taken of it by the Duke of Wellington? But that question suggests another: had he been living, would the war have arisen? What weight would not his counsels have had with all Europe, and especially the belligerent? As far as this country is concerned, we have had to deplore a great and lamentable want: we have not had a single statesman on the scene whose sole opinion would have decisively influenced public opinion. The nearest approach is the aged and gifted Lord Lyndhurst: with his exception, all others are, comparatively speaking, little men—very little men, *pace tantorum!*—men destitute of that combined fixity of purpose, strength of will, clearness of sight, and experience, which must concur in order to impress and guide public opinion in any given direction. And the want of such a master-mind of the statesman is the more felt, and the more deplorable, when so many ambitious political men are at once so clever, and only so clever; have such weight, and only so much; and when political parties are so subdivided and balanced as they are. Under these circumstances it is marvellous with what promptitude, simplicity, and decision the public opinion of the country has spoken out for itself, dictating a policy, in its great features, signally impressed with our national characteristics of good sense and straightforwardness. This power of public opinion has completely puffed out little politicians, how noisy and pretentious soever, either compelling them to follow, with what grace they might, or contemptuously discarding them as old-fashioned political lumber. Had the Great Duke been alive, he would have either prevented the war altogether, or conducted it in a manner and on a scale vastly different from that which has occasioned us so much anxiety, misery, and mortification.

It is true that had war become, in spite of his counsels and influence, both at home and with every Con-

tinental court, inevitable, it would have found the Great Duke a very old man, and possibly not over easy in accommodating himself to the novel exigencies of war. Now, we may rely upon it that his prodigious military genius would have flamed forth, for however brief a period, illuminating the whole course of the campaign. Had he approved of the expedition to the Crimea, how different a measure would he have taken of the difficulties to be overcome, what prescience and providence would he have exhibited!

The man of the time who seems to have satisfied the condition of greatness is Louis Napoleon. He has exhibited a magnificent spectacle of self-reliance, sagacity, and determination. His Atlantean shoulders have supported the mighty enterprise which would have crushed, and has so nearly crushed, so many British statesmen; and with what feelings of lofty exultation is he at this moment meditating upon the new phase of that enterprise, introduced by the event which has just happened? If any dependence can be placed upon the correspondent of an American newspaper, who professes to have heard the conversation, Louis Napoleon lately thus expressed himself: "I acknowledge the tactics of the Crimean campaign to be my own projection, and I confess myself satisfied, mainly, with the results. The people of France and Britain want a feat of arms, and perhaps the people of America would applaud another Smolensko and Moskowa. No; France in 1813 crossed the arid steppes and deadly snows of Russia. *I will now make Russia traverse her own wilderness to meet us on her frontier.* There is not a man who enters the Crimea that has not undergone all we suffered in the retreat from Moscow. There is not a regiment that arrives at Perekop that is not decimated. Whole battalions have been engulfed. The Russian loss, according to their own estimate, rendered to the Emperor Nicholas last December, amounted to 270,000. The allied troops at that time had not lost one-tenth of that number. I am content to protract the struggle in the Crimea on these terms. . . . A Russian army is not recruited with facility—men can

be had, but not soldiers. The Russian peasantry require from two to three years' exercise at drill before they are fit for the ranks. We have nearly extirpated the *élite* of their forces—those which the Czar has taken many years to create. England and France, on the contrary, grow stronger as the struggle proceeds; our peasantry in a few weeks become stanch troops; and the fire of war, which burns slowly at first among our population, increases with reverses. . . . It would be folly to inflict merely a wound upon Russia, from which she would soon recover. Let us rather establish a running sore on her side, from which her strength will run out. Sebastopol is draining her system. The future will judge my tactics, but the people are too small to see far around them." What a lurid glare does the fall of Sebastopol cast on these words! And now what is to be done? Are we nearer peace—a solid, honourable, enduring peace, as the result of the stupendous and sanguinary struggle in which we have embarked? On what basis can peace now rest, but the humiliation of Russia? Events have vastly outgrown the Four Points—or rather they have disappeared under the bloody smear of war. What are we to do with the Crimea? If

we do let the lion go again, we must draw his teeth, and pare his claws; we must not merely scotch, but kill the snake. What will Austria and Prussia now do? How is the former to be got out of the Principalities? What is to be done with reference to the expenses of the war, providing peace becomes the subject of speedy consideration? Will Russia now yield, and be perforce content to bear the burning brand of defeat and shame on her brow? How, indeed, can she continue the struggle? England and France have, so to speak, their finger on the carotid artery of Russia. The deeply interesting and important revelations of the interior condition of Russia, contained in two articles in the August and September numbers of *Blackwood's Magazine*, tally with the conclusions which have been drawn for half a year by those who are carefully watching the course of events. A great crisis of Russian affairs—a national collapse—may occur much sooner than either her enemies or friends suppose. We are, indeed, on the eve of great events.

But while I have been sitting here, absorbed with these thoughts and speculations, the shades of evening have enshrouded nature in a grand obscurity, and I must creep chillily home!

[To be concluded in our next.]

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CENTRALISATION—A DIALOGUE.

Scene—SYDENHAM.

THE present is supposed by popular belief to be one of the four seasons. Not so in the creed of the Londoner. It is no season at all. The metropolis is in the plight of an ancient city on the point of being conquered. "Absit omen." Its divinities have all taken wing. The last belle of Belgravia, if any be still left blooming alone, would be in the position of the lady by the springs of Dove, "with none to praise, and very few to love;" and unless her voice were silent from solitude and ennui, she would merely be bidding the "Mariners of Spain," or, more correctly

speaking, the Directors of the Great Northern, to "bring my love again, for he lies among the moors," and, what is worse, enjoying himself amongst them to almost the greatest extent of which human nature is capable. It is well that our fair ladies should not shut their eyes to the fact, that the masculine nature has a world of its own into which few of them can enter—for I do not say none—a world of pleasures and pains, certainly not to be compared with those their kindness can bestow, or unkindness inflict, but of a nature totally different, and in some measure excluding them, in

which Cupid is either hooded like a falcon, or condemned to run about with clipt wings till such time as his feathers shall sprout again. And they ought to be thankful for this, for these rivalries, paradoxical as it may seem, are the cause why British husbands and lovers, as a general rule, are the most faithful in the civilised world. And they are so chiefly because they have some of the feelings of the savage. For to the British masculine nature, while it has a due appreciation of the pleasure of being hooked, the pleasure of hooking is by no means despicable, especially if it lead—and this our fair ones better understand—to a twenty minutes' play of the fish, keeping expectation on tiptoe before he is landed. And we may just mention the satisfaction of a right and left shot, each bringing down a plump bird, or of the deer stalked through toilsome hours, stopt by a well-aimed ball, and dropping over, as if lightning-struck, in a stream-bed in a narrow glen. It is not for us to speak of these things, still doomed to hang about the sickly and sorrow-stricken streets of September London, contemplating the unemployed misery of hungry cabmen and dry watermen, and half choked with the smoke, which has now, it seems, taken upon itself to come, like the lady's "yes" in *Maud*, from "the east to west, till the west is east," invading the sacred quarters, as the throng of waiters are wont to invade the scene of a banquet for the sake of remnants of lobster-salad and bottoms of dead champagne. Must we grin, and bear it? Not quite, thanks to Sir Joseph Paxton. There is the People's Palace and its unrivalled garden, a land of Goshen in the bondage of London, where we may flee for a day to the out-of-doors cheerfulness of Continental life, and escape the feeling of crowded loneliness, which is the most painful one associated with the great metropolis. It is perhaps the cheapest half-crown's worth to be had in the world, always save and excepting the new number of *Maga*; for such is the cost of the journey and of admission to the pleasures of the Palace. Consider what it would cost to make the voyage round the world, and then consider whether this single half-crown does

not procure you almost all the entertainment of such a voyage without its pains and perils. Have you not there the poles, north and south, bears and all, without the horrible climates of those flattened places of the globe? Have you not the tropics in all their beauty, without their heat, serpents, and venomous insects? Have you not "the palms and temples of the south," and a perpetual Italian climate in a glass case? And you have all time as well as all space. You have Nineveh and Egypt, and Greece and Rome, and the Middle Ages; all History, from Cheops down to Lord John Russell. You have all the poets, or their busts, without being obliged to read their poetry; you have all the orators, without the necessity of "sitting under" them. You have all nations—the white man, the black man, the yellow man, the red man, and the "red man's babe;" the green man, and his olive-branches, probably an extinct race in this wide-awake age. You have them all as large as life. You may eat your luncheon within sight of savages without the slightest fear of being eaten by them. And if you have all the men, you have all the gods to keep them in order, from the fetishes of Africa, which are flogged like naughty boys, up to those awful twins of Egypt, whose heads reach the top of the enormous building. It is surely well that these last should be correctly described, else they might be taken by foreign dilettanti for the gods the Britons worship, called, in the vernacular, Gog and Magog, and, classically, Chrysos and Argyros, being set up amidst the people in the high places and groves of Sydenham; and some future New Zealand Niebuhr, arguing away preceding history on the strength of ascertained fact, might fix upon the second half of the nineteenth century as that in which the inhabitants of Britain reverted to the polytheism of their ancestors, as it was in times distressing to artists by profession, when every man was his own painter. I am not going to write a guide-book of the Crystal Palace, for two reasons,—one, that I do not manage details well; and the other, that it has been well done already; and therefore I shall



content myself with observing that the real glory of the place seems to consist in the beautiful collection of strange plants and exotic trees; some floating in water, like the queen-like *Victoria Regia*; others standing in their native mould, covered, in many cases, with a piled velvet cloth of the beautiful French moss; others hanging, like Mahomet's coffin, between earth and heaven, in baskets which seem held in the hands of some invisible genius of Spring pouring out streams of honours on the earth, which are arrested in mid air as they fall by the wand of the enchanter Paxton. I sat down on one of the benches in the centre, listening to a fine band of music, and was soon joined, according to appointment, by Friend Irenæus, to whose good taste and appreciation of the beautiful in every kind I have already borne abundant testimony.

IRENÆUS.—Well, here I am; but the fact is, the whole thing is a mistake.

TLEPOLEMUS.—You don't mean the Palace.

IRENÆUS.—No, but the ways and means of getting to it; they are so utterly prosaic that they spoil much of the poetry of the Palace itself. First you go down to an ordinary railway-station, then you pay half-a-crown.

TLEPOLEMUS.—You don't complain of that, I hope.

IRENÆUS.—Yes, I do; you ought either to be admitted for nothing, or pay much more. A crown, for instance, is a round sum, complete in itself, like the thing from which it takes its name, and to right-minded people it has dutiful associations.

TLEPOLEMUS.—You may go on the five-shilling day if you like.

IRENÆUS.—But I don't like. I will tell you why. The fact is, there ought to be nothing to pay; the whole thing ought to be paid for by the nation.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Like the war, or any other great national undertaking.

IRENÆUS.—I confess it would be a hard matter with a Government which refused a paltry thousand to the Royal Society, and who have been only consistent in carrying out

through everything a penny-wise-pound-foolish policy.

TLEPOLEMUS.—The policy which refused Admiral Dundas an efficient supply of mortars to shake the mortar of Sveaborg; and commits everyday extravagancies, like that of an artist who pays his fare to the Highlands and back to make a sketch worth thirty shillings.

IRENÆUS.—I object, however, to the five-shilling day, because I hate to be select. The very institution of such a day, a Sabbath of gentility in the People's Palace, is a piece of vulgarity symptomatic of the worship of wealth for wealth's sake, which those who set this Palace on foot ought to be ashamed of. There is room enough for all here. It is not like a railway second-class carriage, into which eight are stuffed in hot days when there is only room for six, and you have some excuse for riding first-class. It is a delight to me to behold a place crowded which is meant to contain crowds, and which no crowd will ever fill, and to see those who are poorer than myself made happy at so cheap a rate.

TLEPOLEMUS.—I perfectly agree with you, though you know my incurable Toryism. The creation of artificial distinctions between classes is the surest way to foster discontent and a revolutionary spirit, and it tends to confounding those distinctions in the language of agitators and the minds of the people with those which exist by nature and the appointment of God. The spirit of the Pharisee, who thanks God that he is not as other men are, is seen in other matters besides religion. Horace was a great poet, and, generally speaking, a gentleman; but when, in his Ode to Xanthias Phocæus, he calls the people "scelestæ," or "rascal," he shows himself the son of a freedman, as he was. It is the spirit of Conservatism to love the people, and endeavour to make them happy in the state to which it has pleased God to call them; it is the spirit of Radicalism to make them uncomfortable in their station, and afflict them with a morbid desire to climb. In this matter of admission to the People's Palace the French have shown a truer instinct: it is found as a matter

of experience that the five-franc day does not pay; because the Paris fashionables, if for no better reason, like to display their glories to the world at large.

IRENÆUS.—I was speaking of the manner of coming here destroying the illusion. After paying your half-crown, you pass over the bisected houses and smocky chimneys of the Borough, and your nose is insulted by the odours of offensive manufactures; and when you arrive at Sydenham, your first introduction is to the monsters of the geological island. After that you ascend to the intellectual feast through a lane of refreshments redolent of coffee, and vocal with the poppings of aerated liquids, and paved in some places with broken meat as thickly as Vallambrosa is with leaves, or the trenches before Sebastopol are with shot and shell. I do not like the introduction.

TLEPOLEMUS.—But what would you have, then?

IRENÆUS.—I should like to be brought here blindfolded—if with a sensation of being carried through the air, so much the better—and have the bandage taken off just at this spot. The sensation in that case would be like that of the poor man in the Arabian Nights translated by Haroun Alraschid to his palace, or that of Christopherus Sly in my lord's chamber. I should rub my eyes, and ask myself whether I was awake. Suppose one of the classic ancients—Virgil for instance—had been brought here in such a manner, he would have imagined himself dead and with the blest, for he would have found most of the conditions of his fancied Elysium. Look out of that window at the people buzzing round the fountains:

“Demos placidas qui prænata, amnem.  
Hunc circum innumeræ gentes populique  
volabant;  
Ac veluti in pratis ubi apes æstate serenâ  
Floribus insidunt variis, et candida circum  
Lilia funduntur; strepit omnis murmure  
campus.”

A people who not half an hour ago were gasping in the metropolis,

“Devenere locos lætos, et amœna vireta  
Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas  
Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit  
Purpureo; solemque suum, suâ sidera nôrunt.

Conspicit ecce alios dextrâ lævâque per  
herbam  
Vescentes, lætumque choro pœana canentes,  
Inter odoratum lauri nemus.”

Well might Virgil say—

“Suâ sidera nôrunt,”

for our constellations as we sit here are flowers. Longfellow writes:—

“Well he spake in language quaint and  
olden  
One that dwelleth by the castled Rhine,  
When he named the flowers so blue and  
golden,  
Stars that in earth's firmament do shine.”

But here they have mounted from the firmament of earth to that of heaven, and the sun shines through their petals. As for the rows of beautiful casts arranged round the central aisle, we might fancy them stately shades of the dead looking kindly upon, yet repelling with dignity the intimacy of a fleshly visitor. To come to matter of fact, Tlepolemus, with all its faults, it is a glorious place, and one calculated to do wonders in improving the taste of the people of Great Britain.

TLEPOLEMUS.—I quite agree with you; but I value it most in this, that it is a standing specific against a poison which is fast overcrowing the spirit of our country; it is a centralised antidote against centralisation. It is, in fact, a great conservative conservatory.

IRENÆUS.—You have brought me over to your views in many important matters; but you have not yet convinced me that centralisation is an unmitigated evil.

TLEPOLEMUS.—There are few unmitigated evils. As it is a law of nature that almost every rose has a thorn, and

“Medio de fonte leporum  
Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus  
angat;”

so there is a law divine which brings good out of evil, and overrules to benevolent ends the perverse propensities of man. But, on the whole, I do not love the tendencies of centralisation. One of its chiefest effects is to vulgarise everything it touches, as the harpies besmirched everything on which they laid their talons. To counteract this effect is the whole

duty and glorious privilege of the Crystal Palace.

IRENÆUS.—How so?

TLEPOLEMUS.—Because as London is wont to collect everything into itself, man and beast, and all things bad, good, and indifferent, it was necessary, to prevent the mass from putrefaction, that a temple of beauty should be raised somewhere of world-wide significance, where art alone should be supreme, resting, as all true art ever must, on a strong basis of nature. What I regret is, that it should be a thing somewhat separate and apart from the religion of the good.

IRENÆUS.—Would you throw open the Palace on Sundays?

TLEPOLEMUS.—That is a difficult and delicate question. Unhappily the air of London on Sundays is not better than it is during the week. People have been kept in town for six days by the strong chains of business. Well, perhaps, it may be right to keep them to their parish churches on Sunday by an additional chain of piety; yet this seems to me to be investing religion with the inexorable nature of trade. But, as a matter of fact, the inclination to gulp fresh air cannot be overcome; and the consequence is, the central churches are deserted even under the most popular preachers. Some fly to the parks, and gaze on each other's dresses and equipages; some, not with worse feeling, fly to green fields, perhaps only that, like Falstaff, they may babble of them afterwards on their deathbeds. Are they to blame? But a large part spend the day in low debauchery, and some of these might come to Sydenham and be improved, though not quite in the manner most agreeable to the *Record*. I cannot see why certain buildings for religious worship should not be opened within tempting distance of the gardens, or in them, and the Palace itself shut during the time of services. These buildings might make all legitimate appeals to the senses in the shape of music and decorations; and it should be, in consequence of their accessibility, people's own fault if they neglected the call of the bells. After the afternoon service the band and the fountains might play; and if you see any harm in this, I confess I do

not, for I cannot see how that which is in itself innocent and perfectly beautiful can be in any way antagonistic to religion.

IRENÆUS.—I agree with you on the whole; but the pulse of the people must be felt, and such changes must only be introduced when the blood has learned to flow temperately; if you open one sluice, you may be admitting an inundation. You recollect the recoil from Puritanism in Charles II.'s time.

TLEPOLEMUS.—I think that the feeling can only be altered by experiments of this kind. If you are for destroying Puritanism in order to make the people fit to receive impressions rightly, I am your man; but Puritanism is not to be destroyed in a moment—it must give way by degrees to the improvement of the general health of the people, like many disagreeable physical eruptions of the same complexion. But this question apart, there is a great gulf fixed between high religion and low vice or crude mammon-worship; the subjects of the latter evils cannot spring over this gulf to the good in many cases, though, of course, they can in some, by a mystic strength not of their own giving; but how often does not art furnish the bridge which leads from evil to good?

IRENÆUS.—And sometimes from good to evil?

TLEPOLEMUS.—There is a little of the Quaker leaven in you yet. Yet you are right. If such abuse did not occasionally happen, Art would be all divine, which it is not, but half earthly, and the trail of the serpent has passed over the earthly half. But in this view Art is no worse off than Nature, and yet Nature was pronounced very good by its Maker, and in spite of the action of evil, will remain so at the end.

IRENÆUS.—But I wish you to explain more definitely how it is that centralisation vulgarises everything.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Because it has a tendency to destroy the poetry of variety and individual character. Take a lady and a peasant girl by themselves, they are each complete beings; assimilate the peasant girl to the lady, put a Paris bonnet over her buxom cheeks, and she becomes at once a bad

imitation. How beautiful is national costume in countries where it exists. In France, though much is centralised, much of provincialism still exists. Pass through Normandy, Brittany, the Vendée to Bordeaux, you see a new costume in each district, each becoming, because each natural from usage: there is no vulgarity about the peasants; yet dress them *à la Parisienne*, and you vulgarise them immediately. This matter of costume is a much more important one than appears at first sight. Stage-players as we all are, we are apt naturally to fall into the character in which we are dressed. Put me in a dressing-gown and slippers, and I feel chained to the fireplace; in a shooting-coat, and I want to be off to Norway; in a black frock-coat, and a feeling of intense respectability comes over me; and I would not for a consideration be caught smoking in a dress-coat:—do not, if you love me, put me in a dress-coat at all, unless you can offer me a pleasure to compensate for the pain—the song of a Lind, or an Attic dinner seasoned by a dropping fire of repartee, or standing-room in a ball-room, to watch the eddies of black and scarlet and white muslin borne at the will of the mastering melody. The utter decay of national costume amongst our working-classes is one of the saddest signs of our times both in the country and the towns; it lingers alone in the smock-frock of the agricultural labourer—the garment in which Bulwer tells us his ancestors fought at Hastings; and to a handsome young fellow, when put on clean for church, it is a most becoming garment, especially when dandified by a little embroidery. But the women have lost, at least in England, with every remnant of class dress, much of class pride and self-respect; their costume is but a sorry imitation of a lady's, where the bright colours, which in peasant costume are so tasteful, are entirely out of place; and this is one of many reasons why vulgarity in England and America is certainly more rampant than anywhere else in the world, vulgarity being only another name for a kind of assumption or affectation, which indicates the existence in the mind of a false standard of worth. It is not without a know-

ledge of human nature that Tennyson writes in his *Lord of Burleigh*—

“Then her people, softly treading,  
Bore to earth her body, drest  
In the dress that she was wed in,  
That her spirit might have rest.”

The Lady of Burleigh, one of nature's ladies, was killed by the consciousness of an exotic atmosphere, and the sense of a position which most women in her original sphere would have thought the happiest in the world—and this from vulgarity of mind. As it is with dress, so with language. When Burns speaks in his true Doric, he is every inch the gentleman, and every line that he writes is truest poetry; but when he tries to write in Cockney English, he falls into slipshod commonplace. The provinces of a country have just as much right to their language as that excrescence the capital; but as soon as they grow ashamed of it, then provincialism becomes vulgar, as the little shibboleths of slang can only be learned by those who live on the spot, and these are accounted by Cockneys the test of good education. Every provinciation of dialect has ancestral rights deeply rooted in the history of language; and he who would destroy these differences is simply an ignorant prig, without the bump of veneration, and deserves to be made in the infernal regions a perpetual compositor of some *Phonetic News* which cannot sell a second number. I have always thought the confusion of tongues a divine protest against centralisation; for God ordered man to increase and multiply, and replenish the earth, not to fix himself in swarms on a few spots in it, like bees climbing over each other's backs and trampling on each other's bowels. What a miserable caricature of centralisation was that first French Revolution, of odious memory! To each man his own wretched carcass was made the centre of all things, and he himself supposed to form an integral part of a central state. Everything was to be rounded off and simplified, but many things were simply changed because they had been [of old—for instance, the names of the months; they were put into frames ending with “ose” and “al” and “or” and “aire,” as if Nature had put them into frames, and as if even in frames she

never exhibited any of that lovely coquettishness which makes her so irresistible with us. The provinces, fine old divisions, knitting men's hearts into great families, were cut up into the miserable departments, the very names of which prove their unreality and artificiality, utterly destitute of poetry and truth; the coins and weights and measures were all reduced to decimal uniformity.

IRENÆUS.—Hold hard! Come, you must agree that decimal coinage and decimal weights and measures greatly facilitate calculation.

TLEPOLEMUS.—That is the very reason why I dislike them; they enable people—innkeepers and others—more quickly to run up bills against you; and as for the centimes, they are utterly useless, and only puzzle with decimals when "sous" would do quite as well in units.

IRENÆUS.—I recollect one place where centimes are in actual use—a bridge near Rouen—where you receive four centimes in change for a sou. It was found that a toll of a sou sent the working people some two miles round in preference to paying, while the sou will take them over five times—and so the bridge pays very well.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Centralisation vulgarises, because it casts off antiquity, and antiquity is a holy thing. You have no more right to destroy things and institutions on the ground that Time must one day destroy them, than you have to put me to death because Time is already braiding a line or two of silver among my brown hair. The ancient Roman had a most beautiful idiom in using the word "antiquus," "ancient" for "dear." We have one, too, beautiful, even in its familiarity, when we say "old fellow" to a dear friend, though still young; and lamentable indeed is the state of a nation which turns its back upon antiquity for the sake of centralisation. That is a fact that awakens much anxiety in all thinking persons for the future of France. One cannot help loving France, as one cannot help loving a generous and high-minded collegian who has crammed himself with Shelley and radicalism, but whose real self we see in the mean time will one day triumph

like the noble self of Prince Hal. One mourns over his extravagancies of action and word, but one knows they come from an energy that will one day work for good, and a real unselfish dissatisfaction with the ways of the world, any change in which appears for the better to his sanguine temperament. Nevertheless, he does himself much mischief in the mean time. France is an old country, but what youth and vitality she possesses! Nevertheless this will not save her, unless she is becoming sufficiently of age to recur to the institutions and associations of her history, which in 1788 she so recklessly discarded. The greatest mistake she ever made was to fancy herself capable of bearing democratic institutions. A Frenchman is by nature social, kind, hospitable, generous, jovial, fond of display, courteous, and chivalrous; a republican is by nature, though in name a Socialist, essentially unsocial, independent, selfish, churlish, sulky, saturnine, shabby, rude to men and brutal to women, a goat-footed satyr dwelling among kindred wild beasts in the backwoods.

IRENÆUS.—Still I cannot help thinking the centralising tendency to agree with a law of nature. Why, we stand upon our legs instead of hovering in the air, because we have ourselves a centripetal inclination.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Would you tumble down to the central fire, if such there be? The Creator has kindly interposed the crust of the earth to prevent you. The sun is the centre of our system, and while we go round him at a respectful distance, all is well;—woe be to us if we were drawn into him. Nature has counteracted the centripetal by the centrifugal force, and established a balance which harmonises all things, and human institutions ought thus to frame themselves by the rule of the solar system. And nature will have her way in spite of man. Look at London. Everybody was for crowding into it out of the country, and the consequence is, it is grown too large to live in. It has become hollow in the middle, for the inhabitants fly from its centre at night, and live in its extremities—the suburbs. A

very general feeling of alarm seems to be gaining ground, that if the Londoners stick to their centralisation, they will soon have no water to drink, as well as no air to breathe. If poor old Father Thames has any spirit left, poisoned as he has been for ages, he would be the first to protest against centralisation. Do you recollect the panic among the Londoners during the deep snow last winter, amply fomented by the *Times*? The coal was to fail, and all the gas to go out, and two millions of people to be left subject to one of the plagues of Egypt—a darkness which might be felt. This was one of the effects of centralisation. I apprehend that few people now live in London without some undefinable dread of some enormous evil far worse than the confusion of Babylon—such as might in some sense truly be called a judgment, under the proviso that judgments are generally evils which people bring on themselves by their own wickedness, folly, and stupidity. What a kindly and gentle judgment of the All-powerful that confusion of tongues was! Will a world which has so little profited by it be again so tenderly reprimanded? Or is there nothing in that vague dread of pestilence, famine, or outer darkness? Has not London already neglected the warning of the confusion of tongues?—for do we not hear already all the languages and half the dialects of Europe in its streets?

IRENEUS.—There certainly has been for some time gaining ground a notion that London was the only town in the United Kingdom where a tradesman could get on, an artist ply his craft, or a man of fashion enjoy himself. Yet what are the predominant features of London?—wealth and ugliness. Manufacturing towns cannot help being ugly; they were made so, and it is not their fault. But the seat of law and government ought to be beautiful—the seat of royalty, we were going to say, but that it is not, for royalty has the good sense to live outside it. Look at that plain on which it stands. Nature has done as little for it as art. And then turn your eyes to other towns in the United Kingdom. There is Dublin, beautifully situated on its

glorious bay, the ever-living sea washing up to its feet, and a nucleus of sweet mountain scenery within an easy drive of it. There is Edinburgh, with its Castle, and its Calton Hill, and its majestic watch-tower Arthur Seat hanging over it, and its distant views of sea and land, and nothing wanting but a river running through its centre instead of that incarnation of centralisation, a railway. There is Oxford, with its gardens and confluences of rivers, and medieval buildings, and streets like boulevards planted with trees, and only wanting fountains to make it perfect. And will any one pretend to say that a man cannot live and be happy in any one of these three of the fairest cities in the world? I say nothing of towns less metropolitan, but doubtless there are many of them where you might live and do well,

“Si potes avelli circensibus;”

which, being interpreted in modern phrase, means, if you can do without a wet *Times* on your breakfast-table. But here the evil you complain of in some measure cures itself, for the railroads, being, though I called them incarnations of centralisation to please you, centrifugal as well as centripetal, will bring you the *Times* at the uttermost parts of the earth before the news has quite recovered from the effects of its morning bath.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Allow me a word or two on railways.

IRENEUS.—Disparaging of course. Why, one brought you here, ingrate.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Yes it did, through the borough. Well, railways are to travelling what the photographic process is to drawing; they have all the same usefulness and the same deficiencies. If travelling is to be considered only as a means, I grant their superiority to all other methods, for they place you without loss of time or waste of money at any spot where you wish to be; but they destroy all the beauty and poetry of travelling, considered by itself. The photographic drawing places the scene before the eye at once and with truth, but just as it places before the eye living men under the influence of a galvanic suspension of their souls, for so they appear, and artists are obliged to add a little colour to them to pre-

vent them from frightening children; so does it place nature before the eyes colourless and soulless, though as ingeniously as the insects which make leaves into skeletons. In a pencil-drawing we are not dissatisfied with this, because we feel at once that colour is indicated. Not so with the photograph, for it ignores it altogether, and it ignores at the same time all the exquisite motion of nature; for nature beats it with the moving stream or the moving leaves, and causes it to produce mere woolliness. Nevertheless it is an undeniably useful process, and artists might make a great economy of time by carrying about a photographic machine to work while they are sketching. As the sun gives the same character to all photographic scenes, making them in that respect so unlike paintings or drawings, which are married to the individuality of the artist, so does railway travelling give the same character to all the towns and countries of the world. You pass through the most beautiful country with impressions very little differing from those produced by passing over a dead level; you pass by, not through, places of historical sacredness with the same light-minded irreverence that you pass by a nest of cotton-spinners; with the same tone of voice the arrival at the scene of an ancient battle is announced by the porter as the arrival at a mushroom-bed of civilisation; and, oddly enough, the most beautiful cathedrals—York or Ely, for instance—have the same commonplace look as you pass them as the Zions and Bethedas of a tasteless generation. The train bursts through the fortifications of Berwick or the Box-tunnel with the same indiscriminating impetuosity, and ends by leaving much the same impression on the mind of the traveller. Still, however, when you alight at a station, a sweet surprise is prepared, for where the scenery is beautiful, all changes as if by magic, and you awake to its real beauty. But then the generality of persons are not aware of this power, and will only stop at the principal towns.

IRENÆUS.—But you must allow that this method of travelling is especially comfortable.

TRILEPOLEMUS.—Comfortable at the expense of your self-respect. Besides, I doubt of the comfort. Every now and then one's hand goes to one's pocket with a spasm of apprehension as to the safety of the ticket, as it does in Austria as to the safety of a passport. Besides, you are treated with as little ceremony as the parcels, for which the best carriages, at least in the second class, are generally reserved. You can go nowhere on credit without the possession of the actual coin; whereas, on a coach journey, when all your ready-money was spent at the beginning, you might proceed from the coachman's knowledge of your character. As in foreign countries the police treat every one as "suspect," and expect him to assign a reason for his existence, so in England do the railways treat every one as a Peter Schlemihl who has lost the shadow which symbolised his character. And as men are ignored by the railway system, so are their abodes; instead of putting you down at your own door as the coach did, or, at all events, at the end of the avenue leading to it, the railway carries you past with the utmost contempt for your *lares*, and sets you down perhaps five miles beyond that fireside the glimmer of which you saw in passing, leaving you to find the way thither as best you may. If you attempt to cut the matter short, and jump out at the end of your own lane as you pass it, it is as much as your life is worth; and if you employ some innocent man to stop a train, in order to have a ride—and a ride, moreover, you are willing to pay for—you will be fined for insulting the dignity of the locomotive,—a thing which to my knowledge happened to a poor countryman on a line in the west of England. Again, no courtesy on the part of individual officials can make up for the want of courtesy manifested in many of the arrangements. What can be worse than shutting the doors of the station in the faces of people arriving before the train starts, because they happen to be too late for a certain bell? I myself was excluded once, having lodged the night before in an inn facing the station to make all sure, and by a new regulation which laid down that passengers must be at the station three minutes before the time

of advertised starting. The whole system is uncourteous; and if uncourteous, therefore in principle inhuman.

IRENÆUS.—But are you quite fair in taking railways as the strongest example of centralisation? To be sure, they do tie many towns into one, and make no account of the country which lies between them; but then that very fact is one calculated to prevent any town from enormously increasing; it is a want of good circulation, on the other hand, that tends to a congestion of blood in the brain or the heart.

TLEPOLEMUS.—But supposing the circulation all carried on by a few great channels instead of a myriad of little ones, you would soon have aneurisms and all kinds of horrors in the human body: now, a railway accident is the breaking of such an aneurism. The railway system is favourable to the growth of towns and the depopulation of the country—it tends to exaggerate the importance of everything urban, and to depreciate everything rural—it cheats the people with excursion-trains, which profess to take them out of the city, but, only tantalising them with fresh air, hasten to bury them in some other city, instead of dropping them, as a fashionable physician is said to do hypochondriacal patients, on a distant down, and obliging them to walk home. These excursion-trains are to me merely a gigantic swindle, taking money out of the pockets of the people on false pretences; giving them tickets of leave as they think, and then dropping them in other prisons, until they become so demoralised that they cease to care for liberty.

IRENÆUS.—But yet how vastly convenient they are to you and me, setting us down with no trouble in places whence the beauties of the earth are easily reached, and enabling the poor fagged barrister or town physician to be in the Alps, Alpenstock in hand, before he well knows he is out of the sound of Bow Bells?

TLEPOLEMUS.—That is the redeeming point. To those who will seek the beauties of nature they are a vast convenience, and, like fire, become good servants, however bad masters; but their general tendency is to vulgarise and demoralise, and this you do not mean to deny.

IRENÆUS.—It is of little use denying the positions of a dogmatist, for the stronger will has its way in spite of truth and right.

TLEPOLEMUS.—As a general rule, Truth and Right are grasped by the stronger Will. Might has a kind of divine right even in argument, and in action it makes prescription, and prescription makes right.

IRENÆUS.—Then Louis Napoleon was right in seizing power.

TLEPOLEMUS.—The French people have declared him so, and I am not going to contradict the opinion expressed by a large number of millions; for although I think it a fable that the voice of the people is the voice of Heaven, I cannot help thinking most respectfully of the instincts and instinctive actions of the people; and no instinct appears to me more deserving of respect than that by which a people see in a man one who is fit to be their master. I should pay far less respect to their opinion if it merely asserted that they were fit to govern themselves, because such an assertion would contradict all probability as well as all experience.

IRENÆUS.—I am not quite in the humour for a political discussion, so to get out of it I move an adjournment to a knoll at the other side of the Palace grounds, under a clump of trees, where we may smoke the pipe of peace, and, like the Miltonic spirits, though I should be sorry to carry the comparison too far,

“Apart sit on a hill retired,  
In thoughts more elevate, and reason high  
Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate;”  
or, what better suits us, of much more sublunary things.

TLEPOLEMUS.—I have no objection; we will stroll round the garden to that spot.

IRENÆUS (seated on the knoll).—A truly beautiful view! It is incredible that such appearance of wildness should be found in any prospect so near London, for the houses are hidden; and a country that looks at a distance like a mixture of unclaimed forest and rolling prairie, stretches up to the horizon; and on the other side we have a fine effect of the sun setting behind the great town on the left of the great glass plant-case, lighting it up with a strange supernatural glory.



The wildness of the view northward is a pleasant contrast to the perfect artificiality of the garden. Who ever saw turf shorn so close, and tamed down to such perfect smoothness on so large a scale? and in the innumerable flower-beds there is not a weed to be seen, for so we call our indigenous flowers, the favourites of our garden being but the weeds of China or Peru. I suppose they must, every one of them, be moved elsewhere at the first frost of winter. You remarked the oak-coppice with its rugged bank of roots, ramped over by a thousand climbers, which we passed on the right. Artificial it is in the last degree, but still how perfectly pretty! Truly, I can see only one advantage in having a garden of one's own, the advantage of watching the growth of flowers as you do the growth of children; but what a splendid compensation is provided here for the poor imprisoned Londoners, whose utmost aspiration used to be a smoke-sickened mignonette or geranium! This garden belongs less to those who have gardens of their own than to those who have none, because those who have gardens of their own are in a manner in duty bound to attend to them.

**TLEPOLEMUS.**—Have you ever read "A Tour round my Garden," by Alphonse Karr? You should read it. It is a book of deep philosophy, showing what compensations the Creator provides for persons in different stations. Its first object is to solace those who cannot travel, by showing that in the small compass of a Paris garden all the advantages of travel are to be obtained without its expense and inconveniences. On the other hand, it consoles those who have not a yard of ground of their own, by showing that they are free of the whole earth, whereas every possessor becomes, to the extent of his possession, a prisoner.

**IRENEUS.**—All such books do good by showing us the relative importance of the hobbies which we ride. But to return to the subject we were talking about—the longer one lingers here the more deeply impressed one becomes with the philanthropy which invented for the poor this magnificent centralisation of most of the enjoyments of

the rich. After all, the rich soon come to the limit of the enjoyment of their possessions. Why was the *Petite Maison* built at Versailles but that the human nature of royalty found itself lost in the endless galleries, and as much a victim of centralisation as the houseless outcast of the metropolis? I heard once of a noble lady here at home who had a sly cottage-garden where she could work herself and identify the flowers she tended, while, at the same time, she possessed vast and princely gardens, ruled over by a despotic gardener who would not let her have her own way in them. If you want a garden to expatiate in, come to Sydenham, for the enjoyment of such a place is heightened by knowing that it may be equally partaken of by thousands of other people. It is, in fact, though the growth of a liberalising age, an institution of opposite tendency, tending to philosophic contentment. Why, here, for your admission shilling, you enjoy what it would take thousands a-year and an army of servants to keep up for individual enjoyment, and I cannot conceive any possible motive for a man wishing to keep up such a place for himself.

**TLEPOLEMUS.**—I feel inclined to come to the conclusion that, as a general rule, centralisation is a good principle as applied to the beautiful, for size added to beauty becomes sublimity. It is bad as applied to the useful, for the useful being incomplete in itself, a means and not an end, when increased or multiplied, becomes simply an amplification of ugliness. How beautiful, how sublime, is the ritual of religion concentrated in St Peter's at Rome, Milan Cathedral, or the Minster of York! How glorious are the finest art-collections of the world, the Vatican of Rome, the galleries of Florence and Dresden, the Pinacothek and Glyptothek of Munich! but come to what is simply useful, and the less you see of it the better. Springs and levers, and all such things, are better in the dark, like the bones and ligaments of the human body, covered by a decent robe of flesh. The mechanism of a clock should be kept out of sight, although beautiful in its relations. I have a skeleton-clock which, being a

gift-horse, I must not look in the mouth, but I should scarcely have bought it. Its wheels and springs are all most indecorously bare under a glass-case, and what makes it worse is, that a brass structure, to imitate Sir Walter Scott's monument at Edinburgh, rises in the midst of them. All anatomies should be covered. But, more apropos of what I just now observed, what can be more ugly than a monster steam-engine or a monster steamship? I saw one the other day at Messrs Scott, Russell, and Co.'s yard at Limehouse, in course of construction. It is said to be the largest thing that ever floated, not excepting Sinbad's whale. I forgot; it is not afloat yet; I say it, and not she, for though it professes to be a ship, I dare not assign the gentle sex to such a monstrous mass. It is not afloat yet, and there may be some difficulties in getting it to sea; but if ever it is launched, never was such a thing ever before on the face of the waters since Noah's ark,—and Noah's ark, it must be remembered, made no pretences to any quality but that of extensive accommodation. As you approach it, it rises above the houses and trees of the Isle of Dogs (so called, I suppose, from its detaining on its shores the carcasses of those animals in their upward and downward voyages on the Thames) like the wooden horse over the walls of Troy—

“*Inspectura domos, venturaque desuper urbi.*”

It looks like a machine meant to take a city, and after taking it, to carry it away bodily to Australia; for some such is indeed its object. It is calculated that it will bear two thousand emigrants at once, with all their goods and chattels, besides the crew; and there are cities in the world with no more than two thousand inhabitants. And as it is to carry two thousand people, and it is not desirable to have two thousand sea-sick at once, it is expected that its length, 360 feet more than the Great Britain, will enable it to lie level on all ordinary seas, so that if this is not the first ship wherewith Britannia has ruled the waves, it is the first wherewith she has ruled them straight. As to its steam power, it is not easy to be reckoned by horses or by any kind

of asses, but by the power of some large figure of fossil animals extinct, as iguanodons or megatheriums, some of which “monstrous efts” it will in fact resemble, for it will have paddles on each side and a screw in its tail as they had. As to the word of command—for like all other ships it will be under a despotism, and the captain will be a sort of floating emperor of Russia in the extent of his dominions—it must either be uttered by some acoustic instrument, still to be invented, as loud as a great gun, or flashed along the wires of an electric telegraph from one end to the other. Those who have to board it, if you can indeed board an iron vessel at all, will have to provide themselves with guides and flasks of whisky, and after having accomplished the feat, will be qualified to give an entertainment after the manner of Albert Smith, diversified with accounts of numerous incidents, dangers, and difficulties, for the “*mur de la coté*” will be a joke in comparison. If you have a chapel on board, as chapel there ought to be, it may easily be of the dimensions of an ordinary cathedral, for more than one moderate-sized cathedral might be put inside it.

IRENÆUS.—It is a great triumph of art.

TLEPOLEMUS.—Of power and ingenuity, if you please; not of art. It is just a thing to make us worms conceited, and fancy our works of some importance in the universe. After all, our most stupendous works are bodies without souls, for they have no divine beauty in them, as those have which are done in a humbler spirit. How ugly is an Egyptian pyramid! And this great centralisation of naval architecture has not half the finish of a little black animated boat which sculls itself about in any half-stagnant brook. Here is a ship which, by outcentralising centralisation, has exceeded all the bounds of beauty and proportion. An ordinary steamer cannot help being to a certain degree pretty in that it is a ship, but here is a floating mass in which everything ship-shape has been discarded. It is an illustration of my general position, that the tendency of centralisation is to vulgarise.

IRENÆUS.—But surely when you centralise men upon earth, you do not

vulgarise them. Language is against you. An urbane man means one who dwells in cities, and has profited by it; a civil man means much the same thing.

TRILEPHEMUS.—These were words invented by Cockneys, as courteous and courtly were words invented by courtiers. Generally speaking, your country people are only externally rougher than those who dwell in towns; and if you take the evidence of Latin words, it is well known that the "*Plebs rustica* was accounted more honourable than the *Plebs urbana*." Again, the terms you speak of were intended to designate persons accustomed to cities, and conversant with them, rather than those always living in them; in fact, the wealthy and migratory classes, and those, therefore, not fair specimens of city; but take the humblest class who are confined to town or country, and I think your experience will bear witness that the country folk—except in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, where they have all the evil and none of the good of the town—are, as a general rule, much more civilised, and much more civil. I am strongly supported by the evidence of the traveller, Mr Catlin, who found true nobility of manner and action among the so-called savages of the Far West, so that he was painfully impressed by the contrast when he returned among the centralised citizens of the free and enlightened Republic. Of all people in the world the Arabs are the least centralised, and the most thoroughly well-bred. The reason is obvious: when men are all treading on each other's heels, they hate every face that they meet and do not know, as a cur does. They are like people quarrelling in a wreck for a piece of floating timber. Not so where men are rare; there humanity and courtesy gain their natural ascendancy; and all the evils of the spirit of centralisation are but a bagatelle compared with this—that it tends to depopulate the country, and increase the population of the towns. As for your agricultural machinery and high-farming—

IRENEUS.—Well, I think you are going a little too far. We shall have you advocating the burning of threshing-machines next.

TRILEPHEMUS.—Well, I am not prepared to say that I shall not, the chief objections to such summary justice being its illegality, and the laws being made not quite fairly at present, as they are made only by and for the towns. The peasant says that these things take the bread out of his mouth. Those who advocate them say not; for that they multiply and cheapen food, and therefore they enable the labourer to live better on lower wages. But their chief evil is—although this instinct may not be quite correct—that they induce the labourer, by the hope of bettering his condition, to go from the country to the town, where work is better paid. The more you centralise labour, the most you centralise mankind; and in proportion as you do work in this way wholesale, is it badly, clumsily, and inefficiently done. We all know how much better things are worked by hand than by machinery, as a general rule; and how we are obliged to seek our best woollen socks for shooting, and so on, in the Shetland Islands or Connemara; and for this plain reason, that God made the hands, but man made the machinery; so that hand-made works are but God's works second-hand, while machine-made works are third or fourth-hand. Not to put too fine a point on this argument, the general fact that centralisation depopulates the rural districts is, I think, indisputable.

IRENEUS.—Well then?

TRILEPHEMUS.—Well then; the more you destroy provincialism, the more you destroy nationality. Every provincial tie is an additional nucleus of national strength in the body politic of a country. I lament that the feeling is dying away. What is Cornwall now, for instance, but a mere part of England? and it is but one step more that England should become a mere part of Europe. In the time of the Second James was made an old patriotic song, when the bishops were in danger, one being a Cornishman, beginning—

“ Shall Trelawney die ?

Then forty thousand Cornishmen shall know  
the reason why.”

IRENEUS.—If Trelawney had been an Englishman at large, you do not

suppose he would have excited the same interest.

TRILEPOMUS.—Certainly not; but at that time Cornwall was not a clan on a large scale. England is becoming now such a generalisation, that one's blood does not boil when an Englishman is insulted abroad as it would were the idea more condensed; and as for feeling proud of belonging to such an aggregate, it is an exceedingly difficult matter. If the respectable family of the Smiths were not so numerous, they might be as proud of their name as any other. I quoted a song. It is odd that England has produced so few truly national songs. When you have said "Chevy Chase" and "Rule Britannia," you have almost said all. And "Rule Britannia" was the production of a cosmopolitan poet, not a voice of nature. Scotland, Ireland, and I believe Wales, are far better off in this matter. What north-countryman's blood is not stirred by the first words of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled?" or "Wha wadna fecht for Charlie?" or "Bonnie Dundee?" No matter that the feeling with which such songs originated has been modified; they are chains of gold which bind the heart of a people, and keep it in its right place. Other provinces as well as Cornwall have their songs, and long may they continue to be sung. There is one in Gloucestershire, for instance, sung at the anniversaries of the Gloucestershire Society, of ancient renown, and still enduring popularity, commencing—

"The stoans that built George Ridler's oven."

I am afraid to quote more, for fear of quoting wrong. And of the same sort are the toasts of particular counties, such as the "Friends all round the Wrekin" of the Salopian. No one ever fancied that any of these effusions were disloyal to the empire. The very Jacobite songs themselves, firebrands of rebellion as they must have been at first, if they have any effect now, have that of attaching the affections of the Scottish nation to the actual reigning dynasty, and our good Queen has shown in time past her appreciation of the fact, by listening to them with marked approbation. The songs of a nation, it has been often and aptly remarked, are more important even

than its laws, and we know that an era of improvement in the British navy began with the introduction of the sea-songs composed by Dibdin. What I have said of songs applies equally to provincial idioms; they have often poetry in them peculiarly their own, and ought by all means to be kept up and cultivated; and it is well that some of our young ladies should bear this in mind, who, with the best intentions, endeavour to substitute in their parochial school a spurious Cockneyism for provincialisms of etymology and pronunciation. From ignorance of gardening, they pull up flowers when they imagine they are only weeding.

IRENEUS.—Yet provincialism seems destined to die a natural death, like chivalry; and those who attempt to revive it in these days seem to me to be a clique of idle dilettanti who want to be put about some earnest work. What do you say, for instance, to that Scottish movement, and the abortive attempts of the Irish national party to reconquer their country's independence?

TRILEPOMUS.—It is a shame to mention the two things in the same breath. The Scottish national movement—I say nothing about its details—is essentially conservative; the Irish movement simply aimed at the dismemberment and destruction of the British empire, and the glorification of a few hair-brained demagogues. The more you can attach people by local associations to the soil from which they sprang, the more firmly do you root them in the soil of their common country. The power which centralisation gives is vain and illusory. One strong place—and that too large to be strong—is created, and all other spots are proportionally weak. It is a fictitious and a local strength, like the juncture of a broken bone. It ends with the centre absorbing the parts, and being all in all itself—just as I have read a story which I think apocryphal, but still much to the point, of a single great pike in a pond in Ireland absorbing all the other fish, and growing so large that at last he took up the place of all the water in the pond, and accordingly died the death he deserved. It is, indeed, no laughing matter; we, with

our centralised populations, numerous as they are, have taken up the glove which Russia has thrown us ; I should like to know what we could have done without France. We have already been obliged to hawk bounties for mercenary troops over half Europe, and the other half, suspecting our wares, has driven us from its doors with insult ; and many of us seem to think that we are to do nothing but make dives in our pockets, and let France fight for us.

IRENÆUS.—Why, we could not have done much by land, it is true, but we might have blockaded her ports, and shut her out of the sea. We never pretended to be a great military nation.

TLEPOLEMUS.—I am almost angered by hearing this old exploded dictum from your mouth ; back you go to it again, like a dog to—his buried and putrid store of bones. I won't take the trouble to answer it, merely observing that we measured our strength at Agincourt with the first military nation in the world, and this with Scotland, now an integral part of our empire, then as foreign and as hostile as France. But Englishmen were all men-at-arms or archers in those days. It is quite certain that soldiers we cannot have in sufficient abundance to carry on war creditably, and worthily of our great name, unless we have a large, healthy, sturdy, rural population with some hands to spare. It is kept far too much out of sight, that every single man in the country ought to be reckoned upon as a soldier in his country's need, and that without pay ; and it is a man's duty to lead that sort of life which shall make him the most efficient soldier. For this purpose there is nothing like both the work and the play of the country. Our citizens very patriotically, and much to their credit, get up rifle-clubs, and then are in a difficulty as to places where they can practise with safety ; and practise they must, because they are not shots by nature.

IRENÆUS.—You would not have respectable fathers of families keeping themselves in training for the Crimea, the swamps of the Irrawaddy, or the Australian diggings ?

TLEPOLEMUS.—Such services are exceptional, and ought not, I think, to be forced on any man. And per-

haps the same might be said of nearly all our foreign service. But it is every man's duty to consider himself a soldier, if necessary, for the defence of his country, and any enemy who sets his foot on British ground ought thus to expect to meet, in a few hours' time, by means of the railroads —

IRENÆUS.—Centralisation !

TLEPOLEMUS.—Don't interrupt. Half-a-million of Britons in arms. What would twenty thousand men meet if they landed now, but half-a-dozen babies in arms of as many British mothers ?

IRENÆUS.—God bless them !

TLEPOLEMUS.—Amen. But our boast is that of the Spartan, that our women have never seen the smoke of the enemy's camp. Have we as good grounds as they ? The Spartan women saw it not, because the stout hearts of the men came in the way. The Englishwomen have seen it once, perhaps, over the straits at Boulogne. In their case, hearts of men were the obstacle, in ours heart of oak, and the element which bore it. But trusting to walls, even wooden ones, is not right, with the stakes that we hold. We ought to pay just as much attention to our army as if the Straits of Dover were bridged over, or tunnelled under ; and this not from distrust of our gallant seamen, but from the possibility of accidents happening with that element which Britannia professes to rule. We put a French war for the present out of the question ; but an American war might arise at any time. We might be exposed, if not to danger, like the one-eyed stag in the fable, at any rate to insult on the side of the sea. In fact, a self-respecting nation ought to be prepared for all contingencies. Why, only the other day King Bomba, after insulting the Emperor of Russia because he heard the false report of his losing Sebastopol after the Alma, thought fit to insult an Englishman attached to the Embassy, thinking with equal wisdom, from our delay in taking Sebastopol, that our military power at any rate was at its lowest ebb.

IRENÆUS.—But I believe that even if it was so, the flow is setting in, and a reaction is taking place in other matters as well ; thus the most gloomy view is not the true one.

TELEPOLEMUS.—No thanks to our Legislature! but thanks where thanks are due. The manhood of the country, and the chivalry of the country, is becoming reversed, and will speedily cast off the bondage to which it has been subjected, by the long tenure of power of a covetous, unprincipled, and anti-national faction. The impostors who have been so long duping the people by pretending to be their friends, are fast being unmasked. They would have brought greater evils on the country ere this, but that those evils have in mercy been averted. The discovery of Australian gold created an antidote to free trade which robbed it of half of its pernicious effects. The exposure of the wholesale corruption of popular constituencies, and the rejection of the best men from Parliament by the extension of the franchise, has aided to open the eyes of the people to the true tendency of democratic institutions, and to show them that their only result is to substitute a tyranny of wealth for the legitimate rule of elements influential from other causes. Last of all, the war has torn the mask from the face of centralisation. And again, centralisation bears in some measure its cure within itself. London dies in the middle, becomes unpeopled, and spreads itself in the suburbs, as certain plants spread their seedlings in circles round the original clump which dies away. If it goes on for ever as it is going on now, the radius of the suburbs will in time engross England, and then we may expect again to see the corn waving in Lincoln's Inn Fields. There is a beneficent provision of nature by which evils cure themselves, and evil means produce good ends; this prevents us from undue croaking, but at the same time it does not change the character of evil, or change deterioration and destruction into wholesome growth. It is little consolation for me to be told that when I die, I shall fertilise the earth, and the earth will feed cows, and the cows will feed the men that live after me. I love my own individuality, and think it right for that reason to respect other individualities, both of persons, things, and institutions. Centralisa-

tion will go on, and we cannot help it; and so will the age of ourselves and our country go on, till we and it fall into decrepitude. But why attempt to hasten our own decay by dissolute habits—or our country's, by political or social dissipation? We can do something even to arrest a law of nature. The law declares that such a process is to be, it does not declare at what pace it is to proceed. But when we ourselves are concerned in the preservation of our youth, we know better how to act than when we are concerned with the preservation of that of our country. And the mistake arises from a mistake in the use of names. Antiquity is the youth of a country, and every man who strives to preserve the records of the past, or recall the feelings of the past, or restore the institutions of the past, is one who, whether he seeks to restore the good or the evil, is at all events labouring to keep up as long as possible his country's youth, vitality, and vigour—is striving to hold her back, so that she shall not be driven with shipwreck rapidity down the stream of time. And after all, it is with a country much as with a man; all the glories of age are nothing to the freshness of youth.

"The myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty Are worth all life's laurels, though never so plenty."

And again—

"Give me back, give me back, the wild freshness of morning;  
Its smiles and its tears are worth evening's best light."

The only fear is, that in the war of innovation and conservatism, or restoration, poor John Bull should fall into the plight of the elderly gentleman in the fable, who had two wives, one young and the other old, one weeding out the grey hairs, and the other the black, till in the end he was left as bald as when he first made his appearance on life's stage.

IRENÆUS.—But it is time to be going. The last train to town—

TELEPOLEMUS.—Time was made for slaves. We cannot help it; we are so. And yet we are Britons, and have boasted that we would never be so. Alas! centralisation reigns—having deposed British Freedom.

## THE STORY OF THE CAMPAIGN.

## CHAP. XXVII.—PROGRESS OF THE SIEGE.

DURING July and August the interest of the siege was concentrated in the attack of the Malakoff, as little progress could be made with the works before the Redan, owing to the nature of the ground; while the French attack on the bastions before the town had been for months stationary. In Chap. XXI., speculating on the various methods of continuing the contest, I remarked that, if the attack by regular siege operations were persisted in, the siege would resolve itself into several sieges, each demanding much labour and time; and that a consecutive attack on the different outworks would require months to accomplish. It appears, however, that this objection of long delay was held less powerful than the obstacles to more prompt and comprehensive designs, and the advance on the Malakoff had been patiently prosecuted for a quarter of a year; and now, for the first time, the operations, thus confined by the suspension of the other attacks to a point, presented the appearance of an ordinary siege.

On its own right, the works crowning the Malakoff hill are extended down the slope in a series of batteries to the ravine which separates it from the Redan. On its left, other works extend to the great harbour, terminating at a point below Careening Bay, on the opposite side of which the French had placed batteries. Thus the Russian line of intrenchment, from the salient of the Malakoff to the harbour, about the middle of which was a smaller work (called the Little Redan by us, by the French Redan de Carenage), was to a certain extent enclosed by a larger arc of attack; and the captured Mammelon became the base of the attack of the Malakoff. These two hills are about 500 yards apart, the slope of the Mammelon being rather more abrupt than the opposing one, which rises in a gentle, gradual glacis to the foot of the ditch. Down one slope, and up the other, the French sap was pushed in a network of trenches, advancing

on the two salients of the Malakoff and the Little Redan, and connecting the advances by parallels. It is a general rule that a second parallel cannot be formed till the artillery of the assailed work, and of those that flank it, is silenced. Such was not the case here. Had a fire been concentrated on the Malakoff for the purpose of silencing it, the Redan would have supported it by opening on the aggressive batteries; these and others would have replied in their own defence, and so the cannonade would become general along the whole line; and to expend ammunition which cost so much labour to accumulate on so extensive a scale, was a serious consideration: therefore the French continued to advance under a fire which, though desultory, and held in check by the English batteries as well as their own, never ceased to annoy them. A loss of a hundred men a-night, and sometimes greatly exceeding that number, testified that the rules of military science, the result of long experience in war, cannot be disregarded with impunity. But there was no help for it; the bloodless method of conducting approaches detailed by Vauban is based on the certainty that the enemy's guns, silenced or disabled by an overpowering fire, cannot be replaced, as they were here, from a full arsenal, and the damaged works easily repaired; so the French had to make the best of it. The fire of the Malakoff itself was in some degree kept down by riflemen in the advanced trenches; but a few guns in the low batteries on each side dropped missiles into the parallels and batteries, from whence they were often themselves unseen. In spite of these, the approaches continued steadily to advance on the salients, and to be connected by long parallels and communications, till, on reaching a certain point about eighty yards from the ditch, it was found impossible to proceed without first silencing some guns whose fire generally destroyed in the day the

work of the preceding night. With this view our batteries were to be opened again on the 17th, not in a general cannonade, but directed to this special object. The battle of the 16th did not retard the execution of the design, and the English guns opened next morning; but as the French on our left hardly fired at all, the Russians were enabled to concentrate their guns on our most advanced batteries, some of which suffered considerably, and where we lost some valuable artillery officers. Captain Oldfield, who had shown the greatest energy throughout the siege, and entirely devoted himself to the trenches, was killed by a piece of shell striking him on the temple; Commander Hammett, R.N., by a round shot; and Major Henry, R.A., promoted for previous service in the trenches, lost his right arm. The object of the cannonade, which was steadily maintained, was quite secured by the damage done to the enemy's batteries. At six in the evening a magazine blew up in a work between the Malakoff and Redan, and a number of shells there accumulated were hurled into the air, exploding in all directions; the occupants of the battery were seen leaping outside their parapets in consternation, and the mortars which the shells were intended to supply were completely silenced; and the guns whose fire had been so mischievous being also quieted, the French were enabled to continue their approaches on the night of the 18th and following day. On the night of the 18th it became known to us that large bodies were assembled within the enemy's works, and a heavy fire of mortars was directed on them, which must have proved very destructive. They lined the parapets and opened a heavy musketry fire, which was replied to by us and the French; but no sortie was attempted, and the fire of small-arms soon ceased. On some subsequent nights the same incident occurred; but whether the enemy's troops were placed in the works to resist an anticipated attack from us, or to make a sortie, which was not afterwards found practicable, we did not learn.

On the 20th, some rockets from the advance of our right attack fired the

Karabelnaia suburb, situated behind the Malakoff, which consists of a great number of small houses adjacent to though not adjoining each other, in which the troops for the defence of this part of the Russian works reside. When the alarm of fire was given there, a great number of soldiers thronged out in disorder, and a multitude of carts made their appearance. At first only one of our guns bore on the crowded space between the houses, from whence the troops attempted to pass towards the Malakoff after each discharge. By widening an embrasure, a second gun was brought to bear on them with spherical case, and proved very destructive—prostrate men, broken carts, and runaway horses marking its effect. The fire continued to burn all day, and destroyed several houses, and others were frequently set on fire afterwards by rockets, while the guns continued to enflade the streets of the suburb whenever a few persons were visible.

Towards evening on the 20th, the French batteries on our left before the town, suddenly opened, without warning, and in a short time the Russians replied from the bastions covering the town, and from the Creek and Barrack Batteries. On both sides the firing was extremely violent till dark. I was in the third parallel of our left attack at the time; and never beheld a more splendid spectacle than the setting of the sun behind the Bastion du Mât. Purple masses lay on the horizon, becoming luminous as the sun passed behind them, till the whole western sky was in a softened glow of orange, with red and crimson of every gradation in the cloudy glories around and above the orb. Against the fiery space was sharply cut the purple line of the enemy's rampart—

“A looming bastion fringed with fire,”

whence the smoke from the cannon curled upward in dark blue wreaths with rosy edges. Sometimes a shell, bursting high, left a compact rounded cloud tinged with light, till it was slowly dissipated in streaks as of blood, while the din of the cannonade, reverberated from all the ravines in prolonged peals, filled the air. On leaving the batteries at dusk, I found that my horse, which I had left tied up in



the ravine below the second parallel, had broken loose, frightened by the uproar and by some shells which burst near him, and made off. The ravine, besides being about three miles long, has several branches, some towards the French camp, some towards our own, and on the side of one of the latter the sailors are encamped; so that, besides the walk home late and hungry, there was a very good prospect of my horse being stolen, or, at any rate, if fortunately recovered, yet without saddle or bridle. The sailors had long been notorious horse-appropriators, while the public, including everybody whose horse was not stolen, had agreed to look on the proceedings of "Jack," and the "honest tar," as they affectionately term our naval friends, as rather eccentric than felonious, so that, considering the indulgence with which these speculations in horse flesh were regarded, they may on the whole be praised for their moderation. On reaching home, however, I found the knowing animal had arrived a short time before me (having stopped to water on the road), bringing his saddle and bridle with him, and creating some doubt as to the probable fate of his rider.

A few days before this opening of the batteries, I visited the Mammelon and the advanced batteries before the Malakoff. A broad road passed over the rampart of the former work, where the guns had once looked on the French lines, while what had been its gorge or rear when the enemy held it, was now a formidable battery, as yet unmasked, but completed, armed, and ready to open on its old ally the Round Tower. The interior was still in a state of great confusion; Russian guns were lying dismantled and half-buried, platforms shattered, gun-carriages with their trucks in the air, and the numerous traverses which the Russians had thrown up for protection from our shells, were pounded and blown by explosions into shapeless heaps, making the interior of the redoubt look like a newly-opened quarry. From one of its angles a path led to the advanced trenches and batteries, the latter beautifully finished and revetted with fascines, the guns already in them, and nothing wanting but the removal of the screen

of earth still hiding the embrasures to enable them to open. The work was greatly facilitated by the nature of the soil, which was clayey, and might be cut like a cheese to the required depth, while, in most other parts of our extensive lines, the trenches had been quarried with infinite toil through solid rocks, and among huge pebbles and imbedded flints, where the tools were broken and blunted, the arms of the workmen jarred, and the weary night's work scarcely afforded the satisfaction of a perceptible advance. In one part of these lines a kind of watch-tower, indistinguishable from without, had been erected, where the French generals, looking through three loopholes, rendered quite bullet-proof with timber and sandbags, might conveniently watch the progress of affairs; and near at hand was a spacious subterranean chamber, cool as an ice-house though the day was very hot, where the commanding officers of the trenches might sit unmolested by shot and shell, ready to issue such orders as might be needful. In a beam over the entrance stuck a large shot, there arrested in its flight. As we entered the Mammelon, a French mortar-battery on the right was throwing shells which probably galled the enemy, for on pausing in it in returning, to make some sketches of the works and men in the interior, such flights of shells from the Malakoff alighted and exploded within as rendered the operation of drawing somewhat difficult and interrupted.

On the night of the 27th, the whole camp was aroused, shortly after midnight, by a tremendous explosion, and beyond the Mammelon might be seen, in the moonlight, a huge white cloud, casting acres of shadow as it spread and slowly dispersed. A magazine made by the Russians in the Mammelon, in which the French had placed 15,000 pounds of powder, had been blown up by a shell—more than a hundred Frenchmen lay prostrate, bruised or scorched, of whom about thirty were killed on the spot; and beams were hurled through the air to a distance of seven hundred yards, wounding men in our trenches. Time was when the Russians would have seized the opportunity to pour shot and shell on the scene of ruin, or have followed up

the accidental success by a sortie; but perhaps imagining this to be the explosion of the mine that was to breach their own ramparts, they remained silent; while the English artillery opened on the Malakoff, in order to anticipate a sally or a can-

nonade, and to cover the necessary confusion of their allies. Beyond the loss of life, no serious damage was done by this explosion, which left, in token of its occurrence, a vast crater like a quarry in the middle of the Mammelon.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—BATTLE OF THE TRAKTIR BRIDGE.

Intelligence of an intended attack had reached the camp of so reliable a nature that, on the morning of the 13th August, the whole army was under arms before dawn, pursuant to the orders of the night before. The trenches were fully manned, strong columns guarded the ravines, and other bodies lined the rear of the ridge in support, in expectation of a sally from the town — and shortly after midnight light sleepers might have been roused by the rumble of wheels, as the field-artillery passed through the camps towards its appointed position in the front. The expected attack was eagerly awaited, in full confidence that the enemy would be driven back shattered and discomfited to their defences; but day broke, and showed the line of works silent, and no preparation apparent, on the side of the Russians, for an action. When it became evident that the attack, if designed, was postponed, our troops returned to their encampments. Still the impression continued strong that the enemy, who had, as we knew, been largely reinforced, were about to try their fortune in an assault on our position. There could be but one object in sending troops in any considerable numbers to the south of the Crimea, where it must be so difficult to maintain them even for a short time—and that object must have been a sudden and powerful attempt to raise the siege—and the truth of this general impression was soon confirmed.

The cluster of heights on our side of the Tchernaya, which have before been described as dividing part of the broad valley extending from the harbour of Sebastopol to that of Balaklava into two defiles, were occupied, when General Pelissier assumed the command of the army, by the French, at first under Canrobert, and when

that General returned to France, under General Herbillon, an old officer, commonly called by the troops *Le père Herbillon*. These heights, lower than the plateaus, and of insignificant elevation compared with the surrounding mountain-ranges, are ascended by easy slopes, are smooth and grassy at the top, and are furrowed by deep chasms, in one of which lies the road to the Traktir bridge over the Tchernaya, which the French had fortified. Other and more abrupt hills rise to the right on both sides of the river, and these were crowned by Sardinian advanced posts — but in front of the French the ground, beyond the Tchernaya, extends in level meadows to the wide plain which winds round the base of the great plateau of Inkermann.

Down this plain a Russian army of 6000 cavalry, five divisions of infantry, and twenty field-batteries, was marched from the heights of Mackenzie's Farm, and drawn up in the night of the 15th, while a smaller force of infantry and guns appeared near Tcherougoum. At daybreak the attack was opened by the Russian guns, drawn up at long range, and the Sardinian outposts being at once driven in, the hill they had held across the river was occupied by a Russian field-battery. These were opposed by the French batteries drawn up, some across the heights, some along the bank of the river, in which latter position a battery of horse-artillery suffered very severely.

The Russian infantry advanced to the attack in columns and reached the river, now an inconsiderable streamlet knee deep, which some crossed, while others assailed the *tête-du-pont* or field-work covering the bridge. After a sharp conflict the Russians carried this, and the whole advanced to the heights which rise almost directly

from the river's bank at this point ; but to the left and right of the bridge a second obstacle remained to be crossed in the shape of the aqueduct, a small canal, six feet wide and three deep. Numbers of Russians fell on the bank of this ; but others, crossing and joining those who had forced the passage of the bridge, passed along the road and up the heights on each side. Here the French infantry met them, and after a short struggle, the enemy, leaving three or four hundred dead and wounded, fled tumultuously down to the river, mixed up with the pursuing French, plunged in and crossed it, and continued their flight across the meadows beyond, pursued by the fire of the infantry, who halted at the stream, and of the French guns, which ploughed through the fugitive masses, killing hundreds. If the French cavalry, crossing the river above, near the Sardinians, had charged along these meadows, multitudes of prisoners might have been made ; but the position of the Russian battery on the hill before occupied by the Sardinians was probably what prevented this movement. A feeble attack made on the Piedmontese in the valley of Tcherngoum was also easily repulsed, with the co-operation of some 8-inch howitzers we had lent to the Sardinians, and an English battery of 32-pound howitzers, which compelled a Russian battery of lighter metal to withdraw. An attempt against the left of the heights, where they look towards the Ruins of Inkermann, was also made, the Russians advancing to the white house near the pond at their base, but it met no better success than the others.

At eight o'clock A.M. the enemy's infantry, entirely repulsed, had withdrawn behind the line of cavalry and guns, and there re-formed in deep square columns, out of cannon-shot. Their artillery on the heights still continued to exchange shots with the opposite French batteries, while some French rockets from the plateau flew to an extraordinary distance, exploding among bodies of the enemy so far off, that it was difficult to ascertain through the telescope whether they were cavalry or infantry. Large reinforcements arrived at this time for the French, including the Imperial

Guard, which had left the plateau a short time before. A considerable number of French troops were crowded down the road to the bridge, when the enemy suddenly discharged salvos from some heavy guns, on a knoll forming one of the roots of the cliff of the plateau of Inkermann, and some of the shells pitched with good aim on the *tête-du-pont* and the slopes around. This, repeated twice or thrice, was the last effort of the enemy to revenge their defeat ; their battery on the Sardinian height was withdrawn, together with the cavalry supporting it, and the Piedmontese lancers immediately advanced, some on to the meadows of the plain, and others (consisting of a troop supported by a company of riflemen) followed the enemy as they quitted the heights. Joining the advance of this troop, I passed through the intrenchments taken from the Sardinian outposts, where the struggle had been but slight, for I saw only three dead Russians, and one ammunition waggon, blown up afterwards by a shell, remaining as traces of conflict. Advancing along these heights we came on the coverers of the Russian rearguard, distant about a carbine shot, in a line of single horsemen. Behind appeared a larger body, and on our left on the plain, still drawn up as before, awaiting, perhaps, a charge which they hoped to make as disastrous to the Allies as that of Balaklava, were the cavalry and guns, those nearest, close enough for the colour of the horses and the uniforms to be discernible, and on the right were what looked like cuirassiers with two long standards flying. Along the plain, and all the way up the dusty chalky road that leads to Mackenzie's Farm on the plateau, filed the retiring infantry. It certainly appeared to me that, if the attention of the enemy had been engaged by a feint in front, a strong body of cavalry and light guns might have formed on these heights, the slopes of which to the plain are of easy descent, and thence have poured down on the enemy before they could have changed their front, and rolled them up and cut them to pieces long ere the infantry could have returned to their support. However, the opportunity, whether good or objectionable, was

allowed to pass, and the enemy here, as well as in the valley of Tehergoum, retired unmolested. The latter force was to have been supported, it is said, by another Russian division, which, however, halted at Aitodor,—and rumour goes on to say that its general was disgraced, and the division, as a punishment for its non-appearance, sent to form part of the garrison of Sebastopol.

The Russians, who were commanded by Prince Gortchakoff, left, according to the French returns, 2700 dead on the field, some on the slopes of the heights held by the French, most on the meadow beyond the river, and a good many had fallen between the river and the watercourse, which here branches off as the aqueduct of Sebastopol, for the crossing of which many of the Russians were provided with small portable bridges of plank. Including the wounded, 2200 prisoners remained with the French, and the enemy's loss was estimated, in all, at 10,000. The French lost less than 800 killed and wounded (many of the latter slightly), and the Sardinians 200.

The immediate object of this attack was to obtain possession of the heights held by the French. This would have conferred on the enemy the advantage

of the river as a watering-place for the cavalry and troops, of which we should have been deprived; it would have enabled them to act against the Sardinians on the right, and our detachments at Baidar, whose position would have been somewhat awkward, though they would probably have effected their junction with the army by the road along the cliffs; and it would have served as a point to make an attack against the plateau, in co-operation with a sortie from the town. A detailed plan of attack on these bases, including also the capture of Balaklava, was found on the body of General Read, a Russian officer. But the enemy never at any time had any prospect of success, and the attempt seems to have been dictated by desperation.

While the French were removing the wounded of the enemy from the battle-field, the Russian batteries did not cease to fire on that part of the ground; General Pelissier therefore sent to say that he would not bury the Russian dead, but, if they pleased, they might have a truce for the purpose. On the 18th a party of Russians, escorted by a detachment of Cossacks, mounted on shabby ill-fed ponies, came down to the Tchernaya to inter the bodies.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.—A CRISIS IN THE CAMPAIGN.

As our prospects changed with the advance of the works, so did new features disclose themselves in the operations of the enemy. Thrown from the shore of the north side of the harbour opposite Fort Nicholas, the rudiments of a bridge appeared, made of rafts, moored side by side. After the battle of the 16th, the work proceeded with increased diligence, and about the 26th or 27th it stretched completely across to the point of rock on which Fort Nicholas is built, and was speedily put into operation, great trains of vehicles moving incessantly across, conveying articles, apparently of furniture, to the north shore. We had looked attentively for the completion of this bridge—rumour said that, as soon as large bodies of troops should be enabled to move across with ease and celerity, a simultaneous attack would be made from the town, and by the army on the heights, the latter

aiming at Balaklava, while the force sallying from the town would distract our attention, and, if successful, effect a junction with their comrades across the plateau. This comprehensive scheme was perhaps the same that had been so early blighted in the attack of the 16th, when the sanguine expectations of our opponents met with something the same fate as those of Alnaschar, the barber's brother, who saw his way clearly, by successive steps, to the post of Grand Vizier and son-in-law to the caliph, till he was roused from his dreams by the shattering of the basket of glass which was to be the foundation of his fortunes. On that memorable occasion Pelissier might truly have remarked to Gortchakoff, "*C'est le premier pas qui coute.*" However, the belief remained strong that the Russian army had been reinforced for the special purpose of immediately attacking

us, that the Czar's orders so to attack were imperative, and that the condition of the enemy's troops, too numerous for their supplies, and threatened with starvation, or a retreat in winter, admitted of no alternative, but at once to attack, or at once to retire. Several false alarms placed the army under arms at day-break, and on three or four occasions the onset was confidently looked for by the generals. On the first of these, staff-officers, warned over-night, were ready to issue forth before dawn, each with a feed of corn hanging from his horse's crupper, and biscuit and brandy in the leather pocket attached to the saddle, that both steed and rider might be prepared for a long day's work. Living a little apart, I missed the others, and followed in the darkness, not knowing which road they had taken, till, as I descended a hill, I saw on the rise over me, against the sky, the dark shapes of the detachment of lancers forming the commander-in-chief's escort, their weapons, with the square pennons blown out by the night wind, giving them, in the gloom, the appearance of the bannered towers of a castle. As we gained the verge of the plateau, the first salmon-coloured streak of dawn appeared; all was silent, and no light visible beyond the sparks, like fireflies, which marked the clustered lines of French and Sardinians on the mounds of the valley; and, as day broke, the only object in front of the allies was a thin white mist steaming up from the river; but no sign of a foe. This was repeated on several subsequent occasions, but—except the opportunities afforded of studying different specimens of sunrise—without any notable result.

On the 5th September the cannonade re-commenced, slowly and steadily at first, on our part and on the part of the French before the Malakoff; but on the works before the town with a vigour greater and more sustained than in any previous fire from the French batteries. At night a frigate in the harbour was set on fire by a shell from the French, and burnt to the water's edge, lighting up the whole harbour. On this day the Russians made a reconnoissance in force (10,000 to 15,000) at Tchernaya. There they could find little to encourage them for another attack.

The French position, which they failed to take on the 16th, was now greatly strengthened. The *tête-du-pont* was thickened and revetted, lines of trenches surrounded the bases and summits of the heights; on the left, towards Inkermann, a watercourse from the Tchernaya which fills a reservoir had been bordered with a parapet. A battery for guns had also been constructed there, another on the middle of the heights, and others looked on the bridge, especially one for 12 guns, in the road leading down to the bridge, which, as well as the approach from beyond the river, was completely swept by it.

On the 6th the French before the town continued to fire vigorously. Sometimes, after a lull of an hour or two, all their batteries would suddenly open together, and the volleys of smoke would increase and mingle till the whole ground presented the appearance of the burning of a hundred farm-steads with all their stacks and barns. The Russians on these days, and on the 7th, replied but feebly. On the afternoon of the 7th one of the two-deckers in the harbour was set on fire by a shell from a mortar, and burnt all night. This was the eve of the assault, the orders for which, detailing the divisions of attack, were issued in the afternoon, and the hour fixed for noon.

Thus it seemed as if all the efforts of Russia to raise the siege had only enabled her to collect a number of military spectators at the final struggle for the prize. And, supposing the war destined to continue, it would have been better for her had Sebastopol been carried in 1854 by a *coup-de-main*. The efforts to reinforce the garrison, and to maintain the army outside, must have been most exhaustive. Every man, every shot and barrel of powder, and every sack of grain that reached Sebastopol, must have been transmitted at ruinous cost, and the maintenance of the garrison and the army on the heights must have been as expensive as that of a five-fold force on the frontiers of Turkey, Austria, or Poland. The want of roads in Southern Russia, from the clayey nature of the soil, where no stones, or even pebbles, are to be met with for a hundred miles together, the fewness of towns, and the sparse po-

pulation, all render the collection and transmission of convoys more difficult to Russia than to any country of Europe. It is less easy to create a road in a boggy steppe than to carry one over the Alps. Hence the maintenance of Sebastopol was a perpetual and debilitating drain on the resources of Russia, in men, money, and material.

It has been said that the credit of holding Sebastopol against all the efforts of the Allies must have an important effect on the relations of Russia with the Asiatic powers. When it is remembered that Sebastopol, never a trading port, was inaccessible to the ships of other nations, and that it had never made its influence actually felt as dominant in the Black Sea, the political importance of its defence seems much overrated; and after the Sea of Azoff was occupied by the Allies, and Anapa abandoned, the small portion of prestige yet remaining to Russia, in the possession of Sebastopol, seems scarcely worth the ruinous efforts made to maintain it. More, if the object of France and England were to exhaust as speedily as possible the defensive resources of Russia, and to protract the war till their enemy should be shorn of his vast military powers, it would even have been wise policy (but for the impatience for results manifested by the two nations) to delay the assault of the town, secure that it must eventually be theirs, and that every supply sent to the garrison was another jet of life-blood from the arteries of Russia. In continuing to hold Sebastopol, hers was the policy of the speculator who, living beyond his means, will not retrench lest the world should suspect him of insolvency. To maintain a province which (except through some unforeseen political chance) it is beyond her power to preserve, she squanders the resources which, rightly applied, would render her empire elsewhere unassailable. If the Czar were able to say "attack the Crimea if you will—I acknowledge it to be my vulnerable point—but in that case I will retaliate on your weak points," there might be

good argument for defending it to the last, while aiming at the joints of his adversary's armour. But the territories of England and France are beyond menace; and, meantime, the vitality of the Russian Achilles is frittered away by the irritation of the incurable and poisoned wound in the vulnerable heel, when timely excision would have left the vast frame, though maimed, yet potent for defence.

For the sake of all the powers engaged, and of the world, it is to be hoped that, whenever Sebastopol falls, Russia will see the necessity of concluding peace. But if glory be worth fighting for, it is scarcely to be desired that the war should soon terminate, while the idea of England's military deficiencies, so strongly impressed of late on the mind of Europe, is yet undispelled by an adequate exhibition of her real power. Through the clouds of gossip, twaddle, lamentation, and foreboding, which form part of the conditions of our national existence, the fact will at length become lustroly apparent, that the nation which forty years ago found itself, at the termination of a long war, not only unrivalled by sea, but possessed of as complete and formidable an army as any country of Europe, has, since then, with her advances in wealth, science, and the arts of peace, grown also in military resources in greater proportion than her neighbours. With each successive year her preponderance will increase till, at her full development, attained not without distraction, sacrifice, and internal disquietude, she shall wield a power capable of stilling the world's convulsions, and of securing for herself at once pre-eminence and peace. Then she will, as before, trust only to her splendid reputation, till the trumpet will again startle her amid her bales and machinery, and she will find her arms rusted, her sinews relaxed, and her great name endangered by the feebleness with which her first blows are delivered; and she will be more fortunate than she deserves, if her latent strength can yet be called forth in time to redeem her reputation.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, *Sept. 7.*

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## THE EASTERN SHORES OF THE BLACK SEA.

THOSE only who know what it is, night after night, to court sleep in defiance of the thundering of a hundred cannon—to be ever conscious, in their dreams of home, of the incessant whistle of shot and shell—and to be generally roused from a rickety stretcher by the explosion of a mine, can fully appreciate the comfort of a quiet cabin far removed from these disturbing influences, where the shrill pipe of the boatswain, or the morning sun gleaming in at the port-hole, remind him that another day of *dolce far niente* has dawned. It was upon a lovely morning in September last, and only a week prior to that great event the news of which is still echoing through the world, that I looked upon the magnificent range which skirts the southern shores of the Crimea, where wooded dells wind among the mountains, and vines and olives clothe its slopes, and white chateaus gleam from out the dark foliage of the overshadowing horse-chestnut, and, towering over all, the Tchatir Dagh abruptly rises and throws its sombre shade over the sunny landscape. Rounding Cape Takli, whose friendly beacon no longer exists to guide the benighted mariner, we soon after drop anchor beneath the newly-constructed fortifications of St Paul, where the British flag would indicate that the white tents which crown the hill are those of our own soldiers, even were the tartan

trews of a Highland regiment not so clearly discernible. But when we land and inspect the fort, we find ourselves surrounded as well by Turks and French, who here occupy such a position as to render any hostile movement, except with a larger body of troops than the Russians can now spare, unavailing.

It is about two miles across a gently undulating steppe from here to Kertch, the well-built mansions of which, from this distance, look as handsome and substantial as though it were still a flourishing mercantile emporium. As we enter, however, the delusion rapidly vanishes, and it was painful to witness a ruin and desolation so universal. Three years ago I had walked along the quay in the midst of a throng of gay promenaders. Fashionable ladies, escorted by well-dressed beaux, strolled by the water-side, or lingered round the band which played in the garden opposite the governor's house, for it was a Sunday afternoon in autumn, and all the world was enjoying the delicious air, which at this time of year renders the Crimean climate so particularly delightful. Then the market-place was full of bustle and activity; camel-carts and Tartar waggon, with scraggy ponies, crowded the streets; and Russian officials stalked pompously about, with that dignified air which increases in intensity, by geometrical progression, until it reaches the ninety-seventh clerk in

the police-office. Now how changed was the aspect of affairs! A couple of regiments of slouching Turks, preceded by the most villainous of music, tramped over the flagstones, shattered and displaced by recent explosions;—lively Frenchmen were bargaining for water-melons with bleared-eyed Tartars, or fishing for diminutive dolphin-shaped fish with improvised fishing-tackle;—British sentinels were keeping guard with measured tread over dilapidated mansions, and the shrill tones of the bagpipe echoed through deserted halls; every house was unroofed, every window encircled by a frame of charred wood; piles of rubbish blocked up the doorways; along the whole length of the principal street there was scarcely a habitable mansion left—scarcely a soul loitering under the shadow of the ruined walls. We toiled up the steep hill of Mithridates, and entered the museum. Here the destruction was even more universal than in the town, and the remains of works of ancient art, which had bravely borne the ravages of time, lay mutilated and destroyed by the barbarous hands of French and Turkish soldiers. Rank weeds were springing up in humid corners, creeping along the ground, over prostrate figures, fragments of antique vases, or blocks of marble covered with inscriptions; but so completely had the work of destruction been effected that I could find nothing among the debris worth preserving. There was nothing left but the view; that was always interesting, but now how changed in its character! We overlooked the roofless houses and crumbling walls of the town, the sunken ships in the bay, the grassy steppe beyond, and, shutting in the prospect, the heights of Yenikale crowned with the fortifications of the Allies.

Under what widely different circumstances did I now enter almost the only entire house which still exists, and find myself seated at breakfast with a number of officers whom I had last seen at a Canadian picnic, and in the very room too in which I had formerly been hospitably entertained by our late vice-consul. Then, looking over the harbour full of shipping, our conversation was of trade;

now, we watched a footsore regiment march down the street on their return from a razzia, and talked of war.

There was nothing in the present condition of Kertch tempting enough to induce us to prolong our stay, and I was glad to shake off those feelings of melancholy which such scenes as I had witnessed could not fail to produce, on board the smart little gunboat in which we ran up the Cimmerian Bosphorus to Yenikale. Here the old Tartar town, always too dilapidated to suffer very much from the most strongly developed destructive tendencies, looked very little changed from the time when I last rumbled along its single street in a Tartar waggon. There were not so many Tartars to be seen, and all the women had disappeared. There was the same variety in a military point of view which we had seen at Kertch, the same style of fortification which we had inspected at St Paul, but more substantial in its character, and the fortress seemed as well qualified to stand a siege as that of Sebastopol itself. The evening found us again under way, and at daylight next morning I looked through the port-hole of my cabin upon the walls of Anapa. There was nothing very inviting in its aspect from the seaward. The fort is built upon a curved promontory, which forms an insecure bay, and which presents a precipitous cliff upwards of fifty feet in height. The fortifications, which run along the summit of this cliff, are breached here and there by the explosions of the Russian mines, which were fired by themselves before evacuating the place. To the left extends a wide plain, watered by a sluggish stream, upon which, some miles from its mouth, are situated two Cossack villages, now deserted. A range of sand-hills, covered with scrub, about five hundred feet in height, forms the background. We were received at the little pier by a number of Circassians, whose appearance is well calculated to impress a stranger for the first time visiting their country. Their fur-caps, as tall as those of a grenadier, surmount swarthy, sun-dried, but not irregular features; there is a fire in the eye and a compression of the lip, which marks that courage and resolution which they have so univer-



sally displayed in their prolonged contests with the Russians. Their long coats, open at the breast, reach to the knee, and are confined at the waist by a leather girdle. A shirt covers the breast, and is closely fastened round the neck. Eight or ten ivory tubes, containing powder, are ranged upon each lappet of the coat, and form the most striking feature in the costume. A plenitude of knives and pistols garnish the waist-belt. A short sword depends from the left side, and a rifle, covered with a sort of felt, swings at their back, and completes their warlike accoutrements. Red or yellow trousers are enclosed below the knee by a particoloured gaiter and a red slipper, fitting closer than the Indian moccasin, makes the most perfect *chaussure* I ever remember to have seen. The picturesque effect of this costume is enhanced by a most independent bearing, and an *insouciance* and self-confidence which suggest that they probably understand the use of the weapons with which they are so abundantly supplied. When we had scrambled over a quantity of debris through the breach in the walls, we found ourselves in the principal street of the place. It was, however, even in a more ruinous condition than those we had seen at Kertch, for the agents had been, not the besiegers, but the besieged. If Turks are unsparing in the work of demolition, the Russians themselves understand still better the art of rendering every dwelling-house untenable, and every gun unserviceable, and they can hardly complain of the devastation caused by their enemies, when they themselves set them so brilliant an example.

Mounted Circassians, on wiry little ponies, were galloping in every direction. Their saddles are high and narrow; their stirrups so short, as to throw the knee almost at right angles to the horse. They seem at home only on horseback, and congregated in knots at the corners of the streets, or dismounted to ransack, in the hope of finding more spoil, some house which had already been thoroughly gutted. They watched us with no little curiosity as we walked up to a habitation which Sefer Pasha had put in decent repair, and where, seated on a high sofa smoking his *chibouk*, we found

him holding his court. The anteroom was filled with Circassian nobles of the highest grade, who saluted us as we passed, and then crowded round the doorway to watch proceedings. These consisted in pipes, coffee, and conversation, the result of which did not give us a very favourable impression of the representative of the Sublime Porte in these regions. Sefer Pasha is a Circassian by birth, but he has been in Turkish employ long enough to have acquired a taste for political intrigue, and the art of replenishing his purse and gratifying his private schemes of ambition at the expense of those whom he thinks he has a right to subject to such treatment. The Circassians as yet are too unsophisticated to have discovered this; and, carried away by religious zeal, they look with respect and affection upon the envoy of the Sultan. They do not conceive it possible that the head of their religion could be a party to any tampering with their civil liberty; and until that conviction dawns upon them, Ottoman influence will be predominant. Meantime unscrupulous Turkish agents, dotted along the coast, already begin to perceive that it is their interest to depreciate Europeans, who would not tolerate their iniquities, and to mislead this ignorant people as to our real designs with respect to their country. They are in consequence changing sensibly in their demeanour towards us. Instead of hailing us as allies as formerly, they look with coldness and suspicion upon our advances, and protest that they only wish to be left alone. They say, with some justice, that they know very little about us. And considering how little trouble we have taken either to acquire information about them, or to impart any, it is not to be wondered at if they deem us somewhat lukewarm in the cause we pretend to have so much at heart. Had we never allowed a Turkish authority to set foot in a country to which they have no manner of claim, and dealt, by means of suitable agents, directly with the people themselves, or assisted them with troops, we should now have the whole country arrayed upon our side. There can be little doubt that before long such an

alliance will be of the highest possible importance to us. We have yet time to recall the Turks who are now doing so much mischief. If we could direct in a proper channel the influence they wield, it would be invaluable; but as no honest Turkish official can be found, that is an impossible contingency. It therefore becomes us to choose whether we shall attempt to cope with intriguing pashas, and by bribery or any other inducement persuade them to use their power for the public good; or whether, dispensing with such an unsatisfactory medium, we had not better find another, either through the nobles themselves in those parts of the country where they still have influence, or in those parts where their prestige is lost, by holding out to the people themselves such advantages, political or pecuniary, as should induce them to co-operate with us cordially in the event of future military operations in their direction. While, however, discussing the question of individual influence in Circassia, it would scarcely be fair to overlook the only man who has ever really effected a great social revolution in the country, and for the first time induced the inhabitants to organise themselves definitely for the defence of their country. The Naib or lieutenant of Schamyl is indeed a scarcely less remarkable man than the great warrior himself. Arriving as a mere traveller in the country, he went about administering to the Circassians an oath pledging them to eternal war with Russia, and levying fines upon those who either would not join the compact, or who, having joined it, failed to preserve their fidelity. By these means he soon acquired a paramount influence over a great portion of Circassia, not, however, without causing considerable apprehension to the *usdens*, or nobles, who perceived that their importance was diminished in proportion as that of the interloper increased. It would scarcely be politic at this juncture to enter more minutely into the present state of that part over which his influence to a greater or less extent still prevails, or to discuss the question of whether it can or cannot be turned to account by the Allied Powers. There can be no

doubt of the necessity of entertaining these points; and though the subject is one involved in great difficulty, its importance is such as to render it highly desirable that Government should lose no time in adopting a definite policy, and in pursuing it with vigour, which may insure to it a successful and satisfactory result.

Although the ignorance of the British public has been such as to lead them to depreciate in a great measure the value of the Circassian element in the question which is now absorbing their attention, it is to be hoped that, before this, its importance has been recognised; and it will therefore be unnecessary to enter upon it now. The people themselves would prove hearty and cordial allies; and it is only to be wondered at, that, while we have given ourselves so much trouble, and degraded ourselves so unnecessarily in the eyes of Europe, by our attempts to enlist in our cause Powers who have no sympathy with it, and are under no circumstances to be trusted, we have not taken advantage of the co-operation of a hardy and independent race, from whom we could gain assistance which would be far more valuable, and with whom we could form an alliance which would be far more honourable than with German despots.

Our visit to Sefer Pasha having terminated, we strolled round the fortifications of Anapa, and were struck with the pertinacity with which the Russians had destroyed everything connected with the means of defence. With one or two exceptions, the trunnions had been knocked off every gun, the platforms burnt, and here and there the fortifications levelled. From one point we had an extensive view over the plain, and could discern parties of mounted Circassians emerging here and there from clouds of dust, or driving cattle towards the town. The houses in Anapa are all isolated, and have been dotted about without much attempt at regularity. The hospital has been a handsome building; it is now roofless, and partly demolished. The church, however, with its green roof and belfry (from which the bell has been abstracted), is in good repair, and is converted into a Mahomedan mosque. We entered a house which had evidently been the

police-office, and waded about, knee deep in Russian documents, with two or three Circassians, who seemed to take a great interest in our proceedings. We tried to learn from them a few words of their language; but the sounds were so hopeless, that, after a good deal of sneezing and coughing, as the nearest approaches we could make to them, we abandoned the attempt in despair.

I was struck with an episode which occurred while walking about the town, as being, under existing circumstances, fraught with a peculiar significance. A handsome old Circassian, followed by his squire or page, was standing looking at a collection of cannon-balls and ammunition, when a slouching Turk, who happened to be passing, but did not profess to be a sentry, told him peremptorily to move on. Upon the Circassian either not hearing or not choosing to pay attention to this command, the Turk, with a most insulting expression, threw a large fragment of wood at the page, which struck the horse. His master took the hint, and moved on without uttering a syllable of remonstrance. Had this incident occurred outside the walls, it is probable that it would have terminated in a somewhat different manner. In the two provinces which form the north-west angle of Circassia, of one of which (Natquoitch) Anapa may be considered the capital, the old feudal system has almost disappeared, while in the provinces upon the Kuban it is still in force. The wily policy of conciliation, by wholesale bribery, pursued by Russia, resulted in the defection of many of the nobles in these two provinces, which were at the same time chiefly exposed to the depredations of her troops; and as one by one these men temporised with Russia, they lost their hold upon the mass of the people, whose animosity against their common enemy remained in full force, and who did not derive the same advantages from an alliance with her as their more wealthy masters. The difference in the social condition of this part of Circassia from that of the interior and the provinces farther east, is the cause of one of the greatest difficulties with

which the western diplomatist has to contend. Those influences which are in the one case mainly to be depended upon, do not exist at all in the other, and there is consequently an estrangement between the tribes whose relative position has thus become changed.

It is only a few hours' run from Anapa to Sudjak Kaleh. The distance by land is only twenty-three miles. A long promontory, while it renders the distance considerably more by sea, forms one shore of the deep bay, at the end of which the town is situated.

From its handsome appearance I could hardly believe that we should find, upon landing, the same scenes of devastation; but it was complete here as elsewhere: there were only two habitable houses left in the place. The ruins were so entirely overgrown in places, that one might have supposed many years to have elapsed since their destruction. At least a hundred mounted Circassians were collected in a shady angle of the ruined street as we approached, and greeted us in a hesitating manner, as though they were uncertain which party were the greatest intruders. They seemed to love to linger near the monuments of a power now annihilated; and it is easy to understand the satisfaction with which they tread under foot these memorials of the former invaders of their country. With what glee they scamper on their wiry ponies down the green hill-sides which they used once to cultivate, but which have been left untouched and unfruitful for many a long year. How merrily they journey along the sea-shore, no longer obliged to skulk down to it between forts, which prevented all intercourse with strangers except at a great risk; how they revel in their freedom—glory in dashing along roads made for Russian artillery, in climbing up walls over which Russian flags once waved, and inhabiting (where they exist) houses built for Russian soldiers. We heard them shouting and firing off their guns as they galloped in triumph about the deserted squares, thus giving vent to the exuberance of their spirits upon again finding themselves in quiet possession of their own property. Some of the chiefs whom we

saw here had just arrived from the interior, on their way to Mustapha Pasha, at Batoum, to pay a visit of ceremony and homage to the representative of the Padisha in these parts. Upon the hill to the left of the town stands a handsome Greek church, paved with marble, where the Russians had taken the trouble to smash every slab. From the belfry an extensive view is obtained up the valley, from which a small stream debouches into the harbour. Along the banks of this stream the vegetation is very luxuriant, but the hills which enclose it are generally barren, covered here and there with scrub, but nowhere attaining an elevation of more than a thousand feet. Over a depression in the range, a military road has been constructed by the Russians, leading to the Kuban. It ascends by a succession of zigzags up the steep side of the hills, and, winding down the more gentle slopes to the north, extends for about forty miles to the Russian frontier. We had intended following this road as far as possible, and then turning to the east; but the jealousy of the Turks of European influence or interference is so great, that they succeeded in throwing obstacles in the way, which we did not at the time think it politic to attempt to surmount. We therefore re-embarked, in time to reach Ghelendjik before evening. The sun was just setting as we entered the landlocked little harbour, overhung by lofty hills, on which the setting sun shed purple hues, while the white houses of the fort contrasted strongly with the dark green of the trees amongst which they were buried. Ghelendjik is about fifteen miles from Sudjak, and, from its safe harbour, was considered by the Russians a place of some importance. There was nothing, however, to detain us at this deserted little fort; and so, after we had sufficiently admired the beauty of its position, we pursued our voyage, and found ourselves anchored at daylight off the Russian port of Weljam-inoffsk; or, in the Circassian tongue, Tuapse. Here for the first time Circassian scenery in all its beauty burst upon us. The hills swelled into mountains, and were wooded to the summit, dotted with fields of yellow corn ready for the sickle, or cultivation of a bright

green. Narrow valleys lying in deep shade intersected the mountains, down the sides of which danced sparkling streams, meeting a little river, which, falling sluggishly into the sea, watered a fertile plain. Upon the summit of a hill that rose from this, appeared the white walls of a little fort, and over them waved lofty poplars. Behind them a wretched regiment of Cossacks was formerly ensconced, surrounded by a hostile population. They were completely imprisoned, and the confinement must have been doubly irksome in the centre of a country affording so many attractions. We were welcomed here by a magnificent fellow, who, springing lightly from his horse, made us a respectful but by no means servile obeisance, and professed himself ready to do the honours of his country. Notwithstanding the native grace and dignity of his manner, he was a thorough savage, and, to one accustomed only to consider barbarians as belonging to a totally different race from ourselves, it was somewhat startling to find in the expansive forehead, the light blue eye, and sandy hair, the transparent complexion, and exquisitely chiselled features of the Circassian chief, so perfect a type of a handsome Anglo-Saxon. We were soon surrounded by a crowd of picturesquely attired wild-looking hill-men, all armed to the teeth, and some of them expensively dressed. They were occupying a few cottages upon the sea-shore, formerly inhabited by Russians, and told us that a good road led through the mountains in twenty hours to the Kuban. It was with some reluctance that, in spite of this intelligence, we found ourselves obliged to bid them adieu, and to leave the wondering group to watch our rapid return to the puffing monster which was to convey us upon our southward course. As we continued coasting along the Circassian shore, the mountains became higher, the scenery grander; every mile disclosed some new beauty, and stimulated my desire to penetrate a country hitherto so little known, and affording so tempting a field for exploration. I consoled myself, however, by hoping that the day was not far distant when I should be clambering over the mountain-tops I now saw towering in the dim distance.

Souchoum Kaleh has always been considered one of the most important places upon the coast of Circassia, and the Russians used to maintain here a large garrison. Its aspect from the sea is charming; and it was refreshing to find, upon landing, that it was in a better state of preservation than the towns we had hitherto visited, and could actually boast of a resident population. The French consul inhabited a substantial-looking mansion upon the sea-coast. A street of Turkish houses leading along the shore terminated in an avenue of poplars, at the end of which the picturesque walls of an old Turkish fort enclosed a number of rusty dismounted guns, tattered and ill-fed soldiers, tumble-down barracks, and more poplars. Bekchit Pasha, an emasculated-looking specimen of Turkish nobility, lived in a well-built house, which had formerly belonged to some thriving Russian merchant. We paid him a visit, and found him shivering from the effects of fever in a confined and by no means agreeable atmosphere. However, he was civil enough to supply us with four very good nags, which we mounted in order to explore a little of the neighbourhood. The town itself is built upon a swamp, surrounded by swelling hills clothed with the richest verdure. Always unhealthy, its climate is by no means improved by the neglect of the Turks, who allow the drains to stop up and collect masses of putrid vegetation. But to the eye nothing can be more enchanting than this deadly spot. As we ascended the hill immediately behind the town, the views became more lovely at every turn. The position of the hospitals, which are now deserted, is well chosen; but the Turkish officer commanding does not find it convenient to have his sick men in a healthy locality on the top of a hill, so he has moved the hospital down to the swamp. Then the houses are dotted throughout the rank vegetation, almost buried in long grass and tangled underwood. Beyond is the deep bay, with wooded hills rising from its opposite shore. We rode on by a mountain path which the Russians used as a road to a forage station on a hill a few miles distant. Before us hill rose on hill, deep val-

leys wound amongst the mountains, grassy swards clothed the slopes, and magnificent trees cast their broad shadows over the delightful verdure. Patches of cultivation here and there showed that the inhabitants were rapidly regaining confidence, and approaching a neighbourhood from which they had long been excluded. Far above all rose the heaven-piercing summits of the Caucasian range, clothed in eternal snow. It was a most tempting little peep of the mountains; but after we had ridden about three miles into the interior, our companion the French consul assured us that, as we were unaccompanied by any Circassian, we were considered fair spoil to any band of mountaineers who might be prowling about the vicinity, and so we reluctantly turned our horses' heads upon our backward path. On our return to the town we were surprised by the arrival of a large cavalcade, which came trooping up to the door of the consul's house in picturesque confusion. In the centre of the group, which was composed of about a hundred wild-looking Circassians, rode a handsome grey-haired man, whose tall cap of pure white distinguished him from those by whom he was surrounded. There was that in his bearing, moreover, which at once marked him as a chief of note; and I was not surprised to observe that, on his dismounting, every one of his followers sprung from his horse, and dashed at the great man's bridle, as though vying with one another who should be the first to render him a service. He received their attentions in an easy off-hand manner, as if they were his due; and, followed by two or three of his principal squires or serving-men, he came up to pay us a visit. His costume was simple but handsome. A long buff-coloured coat of camel-cloth was confined round the waist by a leathern girdle, which was ornamented by a few handsomely-mounted weapons. The cartridge-tubes on his breast were of a slate colour, and richly inlaid with silver. A pair of heavy jack-boots reached up to the thigh, and his peaked cap was trimmed with white fur. The only incongruity about the costume was a black satin stock and a shirt collar, which

painfully detracted from its general effect; indeed, when his cap was off, his jovial rubicund countenance, curly grey hair and whiskers, and well-rounded chin reposing contentedly between a pair of unmistakable gills, was precisely those of an English country gentleman. Below the neck the savage reappeared; but the boots, though not unbecoming, were a great deal too civilised. There were no such marks of refinement about his clan. Their muscular sun-browned throats were confined by no paltry invention of modern times; their stalwart legs were enclosed in coarse brown or yellow felt gaiters; their well-shaped feet in red leather moccasins,—for though that is a word belonging to another hemisphere, it is the only one which in the least describes their *chaussure*. Instead of the high cap, some of these wore a species of hood similar to those of the Bedouin Arabs, the point sticking out behind, and the ends brought round the neck like a comforter. It was an agreeable variation in the costume, and added to the wildness of their aspect. About a hundred of these men filled the space in front of the house. Lounging between their horses, or squatting in groups by the roadside, they let the nags take care of themselves. Meanwhile their lord and master, who was none other than Prince Michael—a man of some celebrity in the history of his country—discoursed with us upon the war, and the affairs of Europe generally. As he had been brought up in St Petersburg, and was a general in the Russian service, he required delicate treatment, and we dealt principally in generalities in consequence. He is in correspondence, no doubt, with his late masters, and admits that he is Russian in his sympathies from long habit, though he finds it necessary to go with the tide. He has a great influence in the country, and it is a pity that he is not a little more of a patriot. He owns a great extent of land in Abkasia, and informed us that he preserved his game like a gentleman; that he was a great sportsman; and that his preserves contained wild boar, elk, wild sheep, deer, &c. However, he wound up by saying, in answer to my in-

quiries, that I had better come to stay with him and judge for myself. I have seldom received an invitation which presented greater attractions, but I was reluctantly obliged to decline it for the present, promising him that, before very long, if all went well, I should avail myself of his kind offer. After a long visit, a great deal of amicable chat, and an immense consumption of tobacco and coffee, he took his leave, and we saw him mount his fiery steed, and in the very centre of his retainers trot carelessly away along a mountain path,—the most complete instance of a feudal chieftain I had ever seen. In the part of the Caucasus in which Prince Michael holds his sway, a new and most important element is introduced into the political condition of the country. Abkasia, which bounds with Circassia Proper a few miles to the north of Souchoum, has an average breadth of about two days' journey, and contains a population partly Christian and partly Mahomedan. The feelings and sympathies of those entertaining such different religious sentiments are of course in every way antagonistic. Bekchit Pasha and Prince Michael will not speak to one another: the one is looked upon as an interloper, the other as a heretic; but the Christian party attached to Prince Michael is far superior in numbers and influence to the Mahomedan party attached to Bekchit. The love of freedom, however, animates all; and the sentiments of Prince Michael with regard to Russia are certainly not participated in by his followers. On the whole, it is perhaps fortunate that the co-operation of the Abkasians is not so important to us as that of the tribes to the north of the range. The corner of the mountains in which they live is cut off from Russia Proper by the whole of Circassia, and their assistance is not necessary to enable us to demolish the Russian army in Georgia. At present there is not a Russian soldier in the country. Indeed, the garrisons on the south appear to have been much more hurriedly evacuated than those we had already visited. Souchoum is in a comparatively good state of preservation, and any injury which it has sustained

has been at the hands of the Turks since the departure of the Russians. During our numerous visits upon the Circassian coast I was disappointed in not seeing any of the women of the country, the fame of whose beauty has been so widely acknowledged. Until within the last few months the slave trade was carried on with considerable vigour; but a recent firman, at our instigation, has completely put a stop to speculation in young women; at all events for the present. It is a question, however, whether a traffic which is so highly remunerative to those engaged in it can be permanently destroyed. The immediate effect has been to create the greatest dissatisfaction among the Circassians themselves; and now that our name is coupled with, to them, so obnoxious a measure, it is by no means so popular as it might have been. It is questionable, therefore, whether it would not have been wiser to have waited until the termination of the war, before doing anything to disgust allies whose goodwill it is so important to secure. No doubt the Circassian slave trade is utterly indefensible in a moral point of view, but it does not appeal to our feelings of humanity as does that of the traffic in negroes upon the coast of Africa. It is a proceeding which is eminently satisfactory to all parties; whereas now the young ladies are disappointed, the Turks are disconsolate, the merchants are ruined, and the papas are disgusted. "Alas!" said a tattered old serf, "there is no longer now the possibility of my granddaughter becoming the mother of a sultan."

It is not far from Souchoum Kaleh to the once important port of Redoute Kaleh. Soon after leaving Souchoum the high land retreats from the shore, and flat wooded plains stretch into the interior. On this account Redoute Kaleh is quite a difficult place to find of a dark night; and when morning broke, the half of the town seemed scarcely raised above the water's edge. The rising sun coloured with a vermilion tinge the snow-capped Caucasus, Mount Elbruz peering from behind a lofty range, which intercepted our view of many of the lower summits. To the south, the mountains of Gowriel and Ar-

menia, scarcely inferior in height, and also covered with snow, closed the prospect; and between these rival ranges stretched the broad plains of Imeretia, which here divide Russia from Turkey, and across which lies the road to Tiflis. I have seldom been in a more miserable hole than that in which 2500 Turks now pitched their flimsy tents. A river with a bar at its mouth, upon which, however, there are four or five feet of water, debouches into the sea, and forms a sort of promontory, upon which a few miserable wooden sheds are built. Between them are a number of tents, imbedded in mud; and in the centre of the group a large green marquee betokens the residence of the lucky commandant, to whom we paid a visit of condolence. He showed us over the camp and fortifications. The latter consist of earthworks, which seem to be well designed, and which enclose the delectable assemblage of habitations I have just described. Outside the fort, the tents of the soldiers extend for some distance up the left bank of the river. We walked up a narrow chausséd path, and I never saw in the backwoods of America a more perfect specimen of Eden than in the swamps of Redoute Kaleh. Many of the tents were actually surrounded on all sides by water. To all of them it was necessary to construct raised causeways, plank paths, or stepping-stones. It seemed a perfect hotbed of fever, and I was surprised to hear from the commandant that the troops had suffered very slightly from illness of any kind. A few wooden houses, which were not destroyed by the Russians, are also inhabited. They are raised above the marsh on piles, but the thick ooze exhales its putrid vapours through the flooring. The camp terminates at the junction of a river, which is said also to be connected with the Rhion; so that Redoute Kaleh is in fact an island raised a very little above the level of the sea,—so little, that the water can scarcely be said to flow into it. About eight miles distant, upon the grassy slope of a gentle eminence, we could discern the tents of the Russians in two lines. They are said to number only fifty-six; but there are probably

a good many more pitched in the wood which were not visible. It was scarcely possible to believe that Redoute Kaleh was once a flourishing place, owing its importance to the fact of its having been the port of Tiflis. A good road leads from here to that city, distant about a hundred and fifty miles. Coasting along the low shore, we could just discern the river Rhion, which empties itself into the Black Sea by two mouths, at each of which there is a bar. I was sorry that our time did not admit of our stopping, to settle definitely the question of the depth of water upon them, which has been stated differently at from four to ten feet. Taking the medium as the probable depth, there is quite enough water for steamers of light draught to navigate the river almost up to Kutais, as there is deep water to within a few miles of that city; and there can be no doubt that this would be the most convenient way of conveying an invading army into Georgia. If there is not quite enough water now upon the bar, a few weeks with a dredging-machine would be time and labour profitably bestowed. The deserted fort of Little Poti was visible from the ship; the larger fort of the same name is hidden by the trees. Passing Skefkatil, the frontier fort of Turkey, we saw lining the water's edge, clustering upon the green hill-sides, peeping from under overhanging trees, perched upon precipitous rocks, a number of white huts, denoting not a permanent garrison, but an army in the process of transport. It was a portion of those troops with which Omer Pasha is about to invade Georgia. The expediency of this proceeding seems at last to have forced itself upon the conviction of the Allied powers, though at so late a period of the year that it will be almost impossible for Omer Pasha to advance further this winter than Kutais. Had it been undertaken even two months earlier, there can be no doubt whatever that Tiflis would ere now (supposing the expedition to have been accompanied by a few English troops) have been in our

hands.\* We landed under the ivy-covered battlements of the old castle of Zikinzir, from the walls of which waved the Turkish flag. The country was everywhere clothed in the richest verdure. Here and there the hill-slopes, waving with long rich grass, terminated abruptly in precipitous walls of rock, to which the rank vegetation still clung with desperate tenacity, and from which long creepers drooped into the sea. The range behind the castle was densely wooded, and a lofty range of snowy peaks gave a sterner character to scenery which combined with the most exquisite softness features of a sublime grandeur. It was a fairy-like scene, and the delusion was scarcely dispelled when, upon landing, we found ourselves surrounded by negroes, who, peering out of their huts, looked like the slaves of some tale in the *Arabian Nights*. The officers were as black as the men; and a swarthy colonel assured us that these were Tunisian troops waiting for the arrival of Omer Pasha. As his highness had not yet arrived, we had no temptation to linger longer at Zikinzir, though I thought it scarcely justifiable to be contented with so hurried a glance at such lovely scenery. The mountains now lined the coast all the way to Batoum, displaying at every turn scenery of the same character and beauty. Indeed, its situation is the only thing about Batoum to recommend it. It is certainly celebrated for the depth of the water inshore on a coast where a safe anchorage is somewhat uncommon; but the harbour is by no means so superb as its reputation led me to expect. Here, too, were crowds of soldiers of all kinds, rejoicing in the greatest possible variety of uniform—Gowriel militia and Laristan regulars, the men of Anatolia and Tunisian cohorts, Turks European and Turks Asiatic, Christians, infidels, and heretics. It would have been well, however, if the Christians had been recognisable as such, and somewhat more abundant. Had a few thousand English or French soldiers been sent into these provinces

\* A campaign in Georgia, with the Rhion as the base of operations, was suggested in May last, in a pamphlet entitled *The Coming Campaign*, by Mr Lawrence Oliphant.



alone, or even in company with Omer Pasha's army, there can be little doubt that the population would have risen to a man. It is now no less certain that the population, so far from affording assistance to the Turks, will probably be loth to supply their commissariat, or facilitate in any way their progress through the country.

We had brought with us from Souchoum Kaleh, Bekchit Pasha, a perfect specimen of the contemptible class to which he belongs. He was on his way to pay a visit to his superior, Mustapha Pasha, who has been exercising, until Omer Pasha's arrival, the supreme control in these parts. The usual costume of a Turkish pasha is a lavender-coloured pair of trousers—patent leather boots—a frogged sur-tout, trimmed with fur—a gorgeous sword, with a scabbard mounted with gold, and belt and hilt to match—an infinity of rings upon fingers, which are ever blazing with the *tespè*—and a Fez cap. We were ushered into a room “with a fire-place at one end, and Mustapha Pasha at the other,” as says *Eothen*; and after the two great men had sufficiently kissed the hems of each other's garments, we talked in a mincing way of sublunary affairs, and were, as usual, unbounded in the expression of our mutual affection. Mustapha Pasha informed us that Omer Pasha was at Trebizond, to which place we accordingly repaired without delay. The sun was shining brightly upon its red roofs, rising one above another at the steep hill-side—upon its minarets and mosques, half hidden among waving cypresses—upon the turreted walls of its picturesque old castle, as we dropped anchor in the harbour.

I had scarcely been three days in Trebizond before the intelligence arrived of the fall of Sebastopol. Since the days of the Byzantine Empire this usually quiet town had never been in such a state of commotion. Sedate Turks panted breathless at the corners of the streets, with their hands pressed upon their hearts to stop the too tumultuous throb, and ejaculated “*Mashallah*.” Timid Greeks struck down back alleys, afraid of exciting the wrath of the conquerors; and as they passed under our windows, we

vented our feelings of triumph. The cannon of the old castle thundered forth the news to the distant villages; the ships in the harbour were dressed out in their gayest flags; and as evening closed in, lights began to twinkle in every balcony, and the hissing of the rockets and explosion of small-arms effectually banished sleep from the eyes of those who were disloyal enough to court it. Then revolvers and double-barrelled guns were in immense request, and a singular scene was presented in the courtyard of a hospitable merchant with whom I had been dining. Persians, Albanians, Turks, officers in the British navy, and civilians both English and French, in their different costumes, were collected under the glare of a thousand lamps, blazing away small-arms, and letting off rockets with a gusto which somewhat astonished the inhabitants of a neighbouring mansion, whose closed windows betokened that its owner was a Greek. And then with a mighty torch we paraded the streets, applauding the national anthems, which we lustily shouted on our march, with cheers and pistol-shots. And having testified the exuberance of our joy to our hearts' content, and sufficiently astonished the Turks and frightened the Greeks, we relaxed into a softer mood, and found, ere we finished the evening, that the fairer portion of Trebizond society was not behind-hand in their manifestations of loyalty. Like all Levantine cities, though Trebizond can scarcely be brought into that category, the society here, though small, is agreeable, and the traveller may consider himself fortunate if, in the course of his wanderings, he often stumbles upon a place in which he may amuse himself so well. Its scenic attractions are, moreover, very great. The city itself is always beautiful, whether we look up at it from the sea, or down upon it from the brow of the lofty hill which overhangs the town; or, riding along its narrow streets, where overhanging eaves shut out the sunlight, we suddenly emerge upon one of the romantic bridges which span the deep ravines leading to the sea, where the tiny rivulet at the bottom is hidden by the dense foliage, and vines and ivy cling to lofty trees, or clamber up the precipitous sides of

the ravine and overrun the walls of the castle, perched upon its dizzy brink; and then following the sea-shore we reach the commanding promontory upon which stands the old Byzantine Church of St Sophia, with its half-effaced frescoes and tessellated pavement, now a Mahomedan mosque; and from here the view extends along the broken line of coast, from whence rise lofty mountains piled one upon the other till they reach the snow. There is no direction in which we can go, where there is not scenery to charm

TREBIZOND, *September 15, 1855.*

and an object to interest. And now, as sitting upon the verandah of our hospitable Consul, I watch the ships and steamers in the harbour, lying motionless upon its unruffled surface, my impatience to enter upon a more exciting life is not unmingled with regret, as I observe that from one of them issues a thin wreath of white smoke, which warns me that it is time to lay my pen aside, and, bidding adieu to the attractions of Trebizond, to steer once more for the white mountains of Circassia.

ZAIDEE: A ROMANCE.

PART XII.—BOOK III.

CHAPTER XXIV.—ANOTHER EFFORT.

WHEN Mary came in rather late that morning to seek Zaidee—for Mary was very listless and a little exacting to-day, not feeling that she had any great object in getting up from her sweet sleep and dreams, and rather disposed to think that she ought to be amused and sympathised with—she found Zaidee writing. This was rather a singular occurrence, for Zaidee had no correspondents, and not many literary attainments; and Mary, who was inclined to be curious about anything by way of diverting her languor, was still more attracted by perceiving that her friend gathered up her materials hastily, and put them away. "What are you writing?" asked Mary, and Zaidee said, "Nothing."

"Nothing! I will tell Aunt Burtonshaw it was a letter to Sylvio," said Mary. Zaidee only laughed at this; she had no idea of the close chain of circumstantial evidence by which she was convicted of being "in love" with this redoubtable squire; nor did she suspect either how this writing of hers found a place in Mary's memory, and was laid aside among the sundry other things which were mysteries to be inquired into some day. Mary made a great many claims upon her this morning; she wanted to talk to her of a hundred things, which neither Aunt Burtonshaw nor Mrs Cumberland would care

for hearing, but which Zaidee at another time would have entered into with all the generous sympathy of youthful friendship. Mary had not the faintest idea of Zaidee's full heart and preoccupied attention; she poured her own happy schemes and projects into her companion's ears, all unaware that her companion was absorbed heart and soul in attempting once more to carry out the one sole project of her life. When Mary went out for a solitary morning walk, carrying Mr Vivian's poems secretly in her hand, to be read in some nook of the hill which Percy's presence had made pleasant to his betrothed, Zaidee returned hastily to her own apartment. This time she fastened her door with a precaution strangely new to her; and taking out her papers, and that book of Grandfather Vivian's which still bore the tarnished livery of the library at the Grange, sat down again to her writing. She wrote slowly, for she was not much used to the exercise of composition; but Zaidee had no occasion to labour after a feigned handwriting; she had attained the lady's hand, which is the most undistinguishable of all styles of caligraphy. Mary wrote exactly the same, and so did the young-ladies'-maid, and Mrs Cumberland's accomplished waiting-woman. Zaidee had long ago given up her characteristic

childish pot-hooks ; this letter of hers had not a trace of individuality in its penmanship—and Zaidee perceived this, and wrote without fear. The matter was somewhat different from the manner, however ; this was how the epistle ran. She began boldly, by making herself known.

“Aunt Vivian, I am Zaidee whom you have lost ; but I do not write to tell you where to find me, for my mind has never changed, though I am a woman grown. If I could be a child again, and Grandfather Vivian had made no will to defraud Philip, and take my natural life from me, I would give all the world to be at home ; but I fear I must never be at home now. For all these years I have hoped that my coming away had removed all the difficulty ; that you no longer thought of Zaidee, who did you an unwilling injury, but that Philip was the master of his own lands, as nature and justice made him. Dear Aunt Vivian, I have almost broken my heart to hear that it is not so. Philip, in his pride and his honour, has been cruel to poor Zaidee ; he has not given me the satisfaction of doing him justice. What can I do now ? I will never come back to take the Grange from Philip. I will be an exile and a stranger all my life while Philip refuses to return to his own land. Will you tell him that he takes her only comfort from poor Zaidee, and that I can never know rest nor pleasure till I hear he has taken all that is his into his own possession, and no longer compels me, or even the name of me, to be the instrument of wrong ?

“And he is not carrying out Grandfather Vivian’s will—and neither are you, dear Aunt Vivian. I send you a book, which I found many years ago. I found it very strangely among strangers ; and then I thought it was Grandfather Vivian himself whom God had permitted to guide me to this, his last will of all. See what he says. I think it must have been when death was on him, and when no one but God could see his repentance. Let Philip know of it, Aunt Vivian. Ask him if he will still make Zaidee’s name a dishonour to her father’s memory. My father would have done justice had he lived—and this was

all the inheritance he left to me.—Will not Philip have pity upon me ? Will he not take back his own ?

“And Percy wants these useless riches that you are hoarding for Zaidee. Will you give them to Percy, Aunt Vivian ? If nothing else can be done for me—if Philip will not hear the prayer I make, though I pray God every day to soften his heart—will you do this one thing for me ? I will never see you again—I do not think I will ever see you again—but I love you all as dearly as the day I left the Grange. I think of you constantly in my secret heart. Pray Philip that he will have pity upon me, Aunt Vivian—that he will come back to claim his own.”

And then Zaidee paused, and, with a swelling heart and tears in her eyes, wrote her own name—her own name—the name of her father, her kindred, her home. A long time had passed since she wrote “Zaidee Vivian” before ; and strangely dear was this forbidden and discarded signature, so different from the “Elizabeth Cumberland,” her disguise and the token of her banishment. Then she read her letter once more, and then put it up carefully in a parcel with that precious book. With infinite precaution, and with trembling hands, she fastened it, as much afraid of the safety of this packet as if these worm-eaten leaves had been priceless jewels, and deposited the whole carefully at last in the heart of her own particular possessions, safe from all scrutiny. Her plan was to send it to the Grange from some town adjacent to Malvern—some unknown place from which she could not be traced ; for she did not doubt Aunt Vivian’s instant endeavour to search for her once more. When this duty was done—and it had occupied a long space of Zaidee’s day—she had nothing more refreshing before *her* than to go over it all again, questioning and wondering if this appeal would be effectual—if they would accept Grandfather Vivian’s latest wish as annulling that miserable will which had wrought so much evil—if Philip would come at her entreaty, and take back his natural inheritance. Bitter as Zaidee’s disappointment was to find her own self-sacrifices useless, her heart swell-

ed with generous pride for this very cause. She felt in her heart that Philip was right, in his youthful honour making his own independence bravely and painfully. She acknowledged that the head of the house would have preserved his dignity less pure had he remained in the quiet opulence of the Grange; and yet, strangely inconsistent, she prayed again, with tears in her eyes, that Philip might come home. She could not cease thinking of this—it filled her mind and heart to overflowing, and engrossed her still the more in her solitude, because it was a pent-up stream, and must never have issue. Zaidee, in her painful loneliness, thought of a traveller upon the highway, which Mary had pointed out to her from Malvern Hill, and of some one on the hidden footpath below, under the hedgerow keeping step for step with him, with steps which were only an echo of the bolder wayfarer's, always present but never seen. It was thus with herself in her secret post of observation, and she anticipated, with a strange tremor, hearing of this communication of hers, and of the wonder and excitement of the family. Her cheek was flushing once more with a dangerous hectic; her secret life began once more to devour her obvious one; and Zaidee sat alone, with her busy imagination consuming her heart.

And then there returned Mary, with the fresh air fragrant round her, her lassitude worn off, and her volume of poems in her hand. Mary was ready to plunge with renewed spirit into all their former occupations. She had rested and refreshed herself, and her natural mood returned upon Mary. She laughed a little at her new-born sentimentalism—put away carefully the book of poems, which was precious because it was Percy's

—coloured a little with proud pleasure at the remembrance that Percy's affection and their betrothal were things not to be laughed away—and then returned to her old use and wont with returning animation. It was very well for Zaidee, though Zaidee scarcely thought so as her light-hearted companion led her hither and thither, and made claims upon her opinions, her thoughts, and her experience, in her old girlish way. It was often a sick heart which went with Mary over the slopes of Malvern, and eyes that pierced beyond the low line of yonder horizon which looked forth by Mary's side upon this sunny plain; and Mary, who could not comprehend "what *you* can have to think of, Elizabeth!" roused her with the gay sallies of her own happy spirit, and kept Zaidee perpetually in the centre of her own absorbing projects. Meanwhile Aunt Burtonshaw mourned more and more for that fresh air of Sylvo's place, which would "set up" her dear child again; and Mrs Cumberland became tired of looking constantly upon the vale of Severn and the slopes of this spectator hill.

One day when, by a rare chance, they left Zaidee at home while they went to pay a visit to some ancient acquaintance established in the neighbourhood, Zaidee set out with her precious packet. Quite a long journey, back and forward, she achieved in secret that day. The servants only thought that Miss Elizabeth was reading on the hill, as Miss Cumberland was in the habit of doing; and with a flutter of guilt and a flush on her cheek, Zaidee awaited the home-coming of the little party. She had done her errand boldly and speedily, though with many a pang of terror; and those silent hours of night, through which she lay awake thinking of it, were carrying her first letter home to the Grange.

CHAPTER XXV.—RETURN.

"We cannot stay always at Malvern," said Mrs Cumberland. "Since we have lost the charm of Mr Vivian's society, I confess this place has less attraction for me. I should prefer being at home."

"You had a great deal better come

to Essex, Maria Anna," said Mrs Burtonshaw. "The children, I am sure, would like a few weeks at Sylvo's place. My dear Mary, you must not be selfish. Think of Elizabeth, poor darling! We ought to consult her wishes now."

“Indeed I should be very glad to be at home, Aunt Burtonshaw—and I like Sylvo’s place very well. I have no wish on the subject,” said the unsuspecting Zaidee.

Mrs Burtonshaw only said, “Poor dear!”

It was the day following Zaidee’s secret expedition; and with great satisfaction Zaidee noted Mrs Cumberland’s frequent pilgrimages from the sofa to the window, and the restlessness which disturbed her “languor.” These were all intimations that this fanciful lady was already fluttering her wings for a rapid flight in one direction or another. Zaidee was very indifferent as to the place they went to,—whether to Twickenham or to Essex she did not greatly care; but she was very glad to be suddenly removed from this quarter, from whence she had sent her first missive to the Grange.

Mary, equally anxious, was more precise in her choice to go home. Mr Cumberland was too busy for correspondence. They did not know very well how his work prospered. They were not, indeed, much of a letter-writing family, though Mrs Cumberland was rather thought to excel in the composition of beautiful letters; but it did not surprise any one when she proposed that evening to set off next day for town.

“If Mr Cumberland is not ready for us, we can go back to Mrs Harley’s, where we were before,” said Mrs Cumberland; “but the work must be so far advanced at home that our presence and suggestions might be useful. My dear Elizabeth, Sylvo must come to us at Twickenham. I have always begged him to consider our house his home—but I think you must not ask us to go back to Essex this year.”

Mrs Burtonshaw’s remonstrances being ineffectual, Mrs Burtonshaw, as usual, yielded. She was not without curiosity to see what had happened to the unfortunate square box which Mr Cumberland was ornamenting, and to ascertain if any new object had taken the place of the benevolent and moral science of architecture. Mary did not conceal her satisfaction, and Zaidee was not less pleased; so they set out in very good spirits

next morning for London and for home.

A day’s rest in town, where Percy met and greeted them, brought a permission from Mr Cumberland to come “if they liked.” They did like, and set out accordingly. When their carriage drew up before the well-known gate, Mrs Burtonshaw looked out with horror, and Mrs Cumberland with admiration. The square gable had become a pointed one, and glittered with little pinnacles surmounted by gilded balls, which shone in the sun. The famous porch stretched along the side of the building, with a similar little point of glittering light above its central door. Over this, again, was thrown out an oriel window, and on a shield above the door a gorgeous monogram was just now attracting the wonder and admiration of half-a-dozen little beggar-boys, whose respectable mammas reclined on the benches under shelter. A great “I,” in purple, and blue, and scarlet, “picked out” with gilding, which rose into a cross above, and ran out below into the gay extravagance of a dragon’s tail, closely embraced by a “C,” a less demonstrative letter, which contented itself with innocent bits of floriation in the curves of its half moon, attracted Mrs Burtonshaw no less than it did the juvenile vagabonds who clapped their hands at it below. “What does it mean?” asked Mrs Burtonshaw with horror, while her uninstructed eyes followed the curves of the dragon’s tail, and opened wide at the papistical cross; but it did not mean anything very mysterious—it only meant John Cumberland, his mark, shining above the lintel of his hospitable door.

A hospitable door it was in literal truth. The porch ran along the gable, a sort of arcade, elevated three or four steps from the ground, and lined with benches. Stone benches might have given the poor creatures cold, Mr Cumberland thought, and his benevolent forethought made them oak. Ornamented hooks attached to the pillars of this porch of charity, and low stands, not unlike reading-desks, supported on grotesque corbels, attached to the wall of the house, just over the benches—for Mr Cumberland was not above amusing his chance visitors—were exhibited in their pro-

per use at this moment, supporting one the basket of a feminine pedlar, full of pins and stay-laces, and such small merchandise; and another, a beggar's wallet full of pickings. But the novelties were not exhausted when the wondering ladies had glanced at these, and at the proprietors of the same. One end of the porch was closed by an ornamental window, that there might be no draught through it, and the other led down by a flight of steps to the garden. At the upper end was a fountain where a little stream of water popped pleasantly from the mouth of a benevolent dolphin, who did double service by holding in his claw a handsome goblet. Mr Cumberland, unwillingly yielding to the vulgar prejudice that silver was not a safe commodity to trust to the natural honesty of his wayfaring guests, had compromised the matter by lining with delicate white enamel the iron cup which his charitable dolphin extended to all the world. And close by this provision of water was a hatch, communicating with a well-stocked pantry inside—an orthodox buttery-hatch, after the fashion of a very creditable old "example," by which the staff of life might be dispensed to add its substantial refreshment to the other necessity. While the new arrivals were examining, with speechless curiosity, these extraordinary improvements, and when the basket-woman had risen to follow Mrs Burtonshaw up and down in her investigations, recommending in the richest of Irish brogues the merchandise she carried, Mr Cumberland made his appearance upon the flight of steps which led to the garden. "You find us in very good trim," said Mr Cumberland, rubbing his hands with satisfaction. "Come here; never mind the porch: here is something better worth looking at. What do you think of my monogram, sister Burtonshaw? There is what I call a true feeling for art! Look at the curves of that first letter, what a graceful sweep they have! and the leafage of the C, how full of nature! Not one scrap of foliage repeated, sister Elizabeth. A true artist scorns to repeat himself. It is only your mechanical slave who wears his life out making both sides alike! And the colour—look at that conjunction; pur-

ple and blue and scarlet—colour is the sign of life and sanctity, sister Burtonshaw. Your dead whites and greys and dull monotonous are all marks of degraded souls and a degenerate time. We must throw colour boldly on our lifeless fronts, sister Burtonshaw. We must make a revolution in all that; wait but a year, and you shall see."

"I only see this woman following me with her pins and her laces—am I like a person to buy stay-laces from a vagrant?" cried Mrs Burtonshaw resentfully; "and as for your letters, I see only these little ragged vagabonds looking at them, and dancing the poor innocent turf away. I see nothing to admire, I assure you, Mr Cumberland, when that is all I see!"

"Yes, these urchins have an advantage which neither your child nor mine had, sister Burtonshaw," said Mr Cumberland; "we had miserable primers in our nurseries, with black and white lies about A being an archer, and so on. How could A be an archer, I should like to know? But when the general public in England follows my example, sister Burtonshaw, as I have sanguine expectations they will, these little rascals will learn their letters from the very hand of art. What is an archer to a child now?—only a hieroglyphic a little more intelligible than an A. But suppose you illuminate your letter, sister Burtonshaw, and show us the archer shooting his arrow out of the very heart of his initial—that is the style of teaching! Talk of your popular schools—your courses of education. Give me the education which shall make every street a grand primer. Yes, sister Elizabeth, my solemn conviction is, that *this* is the true education of the poor!"

Mrs Burtonshaw opened her eyes and lips in mute astonishment, and immediately broke forth upon the poor Irish basket-woman, expending her indignation, "Woman, am I like a person to want your stay-laces?"—while Mrs Cumberland looked up at these famous letters critically, with her head held a little to one side, and with a gentle sigh of approval said, "A beautiful idea—sermons in stones—a sweet thought! I am delighted to think that *we* are first in such a delicate effort of benevolence."

"He that runs may read!" cried Mr

Cumberland triumphantly. "Very different from a dog's-eared spelling-book, sister Burtonshaw. The letters, the great fundamental principles of all literature, I hope to live long enough to see them emblazoned over every threshold. We acknowledge their importance unconsciously; we call a famous author a man of letters; we have professors of *belles lettres*. These are the true *belles lettres*, sister Elizabeth! You see the beginning here to-day; who can tell what influence upon the future life of these urchins the sight of this monogram may have? They are happier for it at this moment, and it is impossible to predict what an amount of good may follow. Let us throw the primers into the sea, and emblazon all our houses, sister Burtonshaw, and I undertake for it we shall have a better educated population than we have now."

Mrs Burtonshaw, struck dumb by

extreme amazement and wrath, swept past the pertinacious basket-woman, and went into the house without a word. "They're illigant laces, sure, my lady," said this indefatigable trader, dropping her curtsey to Mrs Cumberland. Mrs Cumberland thought it would be cruel not to encourage this honourable industry. Alms were not always good, but to patronise a lawful traffic was quite a different matter; and while the sons of this successful merchant learned the I and C of Mr Cumberland's monogram with devotion, their worthy mother adroitly flattered "my lady" into buying half the contents of her basket. "They are useless to me, of course, Mary, my love, but a great encouragement to this poor honest woman," said Mrs Cumberland, as she passed through the benevolent porch. More and more visitors were arriving; it promised to be a most well-frequented sheltering-place.

CHAPTER XXVI.—IN PERIL.

The unfortunate mansion of Mr Cumberland had not suffered so much within as without, since it was scarcely possible, with any amount of ingenuity, to make the modern English drawing-room into a Gothic hall. The bow-window alone, the broad sunshine of which was now broken by mullions and tracery, to the sad diminution of its brightness, had been put into masquerade. Zaidee could not but remember, as she sat down by it once more, that great window at the Grange, with its old real mullions, and its breadth of cloud and atmosphere. Something like an attempt to imitate it was in this window of Mr Cumberland's, which, Aunt Burtonshaw was horror-stricken to find, Mr Cumberland intended filling with painted glass one day. "And shut out the river!" cried Mrs Burtonshaw. Mr Cumberland, worsted for the moment, confessed that he had not thought of that, and graciously gave it up to the dissentient ladies; it would be quite easy to break out another window for this special purpose at the other side. "One would think the house was having the measles," said Mrs Burtonshaw ungratefully; "it is breaking out into windows everywhere, Mr

Cumberland—there are not two alike, I declare; and now we shall have the workmen back for this!"

"You make a slave of your workman, when you compel him to form two things alike," said Mr Cumberland. "When you have your gowns made exact to a pattern, you are no better than a slave-driver, sister Burtonshaw." Mrs Burtonshaw withdrew in silent indignation, too much affronted to answer, and Mr Cumberland set about designing his window. The lady of the house had resumed her sofa, and Zaidee and Mary their former places, and the day went on until the evening very much as of old.

In the evening, just before sunset, Percy Vivian made his appearance very hurriedly. Percy had discarded his high-stepping horse by this time, and came on foot to Mr Cumberland's gate. He said he had only half an hour to stay—that this was merely a flying visit—that his mother had come to town quite unexpectedly, and he must hurry back to spend the night with her.

"Your mother? Mrs Vivian will surely do us the great pleasure of coming to Twickenham, or at least

we must call upon her, my dear Mr Vivian," said Mrs Cumberland; "you cannot suppose we would let your mother be in town, and not go to see her—she we all owe so much admiration to—the mother of such a son!"

"My mother must leave London to-morrow," said Percy, with the slight quiver of laughter in his voice which always hailed Mrs Cumberland's compliments. "She has only come up for a few hours, very unexpectedly, on family business. No one could be more astonished than I was when I saw her. I had heard from her only the day before without the slightest intimation of her coming here, and now she must go as suddenly as she has come."

Scarcely hearing Mrs Cumberland's polite hopes that Mrs Vivian might not suffer from the fatigue of the journey, Percy turned to Mary. At the first mention of Aunt Vivian, Zaidee had taken a book from the table, and held it before her face; it was not very easy to hold it steadily, but she put force upon herself, and listened with attention so strained that the slightest whisper must have caught her eager ear.

"Did you ever go to Worcester while you were at Malvern?" asked Percy in an undertone of his betrothed.

"No; never except yesterday on our way here," said Mary, looking at him in surprise.

"Nor knew any one there—*any* one, Mary?" Percy was very earnest.

"No indeed; not any one," answered Mary Cumberland. "Why do you ask me? what has happened? You look very serious. Do *you* know any one there?"

"My mother has just received a most singular communication," said Percy, tossing the damp hair from his forehead—"a very strange communication from Zaidee, whom I told you of so lately—Zaidee, who, I had made up my mind, was lost for ever. A letter from her own hand, and a book of Grandfather Vivian's, which she says she found; and this extraordinary packet came from Worcester. My mother left home at once, and travelled at express speed to me. I must go down with her there to-morrow to make inquiries. It is most extraordinary. Zaidee, whom we

have not heard of for seven years—and she mentions me. She mentions those very difficulties of mine, Mary! I am quite at a loss to understand it—it looks like witchcraft. What do you think? Can you tell me any one to inquire of? Give me your counsel, Mary."

But Mary could not give him her counsel. She was watching silently, and with the breathless scrutiny of suspicion, the book in Zaidee's hand. The book was not held lightly, carelessly, as one would hold it who was reading it; it was held with fingers which grasped at it desperately, and were white to the very points with the strain. From Worcester! and Percy and Percy's difficulties mentioned in the letter. Flashing into life, as by an electric spark, Mary's suspicion came to sudden form. Elizabeth Cumberland, who was like Elizabeth Vivian—seven years—that Grange which was so strangely like her beautiful sister's first home. Mary started and was troubled; she could scarcely answer Percy for the sudden necessity she felt to follow out this clue.

"And what was the letter?" she asked at last eagerly.

"Poor Zaidee, poor child! her whole heart," said Percy, with tears in his eyes. "A passionate appeal to my mother and Philip to take back the land—to make her name no longer an instrument of wrong. A reference to the book, which is of itself a strange and affecting revelation to us. Where Zaidee can have found it I cannot tell, but it contains a sort of prayer in that handwriting of Grandfather Vivian's which we all know so well, entreating Frank Vivian, her father, to do justice to Percy. She says this is her inheritance, and pleads that Philip will not be so cruel as to compel her to defraud him. It is a very moving letter, Mary, to us who remember Zaidee so well. Poor little innocent heart! and she seems quite unchanged."

"Will your mother and your brother hear her prayer?" said Mary; and Mary saw that the book swayed aside for a moment in the hands that held it. "If they did, she might still come home."

"But they will not do it," said



Percy; "Philip is the head of the house; he cannot accept this gift of Zaidee's—it is quite impossible. My mother might perhaps be induced to it by Zaidee's importunity; but even she would not, could not—no, it is impossible. If we could but find her! And I must set out with my mother for this search to-night."

Mary made no answer, but she saw a flutter in the folds of Zaidee's dress—a faint, slight motion which Percy never perceived at all, so momentary it was. Mary marked it instantly with her quickened and suspicious eye.

"I sometimes think it would be kindness to assume at last that we had accepted her often-repeated relinquishment—to *pretend* it, if pretending were ever a worthy thing," said Percy, "that we might have some hope of discovering her retreat. But Zaidee lives, and is in England. When I remember that, my first impulse is to rush away somewhere to find her. Another thing, too, has happened strangely. Philip writes to us news of good fortune, and he is coming home. But my time is gone, and you have hardly spoken a word to me, Mary. Come to the door with me, and let me see this wonderful porch; for I must go away."

He did go away, and he had no eyes for the blanched face of Zaidee nor her trembling hand. Mary noted every particular with one distinct and hasty glance. But Mary did not utter a word of her suspicion—did not say anything to deter her betrothed from this bootless quest. It was still only suspicion; she did not venture to think that her beautiful sister was really the Zaidee lost seven years ago; but she had a great many things to contrast and put together when she should be alone once more. To Mary's mind there was a peculiar pleasure in thus "putting things together;" her understanding was of a logical and circumstantial kind; she enjoyed those exercises of ingenious reasoning, though, to do her justice, her mind was so much excited with the possibilities of her suddenly aroused suspicion that everything else sank into the shade. With characteristic reserve, she gave no hint to Percy of these thoughts of

hers; she had never told him that her beautiful sister was an adopted child. She must conquer the mystery herself before she confided it to another.

And Zaidee remained with her book before her, and the blood tingling and flowing back from its full ebb upon her heart. Already she was less pale, already steadier and more composed. By some intuitive perception Zaidee knew that there was suspicion in Mary's gaze, that Mary very likely would endeavour to startle her, and throw her off her guard to elicit a confession, and with her whole force she concentrated about herself all the safeguards she could reach. She put down her book, and went to sit by Aunt Burtonshaw. She compelled herself to listen to this troubled critic's running comments on Mr Cumberland's last fancy, and to join in them; she turned her face away from that window with its new decorations, that nothing might remind her of home; and when Mary came back, to find her beautiful sister engaged in the natural conversation of the household, with her brow as calm, and her smile as unconstrained as even Aunt Burtonshaw's, Mary, judicious observer as she was, was staggered in her suspicion. "Who could write from Worcester to Mrs Vivian—who do you think it could be?" she whispered, by way of experiment. "We knew no one at Worcester, Mary," said Zaidee; and Zaidee was busy with Aunt Burtonshaw's embroidery, and did not look up to meet the scrutiny of her companion's eyes. Mary was not nearly so confident as she had been, when the evening ended; but she found no encouragement in Zaidee's decisive good-night for their usual conference. These two friends separated to go to their different rooms, and think over this one subject—Zaidee sinking down in utter exhaustion when she closed her door, and Mary with her eager logic tracing her chain of evidence whenever she was sheltered within her own. She sat bending her pretty brow over it, her blue eyes shining in the light over which they bent, as if to seek guidance there, for a full hour after the feverish sleep of exhaustion had fallen on Zaidee. Mary gathered the

facts together with anxious industry, and recalled one after another the circumstances of confirmation which of late she had noted one by one. Bringing them together, they formed a strange body of presumptive evidence, but not so complete a chain as to justify her in the conclusion that her mother's adopted child was in reality the lost heiress of the Grange. She was not satisfied; her mind scanned *Zaidee's* sentiments and modes of acting with the keenest investi-

gation, and drew confirming evidence from every point of character which her girlish friend had betrayed to her; but all this was not enough. *Mary*, who was waging no mental conflict, who was only curious and interested, but had no stake in the matter, found it rather a pleasant excitation to her intelligence. Poor *Zaidee* was now beset on all sides; for it was not in *Mary's* nature to give up this question till she had come to the very truth.

CHAPTER XXVII.—ANOTHER HOPE.

When the light of another morning awoke *Zaidee* out of the deep sleep of her weariness to this mortal coil and strife once more, the poor girl would fain have shut her eyes, and turned away for ever from that cheerful light. In the first pause of her waking, the new aggravation of her distress returned upon her with a pang of pain and terror. *Mary's* eyes were turned on her with suspicion. *Mary*, her own especial friend, was groping darkly after her secret; had already a perception of it—and from henceforward was to be leaned upon no more. *Zaidee* thought this was the last drop in her cup. "Oh, if I had never waked again!" said this forlorn heart, with a burst of passionate tears; but when she had said it, her words returned upon her with sudden self-reproach, and *Zaidee* went away to the corner of her chamber to carry all her troubles, where she had always carried them, to the one sole compassionate Friend who never failed the motherless child in her necessity. If she was simple still in her intercourse with the world, *Zaidee* here, upon her knees, was a child indeed, full of the sincerest humility and most implicit trustfulness; and when she had put herself and all her affairs once again into the heavenly Father's hand, she rose to go about her morning toilette with a face from which all the bitterness of her distress and conflict was gone. There was still a little time to spare, and *Zaidee* opened her window to let in the sweet morning air, and looked out upon the river and the drooping acacia, which now had only here and

there a blade of autumn foliage hanging yellow upon the end of a bough. She had a great longing in her heart to do something more—a great yearning of anxiety to know if anything more was practicable; but there was no one to guide her, no one to instruct her, how authoritative law could come to the assistance of natural justice. When she had spent a little time in unprofitable thinking, of which no result came, she went down stairs to the breakfast-table, where *Mr Cumberland* was the only person before her. *Mr Cumberland* had some papers upon a little table before him, and was reading them over half aloud. After a while *Zaidee's* ear was caught by a title "deed of gift." It caught her attention strangely; and as it came more than once in the course of *Mr Cumberland's* mumbling, she was induced to draw near. He was always very kind to her, this whimsical philosopher, and at all times was extremely ready to answer questions. "What is a 'deed of gift?'" said *Zaidee*. She asked it very simply, and this good man would have believed any impossibility in the world sooner than that his beautiful adopted daughter had an estate to dispose of.

"A deed of gift is a legal instrument, by which I give something which belongs to me into another person's possession," said *Mr Cumberland*; "a sort of will, which does not necessitate the death of the testator, *Elizabeth*; but which can come into effect immediately, though you should live a hundred years;" and *Mr Cumberland* returned to his mumbling. He had not the most distant idea that

he had said anything of the slightest importance to his hearer, and he went on with his necessary business without so much as observing that she was there.

And she went forward to the window, and leaned her head upon those new mullions with a sudden flush of pride and delight. When Mrs Cumberland and Mrs Burtonshaw entered the room Zaidee did not know; they never attracted her observation; but she knew in an instant when Mary came, and recalled her wandering thoughts, and recovered her self-possession. Mr Cumberland was resolute to have his new window "broken out" without delay. He thought they had better return once more for a few days to Mrs Harley's. The season was advancing; it might not be so practicable at another time, and Mr Cumberland was himself going to town to deliver a lecture on monograms and decorated letters in general, and their effect upon the education of the poor. Mrs Cumberland, who thought it "a sweet idea," and who was very well disposed to have a window of painted glass, was quite inclined to return for a week to London; and even Mrs Burtonshaw, whose life was made miserable by a report that certain occupants of the porch of charity had harboured there all night, and made a saturnalia, strewing the tiled and particoloured floor with bones and crumbs, and unsightly memorials of their feast, had no objections. They set off accordingly, this unsettled and wandering party, and again took possession of the faded London drawing-room. Next evening was the time of Mr Cumberland's lecture, and he was to be in town with them all day.

The next morning Zaidee set out by herself to make some purchases for Mrs Cumberland. She was very ignorant of everything practical out of her own limited womanly sphere. She could not tell where to go to seek for some lawyer, as she wished to do. She knew the names of the Inns of Court well enough, and of the Temple, and had a vague idea that lawyers were plentiful in these quarters, but that was the sum of Zaidee's knowledge. As she walked along very uncertainly, at a rapid pace, but doubt-

ful of where to go, somebody who was shooting past her, turned round with a quick and smiling greeting. His friendly face gave her comfort in an instant—it was the artist Steele.

"Does your father know Creswick—have you seen his picture?" said Mr Steele, not recollecting at the instant that pictures were not the great events of life in the house of Mr Cumberland—"famous isn't it? I wish I could paint like that fellow; I'd make my fortune."

"Does he paint better than you?" said Zaidee, smiling.

"Better! of course he does; why, everybody paints better than me. I'm not in the Academy," said Mr Steele. "When the Duke of Scattergood writes to me, he calls me Steele, R.A., and won't be persuaded I've no right to it. Have I seen you since I sent him home his picture? Well, he likes it—yes—he says it's the best of mine he's ever seen, and wants me to take another commission. And there's Furlong at me for *his* picture for the Academy next year. I'll tell you a thing I said the other day. I was going somewhere with some gentlemen from the country—connoisseurs you know—people one must keep in with; it was my night at the Graphic, and I took them to see some sketches. Big Fillmore, that big fat fellow, was standing in the doorway. 'Here's Steele, with his sparks,' says Fillmore. 'What has that scarecrow to do with it?' said I; 'all the sparks he can find he has to steal!'"

Zaidee did not pause to think that she had heard a great deal better jokes than this from her witty companion. She almost interrupted him with the eager question which hung on her lips. "Could you tell me where to find a lawyer? Do you know a gentleman I could ask about something? It is a secret. I would rather they did not know at home," said Zaidee anxiously.

The artist's face grew serious. "You are very young to have anything to do with lawyers—a great deal too young. Now, I know you're a good girl. You need not say anything. I don't mean it for a compliment. It's no credit to you. Of course, you'd have been as bad as another, but for grace and mercy. If you tell me on your word it's nothing that

they *ought* to know at home—nothing that will lie on your conscience—I'll take you to a lawyer. I won't trust you, because you're a nice girl, and I like you; but if you'll give me your word as a Christian"—

"Indeed, I will," said Zaidee, her cheek reddening with a sweet colour. "It is no harm, indeed; it is to save harm. I can ask God to bless my errand; I give you my word."

Mr Steele looked in her face earnestly, and she returned his look with those open candid eyes of hers, as free of evil intent as the clear sky above. "Come on, then," said her new companion, drawing her hand through his arm with a fatherly kindness. "You're too young and too pretty to go to a lawyer's office; I'll take you in, and wait for you. Don't thank me, now—we've all one Father—it would be hard if we could not help each other without looking for thanks,—come along."

As they went along, her guide went on talking with the kindest attempt to divert her thoughts, but Zaidee could make very little of it in her great anxiety and eagerness. Her heart beat very high when they stopped at last, and entered a great grim house, and were shown in with solemnity to the lawyer's private sanctuary. Mr Furnival was at home; and Mr Steele, after introducing her simply as "a young lady," withdrew to wait for Zaidee outside. Mr Furnival was not an old man, as Zaidee hoped, but quite sufficiently youthful to be dazzled by the unusual beauty of his visitor. He placed a chair for her with the most deferential bow. She was very plainly dressed, and had nothing about her to indicate rank, or call for this respect. She was a little disconcerted by it, having in her own simple mind the greatest awe for this legal authority, and seated herself with trepidation, looking up wistfully at the man who might do so much for her. For his part, this astonished representative of law looked round upon his dusty office with a momentary shame, and looked at the small hand which rustled his papers, as Zaidee leaned forward slightly towards his table, with a secret idea of some fairy gift of wealth and happiness being found on the magical spot when it was gone.

"I came to ask about a deed of gift. Can I give something that I have, absolutely away from me, and never have any power to reclaim it again?"—asked Zaidee anxiously. "I have something which has been left to me away from the natural heir, and he will not take it back, though I plead with him constantly. Can I make a deed giving it back to him whether he will or no?—can I put it away from myself absolutely and for ever?"

"You can execute a deed of gift," said the lawyer, "certainly, if you have attained the legal age; but, perhaps, if you empowered me to treat with the other party—if you would kindly enter a little more into detail."

Zaidee was becoming very much agitated—it seemed like a voluntary self-betrayal for a very questionable good.

"But I cannot enter into detail, and no one can treat with him," she said with simple earnestness, her voice trembling, and her eyes filling with tears. "Pray, if you will be so very good as to draw this out for me—say that I give everything that was left to me by my grandfather's will, absolutely, to my cousin Philip—that I know my grandfather intended to destroy that will. No, stay, that will not do. It must not be a gift to Philip, who is the head of the house. I give it all to my aunt—will you please to say, sir?—everything absolutely to her, to be disposed of as she pleases. I give up all property in it, and protest that I never was entitled to have any. Pray will you be so good as to say all this for me?"

The lawyer attempted to take a note of these instructions, but shook his head. "I am afraid I must trouble you to be a little more particular," he said, "to mention the nature of the property, the names—I think that would do. I think I understand your wishes, with these details."

"It is my grandfather's estate," said Zaidee, growing more and more agitated; "and the names—could not I put in the names, if you will write all the rest?"

But Mr Furnival smiled, and, though with the most deferential politeness, demurred to the possibility of this.

His beautiful client moved the lawyer into unusual curiosity and interest—her singular errand and her visible distress.

“Are you trusted with a great many secrets?” said Zaidee, anxiously. “This is the secret of all my life; if they find me, or have any trace where to find me, they will not accept this. If I tell you my name—our name—will you keep my secret? You are a stranger; you do not know them: if I trust you, will you not betray me?”

“A lawyer is a secret-keeper by profession,” said Mr Furnival, somewhat shaken out of his composure by this appeal. “It will become my duty to keep your secret when you trust me with it. I think you need fear no betrayal from me.”

Then she told him her name, and

the name of Mrs Vivian of the Grange. Mr Furnival was very anxious to be permitted to bring the paper to Miss Vivian when he had executed it, and did not understand the hasty terror with which she volunteered to come again. In two days she was to come again, Mr Furnival pledging himself to have the momentous deed ready for her signature; and Zaidee hastened out to join Mr Steele at the door, leaving the dazzled lawyer in the private room, which had never looked so dingy, and to the labours which were perpetually interrupted by a pause of wonder and admiration. Mr Furnival would almost have sacrificed the Grange himself, if he had had it, for a better introduction and a less embarrassing acquaintance with that beautiful face.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.—ALARMS.

Mr Cumberland's lecture was a very successful lecture; it had the merit—not a particularly distinguished feature of popular platform instruction—of sticking very closely to its text, and being perfectly in earnest. Mr Cumberland did not address himself to a hypothetical body of illuminators who *might* be present; he addressed himself boldly to the wealthy class, of which he himself was a member—comfortable elderly gentlemen, whose balance at their bankers' was extremely satisfactory, and who rode violently each some particular hobby. On these respectable brethren Mr Cumberland vehemently urged the sacred duty of illuminating their houses; he exhibited to them his own I. and C., and pathetically related the interest of the urchins who clapped their hands at the emblazoned letters. “We talk of popular instruction, the education of the poor,” said Mr Cumberland; “you have my permission to make a grand bonfire of spelling-books, if you will but adopt this decoration, of itself so beautiful, for the front of your houses. What contribution do you make, my good sir, to the moral culture of that little vagabond who dances before your door? what the better is it for him that you know your letters? But let him learn to know that, in these three mystic and sacred colours

emblazoned over your door, you are communicating to him two or three of the radical characters of the alphabet, the foundation of all learning, and your relation is immediately changed. You no longer throw a penny to the breechless imp, as you throw a bone to his companion cur; you make a beautiful picture for his enjoyment, you cheer his life, you educate his taste, you improve his mind; all the national schools in the world will not work such a revolution as you have it in your power to work by this beautiful expedient—the encouragement of arts and morals—the improvement of the world!”

A burst of emphatic applause, led by Mr Steele, who clapped his hands with the glee of a schoolboy, cheered on the lecturer; the members of the association under whose auspices he delivered his address bit their lips and smiled; the elderly gentlemen, each of whom clung tightly to his own saddle, looked upon the prancing of this new steed with small admiration, and believed Cumberland was crazy at last. But, with the valour of a champion, and the ardour due to so great a principle, Mr Cumberland went on.

The next two days were once more a pause in Zaidee's troubled existence. Percy was not here to quicken Mary's

suspicions by talk of Zaidee; and though Mary watched with unwavering observation, nothing occurred to add to her chain of evidence. Mary made great demands upon Zaidee's time; when she could help it, she never left her alone, but pressed her into a continual round of engagements, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that Zaidee was able to escape from her watchful companion, to keep her engagement with the lawyer. With great exertion, however, she was able to do it, and to send off the deed in another packet—a second startling communication to Aunt Vivian. Zaidee had done her utmost when she had done this: she returned home, trembling with suppressed excitement, exhausted and pale as with great labour; nor did she return to find any comfort or relaxation in the temporary dwelling-place of her adopted father. Mary received her with minute inquiries as to where she had been, and looks of unequivocal suspicion. Poor Zaidee durst not retreat to her own room to rest, and elude this ingenious torture. She was compelled to be still, and bear the brunt of all, to compose her beating heart as well as she was able, and to fall into the everyday quietness of Mrs Burtonshaw's talk, and Mary Cumberland's occupation. She did it with the painful self-constraint which more and more felt like guilt to her. She perceived herself shrinking like a criminal from Mary's notice; and Zaidee wondered, with a great pang, if this was not dissimulation, deceit, practical falsehood, and felt all her supports and all her strength yielding under her; was she doing evil that good might come?

And she began to have hours of that indefinite illness and sadness which people compassionately call headache, and to feel, indeed, her unshed tears a burning weight over her eyebrows. When Percy returned, she saw him talking apart with Mary, and with terror perceived that Mary no longer wished to confide to her what Percy said. Zaidee asked herself, night and day, should she fly away again?—but she had no longer the strength of resolution which would fit her for this, nor had she the happy immunity from evil which belonged

to a child. She was a woman grown—a beautiful woman; her heart sickened at the prospect of the desert world which lay before her, and she clung with a strange regard to her familiar shelter: Time enough for flight when her fears were verified—when the last evil, the distinct discovery, came. She stayed with her kind friends, day by day, like one over whom the extreme punishment of the law was hanging: before to-morrow she might be flying from them a hopeless fugitive; before to-morrow she might have said farewell to these affectionate faces, and be dead for ever to her second home.

And when Percy came, Zaidee could not be still in her favourite corner, or withdraw her attention from him. With her beating heart and her strained ear, she came as close beside these betrothed companions as it was possible to come, and listened with a sickening anxiety. She knew the glance of Percy's excitement when he entered, a few days after she had sent away her deed, as well as if he had proclaimed it aloud, and in a moment the most complete self-control calmed Zaidee's mind and person, and she waited with breathless eagerness to hear what he would say.

"Let me speak to you, Mary," said Percy; "we have another event in this marvellous history. Come, let me tell you here."

But Mary, who had her own reasons for permitting Zaidee to listen, sat still, and heard his story where she was. "A deed of gift—a legal instrument—and from London this time," said Percy, with great excitement, though in an under-tone. "We cannot cope with this invisible agent; while we are searching for her in one place, she makes her appearance suddenly in another. It is like an actual dealing with some spiritual influence. My mother says, Search London. Heaven knows, I am as anxious as she is; but how to search London, Mary! I am at my wit's end; advise me what I must do."

"I will advise you by-and-by," said Mary, quietly, "but tell me now what is this new thing—another letter?—is that what you mean?"

"Not a letter—a deed executed by a lawyer, conferring the Grange upon

my mother by a formal gift. My mother, of course, can refuse to accept it; but, to tell the truth, these lands occupy a very small share of our thoughts. My mother can think of nothing but *Zaidee*. I have sent for *Sophy* to the *Grange* to keep her company: left to herself with nothing but these strange communications, the author of which it is impossible to trace, I almost fear for my mother. She is neither nervous nor fanciful, or she must have been ill before now."

"And *Sophy* is your youngest sister," said *Mary Cumberland*. *Zaidee*, driven to another expedient, was working now at her needle, and had made no sign, ever so secret, of interest. This perfect composure gave ground for *Mary's* suspicion as potent as agitation could have done. "The story is a strange story; she is near enough to hear; she could not have listened so quietly had it been new to her," said *Mary*; and not without an object was her present question, to draw a little more of the family history from *Percy*, and put *Zaidee* off her guard.

"*Sophy* is my youngest sister, and though I believe the most practical of us all, she has made what people call a very foolish marriage; and neither *Reginald* nor she are likely to be injured by three months in the *Grange*. But do not think of *Sophy*—think of our mysterious correspondent—and help me if you can."

*Mary* shook her head, and could suggest nothing. But she had seen *Zaidee's* work pause in interest for *Sophy*—that was worth an exertion; and she set herself anew to build up her chain of evidence. *Mary* had a certain pride of intellect about her, though her understanding was by no means of a brilliant character. She would not ask *Percy's* assistance, as he asked hers; she was resolute to discover this mystery unaided. Then she recollected *Zaidee's* absence, which she had not accounted for—she became very

eager in her investigations, and very full of hope.

But *Zaidee* heard no more of this conversation till *Percy* was on the point of departure. Then one thing rung upon her ear, "Philip is on his way; he was to start with the next mail, and a week or two more will bring him home."

"A week or two more." The room swam in *Zaidee's* eyes — she did not see this time the sidelong look with which *Mary* watched the sudden paleness and blindness which came upon her. Restraint had gone as far as restraint could go; she rose up, and went away from the room swiftly and suddenly, stumbling over some unseen pieces of furniture in her way. Poor *Zaidee*, she had but thrown herself upon her bed, and pressed her burning temples with her hands, when *Mary* opened the door and asked, "May I come in?" With the quietness of despair, *Zaidee* raised herself up once more. "You look very pale; your eyes are red—what is the matter with you, *Lizzy*?" asked her visitor, struck with compassion, as she saw her face. "Only my head aches," said *Zaidee*. Her head did ache, and throb, and burn with great pain—her mind was almost yielding to this persecution. She raised herself with a momentary sullenness of resistance, and turned round upon her pursuer with her dark eyes dilated, and an agony of determination in them. If *Mary* had any purpose in thus following her, she wanted resolution to carry it out. "Lie down and rest," said *Mary*, laying back *Zaidee's* head against her will, upon the pillow, and wrapping a shawl round her; and *Mary* stooped to kiss her with a tear in her eye, and said, like *Percy*, "Poor child!"

When *Mary* was gone, a long, long burst of restrained tears gave ease to the throbbing brow which was laden with this unshed torrent—and then poor *Zaidee* in her great weariness composed herself like a child, and slept.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.—ANOTHER TRIAL.

The next morning restored to a calmer and less constrained composure the mind of *Zaidee*; she had been

thinking over her own position, and had come to the conclusion that she could not remain much longer here

without Mary acquiring complete possession of her secret. But along with this conviction came all the strength of affection which Zaidee cherished for her adopted sister, and these most kind and loving friends. She was not so ready to throw away for a second time all the comforts of existence. "I will stay while I can," said Zaidee to herself mournfully; "I will not hasten my fate;" and she went down to the family breakfast-table with sad self-possession, and, making up her mind that she could be only a very little time with them, exhausted herself in grateful cares and attentions to Mrs Cumberland, who, not much used to real devotion, was touched for a moment out of her extravagance into reality; and to Mrs Burtonshaw, whose mind, always full of reference to Sylvo, became more and more convinced of his good fortune. By this time they had once more returned home, and the great mirror reflected in the midst of its gay panorama of moving figures and bright looks one beautiful face full of wistful thought and sorrowfulness, one perfect form seated quietly within its range, working at bits of rare embroidery,—an art in which Zaidee's powers of execution now were almost equal to her inventive fancy. These were all intended for little presents, gifts of remembrance to the friends from whom this loving exile must shortly go away. As she sat there at her thoughtful occupation, Zaidee was as fair a type of womanhood as ever painter made immortal; and with her woman's work, her face so full of thought, her unconscious and unremembered beauty, you would have thought her one of those domestic angels, whose peace and gladness every heart of her kindred would defend to the death. Lovingly, and with a touch of pathos, this softened reflection gave back the beautiful wave of dark brown hair—the brow like a young queen's, the graceful head bent over its quiet labour; and you could not have believed with what a precarious and uncertain grasp this beautiful girl held every kindness that blessed her, and how doubtful was her possession of home and shelter, how uncertain and how clouded her approaching fate.

"He will not come to-day," said Mary, in answer to her mother's ques-

tion, "When are we to expect Mr Vivian?" "Mrs Vivian is very ill, mamma; he is called to the Grange."

Mary spoke in an under-tone, but Zaidee's quick ear caught the words. She went on with her sewing without a pause. She gave no evidence of anxiety; but the blood rushed to her heart, and her face paled to a deadly colour. "Very ill—called home to the Grange;" she repeated the words in her mind vacantly, aware that they had stunned her, but knowing nothing more. Then gradually she began to think of Aunt Vivian!—aunt Vivian!—aunt Vivian! She repeated this name, too, again and again, while tears crept to her eyes. Why was Aunt Vivian very ill? had all this fatigue and excitement done it? had she done it?—she, this unfortunate Zaidee? When they all dispersed and went about their different occupations, Zaidee sat still like a statue, working mechanically, in a stupor of inquiry and anxiety, and blank woefulness. She had risen this morning with a heavy presentiment; was this how it was to be fulfilled? When Mary left the room, she called Zaidee to accompany her, but Zaidee did not hear the call. It was a very different thing, saying, "I will never see Aunt Vivian again," and contemplating the possibility of God Himself stepping in to make this certain. Zaidee was lost in a realisation of the infinite greatness of this calamity; her thoughts leaped to the extremest limit of it with the terror of love. She would die; she was all the mother whom Zaidee's orphanhood had ever known, and she should never see her again.

After awhile she put down her work and went to her own room and tried to pray—but her prayers were broken with bursts of tears and sobbing, and restrained cries—"Aunt Vivian! aunt Vivian!" Zaidee stretched out her hand as if to stay her departing—cried aloud with a passionate supplication. This dreadful imperious Death had never yet crossed her way—her heart shrank before him, and made a wild appeal against his power. Religion itself, with all its mighty hopes and consolations, did not still the first outcry of startled nature. It was very hard for her now to put a



veil upon her heart, and descend once more to the family circle, which was unshadowed by *her* dreadful anxiety. She remained in her own apartment almost all the day, shut up by herself, and was glad to say that her head ached when she was inquired for. Her head ached, indeed, but not so sorely as her heart.

And Mary was merciful and forbearing, and did not scrutinise *Zaidee's* distress, as the first suggestion of her curiosity impelled her to do. There was a cruelty in this which not all *Mary's* natural pleasure in investigation, nor her eagerness to make a discovery, could lead her to do. She no longer doubted what was the cause. She saw the connection clearly between *Mrs Vivian's* illness and the anxiety of *Zaidee*, and with careful kindness *Mary* guarded the door of her beautiful sister from the solicitous visits of *Aunt Burtonshaw*. What step she herself would take to prove her imagined discovery, or to make it known to *Percy*, *Mary* had not yet resolved; but from henceforward she took under her own efficient protection the lost child whom she had found. "I have a right to take care of her—she is not only my beautiful sister, she is *Percy's* cousin—the child of his house. I will let no one intrude on her now."

So said *Mary* as she guarded *Zaidee's* door. And *Mary* was at no loss to know why *Zaidee* always appeared at the breakfast-table in the morning, though her "head ached" all day. But a long week of weariness and suffering passed, and still *Percy* wrote hurried notes, only speaking of his mother's great illness, his mother's danger. *Zaidee's* eyes were becoming hollow, her beautiful cheek was white with watching, with pain and anxiety, and her heart failed her day by day. No one understood what was the strange and sudden ailment which had come upon her; only *Mary*, active and firm, kept the doctor away from *Zaidee's* door, warded off *Aunt Burtonshaw's* nursing, and left the poor girl to herself unmolested. *Mary* was content to wait for her proof. She had attained to a distinct moral certainty, and with a firm and ready hand she took possession of this sufferer, who could not defend herself

from the efforts of mistaken kindness. She was brave in the cause of her own dear and intimate friend—*Percy's* cousin—the heiress of the Grange. *Zaidee* was no longer "a subject" to her acute and watchful faculties, but her own very sister—her charge, whose distress she alone could soften or relieve.

And then, like a revelation from heaven, came these blessed news,—first, that there was hope; then that danger was over; finally, that the patient was rapidly recovering, and *Percy* on his way back to London; and then, standing behind her, *Mary Cumberland* saw *Zaidee* once more reflected in the mirror, working at her embroidery, and putting up her hand in silence to wipe off from her pale cheek those tears of joy. When this end was reached, the active mind of *Mary* betook itself to another question—distinct proof. It cost her a great deal of consideration—a great deal of care and elaborate precaution. She must not hastily betray her own plan of operations, and give the subject of them time to make another forlorn flight forth into the world. Even in case of that, *Mary*, a little complacent in her own sagacity, had no doubt she could find her; but the matter now was how to avoid this; and with infinite pains and caution *Mary* laid her snare.

"Elizabeth was very much concerned—she was extremely anxious about *Mrs Vivian*," said *Mary*, with a look of dubious meaning, which *Percy* did not comprehend.

And *Percy*, to whom this beautiful sister was a perpetual enigma, looked very curious and very much interested, and said, "Was she anxious?—yet you never saw my mother. Your sister is one of those pure disengaged hearts, is she, *Mary*, who think of every other before themselves?"

"Yes, I think you are right," said *Mary*, "but she is not my sister. I never told you—she is only an adopted child."

*Percy* said "Indeed!" and was startled. But his suspicions had no direction towards *Zaidee*; he mused over it a little in his mind, but asked no further questions. Now this was all the clue this youthful diplomatist proposed to give to her lover. She

was quite elated that he did not immediately follow it out—it left all the more to be done by herself.

And Mary began to propose to him a little plan for a journey to Cheshire, of which her mind was full. She was anxious to see Mrs Vivian, to see the Grange and Castle Vivian, too, of which Percy had spoken to her more than once of late. Then there was Philip, who was coming home so shortly. Mary wished very much to meet with this unknown and much commended brother in his native county—to see him come home. Such a project was much too flattering to meet with any objections from Percy; he entered into it with the greatest delight. “Elizabeth requires a change,” said Mary pointedly; “I will speak to mamma to-night. Do you tell

her what rejoicings there will be for your brother's return, and something about romantic scenery, and attached tenants, and your ancient house. You know very well how to do it, and so I shall get my request granted. I know I will.”

Percy laughed, and promised to do his best, and they separated. As he went upon his homeward way, Percy could not detach his thoughts from this beautiful sister. His mind wandered about her with an unaccountable attraction, a strange painful interest. He would not have been much surprised at anything which was told him of her, but his suspicion took no definite form. Mary, full of glee in her skill and powers, had this secret to solve by her own wit and daring alone.

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#### PROFESSOR JOHNSTON'S LAST WORK.

DEATH has struck a bright name from the roll of Science, by removing from us Professor Johnston of Durham. It is no exaggeration to say, that the death of this eminent writer is a national loss; for by it the country has been bereft of one who has done more than has ever yet been done to preach science to the masses, and to set its laws, discovered in the laboratory, a-working in our fields and factories. The professional pursuit of science has two phases. One of these consists in the discovery of occult laws of nature, and the detection of valuable properties in matter; the other consists in publicly setting forth these discoveries in such a way that they become known and appreciated by the masses, and, being applied in the arts of life, prove a permanent addition to the comforts and resources of mankind. Distinguished in the first of these departments of science, Professor Johnston was without an equal in the second. Though not devoid of high speculative power, his love of the useful, and his eminently practical turn of thought, attracted him ever to subjects of a national importance. To the farmers especially, struggling with

the competition of foreign grain, his science did good service; and if our fields are now greener, our crops heavier, and our stock fatter, we owe somewhat of this great boon to him. To convert the truths of science into tangible results,—that was his chief aim,—and who ever succeeded so well in it as he? Untiring industry and a prescient tenacity of purpose marked his career. Conscious of good talents, and of a strong natural predilection for scientific pursuits, the development of this aim of his life, though at times moving but slowly, or even to appearance standing still, was ever uppermost in his thoughts. While he taught as a tutor or trained as a schoolmaster, the aim of his life was still present to him,—still quietly and resolutely worked after; and in due time it came. He broke from the obscurity of his little-noticed novice into a reputation which is more than European. And now, when he had reached the zenith of his powers,—when the fruits of long years of patient and admirably-directed study were being so attractively developed, he has passed away,—leaving the traces of his matchless handiwork in many a department of applied science,

but with no one for the present to take up his mantle.

To such regrets at the loss which science has sustained by the death of Professor Johnston, we must add others of a personal character. Not seldom has the Professor's graphic and ever-interesting pen contributed to this Magazine; and his untimely death recalls vividly to mind a tribute which he paid to a fellow-worker in science, cut off in circumstances very analogous to his own. Two years ago, when alluding to a work of Dr Pereira's, he spoke of its author in the following touching and most generous terms, than which none fitter can now be used in regard to himself: "Snatched suddenly from the midst of his labours, there are few in any way familiar with the subject who will not regret the extinction of so much learning, and, apart from all private considerations, that the world should have so prematurely lost the benefits of his ripening judgment and experience, and the result of his extended reading and research. Yet how many precious cabinets of collected knowledge do we see thus hurriedly sealed up for ever! How often, when a man appears to have reached that condition of mental culture and accumulated information, in which he is fitted to do the most for the advancement of learning, or for promoting the material comfort of his fellows—how often does the cold hand suddenly and mysteriously paralyse and stop him! He has been permitted to add only a small burden of earth to the rising mound of intellectual elevation,—scarcely enough to signify to after-comers that *his* hand has laboured at the work. Nevertheless, he may have shown a new way of advancing, so that to others the toil is easier and the progress faster, because he has gone before."\*

Professor Johnston's last work was his best,—if not the most importantly useful, it at least possessed in a greater degree than any of his other works the charm of exceeding interest of subject, and a grace and graphicness of treatment.

It is curious to mark how many interesting works have been, and

may still be, written upon "common things;" but we do not think we overrate the importance of the topic, or the ability with which it is handled, when we say it is hardly possible to imagine a more useful or attractive work of its kind than that which the lamented Professor has published on the *Chemistry of Common Life*. It is one of those books so compendious in its nature and so varied in its contents—treating its multiplicity of details with such terse symmetry, and illustrating them so neatly and suggestively by woodcuts—that nothing less than a perusal will do justice to it. But what a wide, curious, and instructive field of thought does such a perusal open up! Commencing with the bread and beef, the beer and tobacco, forming the diet and exhilarants of our own population, we pass abroad, and, journeying from clime to clime, are shown the various articles which men eat, drink, and make merry with, from the Pole to the Equator, from England to Cathay. And all this information is pervaded by a spirit of scientific philosophy, which is hardly seen to be profound, it is so clear and practical in its bearings;—while the concluding chapters, rounding off the work, discuss all the strange physical phenomena of human life, and the not less strange and ceaseless circulation by which matter, that true Proteus of the universe, is built up now into one form, now into another.

Instinct proves a safe guide to mankind long before the acquired powers of science step in to corroborate its convictions. Hence we find that the staple food of the most barbarous and most civilised races, however it may vary in outward semblance, is in essence the same. The rude Papuan of the Eastern Archipelago, and the Indian savage of the American prairies, present in their culinary and dietetic arrangements the most extraordinary contrast to the highly-favoured people whose palates are tended with exquisite skill by the Vérys and Soyers of Paris and London. Yet cast the edibles and even the potables of these very opposite sections of mankind

\* *The Narcotics we Indulge in.* August 1853.

into the crucible or retort of the chemist, and it will be found that barbarism knows the wants of the human frame in such matters quite as well as civilisation. It is hard to say by what happy instinct the various tribes of mankind have lighted upon those productions of earth most fitted for their sustenance. It is impossible to attribute their knowledge in this matter to one common and primeval source, from whence it has been scattered by tradition into every quarter of the globe; for, although there is no part of the habitable world in which the staple food of mankind is not to be found, yet that food varies in form from clime to clime—here a tree and there a cereal, now the fruit, now the leaf, and now the root,—so that each region demands a knowledge peculiar to itself. Yet so it is,—in all countries man has found out what is good for him, by experience or unerring instinct, long before the light of science dawned upon his path. Over one wide region we find the grasses developed by cultivation into the precious cereals,—in another quarter we find wild-growing roots, such as the yam and potato, converted into staple articles of food,—while the primeval woods have everywhere furnished trees and bushes whose leaves or fruit have been made use of by mankind from the earliest times.

When the Spaniards first landed in the New World, they found the Indians smoking the leaf of a plant which had been in use amongst them from time immemorial, and which, transported by Raleigh and others to Europe, has now found favour in every quarter of the globe; and it would seem, from the old monuments of China, that a species of the same tobacco-plant had been similarly made use of there from the remotest antiquity. When Cortes penetrated into Mexico, he found the natives bruising the oily seeds of the cocoa-plant in order to form a beverage; and so highly did the father of botany, the great Linnæus, think of the discernment of these barbarians, that he styles the plant *Theobroma*, or "the food of the gods." When Pizarro and his vagabond adventurers reached Peru, they found the mountaineers of the

Andes chewing the remarkable coca-leaf, which at once invigorated them for their labours, and solaced and delighted their mind. And, in fine, who can tell when the tea-plant was first singled out, as a precious exhilarant, from the wild shrubs of China; or when the native tribes of South America first discovered and availed themselves of the virtues latent in the so-called tea-plant of Paraguay? Our own fields and gardens are full of vegetable transformations bespeaking the skill and natural intelligence of man in selecting and converting to his use the food-products of earth. The *Ægilops*, a wild neglected grass on the shores of the Mediterranean, in long past ages has been converted by cultivation into perfect and productive wheat; and from others originally wild like this, though as yet unknown, have come our oats and barley, and rye and maize, in all their varieties,—as well as the numerous forms of the Eastern dhurra, rice, and millet, and of the less known quinoa of South America. Our cultivated potato, with all its varieties, springs from the tiny and bitter root of the wild plant, which has its native home on the sea-shores of Chili. Our cabbages, cauliflowers, kohlrabis, and turnips, all spring from one or more species of *Brassica*, which in their natural state have poor woody bitter stems and leaves, and useless spindle-shaped roots; while our apples, plums, grapes, and other prized fruits, come from well-known wild and little-esteemed progenitors.

Beef and bread—these, like two pillars, support corporeal existence,—being not merely the staff, but the very legs upon which human life proceeds upon its journey. Fibrin and starch are the chief elements of our corporeal frame; and beef, peculiarly abounding in the former, and bread, not less abounding in the latter, are thus the types of the two great classes into which the articles of human food may be divided. We need say nothing about Beef, which in its generic sense includes mutton, pork, veal, and everything that comes within the wide category of Flesh. Everything that runs upon four legs has been complacently appropriated by man for the edification and sustentation of his own frame—his corporeal ego. Besides

the domesticated herds and flocks immolated for the perpetuation of civilised life, the vast reserves of nature—the unclaimed portions of earth, where man has never shocked Jean-Jacques Rousseau by saying, “This is mine”—swarm with herds more numerous still, for the sustenance of the savage and the hunter. Over the prairies of America roam uncounted herds of the lordly buffalo, with the black beards of the bulls sweeping the ground, and their hoofs spurning the sward with the speed of horses,—diminishing year by year beneath the arrows of the Indians and the rifles of the trappers, and destined to disappear even as the mammoth itself has done from the same fields, and as the Red Men are likewise doing. Over the steppes of Tartary roam herds of the wild horse, the lasso'd captives from whose ranks support the nomade tribes by the milk of the mares, and which have sent forth that Scythian cavalry which, in every age, has been the terror of the civilised world, and the great agent of change among the empires of the East. The vast plains of Africa are still more numerously tenanted. This continent, too often thought of as one vast expanse of sterility, is, in fact, the great Menagerie of Nature, whose verdant savannahs and lofty evergreen forests form a lordly solitude for all manner of untamed beasts, and over whose southern plains glide the springbok and other deer, in herds, sometimes three days' journey in length, furnishing food for the Kaffir tribes who follow in their track, and who migrate with them in search of verdure all the year round. We are far from saying, as some do, that the main design of this profusion of animal life is to furnish food for man;—we should much rather say that the Creator filled the solitudes with these wild creatures, enjoying in their own untrammelled fashion the boon of life, in order that they might occupy until man came. But it is unquestionable that we do prey upon the lower animals even as they victimise the vegetable creation. And so general is the craving for the fibrinous flesh of animals, and so potent in some regions the demands of hunger, that there is hardly a single species of bird or beast or creeping thing that has

not contributed to the sustenance of the omnivorous biped, Man;—even alligator-chops and roasted rattlesnakes, figuring in the bill of fare in certain parts of the world.

But these solids of man's diet by no means furnish so interesting a theme as the beverages and exhilarants which he has sought out for himself. A very large portion of liquid is needed to supply the demands of the human frame, so that, besides the liquid contained in or mingled with our articles of diet, we find drinks prepared from vegetable substances in use in all quarters of the world. These drinks, though not devoid of usefulness, belong rather to the luxuries than to the necessaries of life: they consist of infused beverages, which are drunk hot, and fermented liquors, which are usually taken cold. The love of such warm drinks prevails almost universally, in tropical equally as in arctic regions; so that the practice evidently meets some universal want of our poor human nature. “In Central America the Indian of native blood, and the Creole of mixed European race, indulge alike in their ancient chocolate. In Southern America the tea of Paraguay is an almost universal beverage. The native North American tribes have their Apalachian tea, their Oswego tea, their Labrador tea, and many others. From Florida to Georgia in the United States, and over all the West India Islands, the naturalised European races sip their favourite coffee; while over the Northern States of the Union, and in the British provinces, the tea of China is in constant and daily use. All Europe, too, has chosen its prevailing beverage. Spain and Italy delight in chocolate; France and Germany, Sweden and Turkey, in coffee; Russia, Holland, and England in tea;—while poor Ireland makes a warm drink from the husks of the cocoa, the refuse of the chocolate mills of Italy and Spain. All Asia feels the same want, and in different ways has long gratified it. Coffee, indigenous in Arabia or the adjoining countries, has followed the banner of the Prophet wherever his false faith has triumphed. Tea, a native of China, has spread spontaneously over the hill-country of the Himalayas, the table-lands of Tartary and Tibet, and the plains of

Siberia—has climbed the Altai, overspread all Russia, and is equally despot in Moscow as in St Petersburg. In Sumatra, the coffee-leaf yields the favourite tea of the dark-skinned population, while Central Africa boasts of the Abyssinian *chaat* as the indigenous warm drink of its Ethiopian peoples. Everywhere un-intoxicating and non-narcotic beverages are in general use—among tribes of every colour, beneath every sun, and in every condition of life.”

The tea of China forms the daily drink of a larger number of men than all the rest of these beverages put together. The plant from which it is obtained is to be seen growing to perfection on the dry sunny slopes of central China. It is cropped down and made to grow bushy; and being planted in rows three or four feet apart, the crops have some resemblance to a garden of gooseberry bushes. Strange to say, the leaves, when freshly plucked, possess nothing either of the odour or flavour of the dried leaves—the pleasant taste and delightful natural scent for which they are afterwards so highly prized, being all developed by the roasting which they undergo in the process of drying. The mode of using the prepared tea-leaves in China is to put them into a cup, to pour hot water upon them, and then to drink the infusion off the leaves, and without admixture. Only once, while wandering over the tea-districts, did Mr Fortune meet with sugar and a tea-spoon. In China cold water is disliked, and considered unwholesome, and therefore tea is taken to quench the thirst, which it does best when unmixed—(a bottle of cold tea, without either milk or sugar, being, according to Mr Colquhoun of *The Moor and the Loch*, the best thirst-assuager a sportsman can carry with him). The universal use, on the other hand, of sugar and cream or milk among us, probably arose from tea being introduced here as a beverage among grown-up people whose tastes were already formed, and who required something to make the bitter infusion palatable. The practice thus begun has ever since continued, and, physiologically considered, is probably an improvement upon the Eastern fashion. The practice of scenting teas is very

common in China, and various odorous plants are employed for this purpose. In Russia a squeeze of a lemon often takes the place of our cream; and in Germany, where the tea is made very weak, it is common to flavour it with rum, cinnamon, or vanilla. A pinch of soda put into the water along with the leaves has the effect of dissolving a portion at least of the very large proportion of gluten which they contain (which by the ordinary process of infusion is almost entirely lost), and the beverage in consequence is made more nutritious. The method of preparing the brick-tea adopted among the Mongols and other tribes of Tartary, is believed to extract the greater part of the nutriment of the leaf. They rub the tea to fine powder, boil it with the alkaline water of the Steppes, to which salt and fat have been added, and pour off the decoction from the sediment. Of this liquid they drink from twenty to thirty cups a-day, mixing it first with milk, butter, and a little roasted meal. Even without meal, and mixed only with a little milk, they can subsist (at a pinch, we presume) upon it for weeks in succession. But “the most perfect way of using tea,” says Professor Johnston, “is that described, I think, by Captain Basil Hall, as practised on the coast of South America, where tea-leaves, after being exhausted by infusion, are handed round the company upon a silver salver, and partaken of by each guest in succession. The exhilarating effects of the hot liquid are in this practice followed by the nutritive effects of the solid leaf. It is possible that this practice may refer to the Paraguay tea, so extensively used in South America; but in either case the merit of it is the same.”

We read of tea being used in China as early as the third century, and probably the practice is still older. The Chinese, who are great admirers of the beverage, have interwoven the origin of it with the graces of fable. The legend relates that “a pious hermit, who, in his watchings and prayers, had often been overtaken by sleep, so that his eyelids closed, in holy wrath against the weakness of the flesh, cut them off, and threw them on the ground. But a god caused a tea-shrub to spring out of

them, the leaves of which exhibit the form of an eyelid bordered with lashes, and possess the gift of hindering sleep." A somewhat similar story is related concerning the introduction of coffee into Arabia; but both legends were probably invented long after the qualities of tea and coffee had become known. It was after the year 600 A. D. that the use of tea became general in China, and early in the ninth century it was introduced into Japan. To Europe it was not brought till about the beginning of the seventeenth century. Hot infusions of leaves had been already long familiar as drinks in European countries. Dried sage-leaves were much in use in England, and are even said to have been carried by the Dutch as an article of trade to China, there to be exchanged for the Chinese leaf, which has since almost entirely superseded them. A Russian embassy to China also brought back to Moscow some carefully-packed green tea, which was received with great acceptance. And in the same century (1664) the English East India Company considered it as a rare gift to present the Queen of England with two pounds of tea!

The important manner in which the tea-duties now figure in the budgets of our Chancellors of the Exchequer show what a change has taken place since then. Tea, from being a rare luxury, is now consumed by all classes of the community. Its mild and attractive influence has greatly helped to render obsolete the after-dinner orgies of our grandfathers; and, by drawing men from the rough intercourse of their own sex in the dining-room into the gentler communion of the fair sex, it has done much to refine the habits of the former, and to give to woman a higher and more influential position in the social circle. It would be well if the process were carried yet farther; for is it not a slur upon our dinner-parties, as well as a great diminisher of their pleasure, that we must so long exclude the gentler sex, who give the grace to life and intercourse, from our communion? It cannot be doubted, too, that the introduction and large consumption of tea amongst us, has exercised a physical as well as a social change—although it is difficult to say what is

the exact nature or degree of that change which the constant use of this nerve-exciting beverage has wrought upon our corporeal frames. Along with the great intellectual development of the national character in recent times, of which it is at once an index and an aid, the use of tea has probably conduced to that greater nervous sensibility which distinguishes us from our ancestors. It would be curious to speculate how far the constant and all-prevalent use of tea, acting upon us from sire to son, has tended to produce the "spasmodic" spiritualism which characterises the New School of English poetry. In the opinion of a French critic in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the rise and popularity of this new school indicates a change, and threatens a *bouleversement* of all that has hitherto been most characteristic of John Bull; but, with all deference to the Gallic critic, we rejoice to say that it is quite clear, from the daring prowess of our soldiers at Alma and Inkermann, that neither the poetry nor the tea have in any way diminished the steady pluck and bottom so characteristic of the British nation.

Although brought into notice at the Great Exhibition of 1851, it is a fact little known in this country that the leaf of the coffee-tree may be, and is, used as a substitute for that of the tea-plant. The use of the coffee-leaf in this way is said to be an old practice in the Eastern Archipelago; and in the island of Sumatra, especially, says Professor Brande, prepared coffee-leaves "form the only beverage of the whole population, and, from their nutritive qualities, have become an important necessary of life." Mr Ward, who has been many years settled in Sumatra, bears the following remarkable testimony to the good qualities of this coffee-tea:—

"The natives have a prejudice against the use of water as a beverage, asserting that it does not quench thirst, or afford the strength and support the coffee-leaf does. With a little boiled rice and infusion of the coffee-leaf, a man will support the labours of the field in rice-planting for days and weeks successively, up to the knees in mud, under a burning sun or drenching rain, which he could not do by the use of simple water; or by the aid of

spirituous or fermented liquors. I have had the opportunity of observing for twenty years the comparative use of the coffee-leaf in one class of natives, and of spirituous liquors in another—the native Sumatrans using the former, and the natives of British India, settled here, the latter; and I find that, while the former expose themselves with impunity to every degree of heat, cold, and wet, the latter can endure neither wet nor cold for even a short period, without danger to their health.

“Engaged myself in agriculture, and being in consequence much exposed to the weather, I was induced several years ago, from an occasional use of the coffee-leaf, to adopt it as a daily beverage, and my constant practice has been to take two cups of a strong infusion, with milk, in the evening, as a restorative after the business of the day. I find from it immediate relief from hunger and fatigue. The bodily strength is increased, and the mind left for the evening clear and in full possession of its faculties. On its first use, and when the leaf has not been sufficiently roasted, it is said to produce *vigilance*; but I am inclined to think that, where this is the case, it is rather by adding strength and activity to the mental faculties, than by inducing nervous excitement. I do not recollect this effect on myself except once, and that was when the leaf was insufficiently roasted.

“As a beverage the natives universally prefer the leaf to the berry, giving as a reason that it contains more of the bitter principle, and is more nutritious. In the lowlands, coffee is not planted for the berry, not being sufficiently productive; but, for the leaf, the people plant it round their houses for their own use. It is an undoubted fact that everywhere they prefer the leaf to the berry.”\*

As we have before remarked, leaf-decoctions resembling tea have been in use in almost every quarter of the world, and Professor Johnston enumerates thirty different species of plants from which such decoctions are made. All these, however, are so very limited in their use compared with those which we have described, that we may pass on to the other class of infusions,—namely, those prepared from the seeds or roots of plants, roasted, ground, and infused in boiling water. Foremost of these is coffee, which comes to us from three quarters of the globe, namely, the East Indies, the

West Indies, and Arabia. The coffee-tree averages in height from ten to twenty feet, according to the clime and soil in which it grows. It is covered with a dark, smooth, shining, and evergreen foliage; its flowers are pale white, fragrant, and rapidly fading: its fruit is like that of the cherry-tree, but grows in clusters; and within the fruit are the seeds or berries. It is said to be indigenous to the districts of Enárea and Caffa in Southern Abyssinia, where it grows wild and stunted over the rocky surface of the country. The roasted seed or bean has been in use as a beverage in Abyssinia generally from time immemorial, and is at the present day extensively cultivated in that country. In Persia it is known to have been in use as early as the year 875 A.D. About the middle of the sixteenth century it began to be used in Constantinople, and, in spite of the violent opposition of the priesthood, became an article of general consumption. In the middle of the seventeenth century (1652), the first coffee-house was opened in London by a Greek named Pasqua; and twenty years after, the first was established at Marseilles. Since that time both the culture and consumption of coffee have continually extended; but it is much more used on the continent of Europe than among ourselves. As with the tea-leaf, it is during the roasting of coffee that the much-prized aroma and the greater part of the taste and flavour are brought out or produced. Certain medicinal virtues are ascribed to this beverage. The great use of it in France is supposed to have abated the prevalence of the gravel in that country; and in the French colonies, where coffee is more used than in the English, as well as in Turkey, where it is the principal beverage, not only the gravel, but the gout, is scarcely known. Among others, also, a case is mentioned of a gentleman who was attacked with gout at twenty-five years of age, and had it severely till he was upwards of fifty, with chalk-stones in the joints of his hands and feet; but the use of coffee then recommended to him completely removed the complaint.

\* See the *Chemistry of Common Life*, vol. i. p. 191.



To show the extent to which these exhilarating and anti-narcotic beverages are in use among mankind, we may state that it is estimated that nearly 3000 millions of pounds are annually consumed of the raw ma-

terials which produce them. And the following table, given in Mr Johnston's work, exhibits the proportion in which each of them is used by the various nations of the earth:—

	Is consumed in	By about
Chinese tea,	{ China, Russia, Tartary, England, Holland, and North America,	} 500 millions of men.
Maté or Paraguay tea,	{ Peru, Paraguay, Brazil, &c.,	
Coffee-tea,	{ Sumatra, &c.,	2 " "
Coffee-bean,	{ Arabia, Ceylon, Jamaica, Germany, France, North America,	} 110 " "
Chicory,	{ Germany, Belgium, France, England,	
Cocoa,	{ Spain, Italy, France, Cen- tral America, Mexico,	50 " "

The characteristic influences which these beverages exert upon those who use them, are, firstly, the increasing the activity of the nervous life; and, secondly, the retarding, at the same time, the change and waste of matter in the corporeal system. In these respects they cannot, according to our present knowledge, be replaced by the strongest soups or flesh-teas, or by any other decoctions which merely supply the ordinary kinds of nourishment in more or less diluted and digestible forms. Hence it appears that the use of tea and coffee, which has now become universal even amongst our poorer classes, is no mere extravagance or profitless expenditure. The poorest and humblest amongst us, we see, devotes a part of his little earnings to the purchase of these beverages. The cup of tea or coffee is preferred to the extra potato or the somewhat larger loaf. But though his stomach be thereby less filled, his hunger is equally allayed, and his comfort, both bodily and mental, wonderfully increased. He will probably live as long under the one regimen as the other: and while he does live, he will both be less miserable in mind, and will show more spirit and animation in the face of difficulties, than if he had denied himself the so-called luxury of the theine beverage. Besides the mere brickwork and marble, so to speak, by which the human body is built up and sustained, it is evident that there are rarer forms of matter upon which the life of the body, and

the comfort of animal existence, most essentially depend. And this truth, as Professor Johnston observes, "is not unworthy the consideration of those to whom the arrangement of the dietaries of our prisons, and other public institutions, has been confided. So many ounces of gluten, and so many of starch and fat, are assigned by these food-providers as an ample allowance for everyday use; and from these dietaries, except for the infirm and the invalid, tea and coffee are for the most part excluded. But it is worthy of trial, whether the lessening of the general bodily waste, which would follow the consumption of a daily allowance of coffee, would not cause a saving of gluten and starch equal to the cost of the coffee; and even should this not prove the case, whether the increased comfort and happiness of the inmates, and the greater consequent facility of management, would not make up for the difference, if any. Where reformation is aimed at, the moral sense will be found most accessible where the mind is maintained in most healthy activity, and where the general comfort of the whole system is most effectually promoted."

Although the beverages we infuse are in some countries taken unmixed, in general they are sweetened by saccharine matter or juices which we extract from trees and plants. Of these sweet substances the sap of the sugar-cane is the only one worth particularising, as it is the source of eleven-twelfths of all the sugar in use.

Though almost unknown to the Greeks and Romans, and now cultivated most extensively in America, the sugar-cane is indigenous in the Old World. It was familiar in the East in most remote times, and appears to have been cultivated in China and the South Sea Islands long before Europeans approached their shores. In Europe and most northern countries, cane-sugar is only an article of luxury, though one with which most of us would now find it difficult to dispense. In many tropical regions, however, the sugar-cane forms a staple part of the ordinary food. The ripe stalk of the plant is chewed and sucked after being made soft by boring it, and almost incredible quantities are consumed in this way, alike in the East and West Indies. In the Sandwich, and many other islands of the Pacific, every child has a piece of sugar-cane in its hand; while in our own sugar colonies the Negroes become fat in crop-time on the abundant juice of the ripening cane. This mode of using the cane is no doubt the most ancient of all, and was known to the Roman writers. Lucan, for example, speaks of the eaters of the cane, as "those who drink sweet juices from the tender reed,"—

"Quique bibunt tenerâ dulces ab arundine succos."

In vegetable sweets, however, as luxuries of life, modern times are far ahead of the ancient world; and to the honey, grape, manna, and fruit sugars, which formed the principal sweets of the ancient nations, we now add the cane-sugar in abundance, besides making saccharine extracts from beet and maize, as well as from the maple-woods of North America, and the palms of Africa and the tropics. We manufacture sugar also from potatoes, and other substances rich in starch; from sea-weeds gathered by the shore, even from sawdust, when an emergency arises; and we extract it from the milk of our domestic cattle. It has become to us almost a necessary of life. We consume it in millions of tons, and employ thousands of ships in transporting it.

It is from vegetable substances containing sugar that are produced those

fermented intoxicating drinks which the most civilised nations delight in, and which even the most barbarous have not failed to invent. This part of our subject is so well known that we need not dwell upon it. Grain and fruit are the chief substances from which these alcoholic drinks are derived. From the former of these are produced malt liquors and ardent spirits in great variety. Besides the ordinary beers and spirits of our own country and Western Europe, we have the acid quass or rye-beer of Russia,—the millet-beer of Crim-Tartary, Arabia, Abyssinia, and the southern slopes of the Himalayas,—the chica or maize-beer, as well as the liquors which go by the same name, prepared from barley, rice, and pease in South America. Grapes, apples, and pears, are the chief fruits from which wines are produced in temperate climates; but we must not forget the "toddy," or wine made from the sap of the palm-tree of the south. This is extensively consumed in India and the islands of the Pacific; in Chile and also in Africa it is almost the only fermented liquor in general use. Though we know so little of it in Europe, therefore, the wine of the palm-tree is drunk as an exhilarating liquor by a larger number of the human race than the wine of the grape. In the oasis of Tozer, a dependency of Tunis, the wine of the date-palm is to be found in every house, and reeling Arabs are frequently to be seen in the streets of its towns. They are strict Mahomedans; but they justify their disobedience to the Prophet's injunctions by saying, "*Lagmi* is not wine, and the Prophet's prohibition refers to wine." The Negroes of America prepare an intoxicating liquor from the juice of the sugar-cane; and pulque, or agave-wine, produced by fermenting the sap of the American aloe, is the favourite drink of the lower classes in the central part of the table-land of Mexico. *Ava*, also, the name given to the root of the intoxicating long-pepper, yields a liquor which is in use over a very wide area of the Pacific Ocean. It is chewed,—as the Indian chews his maize, when he wants to produce his finest kind of chica,—and the pulp is then mixed with cold water, which, after a brief interval, is strained from

the chewed fibre, and is ready for use. This infusion does not intoxicate in the same manner as ardent spirits, for some of its effects resemble those of opium. In fine, so great is the passion of mankind for these dangerous exhilarants, that even milk has been made to yield an alcoholic drink by fermentation,—a milk-beer being in use among the Tartars of the Steppes, the Arabians, and the nomadic tribes of Turks.

Like tea and coffee, these fermented liquors tend to diminish the natural waste of the body, given off through the lungs and the kidneys, and consequently diminish in an equal degree the quantity of ordinary food which is necessary to keep up the weight of the body. Secondly, they warm the body, and, by the changes they undergo in the blood, supply the place of the fat and starch of our usual food. Hence a schnapps in Germany, with a slice of lean dried meat, make a mixture like that of the starch and gluten in our bread, which is capable of sustaining life. Owing to these properties, fermented liquors are found in some cases to be beneficial to old people, in whom the weakened powers of digestion do not replace the tissues as fast as they naturally waste; and hence poets, by a metaphor which is only partially true, have called wine “the milk of the old.”

It is to be recollected, however, that although alcoholic drinks are not devoid of useful qualities, it is not for these useful or medicinal properties that they are commonly used by us. It is almost entirely for their exhilarating intoxicating qualities that men indulge in them; and of all the exhilarants in the world, whether narcotic or non-narcotic, there are none that have inflicted such tremendous injury upon communities as these alcoholic stimulants. There seem to be two reasons for this. One of these is, that the votaries of alcohol do not seclude themselves, like those of opium, and in a lesser degree of haschish, and other narcotics. They get drunk in company; and hence the amplest scope is afforded for that other feature of alcohol-drinking,—namely, its brutalising and quarrel-provoking influences: for when several inebriated men come to-

gether, surely the contagion of passion and irrationalism can no further go. Thanks to the progress of society, intoxication is becoming confined to the lower classes; but let us venture a word of caution (drawn from Dr Carpenter's writings), even for those who do not exceed in this indulgence. We have seen that alcohol warms us by supplying carbonic or fatty matter to the blood; and to persons ordinarily circumstanced, two noxious effects are produced by this,—Firstly, from the greater affinity of this alcoholic carbon for the oxygen of the atmosphere, its particles are burnt out of the system by the breathing process in preference to the waste particles of the body with which the blood on entering the lungs is charged; so that the blood becomes vitiated unless an unusual quantity of open-air exercise be taken, and the lungs made to do double work. Secondly, the accumulation of fatty matter in the blood (a single drinking-bout, it has been ascertained, sometimes increasing the quantity *five-fold!*) tends to produce that fatty degeneration of the tissues, which the medical faculty are now discovering to be so frequently the source of mortal illness and sudden death. That fatal “softening of the heart,” which generally cuts off its victim at last in a moment, is one result of this fatty degeneration. Apoplexy, also, is frequently attributable to the same cause; for on microscopic inspection, the sheath of the ruptured blood-vessel in the brain has in many cases been found to be composed of fat instead of fibre. So that, especially with alcohol-drinkers, a fleshy-looking condition of body is not always a sign of health.

But mankind have discovered finer and more potent exhilarants than any we have yet mentioned. The same common instinct which led them to discover the virtues of the tea and coffee plants, and which taught even the rudest tribes the art of preparing fermented liquors, and of procuring for themselves the pleasures and miseries of intoxication, led them to the discovery of a higher and stranger source of enjoyment. They found that by using a minute portion of certain plants, they were thrown into a state of delicious waking trance and mental elation,—terminating, if carried fur-

ther, in sleep or in death. The articles producing these singular effects are those known by the name of narcotics,—the strangest products of the vegetable world, and the use of them, in order to create mental pleasure, is nearly coextensive with the diffusion of the human race. “Siberia,” says Professor Johnston, “has its fungus,—Turkey, India, and China, their opium,—Persia, India, and Turkey, with all Africa from Morocco to the Cape of Good Hope, and even the Indians of Brazil, have their hemp and haschisch,—India, China, and the Eastern Archipelago, have their betel-nut and betel-pepper,—the Polynesian islands their daily ava,—Peru and Bolivia their long-used coca,—New Granada and the Himalayas their red and common thorn-apples,—Asia and America, and all the world, we may say, their tobacco,—the Florida Indians their emetic holly,—Northern Europe and America their ledums and sweet-gale,—the Englishman and German their hop, and the Frenchman his lettuce.” No nation so ancient but has had its narcotic soother,—none so remote and isolated but has found a pain-allayer of native growth. The craving for such indulgence, in fact, and the habit of gratifying it, are little less universal than the desire for and practice of consuming the necessary materials of our common food,—as will be seen from the following estimate of the degree in which the several narcotics are used:—

Tobacco, among	800	millions of men.
Opium,     ,,	400	,,     ,,
Hemp,     ,,	200 to 300	,,     ,,
Betel,     ,,	100	,,     ,,
Coca,     ,,	10	,,     ,,

Each of these narcotics acts upon the human system in a manner more or less peculiar to itself. Thus, while tobacco soothes, and with some nations, such as the Turks, sets the mind to sleep,—or rather we should say, lulls them into an unconsciousness of the instinctive movements of the mind,—opium and hemp stimulate and exalt the mental faculties, and delight us with a sense of increased intellectual power and activity. In the case of opium this intellectual activity may be said to resemble the activity of the mind during sleep, with this difference, that we are conscious of all its move-

ments. It seems as if, all the bodily organs being at rest, thoughts and images innumerable float over or through the quiescent brain without fatiguing or wasting it, as cloud and sunshine flit over a fair landscape without stirring or physically changing it. It is as if the spirit were acting and enjoying independent of the body. With hemp it is otherwise,—the rich flow of ideas exhausts the body, and brings on a hunger which can only be stayed by ordinary food. This agrees with another observed difference between the two. Opium lessens the susceptibility to external impressions, while haschisch increases and quickens it in a high degree. In the one case it is the splendour and riches of the inner world that rejoice the soul,—in the other it is the objects of the outer world which are made beautiful, and excite to joy the senses and emotions. Solitary, and heedless of all around, the Theriakée, or votary of opium, sits on the marble steps of his coffee-house at Stamboul, looking down upon the beautiful scenery of the Bosphorus, but seeing it not for the greater brightness of his inner visions; while the hemp-dreamer lies pillowed on the couches of his harem, with the bright-eyed Georgian beauties flitting to and fro, the sound of falling fountains in his ear, and surrounded by all that is gorgeous, and that can fill his dreams with love. Coca and opium, again, agree in sustaining the strength, in certain circumstances, in a marvellous manner,—the former almost superseding the use both of food and sleep; but they differ in their physical action,—for the former never induces sleep as opium does, and, even when taken in great excess, is not constipating, while opium usually is so. Betel rouses from the effects of opium, as tea does from that of ardent spirits. The thorn-apple causes spectral illusions; while the Siberian fungus opens and shows the heart, as good wine is said to do, and secrets drop out spontaneously under its influence. It must be added that the preference for any of these various narcotics over the rest, and the mode in which each of them affects those who indulge in it, undergo a change, according to the nation or even individual by whom they are used;—the quantity of opium

which makes the phlegmatic self-possessed Englishman merely cheerful and slightly talkative, sufficing to drive the slender excitable Malay into frenzy, and set him a running *a-much* through the streets of Singapore.

All of them, as well as the harmless and pleasant theine stimulants, are remarkable for lessening the ordinary waste of matter in the human frame. Physiologists consider this phenomenon inexplicable, but to us the explanation seems not difficult. Life, whether animal or vegetable, embraces a ceaseless struggle between the vital and chemical forces,—the former ever striving to build up, the latter to pull down. In the human frame, as in all other living bodies, the vital forces are more potent than the chemical; and as long as the union between soul and body continues—as long as the spirit holds matter in its life-giving embrace, the chemical force, which ever tends to sunder and corrupt, is kept in comparative abeyance, and the waste of the tissues is small. Anything, therefore, whether it be the exhilaration of an idea, or of tea or the coca-leaf, which stimulates our spiritual essence, and gives it a firmer hold over its bodily organism, tends to arrest corporeal decay and waste.\* Hence, *inter alia*, the healthiness of Joy; which in moderation is a true elixir of life, but which (like these narcotics and every kind of stimulant) kills when carried to excess,—sundering the spirit and body, which it is its normal function to keep in firmest union. The same considerations explain the extraordinary strength-sustaining powers imparted by the use of opium and coca, and which are so marvellous as almost to exceed belief. By the action of these drugs on the nervous system, the animating spirit is stimulated, and physical life (which is but another name for the union of soul and body) develops itself to an unusual degree. Thus the Halcarras, who carry letters and run messages through the provinces of India, when provided only with a small piece of opium, a bag of rice, and a pot to draw

water from the wells, perform almost incredible journeys. The Tartar couriers also, who travel for many days and nights continuously, make much use of opium. With a few dates or a lump of coarse bread, they traverse the trackless desert amidst privations and hardships which can only be supported under the influence of the drug. And hence travellers in the Ottoman dominions generally carry opium with them in the form of lozenges or cakes stamped with the Turkish legend, “Mash Allah,” the Gift of God. Even the horses in the East are sustained by its influence. The Cutchee horseman shares his store of opium with his flagging steed, which thus makes an incredible stretch, though apparently wearied out before. Thus also, with a feeble ration of dried maize, or barley crushed into flour, the Indian of Peru, if duly supplied with coca, toils under heavy burdens, day after day, up the steep slopes of the mountain-passes; or digs for years in the subterranean mines, insensible to weariness, to cold or to hunger. Von Tschudi—quoted by our author, who culls his curious facts from all quarters—says: “A cholo of Huari was employed by me in very laborious digging. During the five days and nights he was in my service, he never tasted any food, and took only two hours’ sleep each night. But at intervals of two and a half or three hours, he regularly chewed about half an ounce of coca leaves, and he kept an *acullico* continually in his mouth. I was constantly beside him, and therefore I had the opportunity of closely observing him. After finishing the work for which I engaged him, he accompanied me on a two days’ journey of twenty-three leagues across the level heights; and though on foot, he kept up with the pace of my mule, and halted only for the *chaccar*. On leaving me, he declared he would willingly engage himself again for the same amount of work, and that he would go through it without food, if I would but allow him a sufficient supply of coca. The village priest assured me that the man was sixty-two years of age, and

\* In fevers, for instance, which are the sharpest assaults which sickness makes on us, the dark colour of the urine shows the unusual waste going on in the system, the enfeebling of the life-spirit being accompanied by a putrefying tendency in the body.

that he had never known him to be ill in his life."

These things are marvels truly, and read like excerpts from Rosicrucian romance. But the associations which they suggest have a dark side as well as a bright one. Who does not know that certain forms of madness produce analogous phenomena? Without sleep and without food, restless as panthers, will not some maniacs show powers of endurance which may well be called superhuman? Do not "possessed" ones, when the fit seizes them, baffle the strength of half-a-dozen men? Do not even delicate females, under the delirium of fever, exhibit a physical power which, looking at their muscular organism, seems totally unaccountable? And have there not been maniacs whom no man could bind—no, "not even with chains?"

Another point in which the influence of these narcotics resembles the working of insanity, is the weakening which they produce upon the Will. The very joy which they produce consists in the abeyance of the self-directive power of the mind. Brilliant panoramas of thought pass on in endless succession, coming and going and changing independently of the will,—a luxury of sensation which comes without an effort, and which, even when it deepens (as sometimes it does) into visionary horrors or the wailing phantasmagoria of sorrow, we are unable to control. As might be expected, an indulgence in these narcotic exhilarants weakens the will even during the hours of common waking life. Their votaries lose steadiness of purpose. Their working-efforts lose coherency; the resolute will is gone which should steer them steadily and straight through the billows of life; and like a De Quincey or a Coleridge, they work only by fragmentary efforts, or live a purposeless life of dreams.\* It is a strange thing the automatic action of the mind, by the stimulating of which these narcotics work their charm. The brain works, the mind lives, independent of volition. Like the pulsing of

the heart and the processes of breathing and digestion, which act independently of the will, the mind has an instinctive involuntary action of its own, which underlies our voluntary processes of thinking, and in seasons of morbid excitement is apt to develop itself to the exclusion of the logic of the will. In certain cases of incipient insanity, this cerebral excitement and automatic action of the mind are distinctly observable. The feeling at first is, that the mind will not cease thinking;—thought after thought comes rolling endlessly through the brain, more and more setting the controlling power of the will at defiance,—until the cerebral machine seems to lose its balance-wheel, or spins on like a railway-engine that has lost its driver. It is to be remarked, however, that as this involuntary or automatic action of the mind is generally felt by narcotic indulgers to be extremely delightful, it is probable that in many forms of insanity the sensations of the afflicted person, far from being such as to demand our pity, may be highly agreeable. His "castles in the air" and exuberant ideas may give him as much delight as the airy visions and spiritual elation of the opium-eater. The Orientals look upon all madmen as inspired,—probably they do so from the analogy which they perceive between certain kinds of frenzy, and the artificial "possession" of the votaries of hemp and opium.

The universal craving for these stimulants, which confer for the time such enjoyment and spiritual elation, however dangerous may be the indulgence to which it leads, springs from an attribute of our nature which may well be called divine. What occasions that craving but a longing for a higher species of enjoyment than men can find in ordinary life? In its lower forms, it may be but a craving for sensual excitement,—but it is supreme spiritual joy and intellectual exaltation that allure the victims of narcotics. They yearn for the dawn

\* How extreme must have been Coleridge's sense of his own impotency of will when he could write thus of himself:—"There is no hope. O God! how willingly would I place myself under Dr Fox in his establishment; for my case is a species of madness, only that it is a derangement, an utter impotence of the volition, and not of the intellectual faculties."

of that heaven within which makes their joy. A Platonist would say it is a yearning of the soul after joys which it once knew, but has now lost, and whose memories haunt it like the lingering echoes of music heard in dreams. More truly, however, would it be said to be a proof of the divine nature of the soul, which cannot be satisfied with the pleasures of a fallen world, and which yearns after the happiness of a higher state of being,—a happiness which is indeed held out in prospect to all, but the true passport to which is not the hasty coining of an indolent counterfeit of it here, but a manly facing of work and purifying sorrows, and the steady cultivation of the noble grace of self-denial.

The intense miseries which are the set-off to this fleeting artificial enjoyment may well repel men from relying upon narcotics as a means of gratification. Truly it may be said of such indulgence, "the end of these things is death." For what is the existence of the habitual opium-eater but a waking nightmare, a life-in-death? "Conceive a poor miserable wretch," wrote Coleridge of himself, "who for many years has been attempting to beat off pain by a constant recurrence to a vice that reproduces it. Conceive a spirit in hell employed in tracing out for others the road to that heaven from which his crimes exclude him! In short, conceive whatever is most wretched, helpless, and hopeless, and you will form as tolerable a notion of my state as it is possible for a good man to have." How difficult it is to redeem oneself from such bondage is known to all, but hardly the agonies and distresses which accompany the efforts at self-deliverance. Even supposing, after the inseparable lapses and relapses of months, the victim triumphs, and the vice is abandoned,—what a melancholy pæan is that which comes from the lips of the victor! "I triumphed," says De Quincey: "but think not, reader, that my sufferings were ended. Think of me as of one, even when four months had passed, still agitated, writhing, throbbing, palpitating, shattered, and much in the situation of one who has been racked."

To preach effectively against this seductive misery that allures like the Syren, we must not content ourselves with simply denouncing the practice and pointing out its evils. The craving which leads to the practice is almost universal in the human heart, and, in one shape or other, will have its way. Like all the other passions of our nature, it is the manner of its development which determines whether it is to be a fiend of darkness or an angel of light. That yearning after higher happiness than common life can bestow, what a fountain of good it may become if rightly directed! Instead of striving to attain a shortlived delirium of joy by means of physical stimulants, let but the yearner after pleasure seek to create it healthily and normally in his own mind, and upon what a career of pure and lofty improvement is he at once ushered! The way, indeed, is hard. You cannot snatch enjoyment here so speedily as by the quaffing of the hemp or opium cup. But then—and here is the great counter-charm—you have no after-misery, no dejection, no reaction into anguish. Then, too, there is no necessary limit to this enjoyment. The oftener you regale yourself with the material stimulants, the more the strength of those stimulants must be increased,—the oftener must you drain the wine-cup, and the more must you swallow of the narcotic drug. But when the mind is the maker of its own joy, the very reverse of this occurs, and each step gained on the ladder of spiritual enjoyment only leads more easily to a still higher stage. It is seldom, indeed, that even the best-developed nature can experience normally a height of pleasure equal to that of the brief rapture of the opium-dreamer,—his gratification rarely culminates into such sudden ecstasies; but it is continuous, in amount far greater, and in duration immortal as his own soul. To be good, wise, and healthy—*mens sana in corpore sano*—is the true source of enjoyment in life, and is worth all the narcotics and artificial stimulants to joy which poor shortsighted and pleasure-seeking human nature ever invented.

## AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR AT THE SEA-SIDE.

(Concluded.)

## TICKLER, BUTTERFLY, WASP, AND MYSELF.

*Saturday.* — Heigho! ten o'clock A.M., or thereabouts; but 'tis too much trouble to take out my watch, and I really don't care what the time is, being sure of one thing, that it is flying away for ever, far too fast in this charming solitude: the exact time signifies little to either Tickler or myself. Just consider the state of the case. We found our way down to this dear little bay half an hour ago, and have lain basking on the well-sunned shingle ever since. I purpose by-and-by to bathe; but Tickler, not having the slightest intention of the sort,—though a very Skye of Skyes, he dislikes water, for some reason or other which I never could fathom; and yet the little rogue likes nothing better apparently than to accompany me on the rocks at low water, and paddle bravely through the little crystal pools; when woe to the crab that unsuspectingly discloses itself, and is — very small, indeed! For I am sorry to be obliged to tell you, that Tickler's courage increases exactly as the size of the crab and its powers of resistance diminish; but, to be sure, he got such a precious nip on his nose from an infuriate and freshly-disturbed crab some six years ago, at the back of the Isle of Wight, as may well account for his having ever since sedulously cultivated that which is, after all, the better part of valour! But however that may be, he has no idea of an idea of mine concerning himself: viz., that as soon as ever the waters have sufficiently surrounded the little rocky promontory near him, to admit of my securing him a delicious plunge, and a swim out of about eight yards,—souse! into the blue depth goes the aforesaid Mr Tickler. . . . I like a plunge

myself, and why should not he? And yet, by the way, suppose some unseen giant should suddenly seize *me* by the nape of the neck, and stride off with me to yonder promontory at least two miles out in the sea, and then drop me into the bottomless blue, . . . still, I think it will do Tickler good, if it only kill the fleas; which are pestering him exactly as their fellow-vermin the place-men are at this moment pestering the poor Premier!

I wonder what Tickler is thinking of at this moment! Beside me lies a book which I have not the smallest intention of reading, though I have brought it with me; and on the other side lies Tickler, at full length, on his back, his fore-paws hanging down, and his hind-legs stretched out—his eyes luxuriously closed, and with somewhat the expression of a connoisseur, forsooth! How he is enjoying himself! Can I do more? He is not asleep—not he; for both his glittering little eyes opened just now, when a gorgeously-arrayed butterfly fluttered over them, and then he closed them again, without further disturbing himself.—How beautiful that splendid insect of an hour! With what object was created thy lovely innocence? What end dost thou answer in the stupendous and mysterious scene of Life and Action around thee? He that willed thine, has willed my existence; and it may not be for nothing, that it has occurred to me thus to contemplate thee, and Him! . . . So thou art outward-bound, too! fluttering out to sea, with powerful pinion sustaining thee I knew not how far, nor how long!\* . . . Now a wasp pays her compliments to Tickler, whose trance of enjoyment is thereby brought to an end suddenly:

\* A common white butterfly hovered close over me in the steamboat, when we were at least thirty or forty miles from any land, and no other vessel was within sight. *This* showed indeed something like muscular power!



he starts to his feet: every single hair is instinct with life: his black eyes burn like little live coals: he snaps—and growls—and barks—and springs hither and thither—but his tormentor is gone: and by-and-by, stretched at full length on the sand, Tickler lies with his nose between his fore-paws, and his eyes exceedingly wide open—the impersonation of Armed Caution. . . . Yonder is a hawk. I have watched him for some moments, attentively, as he wheels about the lofty crag;—noiseless: now he is in deadly poise: if his wings move, I cannot perceive it: are his piercing eyes settled on his destined prey? No other tenant of the air is moving, or visible to me: but it may be otherwise with the fierce one above: or he may see . . . however that may be, he has suddenly and gracefully wheeled off again, and is gone—and—Now I pronounce this scene around me charming—ineffably so. Zephyr is in frolicking dalliance with the soft water, and the sun looks down with radiant satisfaction on both. There is not a sound, except of the tide gently laving the silvery sand. Let me forget, for a moment, everything but the present, . . . let me fully enter into, enjoy, and make it MINE! There . . . I am consciously gliding into the *dolce far niente* . . . fluttering with a delicious languor and indifference between care and carelessness, thought and thoughtlessness, yet faintly stimulated by a latent consciousness that one *could* think were one so disposed, . . . and only of pleasant subjects. Well—sole tenant, with Tickler, of this delicious bay, and the smooth advancing sea yet at a dozen yards' distance, I will lie flat on my back; put Shakespeare under my head, and, besides, clasp my hands to support it; draw my cap over my face, so as to shield my eyes from the dazzling sunlight,—yet leave myself a sly corner to glance into the stainless cerulean above; and thus happily circumstanced, I will meditate.

*Meditate!* By the way, what is the word derived from? Well, I don't care; but if it signify anything like continuous mental action, it does not

designate my present condition, for I not only can't, but won't think. Anything may come into my mind that likes, and stay as long, or go as soon, as it chooses. *My* mind! Tickler's mind: both of us have minds. . . . By the way, I would give something to know, for a certainty, what he is thinking about at this moment! I dare say he is eyeing the softly approaching waters: I wonder whether he is aware that they *are* approaching? Will he start before they actually wet his paws? By what process would he become aware of the fact of diminishing distance? . . . I feel morally certain that he never puzzled his little brain about the cause of the sea's saltness nor the nature of his own inner man! But having thus satisfactorily and scientifically disposed of Mr Tickler, what if I were to look for one moment, and faithfully, at *my* inner man? My own inner self: what! Myself look at myself? And without a glass? Odd and inconceivable as it may be, or seem, I will make the attempt: I will inspect myself, and sit in judgment on myself! No human being, that I know of, now sees, or is thinking of me: so I will think of nobody else; only myself. So! . . . Well; . . . nay, but it is not well. I am more and more startled the deeper I look into myself. Suppose every one of my fellow-creatures knew as much of me as I begin to think I know of myself: of the *real* motives which influence, and objects which attract me! Nay—let me, trembling, imagine myself for one moment, known to myself, or to others, *as I am known*, by the Effulgent Omniscience whose eye is now upon me! *Doth not He see my ways, and count all my steps!* . . .

I have a great mind to get up and read *As You Like It*; no I shan't—I know enough of it for my purpose. 'Tis one Touchstone that somewhat roughly thus salutes the shepherd Corin: "God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw!"—to which the cheery shepherd thus replieth: "Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat; get that I wear; owe no man hate; envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good,

content with my harm. . . . ”  
 Heigho! Can I take this measure of  
 myself? To be sure, good Corin, you  
 and I are somewhat differently situ-

ated, and must be tried by different  
 standards, as we move among widely  
 different scenes of action, temptation,  
 and trial: still, each is man! . . .

## ROSALIND.

And talking of *As You Like It*,  
 yonder is *my* Rosalind!—my sea-  
 nymph!—my fair *incognita*!—for fair  
 she must be, surely! While I have  
 been musing, till the water was softly  
 surging against my very feet—Tick-  
 ler having had sagacity enough to  
 retreat in good time, and sit a yard  
 or two in my rear, doubtless wonder-  
 ing why one blessed with the reason  
 denied to him, was foolish enough to  
 let the water reach him—she came, and  
 has been sitting on the rocks, with  
 her maid, and little King Charles, I  
 know not how long! She thinks  
 Monsieur too near, eh? Well, my  
 Beauty, so I may be, and I beg you  
 ten thousand pardons! Come along,  
 Tickler! Who is she?—Madame, or  
 Mademoiselle? Youthful I feel sure  
 she is, and fair; but whether so, or  
 blonde or brunette, I cannot from this  
 distance pronounce. I can see, how-  
 ever, that she has not mounted one of  
 those hideous toadstool bonnets with  
 which English women seek to disguise  
 ugliness or age, and pretty simpletons

their comeliness,—no, she wears, some-  
 what jauntily, what seems a small  
 straw-hat. But now I retreat to my  
 rocky seclusion, and soon see that it  
 is I who have kept the sea-nymph  
 from her native element! For behold,  
 the huge umbrella is expanded: she  
 retreats behind its amply protecting  
 shade: . . . anon there emerges  
 a slight blue figure, attired in loose  
 tunic and drawers *à la Turque* . . . In  
 the clear bright air I can see her white  
 feet as she cautiously quits the rocks  
 and steps towards the silver sand,  
 when she advances boldly into the  
 pellucid water, smooth and shining  
 as the polished mirror. . . Now she  
 is in, half her height, and then—  
*brava! brava!* there was a plunge!  
 And she can swim! unless, to be sure,  
 the sly puss has one foot all the while  
 on the sand!—I daresay her maid,  
 who has advanced to the edge of the  
 water, is laughing merrily at her young  
 —for young she must be—mistress's  
 gambols. . . .

## ALAS, POOR ROSALIND!

The moon sate enthroned so magni-  
 ficently in the heavens, that I fancied  
 it almost an act of disloyalty to the  
 radiant Queen of Night to go to bed  
 when my family did—viz. at 9.50 P.M.;  
 so telling madame not to be alarm-  
 ed, I slipped quietly out of the draw-  
 ing-room window-door, and *sans*  
 Tickler (who was as sleepy as the  
 rest of my party, whom he had ac-  
 companied that day on a walk of at  
 least—as they vowed—fourteen miles  
 thither and back), I sauntered slowly  
 up the avenue to enjoy the delicious  
 scenery. The moonbeams fell, as it  
 were, mottled on my path, through  
 the gently waving trees lining it  
 seaward, and affording me, every now  
 and then, ravishing glimpses of the  
 ivy-clad ruin. Except the faint flut-  
 tering of the leaves, as Zephyr swept

through them, no sound invaded the  
 ear. If I turned towards the south,  
 and looked over the low roof of my  
 château, and the trees which concealed  
 all but the roof, my eye luxuriated  
 on the spreading bay, the further  
 extremity of which stretched far into  
 the waters—a mass of rock, with the  
 hoary remains of an old watch-tower  
 glistening at the very extremity, and  
 with which was connected a marvel-  
 lous and mournful legend—and be-  
 yond it was a silvery expanse of  
 waters far off, on which, though it  
 might be only fancy, was visible a  
 snowy sail. I stood leaning against  
 a small silvery ash, my arms folded,  
 gazing on the transcendent beauty of  
 the scene, and almost unconsciously  
 slipped into a melancholy humour, as  
 fancy re-peopled the ruined watch-

tower with those whose grievous fate it was said to have witnessed; especially of the beautiful Imogen, who, in long passed time, had sprung from it wildly into the blue depth beneath, rather than have the veil drop for ever between her and life and love! While occupied with such fancies, and almost sighing with sympathy for the fate of a heroine unknown to me except through the confused *patois* of an old crone in the village beneath, as fate would have it, a raven flew suddenly and ominously out of a tree within only a yard or two of me; and before I had recovered from the start occasioned by so simple an occurrence, my eyes, happening to be directed downward, lit on the loathsome figure of the most monstrous toad I had ever beheld! It was crawling leisurely toward me; and it required some effort to restrain myself from consigning it to death by a blow of my heavy walking-stick. But what harm, I thought, had the poor unsightly creature ever intended or done to me or mortal man? Though thou mayst be ugly, thought I, thou art not venomous; nor shall my hand ruthlessly destroy that precious jewel which thou art said to wear! But I retreated, somewhat precipitately, I own, towards the further extremity of the avenue—the high gate opening from the retired high-road—and the view thence of castle and shore was so irresistibly attractive, that I opened the gate, and resolved to saunter down towards the shore. When I stood on the edge of the precipice, from which a by-way wound down towards my favourite bay, feelings of a peculiarly sombre character came over me; and the moon seemed to look down ominously at me as she entered the silver-edged obscurity of a huge cloud. Everything was still clearly and beautifully distinct, but a kind of mysterious air had crept over the scene. The silence was absolute, and its influence thrilling, and even oppressive. Scarce knowing why I did so, I slowly directed my steps towards the bay where I had passed so much of my time during the day, and several hours that very morning. Just as I reached the turning in the little foot-path which brought me into

the bay, the moon emerged with sudden glory from her obscurity, but only, after a moment's interval, to plunge into one at least as black. Brief, however, as that interval was, it sufficed to render visible something white lying on the furthest rocks, and a solitary white figure walking slowly from it towards the water! I looked at my watch with sudden uneasiness, and saw that it was rather more than half-past ten o'clock, which seemed an extraordinary hour for any one to be bathing. I approached the spot, where lay what I supposed to be clothes, as quickly as the intervening shingle and rock would permit, and felt not a little agitation on perceiving the white figure floating on the surface of the water, at least twenty yards from the shore, and towards a wild rocky outlet, which I knew to be exceedingly dangerous, as directly within the sweep of the Atlantic! I rushed up to the spot where glistened—a lady's dress! and suspended from the sharp corner of a ledge of rock, the sort of small straw-hat which I had seen, as I fancied, that very morning on the lady who had bathed thereabouts! I instantly shouted "help! help!" with all my force, for I saw distinctly that the floating figure exhibited motions, as if desperately attempting to arrest its course towards the open sea! I called "help! help!" again, and sprang from rock to rock towards that, round the corner of which, the object was floating. With an almost superhuman effort I vaulted over an interval between two rocks, of apparently more than three yards, still shouting "help! help!" for I then distinguished the dark dishevelled hair of a woman! Nearly toppling headlong into the water, I rushed to the furthest extremity of the rock, but only in time to see two white hands suddenly raised in imploring gesture, after which they sank under the water. . . .

"Help! help! for Heaven's sake, help!" I shouted, at the top of my voice; but there was no one to see or hear! I would have sprung into the water, had not some petrific influence prevented me. . . .

"Help!"— . . . .  
 "What is the matter? Good

Heavens!" and I felt shaken not very gently, while Madame's voice redoubled her inquiries.

"Save her!—a boat! She's drowning! She sinks! Help! help!"

"Pray don't disturb one in this way! You are enough to send one into a fit. I suppose you've had some horrid dream—Rouse yourself!"—And at length I did.

"And pray *who* was it that was drowning? Was it I?"

"Oh—no! not *you*—" quoth I,—perhaps it was fancied, with a sigh! for the snappish rejoinder was—

"Then I shouldn't wonder if it

was that creature that you are always talking of——"

"That creature!"—

"Yes—that creature!—Pho! get to sleep, and don't think any more of such nonsense! See what comes of such an outlandish sort of place as this! Nothing would suit you but——"

"Outlandish sort of place!!—Well, upon my word, that's rather gratifying, after all the——"

"Fiddle-de-dee! then go to sleep!" And so I did, gradually, but not till after I had inwardly breathed a hope that my dream should never come true with fair Rosalind of the Rock!

#### THE MIDNIGHT ALARM!

*Tuesday.*—How profound our silence and repose at nights! On the particular one of which I am about to speak, we had no moon; and as Madame had consented, but very reluctantly, to our door-window remaining open to its widest extent during the nights, I was forced to submit to the abomination of an Albert Night Light, always regarded by me as in the nature of a glittering eyesore. But I lie awake much longer than Madame; and as soon as ever she had surrendered herself to Morpheus in right earnest, I used gently and treacherously to slip out of bed, make my way up to where the glimmering nuisance stood, on the hob of the fireplace, and puff out that same Albert; on which I groped my way back to bed, hoping that the injured and betrayed lady would sleep till the morning sunbeams stole into our chamber. So she generally did; but several times it has been otherwise—and, with a silent shudder, I have heard her say to herself—"There! that horrid night-light's gone out again! . . . I wish we'd brought some from town!" If I appeared awake, I could do nothing else but concur with her, saying, "How can you expect to get things as good here, as in town?"

"Yes, but Kate vows that though she always finds the light out, however early she comes in, it's often only half or a quarter burnt! And when she lights the remainder next night, it burns well enough till she leaves me—and I know it's always burning as long as I am awake!"

"How very odd!"

Well—this (to be candid) mean procedure of mine, secured its fitting reward. But duly to appreciate this remarkable occurrence, permit me to explain a little. The only persons who sleep down stairs are four: myself and Madame; Tickler under our bed; and Mademoiselle in a bedroom opposite to ours. We have no cat, that we know of. The larder is about four yards' distance from our bedroom, exactly opposite the small butler's pantry. Everybody goes to bed—I last—by ten o'clock. . . .

"Do you hear that?—Do you hear that?" agitatedly exclaimed Madame, waking me.

"No!—I hear nothing!"—

"Hush!"—

"Pho, pho!—you've been dreaming!"

"Never was I more wide—but there's that intolerable night-light out again—" We were certainly in darkness inspissated; and I knew who might be thanked for it. "There!"—

I jumped up. There could be no mistake about it. We had no idea what o'clock it was. . . . All was again silent. . . . I had no fire-arms, but I knew there were fire-irons, though none of the largest: so slipping out of bed, I groped my way, somewhat startled, I own, to the fireplace, and resolutely grasping the poker (Madame probably buried, head and all, under the clothing), walked towards the open window—and through it to the terrace. It was pitch dark;

and though I fancied I saw some motion in the laurel grove, I was mistaken. Just as I had returned to the bedroom, having gone round two-thirds of the house, I heard the sound again — accompanied by a stifled scream from Madame. 'Twas the sound of crockery smashing! and came from the direction of the kitchen. There I got a match, and succeeded in lighting the candle I had with me: but all was silent and safe *there*. The pantry-door was locked, and on listening, nothing seemed moving. Then I went to the larder, the door of which also was closed, but not locked: and just as I gently opened the door and thrust in the candle, peering in after it, I distinctly heard something moving, and that slowly. . . . Heavens! . . . I suddenly closed the door, having seen nothing. . . . Could it be some hideous snake writhing about? Ugh! . . . A cold shudder came over me. Rousing my valiant servant, but nobody else, for the present, lest we should have a great commotion, we both armed ourselves suitably. . . . But let me in the mean time intimate that that evening we had bought a live crab, of colossal proportions. . . . he was the admiration of the whole circle, perhaps

the very King of Crabs; and you should have seen the indentation he made in the piece of wood thrust between his claw to ascertain if he meant mischief! . . . He was a monster; yet he had become my property for the sum of eighteen-pence! Well: our cook intending to borrow a saucepan to boil him in the morning (I never could divine the reason of his not having been boiled *instantly*), he had been placed in an open and shallow basket, on the floor of the larder; and not relishing his quarters, had gone out reconnoitring: and behold the bold burglar! Bursting into what was meant to be an assuring laugh to all that might hear it, how do you think we disposed of our restless captive? Removing a loaf from the bread-pan, I offered a stick to one of his claws, which grasped it with a deadly tenacity, enabling us to lift our grim friend, unconscious of the manœuvre, into the deep bread-pan; presently he relaxed his hold of the stick; we turned him with it on his back; clapped the cover on the bread-pan; —and . . . at five o'clock P.M., of that day, *taliter processum est*, that he meekly graced our modest dinner-table in the guise of—curried crab!

## TICKLER MISSING!

I sauntered down to my Bay, with four newspapers in my pocket, and accompanied by Tickler alone, about 11 A.M., intending to bathe, and then lie on the shingle reading my papers. When I had got down to the water's edge, the wicked idea occurred to me of suddenly sousing Tickler into the calm blue advancing water, before I bathed myself. So without giving him the least idea of what I was about, by divers false pretences I inveigled him some little way on to the rocks: and then suddenly seized him, and before the little fellow had time to be frightened, dropped him calmly into the calm waters! Clean over head he went *instantly*; and then, with uncommon sagacity, observing where the shore was, swam straight towards it — a fearful distance of nearly seven yards. On reaching land, he shook himself; and then

seemed perfectly astounded at what had taken place. Having assisted in squeezing the salt water out of his dear little pepper-and-salt jacket, I rolled him good-humouredly in the shingle; and as he was in the fervid sunshine, he soon got dry. Then it was my turn to dip; and leaving Tickler squatting beside my clothes, with strict injunctions not to stir till I came out, I abandoned myself to the lovely blue!—At length I got out, and made towards my clothes. For the first time occurred to me the idea of Tickler. . . . But he was not there! I called him—gently—angrily: I whistled:—but no Tickler! I dressed myself hastily, and scrambled up into the road: still no Tickler! And to every inquiry whether any one had seen a little grey dog, the answer was, “Non, Monsieur.” I started back to the château—no: no

one had seen him! So I hastened back to the bay; and—in short, I spent three hours, under a broiling sun, and without having waited for lunch, in hunting for Tickler. I went to every cottage I could see, on a rapid tour of at least seven miles,—calling out “Tickler! Tickler!”—making anxious inquiries after him; and offering five francs to any one who would bring him to the château. “Tell us the name, Monsieur!”—“Tickler!”—“O! oui! Teekel?”—“Teek!”—“Teekleur!”—“Taklar!”—“Teekle!” . . . —“What sort of a dog is it?”—“A little one—very pretty—a lady’s dog!”—“Quelle couleur, Monsieur?”—“Gris!—presque gris!”—“Bien, Monsieur!”—Five francs freely offered must have set five times as many eager searchers a-foot, calling out

Tickler’s name in every variation of which it was susceptible in Norman-French:—and at length, dispirited and exhausted, I reached the château. Half-way down the avenue was Madame, reading a book. I dared hardly tell her of my misfortune. . . . “I suppose you haven’t seen Tickler?” at length I asked.—“Seen Tickler!—Yes—he’s lying fast asleep on the ottoman——”—“He is!!!”—“Why, yes—he’s been here this three hours: and I do believe you’ve been bathing him!”—He had had his revenge. I did not recover the fatigue for two or three hours; and next day Madame, attended by Tickler, having taken a little walk into the interior, was pitched upon by one of my lynx-eyed myrmidons, and told that she had got “Monsieur’s dog!”

## FINE WRITING.

*Wednesday.*—Did I not take my seat in my library this glorious morning, at 8.30 A.M., one whole hour after breakfast, with the firm determination to do some fine writing? I know I did! *Do* some fine writing, by the way—the phrase is my own, and impertinently significant! And, forsooth! the fine writing was to be on any subject! Nothing, it seemed, was to come amiss to the Fine Writer—prose or poetry; morals, politics, criticism,—sentiment, romance—bah! However, being in the humour for *something* or other intellectual, I spread out the doomed sheet; adjusted it exactly on the bloating-case, and it again on the table, in such a direction as enabled me to command a sight of everything provocative of Fine Writing. I took my pen; rested my left elbow on the table, and my chin on the palm of my hand; half closed my eyes, and gazed on the magnificent expanse. Anon my right hand hung down listlessly, or rather rested on the arm of the antique easy-chair, as though belonging to the very Genius of musing. But what do you think was the first thing that occurred to me at the very moment when, “with all appliances and means to boot,” I had determined on doing Fine Writing? When Silence, Solitude, Snuggness, combined their

efforts to let me have it all my own way! I am really ashamed to tell you, but ’tis the truth; and is this:—As regards my chin and left hand, the posture is one of those in which Lord Byron was painted;—and as regards the right hand, with the pen, and hanging down,—the position is that chosen by Sir Joshua Reynolds to represent the musing moralist, Dr Johnson. . . . Now, no mortal eye was at that moment looking on your obedient servant; nor was there anything in the shape of a looking-glass in the room that he could gaze at himself. Having probed the matter as deeply as I could, I am as certain as I can be of anything, that I had fallen into each attitude unconsciously . . . but what ill-natured imp was it that placed before my mind’s eye the hackneyed engravings of these two personages, one so celebrated, and the other so great? Come, now, you are alone with yourself, and be frank: give up your attempt to account for it by anxiously referring to the mysteries of Suggestion and Association . . . and tell us whether, in your innermost self, the idea did not occur to you, that . . . if a portrait *were* to be taken of you—forsooth!—by hand of man, or—*dignus vindice nodus!* the Great Sun himself! . . . now was the time! . . .

the points of each position would be hit off at once! . . . Whew! Eugh! . . . In a fit of genuine and desperate disgust at the bare possibility, and almost dreading and hating the neglected science of Self-Knowledge, if it were of such a searching character as this, searing one's very vitals,—I suddenly threw down my pen on the table; started up; enfolded myself in my loose wrapper; walked up and down my room for a minute or two; and then, with a little more impetuosity than was necessary, put aside my paper; shut up my writing-case; threw off my wrapper; put on my thin p'-jacket—my very ugly travelling-cap, which is an eyesore to all my little circle; strode out into the avenue; thrust my hands into my pockets, and for a long time paced the avenue in that pleasing state of mind which reminds me now of that which Sir William Blackstone describes as "malice against all mankind"—(forsooth! because I had had cause to hate myself, I must hate my species!)—and all this came of my sitting down determined to do Fine Writing! If

ever I do anything of the sort again, may I . . . "Papa! here's Pierre at the door, and wants to know if you would like to go out this morning and fish among the rocks,—he says we're likely to catch some conger eels."

"Oh, yes," desperately; "I'll go—instantly! Anything's better than . . . Yes! the hook is in my gills; and I'll go and put it into those of some sea-snake! Ducky, ducky! Come and be killed!" . . . And He did! Such a piece of work to get him on board, of which he gave us fair notice the moment we had intimated to him, perhaps somewhat roughly, our intention to give him a little fresh air! I pulled the line for a yard or two, and then exclaimed, "Hollo! here's something strong—" Pierre put his hand to the line, "Ah! oui, monsieur—c'est une congre"—he hauled in the line—"très petit." And to be sure it was not longer than my friend the viper of the other day—four feet, though considerably thicker: how his greedy eyes glared as he neared us!

MAUD v. CORDELIA.

The evening was so bewitchingly beautiful, that I sallied forth to enjoy it, somewhat selfishly, alone, *more solito*: and yet not alone—for in my pocket I took a volume of Shakespeare. Scarce had I seated myself in the silent grass-grown quadrangle representing the keep of the castle, before one made her appearance with the long-desired volume—the Laureate's last—*Maud!* When she had left me, I read it—beginning with the respectful and eager expectation which one or two exquisite performances of his might well inspire in even the most exacting and fastidious—right through. . . .

So, with a sigh, I took out the volume of Shakespeare which I had brought with me, determined to commence *King Lear*, which I had not read for many years! O, don't fear that an Old Contributor has grown young enough to favour you, at this time of day—at least of the evening—

with a critique of that magnificent play, whose glorious and immortal author has the humblest homage of my heart and intellect—would they were worthier of rendering it! In his inspiring presence even littleness seems to swell into bigger proportions; but really if one begins, one shall never end, so be it understood that, with one line, when I had got down to it—the shades of evening falling deeper and deeper around me—I closed the volume, and in the recollection of that rich and lovely line have revelled ever since. It occurs in the very first scene, where, while her two false-hearted sisters are flattering their royal old father, who has required each of the three to tell him which loves him most, says Cordelia, *aside*—the first intimation she has given of her presence—

"What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent!"

O, Shakespeare! and so will I!

## CATERPILLARS.

“May I kill a caterpillar?” “Why should you? may be asked in return.” “Well, but why shouldn’t I? They are of a very destructive nature—they’ve almost annihilated everything in the shape of green in poor Masurier’s little garden near the castle, and you should hear him invoke vengeance on them “à bas les chenilles!” “So you imagine yourself armed with a roving commission to destroy any animal life, which you may regard, whether rightly or wrongly, as mischievous?” “Why, if I should meet an adder crossing the road in my walk this afternoon, mayn’t I kill it?” “No, I think not; unless the creature appear bent on doing you or yours harm.” “I mayn’t crush a centipede!! if I should see one—or a cobra?!” “That is only varying the instance, not the question. I look upon it as really a serious consideration how one, formed himself in God’s image, can feel himself justified in arbitrarily depriving of life anything on which He has been pleased to confer it, for reasons which in the mysterious economy of nature He has not revealed to us. *Primâ facie* the destruction of animal life is wrong; it lies on him who does so, to justify it by the plea of requirement for food, or of self-defence, fairly, and not *capriciously* urged; just as the lawyers say of homicide—that it is presumed to be malicious, and that it lies on the prisoner charged with it to rebut that presumption.” “Well, it don’t signify. . . . I’ve killed a goodly number, as I saw them crawling steadily from the shrubberies up the walls, and into the windows of my house here. . . .” “The creatures are all on their way upwards—each, as it were, crying *Excelsior!* impelled by unerring instinct to fulfil their destiny—to seek some spot where, in repose, they may mysteriously pass out of that unsightly form of existence into another of a wholly different character. . . .” Well, my friend, I have observed it,

and pondered it long, and deeply. I have watched the mystic metamorphosis with profound interest; and here let me quote the pregnant words of the great patriarch St Basil, who (A.D. 370) thus illustrated the doctrine of the Resurrection by the instance of metamorphosis exhibited by the silk-worm:—

“What have you to say, who disbelieve the assertion of the Apostle Paul, concerning the change at the resurrection, when you see many of the inhabitants of the air changing their forms? Consider, for example, the account of the horned worm from India: which having first changed into a caterpillar, then, in process of time, becomes a cocoon; and does not continue in even that form, but assumes light and expanding wings! Ye women who sit winding, upon the bobbins, the produce of these animals, bear in mind the change of form in this creature! Derive from it a clear conception of the resurrection, and discredit not that transformation which St Paul announces to us all!”

Mark, then, with me, you caterpillar, which I have watched creeping steadily across the terrace, how often soever pushed aside, till it reaches the wall: then it ascends, turns first this, then that way, its head inquisitively raised the while, evidently in quest of something. It is looking for a fitting spot to which it may attach itself, and at length has found one to its mind, alongside another, and is stationary. There it will remain, like its semi-metamorphosed companion, which at present it no more resembles than a bird, a frog. There will both remain, unconsciously undergoing the mystic process of transformation, till, with returning sunshine, they start winged into the air, New Creatures. And shall I doubt the stupendous fact which God has vouchsafed to tell me, of my own Resurrection? No; and therefore *my flesh shall rest in hope!*



## A DEED OF DARKNESS.

*Tuesday.*— . . . 'Tis done!—I felt certain that I heard a step stealthily approaching the garden, and after lying still in my Albert-less bed-chamber, for some moments, the old clock in the hall droned out four o'clock. Is that some one after my pears? (I mentally asked the question, with the air of a suspicious landed proprietor.) No, it was not, but somewhat infinitely more serious; and strange to say, a realisation of sundry misgivings that had haunted me for some time. I rose from bed quietly, and stepped to the open window. All was dark and silent. . . . By-and-by it returned: I distinctly saw a figure in a blouse, stealthily slipping down the poplar-avenue on the western side of the shrubbery, at the end of which there was a wicket which opened on a narrow winding path leading down the declivity towards the village. . . . In one hand he carried the ensanguined instrument with which he had done the deed. 'Twas a small hatchet—the wretch! and with two blows he had made me cease to be a proprietor of live stock. . . . I crept into bed again and shuddered. . . .

“I know what was done, ma'am, about four o'clock this morning,” said I, mysteriously, while I was dressing, some hours afterwards.

“Well?” quoth madame, sheepishly.

“I shan't touch a morsel of either. . . . Positively I will not.”

“Well, I dare say there are those that will in this house. I never saw plumper things in my life. . . . And you said they were eating their heads off in corn. . . . I dare say you feel very sentimental, and would like to have taken the things up to town alive!”

“Well—but why not tell me?”

“Pho—I thought you'd say something touching, and all that, and put it off—and off—so I told Henri to come very early and do it, and when they came up to table, you might have supposed that the fowls had been bought during the day.”

“Well,—I won't touch 'em. They've eaten corn out of my hands. But mind I won't have any more bought.”

“Oh, very well!” replied the lady of the landlord, somewhat stiffly, I thought.

## CREATURE COMFORTS.

*Wednesday.*—I really don't half like to own it to myself even; but I am getting shockingly fond of A Good Dinner. Speaking for myself only, I think sometimes half-a-dozen times during the day (and, fie on me! sometimes catch myself licking my lips!) of the dinner which is to wind it up, practically: for what with expeditions into the lovely and varied interior of this country—expeditions afoot; for unless we choose to take a jolt in a cart, I should like to see how else we are to go. And that reminds me of a nice little char-a-banc standing in our stable; but when we had done our best in and about the village—and far and near—to get a horse, *hélas!*—it was not to be had; gratefully acknowledging, however, the proffered loan of a stupendous cart-horse, which could no more have got into our little shafts,

than a hippopotamus cross the Thames in a wherry. Well—I say, what with expeditions everywhere, for miles and hours; and bathing; and sitting in the open air in the laurel arbour; at the top of the castle (when I am in fits of fine thought); and, O joy of joys, ensconced on the rocks, on a huge ledge which seems made to shelter me from the N. and N.E. wind (while another protects me from the S.W. which is now blowing), and shields my book or newspaper from the aforesaid wind;—and what with thinking, and writing letters, and reading good books;—what with all this, one gets quite ready for dinner, ay, and now and then looks at one's watch as the hour draws near, and that's the truth, and I can't help it, and I don't care. Now look at to-day, for instance. If all go well, you may

at 5 P.M., military time, see a very splendid red-mullet, caught off the rocks this morning by one of my hardy friends down below, who has taken a fancy to me, because I admire his little boy, and sent him up with the prize, as a present for Monsieur; who secretly resolved to give a franc and a half as a present in return, on some pretence or other:—Well—there's that Mullet (I had to give the cook an entire sheet of the nice paper on which I am writing to you, that the aforesaid Mullet might come to table in due state: then (lest it should not be enough for five), two dozen and a half of curried oysters (I intend to eat some of both); then some hashed mutton, and a little piece of cold corned beef; to be eaten to the tune of pickled girkins, a jar of which, with admirable forethought, I had brought from England—a rice-pudding made of cream, which they call milk here; salad, which our servant has a great fancy for placing before us daily, seeing he gets the lettuce and endive out of Our Own Grounds; and as for dessert, what think you of two dishes of lus-

icious grapes, and two of large melting pears, presented to us by a courteous Military Propriétaire and Neighbour only eight miles off. Thanks, gallant Colonel; and may this kind of grape be the only one that is ever hereafter interchanged between French and English, whether military or civilian! Then concerning liquor, what say you to pure Marsala? Besides port: which, after dinner, being an Englishman, I will have, whenever, and wherever, I can? And touching cider, no champagne cork ever bounced and fizzed out of his bottle more impatient to be disposed of, than did the cork yesterday out of our cider bottle, as our astounded servant can testify—And thus much in respect of creature comforts; and if the truth were to be told, every one likes 'em, that can get 'em. Don't *you*? [N.B.—We have just had a very fine mackerel brought, for which we gave the fortunate fisherman an entire franc: fancy the aforesaid mackerel to-morrow morning broiled, with just a tincture of Sauce Epicurienne, by way of relish, for breakfast!]

## STARLIGHT.

*Thursday.*—Isn't there something suggestive in the very word? Starlight! But you should have been with me this morning, when I took it into my head to step to the window of my bedroom about three o'clock A.M.: not a mouse stirring; even the tremulous-leaved poplar silent: and the sea motionless. Unless I walked out on the terrace and went round to the N.E. front, the Moon was not visible: but she was such a delicate crescent, and could in no way interfere with the solemn starlight. Orion looked perfectly tremendous! and seemed to have come so near! How he gleamed in the van of the glittering starry host! [Here imagine me indulging in thoughts of the utmost sublimity—inconceivably so, and inexpressibly: and that notwithstanding my desperate efforts, again, at fine writing!]

Thou transcendant constellation—by the way, has any one ever suggested or imagined any reason for the fixed relative positions of those stars which we call constellations? How I should like to have a hint on the subject from some Angel, who may know all about it—or Sir David Brewster, by the way, who certainly *does*! . . . So I staid with folded arms and eyes gazing upward, looking, in my night attire, like sheeted ghost . . .

*Madame* (suddenly)—“Who's that? What's that standing in the—oh, it's *you*, is it! You'll catch your death of cold some of these nights; besides, there are no end of insects and creeping things about—”

So Socrates stalked back to his Xant—but I won't finish the word. I am sure she means it kindly, and it certainly *is* chilly.

## CRITICISM!

Many thanks for your well-meant consideration in sending to me, in my solitude, ————. I agree with you. It is first-rate trash; and I

shall give it to some villager here, who cannot read English, and therefore will not have his opinion of us lowered.

## QUITE OUT OF THE WORLD.

1st October, Monday.—Five weeks have now elapsed since I let a thick veil drop between myself and the world. She may have thought nothing since about me; but I have every now and then lifted up that veil a little bit, just to see how her ladyship was going on—May I, without offence, say that she is a little given to masquerading? What does she mean, for instance, by at one time appearing in grave and penitential garb as the Religious World? And while your feelings are getting attuned to sympathy with her, in so grand a character, in the twinkling of an eye all is changed, and she flaunts before you as the Fashionable World. By-and-by she assumes a smug self-satisfied look, and calls herself the Literary World; and anon, as if to show how priggish and disagreeable she could make herself if she pleased, The Scientific World. Just as she is putting you into a very bad humour, *presto!* she capers before you as The Sporting World! But here again, when you feel inwardly getting tickled into good humour, all is changed in a trice, and she is quite fussing and pretentious, and in a prodigious pucker, as The Political World! So that one might regard the world as a huge Chameleon! Well, but am not I myself a part of that Chameleon? What do I call myself? A Man of the World?

But why is The World to derive its aspects and denominations merely from the Pursuits in which those indulge who constitute it? Is there any harm in conceiving of The World—its varied phases—according to human characteristics, the moral nature and disposition of that profound mystery, Man? Shall we speak, for instance, of The Cruel World? The Covetous World? The Selfish World?

The Ambitious World? The Proud World? The Sensual World? The Profane World? The Trifling World? Or may we presume to speak of The Just World? The Generous World? The Self-denying World? The Humble World? The Sincere World? The Reverend World? The Believing World?

Answer, Man! that art thus permitted the inclination and opportunity of Self-Examination and Devout Reflection, while love of thy fellows should mingle with reverence to thy Maker—to which of all these thou claimest to belong? Thy days are melting away fast—thy Time rapidly dissolving into Eternity,—and yet thy destiny therein dependeth on thyself. I tremble in this awful solitude; while I hear a voice saying, *Be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the Renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect Will of God. For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, accordingly as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith.*

The Sun is setting, and my soul is subdued. O, the soothing glory! the tender majesty! the awful silence! Now his last rays have vanished from the calm bosom of the ocean: why did that tear descend my cheek, startling me with its suddenness? It told of the over-swelling of a heart solemnised, and a little saddened; for I suddenly recollect that the very first object which met my eye, on entering this lovely residence, was a letter, with gloomy bordering, enclosing a card announcing the sudden death of my oldest friend, and with these words accompanying the

announcement—*Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh*:—and those very words I have just read on a gravestone in a rustic churchyard near me! As I descend from my solitary rock, my watch-tower of Observation, methinks I see a new significance in the words, *The fashion of this World passeth away*.

Well—we have got calmly and happily into October! What a September have we had! The month has been—with scarce an exception—one long lovely day, and as lovely night! And yet, by the way, towards its close, there were, now I am reminded of it, some pretty stern intimations of Equinoctialism!

#### THE STORM.

The Monarch of Storms seemed to be marshalling his forces in the N.E., whence he kept every now and then throwing out clouds of skirmishers. How our poor laurels and laurestines bowed their heads and moaned! And as for the fuchsias, they trembled in every limb, and shed, strange sight! tears of crimson! The poplars waved wildly to and fro, as though, from their higher positions, they could see the main body of the Army of Hurricanes, in close proximity, and lowering in battle array. Ay! and at length They Come! . . . .

The Wind and the Sea are going to make a night on't: so I'll e'en go out and see at least the beginning. I get my pilot-jacket and cap: I button the former up to my chin, and tie the latter close round my neck, enclosing my ears from assault of the auxiliary forces—to wit, the Rain,—which have evidently joined with King Wind.

*Madame and Mademoiselle*.—Why, you can't really be going out such an evening as this? Impossible! What a fright you look!

*Myself* (drily).—It isn't impossible; but I may look a Fright: I don't care, I'll go and see The Storm.

*They* (looking apprehensively through the drawing-room windows, which they proceed to close).—How black it looks (so it did, with a witness!) You'll be wet to the skin. . . . And where are you going? To your rock, I suppose, as usual!

*Myself*.—Well, by the way, that's not a bad idea at all: it hadn't occurred to me. I was thinking of the Castle . . . . in fact, I'll go to both. . . .

*They*.—Well, take a glass of wine

(dessert on table), and don't be out long. But it's a mad freak.

*Myself*.—Didn't I say, when we came, that this was to be Liberty Hall? And haven't all of you been everywhere? *Chacun à son gout*.—and this is *mine*. Good evening. [I go.]

The instant that I had got into my heretofore tranquil avenue, Æolus, at the head of a strong column, charged right down upon me, and I was nearly worsted. I stood my ground, however, keeping a sharp look-out on my left flank; for operations there, by one of the allied forces, were indicated by large dashing drops of Rain. But I persevered; and when I had got to the edge of the declivity, there stood the magnificent old Ruin, relieved grandly against the leaden-hued and wrathful sky, while the infuriate gale seemed bent on stripping off the ivy close-clinging in tender concealment of the ravages of Time.

“Monsieur, forgive me, should not leave home such a night as this—he will be drenched in a few minutes,” said one of my sea-shore friends, who stood at the door of his hut, smoking his cigar, with an air of luxury.

“No, Jacques, I think not. I shall be in the Castle in a minute.” . . .

“Well, well, if it so please you; but you will be wet nevertheless.” With this, a sudden puff of the hurricane whipped off his great broad hat; and with a certain exclamation which I shall not give or translate for English ears polite, he set off after it, and I with him, lest it should be whisked off to sea. But the owner was spared the bereavement: the cap blew right into the hollow of a bush that seemed made for the purpose; and Jacques, with many thanks to

me, instantly resumed his good-nature, and with a gay "Bon soir, Monsieur!" betook himself to his hut, and I to the Castle. I knew the exact spot from which to see with advantage, on this particular occasion, and with that quarter of the wind, whatever might happen: and a few minutes' time sufficed to bring me,—not having been blown down by gusts which caught me every now and then in my ascent of the time-worn steps—to the little turret. . .

'Twas sublime. A glance downwards showed you stupendous billows broken incessantly into snowy foam at the base of the ironstone rocks forming the foundation of the Castle. I am so high, and the tempest so loud-voiced, that I scarce heard the thundering accompaniment of the onslaught beneath. In the far distance there seemed, if my eyes did not deceive me, a ship scudding under bare poles. I was snug enough in my little watch-tower, and could not help thinking, for a moment, of Lucretius' famous lines — *Suave mari magno*, — but they were quickly replaced by the utterances of our own magnificent Tongue of Nature: \*

"*Kent*.—Alas, Sir, are you here? Things that love night  
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies  
Gullow† the very wanderers of the dark,  
And make them keep their caves. Since I was man,  
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,  
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never  
Remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot carry  
The affliction nor the fear.

*Lear*.— Let the great gods  
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,  
Find out their enemies now! Tremble, thou wretch  
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,  
Unwhipped of justice; hide thee, thou bloody hand:  
Thou perjured, and thou similar man of virtue!

Caitiff, to pieces shake,  
That under covert and convenient seeming,  
Hast practised on man's life. Close pent-up  
guilts,  
Rive your concealing continents! and cry  
These dreadful summoners, grace!"

These lines had I been reading that very morning; and having cited them here, I shall not be guilty of profana-

tion, by attempting any description of the scene which I witnessed that evening. But what harm is there in mentioning, as a bit of dry matter-of-fact, that according to the celebrated Arago, as touching lightning, "the most brilliant and extensive flashes—even those which appear to embrace the whole extent of the visible horizon—have not a duration equal to the thousandth part of a second of time!" This conclusion, he says, is derived from our distinguished countryman Mr Wheatstone's ingenious rotatory apparatus for determining the duration of the electric spark: which he demonstrates to last not the millionth part of a second! However this may be, one of these evanescent irradiations lasted long enough to render visible this *affiche*, as I quitted the majestic ruin—and infinitely heightened the tone of one's feeling—"Il est defendu de fumer au dedans de ces portes!" I had escaped the deluge of rain which had descended on the turret in which I was snugly ensconced; and a little before eight o'clock quitted the Castle, hoping to reach my little château with a dry skin, that I might triumph over those who had augured ill of my expedition. But *dis aliter visam*: not long after I had sallied forth from the mouldering gateway, down came the rain again like a cataract, rendering me a pretty object, but in no degree shaking the iron resolution which had sustained me through the adventure! As I passed the hut of my friend Jacques, there he and his wife and daughter were cowering over the little wood-fire. He came to the door, shook his head, smiled, and gave such a shrug! "Monsieur is wet!" "Enter, enter!" "No, thank you—I am near home." "Will Monsieur take a cigar?" I declined the civilly proffered but to me hateful weed, and commenced the ascent to my château. Just as I reached it, the Moon that had appeared suffocated by the incessantly drifting clouds, owing to the interference of a great blast of wind, became suddenly visible—but only to cast a kind of convulsive glance—a wild glare—on the tempest scene around her, and withdraw for the night. How the wind howled round me as I

\* *King Lear*, Act iii., Scene 2.

† *i. e.* affright.

paced rapidly the avenue! At length I reached our clematis-covered porch: the rain still "came down like music"—but I had reached the goal! The storm-shutters had been all closed upwards of an hour before; everything made snug for the night; a blazing fire lit in the drawing-room; tea was awaiting my arrival; everybody delighted that I had returned; off went pilot-jacket and heavy soaked cap; I retired to my dressing-room and paid myself such attentions, with a view to complete comfort, as seemed necessary; then returned to the drawing-room, where Madame sate perfectly

good-humoured before the hissing urn; Tickler was overjoyed to see me; the two youngsters profoundly intent on the chess-board;—tea is soon ready; but before the cup was handed to me—"Un petit ver de cognac, Monsieur?" quoth Made-moiselle, slyly; "Oui;" and all was right. And at 9.30., good-night! good-night! Never mind the wind howling down the chimneys, nor the trees shivering and groaning outside, nor the rain spitting furiously against the massive shutters. Good-night! good-night! [N.B.—I hope that poor bare ship is all right!]

#### AN ORDER OF THE DAY!

2d October 1855, Tuesday, 8 A.M.—  
"WE, &c., to all whom it may concern. And whereas the day is now drawing in rather rapidly, and its candle is burning at both ends, we, having taken this into Our consideration, do Order,

"That henceforth, every one rise at 6.30 A.M.; breakfast be at 7.30 A.M.; lunch at 12.15 P.M.; dinner at 6 P.M.; bed as before.

"It is also further Ordered, that every exertion be made by everybody in this expedition to get fish, particularly mackerel; for which purpose they are to be on the look-out at all

times, but especially early in the mornings, to intercept the fishermen carrying their fish to the town.

"And whereas the fishermen show a great disinclination to part with their sand-eels, for reasons best known to themselves, every one is at liberty to go, at proper states of the tide, armed with rakes, and get 'em for themselves—if they can.

"And touching oysters, if any one can devise any other method of treating oysters, than eating 'em raw, scalloped, stewed, or curried, he is to do so.

"Done at——."

#### MY BAY.

Tuesday, noon.—"The ruffian Boreas" has indeed "enraged the gentle Thetis!" She was tearing her hair, stamping her feet, and springing frantically to and fro—one of the Graces become one of the Furies; in plain prose, my little Bay, with its placid loveliness, was now the scene of thundering tumult. The sky looked still wrathful; dusky clouds flying swiftly and confusedly before the victorious winds. How the green waters come tumbling in mountains high! till they burst into clouds of foam against the huge serried rocks on either extremity, or, gathering into higher and higher curves as they advanced rapidly up the beach, precipitated themselves on the shingle with deafening uproar! The three little ferry-boats which had

heretofore lain in assured repose on the beach, were now hauled up high and dry out of the reach of the raging element—one transferred to the road, and the other two hauled up and left hanging against the steep declivity. Where now was the site of my *quondam* Sea Nymph's gentle antics? Submerged some forty feet beneath the snow-crested billows! And as for my tower of contemplation at the opposite extremity, nothing of it was visible, except, at intervals, black ragged ridges, or peaks, for the most part enveloped in foam. The turbulent waters had overspread the entire bay, and came riotously up to even the rude break-water which lined the narrow roadway, on the other side of which were two or three cottages

liable to be flooded unless the tide retreated. How the wind howled ! And as for the Sun, which had heretofore shone, now with such pensive, then such dazzling radiance over the lovely scene, he seemed to have withdrawn in anger ! Yet. . .

*Wednesday* (next day) 11 A.M.—All again bright, blue, and beautiful as ever ! The Monarch of day, blazing over head in effulgent state, the fleecy clouds melting as they approach. The wind, too, has fallen ; and though out at sea, beyond the bay, the blue waters are swelling and foam-crested—within this charming *sanctum* they are well-

nigh calm and smooth as ever ! . . . O, how beautiful ! I spend the whole morning, musing ; reading *King Lear* ; walking on the smooth and spreading sand ; or reclining on my favourite rock. . . mine, not hers ! Rosalind ! where are you ? I have not seen you here for now this many a day ! I know not yet who you are ; nor whether you be Madame or Mademoiselle ; or young and fair. Yes, yes, that I choose to presume ! Adieu ! So, as he has the shore to himself, Monsieur will take his bath, which makes his fortieth !

## SABBATH MORNING.

O hallowed morn ! O, the blessed freshness ! The solemnising solitude ! The inspiring silence !

The sun had risen about two hours, and seemed to look benignantly but sadly out of the cloudless sky upon the silver surface of the sea, and the valleys and eminences around me, their foliage rich with the mellow and varying tints of autumn. In a pensive humour I sauntered slowly and alone up the avenue, and took my old course past the lofty ivy-mantled ruin, looking, if possible, more beautiful, and tenderly so, than ever. How the bare crumbling stone mingled its grey hue with the rich green of the ivy, and how beautiful on both lay the slanting sunlight ! At the base, and far below, in the primitive little harbour, lay a fleet of some fifty fishing-vessels, mostly decked in Sunday attire, and watched over by His Imperial Majesty's screw steam-ship *Ariel*, moored at the corner of the harbour, white as snow, with tricolor fluttering faintly at stem and stern. On her main-deck I could see the crew, with captain and officers, standing bare-headed, at prayers : and with this exception, not a soul was stirring or visible in the harbour. After contemplating the scene with deep interest for a few moments, removing my hat on seeing my fellow-beings worshipping our Maker, I turned east-

ward, and walked slowly along the narrow path skirting the bay. The profound silence was interrupted for a moment by a sudden and distant cock-crow, serving only to enhance that silence. My bay was filled with the soft and silent blue waters ; and from two or three little cottages or huts white curls of smoke arose, dispersing slowly in the serene air. Not a human being was visible. I resolved to scale the steep heathery eminence on my left, to obtain a more extensive view of the enchanting scene. At length I reached the summit ; and leaning against the weather-beaten and decayed fragment of a watch-tower that had been erected during the war, I stood, with folded arms, lost in a sense of the lovely repose that breathed around. It was my last Sabbath in those parts : and shall I hesitate to own that my soul was dissolved in reverent thankfulness to Him who had given me, thus *richly to enjoy*, an oasis in the wilderness—so salutary and invigorating a respite from the active cares and anxieties of life ? Let me humbly express a belief, and a hope, that His creatures may regard such a moment as this, and such a devout condition of the soul towards Him *in whom we live, and move, and have our being, as feeling after Him, and finding Him, though He be not far from every one of us !*

## MEDITATION ON A MOUNTAIN.

If this were not a time and an occasion calling for grave reflection, to one even but little accustomed to, or capable of it, when would such arrive? Such is to be regarded as being, so to speak, a halt in the march of life; not that one can arrest one's earthly progress for an instant; for the sand is still running on, though he who is interested in it may for the first time have thought of pausing amidst his multifarious occupations to meditate upon the silent significance of that running sand. So: one looks backward: is the retrospect satisfactory?—forward: is the prospect cheering? or is the former unsatisfactory, and the latter cheerless? Then follows in either case the weighty—WHY? Has the brief interval between this and one's last periodical pause, been passed in a way worthy of a moral, a rational, an accountable being—a Christian being, though even only nominally such? For, in my view of the momentous matter, it is idle to ask the question of any other, nor would his answer be interesting or satisfying. Has that space been traversed in the degrading spirit of—*let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die?* Has one's moral and intellectual nature been more and more immersed in sense? Does one secretly believe that one's Whole ends, absolutely, with a *Hic Jacet?*—That

We are such stuff

As dreams are made of, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep?

Alas! I knew well a man, a gifted one too, who took this dreadful view of the matter. He was refined from all sensual grossness, and I believe his life to have been scrupulously moral; but though in scarcely middle age, he could never bear to be reminded of the decline of life—saying, with a tone and a look still present to me, “Why should I overshadow my present by anticipating my extinction?” And I protest, that a man more calmly and hopelessly unhappy, from this consideration alone,

I scarcely ever knew, and it always saddened me to think of him. How, then, would such a one answer the—*Why?* above proposed! But if one believe oneself not one of the herd who, “from hour to hour,” thus “ripe and ripe,” and “then rot and rot,” is one living accordingly? Does one really square one's conduct with one's belief of the realities of Hereafter? Does Ambition burn as fiercely within one as ever? Is the garden of one's soul rank with the thickening ill weeds of covetousness, pride, sensuality, and many others, that do indeed “grow apace”? Is the soil become too hard to receive that seed scattered by the divine husbandman—Good Resolutions? Is SELF as domineering an Upas-tree as ever, under whose deadly shade the faint growth of love perishes? Has disappointment soured or sweetened, though saddening, the disposition? Has success made one insolent, or meek and lowly? Has knowledge of oneself, and observation of others, made one forbearing, tolerant, charitable, in the construction and estimate of others' motives and conduct? *While one has time, is one really doing good to all men?*

—Well, these are questions of a solemn nature; and the putting them to oneself, steadily and faithfully, may well occasion sighs of humility and self-distrust, and direct the soul to that boundless ocean of mercy and *grace* which is *sufficient for us!*—Thus surely may meditate, on this mountain, amidst the lovely radiance of Nature, and the hallowing calm of Sabbath, a poor man of the world; who, though he may sigh, does not sigh as one without hope; and also, as the precious season of his solitude and seclusion draws to a close, would return to the scene of life's ordinary duties and trials, even if visited by adversities, with gratitude and courage, in the spirit of the Royal Psalmist,—*Blessed are they who going through the vale of misery use it for a well:*\* which good old Bishop Patrick would have us read thus:—“Who travelling through

\* Psalm lxxxiv. 6.



the thirsty valley, where there is no water, pass it as cheerfully as if it abounded with pleasant springs; and depending on God, as the fountain of what they want, receive from Him

the blessing of plentiful and seasonable showers to refresh them in their journey; so that the whole company go from stage to stage, with unwearied vigour."

SYMPTOMS OF THE CAMP BREAKING UP.

*Monday.*—"All that's bright must fade," quoth the poet; and so it began to be with our charming little *château*. In spite of the rich, untarnished, and undiminished foliage of evergreens so gracefully disposed around it, the fall of the leaf,—rudely quickened by the gales which had latterly prevailed,—and the bronzing touch of autumn, were telling daily, and almost visibly. We were ceasing to be quite as secluded as we had been; and could see and be seen, not unpleasantly to be sure, but still to a much greater extent than heretofore.

Leaves great and small would accumulate on our greensward, and rustle loudly as they were hustled about by the eddying gusts; and 'twas not inspiriting to look at the stripped branches from which they had descended. How often, as I paced our long avenue, under these

circumstances, occurred the mournful lines of old Homer—

"Like leaves on trees the race of Men is found,  
Now green in life, then withering on the ground!"

The so long-enjoyed blessed days were shortening rapidly: mornings and evenings grew chilly: we began to dine by lamp-light, and those who did not fall asleep, sate reading round the glowing fireplaces. 'Twas rather hard and ungracious, I own, but one could not help, as it were, solacing oneself with the reflection, that the place must look very different in a week or two, and in winter, from what we had seen it! Yet, again, Winter here hath his appropriate splendours: fancy the noble old Ruin yonder, his emerald mantle covered with snow, dazzling to behold in the morning or evening sunlight, or by the rich moonlight!

A DEBATE CONCERNING TICKLER, AND HIS SINGULAR CONVERSATION WITH ME.

Well, however this might be, the approach of our inevitable hour was betokened in various ways; and first by the necessity of my little forces being diminished by two, with respective marching orders for Oxford and a Public School. One of these two conceived a masterly idea—that since they two could have but little luggage to look after, and we "no end of it," with ladies, sea-sickness, and searching to boot—what if they were to request the favour of Mr Tickler's accompanying them? But this startled some.

*Madame.*—Take Tickler!! What, with them?

*Myself* (authoritatively).—Yes.

*Madame.*—Well, of course, if you say it's to be done, I suppose it must.

*Myself.*—Yes.

*Madame.*—He'll break his heart—to be separated from me—

*Myself.*—Dogs' hearts, like those of some other people, are not quite so easily broken. He goes.

*Madame.*—He's never been separated from me for six hours since we had him. . . .

*Myself.*—Poor little soul! I dare say he hasn't.

*Madame* (tenderly).—Tickler! Tickler! Tickler! Poor Tickler! [He jumps on to her lap and looks eloquently into her eyes.] Positively he knows there's something or other going on!

*Myself* (in the imperative mood).—Tickler, come hither! [He jumps down, and actually slinks under the sofa!! so he has heard it all, and this is a touch of disaffection, perhaps to be fostered into mutiny. *Mais n'importe!* He goes.] . . .

But these are painful scenes; and not to harrow the reader's feelings, as was

considerately said by the Minerva Press-gang, an order of the day was issued, that everything was to be in readiness against 5.30 A.M., military time, the morning but one after, for the departure of *three*: and one of them was the aforesaid Tickler, as I dare say you may guess, who looked quite fascinating during the day, by reason of a fuchsia or two gracefully interwoven by Mademoiselle into his collar. I own, for all my sternness, that I eyed the little fellow very affectionately, as the hour of his departure drew nigh; but I was little aware of what was to occur. On the evening before he went, we were left alone in the drawing-room, all others having retired early to bed. He lay quietly before the fire for some time, and then got up suddenly, and to my great surprise, addressed me, as nearly as I can recollect, as follows:

*Tickler.*—Well, now I'm going, with two other members of the family, and no mistake whatever about it—he paused for a moment, inquiringly; but as I made no sign, he proceeded, with a faltering voice: I—can't help it, and shall offer no obstruction, or opposition, and do my best to be good company to my young masters. Well, I must say, I've enjoyed myself uncommonly in this place, and feel all the better for it. The only thing I regret is, you're having thrown me that day into the sea—

*Myself.*—O, as for that, Tickler, let by-gones be by-gones.

*Tickler.*—Well, I suppose it must be so, as you say it must, sir; but I was most horribly astonished and alarmed, and had a ringing in my ears all the rest of the day!

*Myself.*—Had you, really! So have I, sometimes.

*Tickler.*—You would have been just as much astonished as I was, if some huge being—

*Myself.*—I don't allow a dog to reason with me, sir. Proceed, that is, if you have really anything to say.

*Tickler* (after a sigh, and a pause).—I don't wish to be thought presumptuous, or give offence; but I think men and dogs have a great deal more in common than either thinks for.

*Myself* (loftily, but kindly).—Possibly; but proceed, my poor creature!

In your little way, you're not without intelligence.

*Tickler* (meekly).—Thank you, sir; and I hope you will think us not without affection for mankind . . .

*Myself* (suddenly).—My poor, dear dog! Dear little Tickler, I really can't tell you how much I love you, and I believe you love us all, as sincerely.

*Tickler.*—That I am very sure of! But a very particular circumstance that I heard you read out of a newspaper some weeks ago . . .

*Myself.*—You did!

*Tickler.*—Yes, sir; don't you recollect my being called to order for suddenly barking when you were reading the paper one evening?

*Myself.*—Well—by the way, I really do! What of it? (curiously).

*Tickler.*—It was the account of the dog getting a medal the other day, with the soldiers, for brave and faithful conduct, beside his master, in battle. He wouldn't leave him, for all the trampling down, and blood, and bullets, and bayoneting. [Here he paused, and his voice quivered; and I was so much touched myself, that I said nothing.] But he did his duty, only . . .

*Myself.*—Good dog! Brave dog! Methinks I see him, with his ribbon and medal!

*Tickler.*—That was a proud day for the dogs, sir, I assure you; and I heard one of you say, sir, that another dog has since done prodigies of valour, fighting beside his master, and actually making several prisoners!

*Myself.*—Why, Tickler! Certainly! You're right! 'Twas a wonderful thing, and I've no doubt he, too, will get a medal!

*Tickler.*—They happened to be both French dogs, sir, and belonged to French masters!

*Myself.*—That was the case, to be sure . . .

*Tickler* (every hair alive with excitement).—But don't you believe the same could have been done by an English dog?

*Myself.*—But you are a Scotch dog!

*Tickler.*—Well, sir, and I'm proud of it. And don't you think that a Scotch dog would have done the same?

*Myself.*—Very probably; but Tick-

ler, who was it that ran away from a grasshopper the other day?

*Tickler.*—I was not born to kill them (proudly); but I feel from that hint, that I am taking too great a liberty . . .

*Myself.*—Not at all—not at all; only as we've all got to get up very early in the morning, I should be obliged if you would be short. [I wind up my watch and give a slight yawn.]

*Tickler.*—I will, sir. I do assure you, sir, that dogs think a great deal more than you suppose.

*Myself.*—Ay, I dare say, about their own affairs—nice bones, and so forth. Ah, Tickler!

*Tickler.*—I'll not deny that I like a fresh bone, not too cleanly picked beforehand, as well as any dog; but we observe and reflect on mankind much more than they imagine, and in a very different way, besides, from what might be supposed. Did you ever see a Dog's Memoirs, or Autobiography, sir?—

*Myself.*—Ha, ha, ha!—A Dog's Memoirs, or Autobiography? Excellent!

*Tickler.*—But did you, sir?—(anxiously).

*Myself* (musing).—You take me quite by surprise.—Let me see: at this moment I really don't . . . ah! ha! but I'm uncommonly tickled by the idea!

*Tickler.*—Have you ever read *La Fontaine*?

*Myself*—(gravely and musingly).—What a question for a dog!—and such a little one too! Well, I have, but not all he has written.

*Tickler.*—Nor, sir, have I; but I think he somewhere speaks of a man playing with a cat; and says, "I wonder whether that cat thinks it is she who is playing with me, and not I who am playing with her?" Now I think there's a good deal in that, sir.

*Myself.*—I must own it's rather ingenious and suggestive; but what upon earth can that have to do with what you were talking about?

*Tickler.*—Only suppose, for one moment, that it is possible we approach more closely to our human masters than we've hitherto had credit for . . . and that I, for instance, when under the sofa, or on the ottoman, or on the hearth-rug, and supposed asleep, have been watching and listening . . .

*Myself.*—O, you sweet rogue! (good-naturedly).

*Tickler.*—And forming my own conclusions of what was said by yourself and your many friends and acquaintance.

*Myself.*—You little sly knave! [*Aside.*—Humph! is this a case of metempsychosis? . . . At any rate, if he's really heard all that's been said in my house, he's heard some rather queer things, and plain speaking!]

*Tickler.*—I see, sir, that you can hardly keep your eyes open, and I have only one word more to say—will you kindly write my Autobiography, or Memoirs, if I will dictate them? And if I'm frank, will you be honest?

*Myself.*—Honest? what d'ye mean, sir? It's a rather impertinent question. If you'd been a man . . .

*Tickler* (humbly).—But I'm only a dog, sir . . .

*Myself* (musing).—What an idea! "Tickler's Autobiography!"—"Memoirs of Tickler!"

*Madame* (putting her head through the half-open doorway).—There you are! Talking with that dog again! Will you be so good as to recollect that we rise at half-past four to-morrow morning? and that Tickler's going too? for I suppose he is, poor brute.

*Myself.*—Poor brute!!—[To myself, inaudibly to everybody else:—If I become Tickler's amanuensis, Madame, I'll set down with very particular and rigorous faithfulness all that he has to say about somebody, who's very nearly related to the aforesaid amanuensis!—Come along, Tickler! (We go to our respective beds very submissively.)

#### DEPARTURE OF THE DETACHMENT.

*Next morning, 5.45 A.M.*—The carriage—such a carriage—is standing before the clematis-covered porch

. . . and in go The Three! As for Tickler, all his wonted agility and sprightliness had deserted him; he was

fairly lifted into the vehicle, he passive the while, a completely subdued and dejected dog. But just as the carriage started off, he presented himself at the open window, without moan, whine, or bark, but with a look which, as young lady-writers are so fond of saying, would have broke a heart of stone! . . . As, however, I was inside (for I was not going to desert My Boys), I cannot speak from a full view of Tickler's countenance; but this I know, that during the whole five miles he never spoke a syllable, though he had sufficient pluck not to shed a tear—that I saw, though it is possible that I was taken up with my sons, whom I saw off, with every advantage of wind and tide, and a bright enlivening sun. As the packet quitted the harbour, I saw them both standing uncovered, kissing their hands to me; though my glistening eye did not see with perfect distinctness, while my tongue gently uttered, *The God, which fed me all my life long unto this day, bless the lads!*\*

This was the first time that I had been to the harbour, or the town, since quitting the vessel in which we had

come; and so much was I occupied with my thoughts, and so little acquainted with the road, that I mistook the latter, and did not reach home till nearly ten o'clock, having been walking for nearly three hours, whereas one should have sufficed: and when I did, how different the place seemed, with our suddenly-reduced numbers! "Heigho! how wretchedly silent and deserted it is," quoth Madame. "I wish we had all gone together!" The day, however, was exquisitely beautiful; we cheered one another with saying, What a delightful passage they will have! And when Monsieur, Madame, et Mademoiselle, met at dinner, which was very considerably quieter than heretofore, I directed poor Tickler's water-basin, which stood rather too conspicuously under the side-board, to be removed; and before we rose from table, with extremely few words, we drank the health of the two who had that morning returned to their respective posts in the Great World, on which our own thoughts were getting anxiously fixed, and to which our steps were to be also soon directed.

#### A PARTING WORD OR TWO ON POLITICS.

My last batch of newspapers has arrived—or if any more should come, they will be too late for *me*; and after having looked over the chief of them with interest, and not carelessly, how one's thoughts are attracted, irresistibly and exclusively, by one vast topic—The War! Much dogmatic nonsense is almost naturally written and talked about it, both at home and abroad: confidently ignorant criticism is shot incessantly, like the fool's bolt: you might imagine great statesmen and strategists to be plentiful as blackberries, and all engaged vehemently in quill-driving. So marvelously accurate and prescient moreover are these gentlemen, that you never hear of any of them having to acknowledge—or at least acknowledging, an error. Whatever event turns up, it disturbs none of their calculations, and falsifies none of their predictions—only confirming them; as

is complacently indicated by the bad stereotyped phrasology—"Our readers will do us the justice to remember that so long ago as"—or "from the first, we said that—," and so forth. Meanwhile the war goes on, grimly telling its own tremendous tale, in its own tremendous way—in blood, bereavement, destruction, desolation—as it were, exposing to the mind's eye huge bloody foot-prints—and crushing *taxation*. It is vitally important for the great clear-headed English nation to look with equal coolness and resolution at its present position with reference to the war; and for this purpose is principally necessary an accurate knowledge of the history of Europe during the last hundred, or at least fifty years, and a map of Europe, to be never from under the eye. One not thus furnished is a child, whom it would be childish to listen to, and whom one has not time to teach; but

\* Gen. xlviii. 15, 16.

one who is thus furnished, and not warped by a morbid idiosyncrasy, or detestably sordid and degrading party politics, cannot, I should think, fail to see that prodigious causes are producing, and that rapidly, prodigious effects, such as may well keep the longest-headed statesmen longest on the alert.

In undertaking the invasion of the Crimea, and the siege of Sebastopol, we did, indeed, "beard the lion in his den, the Douglas in his hall;" we may be said to have taken the bull by the horns, with all the desperate chances attendant on such an attempt. My own belief is, that from the moment Russia saw England and France finally committed to that enterprise, she foresaw her fate in the Crimea. Thenceforward she fought at a murderous disadvantage—quite *contra spem*; the chapter of accidents, on which she relied, totally failed her as far as concerned substantial results; and unless her statesmen, soldiers, and sailors, were all smitten with judicial blindness, they must have clearly seen that, so far, already the game was up, and the only object was to die hard. The resolve of the Western Powers was momentous—inexpressibly so; and those who have been able to look on with tolerable calmness, up to the present point, have lived in a continuous spasm of anxiety, which has by no means yet subsided. There have been, and there continue, contingencies of the most serious nature, to which no one thinks it necessary or politic specifically to advert. It were folly to speak confidently; but as far as I, for one, can see, after every consideration which, as an independent man, I have been able to give the subject, I think an impartial posterity will approve of what we are doing, and condemn Russia as guilty of flagrant wickedness. It will, perhaps, suffice for them to couple Sir Hamilton Seymour's marvellous disclosures with the marvellous state of things which we found in Sebastopol.

The internal condition of Russia must, at this moment, be appalling, in spite of all attempts of her rulers to put a good face on matters, and which may be imagined as flinging a pall over a man in convulsions. It

is the Spartan boy, with the unseen wolf devouring his vitals. Her efforts, however apparently gigantic, are in truth but the spasms of weakness. Unless something totally unlooked for should occur, she must by-and-by give way, bursting, though it may be, with abortive fury, mortification, and despair. Yet the humiliation and discomfiture of Russia are matters for serious consideration to European statesmen, especially those of England, on whom it is specially incumbent to temper resolution with moderation. But the cry "hold! enough!" must first come, or rather be forced, from Russia, by her mighty antagonists, and so far her fate is in her own hands. She must really be deprived of the power of again, for her own selfish objects of aggrandisement, convulsing Europe to its centre, and perilling civilisation. It is utterly intolerable. And she must pay the expense of giving her the desperate knocking, which she has provoked in the ordinary rule of the law, *victor victori in expensis condemnandus*. God grant that she may soon be brought to her senses; but till she be, we must take the advice of the veteran statesman, Lord Lyndhurst—"PERSEVERE!" Woe be to those who would trifle with us at such a crisis, and cry *Peace! peace! where there is no peace!* Much more could I say; but my word or two are already exhausted; and even they, before these lines meet the eyes of your readers, may possibly have lost any force they at this moment may possess.

The country appears to be thinking soberly of the war, with a due sense of responsibility, but without having abated one jot or tittle of its determination, which is honestly to fight out the battle on behalf of justice and freedom. "Thrice is he armed, who hath his quarrel just." It behoves us to be prepared for immense results; therefore let England never quit her watch-tower of observation; let her ever sleep in her armour! In the mean time I would conclude these observations with a few momentous words spoken at Glasgow by Prince Lucien Buonaparte, when attending the recent meeting of the British Association: words which must give the utmost satisfaction to

the best men of all classes in France and England, and on which it is to be devoutly hoped Providence will set the seal of truth :—

“We have arrived at a time when the alliance between the French and

English has come to a point at which the interests of humanity will make it last for ever. The British soldier can never cross swords with the French soldier, after having fought together at Sebastopol.”

#### THE DAY BEFORE GOING OFF

Was spent by the commander-in-chief in holding himself sternly in readiness to discharge a painful duty, viz., pay all such bills as should be duly laid before him, after examination, and adjustment to the English measure of pecuniary liability. Little unthought-of claims started pleasantly up in every direction, but we were obliged to grin and bear it, since we could not deny that upon the whole they were just ! Then came from — the courteous man of business through whom we had taken the château and grounds, to spend two or three hours with my servant, in the exciting amusement of going over the Inventory ; and the result of a search made with excruciating but perfectly fair exactness on behalf of the *propriétaire*, to the everlasting credit of the whole expedition, proved to be breakage during the six weeks to the tune of seven shillings and sixpence only : of which, *proh pudor!* five shillings was due to an unlucky mischance of my own ! You may depend upon it that I kept studiously out of the way of packing up, but first issued a stringent Order of the Day against any infraction of the Revenue Laws of England. This, however, was not sufficient to prevent every soul of us—including myself!—taking home at least one bottle of eau-de-cologne ; and I also heard some mysterious hints about its being always allowable to take home one bottle of cognac—such as could not be got for love or money in England! forsooth!—provided you had drawn the cork, and perhaps withdrawn a teaspoonful of the inestimable spirit ! We sat down to dinner at six o'clock ; and our table rather vividly reminded me of the condition to which the eloquently-sorrowful cow had reduced herself, when she addressed me. 'Twas pleasant to receive a letter, that evening, from those who had gone before us, announcing the safe arrival of all

three (but Tickler in very depressed spirits), after a delightful passage ; though as to this latter item of intelligence, it made me listen with some disquietude to the rapidly rising wind. It might, however, abate by the morning : but would the sea be settled down ? There was the rub !

We had a week before ordered our carriage to be at the door by 5.30 A.M., without fail ; and, to prevent all reasonable chance of mistake, a highly influential personage at —, with whom we had become acquainted, good-naturedly called at the *voiturier's* that evening, to give the strictest injunctions as to punctuality. We were awoke about 2.30 A.M. by a perfect hurricane, the uproar of which, and the apprehensions which might be caused by it in those who were to accompany me, kept me—in fact all of us—awake till 4.15, when we rose and dressed ; partaking of breakfast at 5 A.M. precisely, by bright candle- and - fire light. All was charmingly snug and comfortable within, sure enough ;—but how the wind raged outside ! I offered Madame to postpone our departure, if she pleased, till the fourth day afterwards, no other packet sailing till then ; but we had already surrendered the key of the château,—the fair proprietrix herself was immediately to succeed us ; it would be highly inconvenient and expensive to secure other quarters during the interval ; we might alarm and disappoint those in England, whom we had no opportunity of apprising of our non-arrival. No ! go *we would*—“e'en let the storm on.” But 5.30 arrived—and no carriage ; 5.45, ditto ! 6 A.M., ditto ! and no other carriage of any description was to be obtained, at any place nearer than — itself, for love or money, simply because there was none ! This dire quandary put the storm clean out of our heads. What upon earth could have become of

our Jehu? Twice before, we had employed, and paid him liberally! We were all in real distress at this serious *contre-temps*: I—Madame—Mademoiselle—paced the avenue in momentarily increasing anxiety and impatience, knowing that the packet sailed at 7 A.M. to a moment,—and that we were five miles off! In my distress I walked on the road for a full mile, every now and then stopping to listen for the sound of wheels—but in vain. It was now a quarter past six o'clock, and I gave the matter up in calm despair, and returned homeward miserably, earnestly striving to abate one's excited vexation. We were evidently "in for it," for three days longer, which would have seriously dislocated my London arrangements;—and the town of —, where we must have spent the interval, we all disliked. Once more, however, I turned—paus-

ed—fancied I heard sounds approaching, and in a moment or two a pair of horses came galloping round a turn of the road—they, and the lumbering vehicle they dragged were ours. What do you think was the reason of all this? The fellow phlegmatically told me that he had overslept himself!—without breathing a syllable of concern, or apology! I now feared it was too late; but suffice it to say, that in ten minutes' time we were on our way to —, at top speed: I, watch in hand almost every two minutes. Twice the rotten harness broke! How I pitied the poor horses! But there was no help for it; and at length we dashed up to the pier side, a very few minutes before the packet sailed, our reeking horses an object of commiseration to ourselves, and all others who saw them. Now, was not this a severe little trial of temper?

#### THE PASSAGE HOME.

'Twas not the packet by which we had come, but the mail, and a very fine vessel she was, and needed to be, as I thought, the instant that we had cleared the harbour and began the game of pitch-and-toss in prodigious earnest. All my companions, in their respective quarters below, were quickly *hors de combat*; but I, who am not liable to sea-sickness, remained on deck the whole passage, protecting myself as well as I could with a huge rug against the sea which perpetually broke over us. It was truly magnificent, and there is little exaggeration in saying that it "ran mountains high." Now we were engulfed in a valley, then quivering on the summits of two mountains, which, suddenly melting away, plunged us again into a gulf. Once or twice, snugly esconced in the seat along the side of the cabin, I involuntarily started at the immediate proximity of two prodigious water-mountains apparently about to overwhelm us. You shall not, however, have a laugh at a landsman, and I have done; but the sailors said that it was "far away the dirtiest passage they had made that year." This state of things lasted

til 7.30 P.M., when we got into comparatively smooth water, and by eight, accompanied by a heavy shower of rain, we reached the harbour. The "searching" was got over promptly and satisfactorily; a special train was in readiness for us, and at 9 P.M. we started for Babylon,—Babylon the Great! which we, having slept all the way (unconscious that our train had got slightly off the rail!)—reached shortly after twelve o'clock. How it may be with others I know not, but I never re-enter London, after any considerable absence, but with a certain gravity amounting to depression. Awe overshadows one—

But I have now got quite to the end of my tether. We found all ready for us on our arrival, a main feature of that all being an unexceptionable little supper. Tickler was asleep in his old quarters up-stairs when we arrived; but he was soon roused, and when he saw us, and felt sure that he was not dreaming, he became a little Ecstasy.

So no more, at present, from,

Your  
OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

Done at London,  
far on in October 1855.

## MODERN LIGHT LITERATURE—TRAVELLERS' TALES.

It is now a very long time indeed since the world discovered and concluded upon the value of travel as an agent in education. The necessity was insignificant, perhaps, and unthought of, before the fated days of Babel, or in the temporary bewilderment that followed that first grand era of history; but who can doubt that the felicity of acquiring strange tongues, and the unquestioned superiority of the man who knows two languages, must immediately have commended themselves to that undying human vanity, older than Babel, which had no small share in the first dispersion of the race? We can indemnify ourselves for the superior information of the philosopher, the student, or the man of science—we can conclude metaphysics useless, and learning unproductive and impractical—and it is not difficult to appropriate and take possession of the results of science, with little acknowledgment of the investigators of the same; but the traveller's advantage over us is tangible, and not to be disputed. What we have only heard of, he has seen; and before his eye and recollection, in distinct and palpable reality, are scenes and places which float before our imagination vaguely, in uncertain ideal proportions, not to be relied upon. Yes; such grand materialisms as rivers and mountains, continents and oceans, triumph mightily over us and our imagination; and the humblest peasant who has eyes, and uses them, is a greater authority than the profoundest philosopher who only knows what such things ought to be, without having looked upon them what they are. You may be a great geographer, able to settle a disputed boundary, and famous enough to arbitrate upon a debatable land; but the ship-boy, on the high and giddy mast, who has seen that country gleam out of the horizon as his first long voyage ended, and know its bays and headlands, not by specks upon a map, but by tempests and terrors, and unhopèd-for deliverances, has taken such a hold and grip of the unknown territory as

science can never give; and *his* description gleams with superior truth and reality even to you. "Travellers' tales," though they have had their share of popular reproach, and acquired a proverbial relationship to fables and leasing-making, have, notwithstanding, a more unfailing hold upon the popular regard than any other class of narratives; and the simpler the audience, the more profound is the attraction. The wandering minstrel or troubadour—the pilgrim, half saint, half vagrant, "with his cockle hat and staff, and his sandal shoon"—was scarcely a more interesting visitor to the picturesque chimney-corner of Gothic times, than is the old soldier or man-o'-war's-man in these days of cheap literature and universal information; and whether it be Mr Albert Smith or Mr Gordon Cumming—the Cockney tourist or the savage huntsman—few of us are wise enough or dull enough to refuse a warmer glow of interest, and a more exciting thrill of sympathy, to the tale of the real traveller than to any narrative less distinct and personal. The most popular show of the day is "Mont Blanc," though the ascent of it, even without the guidance of Mr Albert Smith, becomes quite a common achievement among our travelling young gentlemen; and, in reality, we all of us acknowledge, by natural instinct, this absolute force of the actual and positive; and a man has but to tell us honestly what he has seen, and observed, and encountered, to secure our instant attention and involuntary respectfulness. Even our own journeys, though the chances are that they do not afford us, being comfort-loving Britishers, much indisposed to part with our habitual comforts and solaces, any extreme amount of pleasure at the time, turn out very agreeable points of recollection by-and-by, when the bad dinners and the frouzy chambers, the violent paroxysm of that storm on the Channel, and the slower misery of that nightmare diligence, are softened into the haze of distance, and we have the luxury, at our leisure, of



enacting a private Desdemona, and loving ourselves the better for "the dangers we have known."

There are two or three periods of the world's history which are distinctly ages of travel, splendid in the experiences and discoveries of great adventurers. The time of Columbus! how picturesque and various are the scenes—how noble and individual the characters which this name presents to us! Perhaps—it is possible—the national character was as little elevated then as now, could we behold it with the same familiar eye. Perhaps the Cid himself loved garlic and onions, and was not over-particular about the complexion of his linen; but we cannot speak contemptuously of the magnificent Spaniard of the elder ages, grand, sombre, and lofty as tradition and poetry have painted him, nor ever lose the charm of that wonderful outburst of enterprise, adventure, and conquest which revealed to the old universe in its unknown waters another world. Columbus himself, the hero of all, across whose imagination ambitious visions of unpossessed countries and mines of gold and diamonds might indeed loom faintly as his own great continent loomed through the haze of those troublous seas, but to whose surpassing soul this consciousness of something vast and noble to be found was the real inspiration, must ever remain one of the greatest figures in the shifting panorama of history—at once a seaman and a paladin, the most pursuivant of great dreamers, a good sailor, and a true knight. The cumbrous antique ship upon those undiscovered waters—the turbulent crew, mutinous, selfish, undevoted—the tedium of those long strange bright days with nothing but the wide glistening sea and the unbroken curve of the horizon line, to dismay the dull hearts which had no prescience of what awaited them—and in the midst of all, the one steadfast single man looking out for his grand object, unsupported, unsolaced, undismayed. What a noble picture it is! not of genius dominant and worshipped, or of a natural ruler of his fellows, leading them where he would, at the coercion of his own superior will. Columbus, hero as he was, was no king. In this rude company on shipboard,

the leader is no coercive potentate,—you can fancy him the most humble of all, acknowledging the justice of their complaints against him, arguing their very cause to himself. How hard it is for them to consent that *their* lives and fortunes should be put upon the hazard for nothing better than this faith that is in *him*. And so he stands apart upon his narrow deck, through those last days of hope. If they compel him back, his foot will scarce have touched the shore ere he is busy with plans to set out again; and all this time his eager eye strains out upon these wide, wide shining hopeless lines of light, nothing but sky and sea, to answer that faith and prayer, and passionate craving in his heart. Yes, it is something against our modern theories of the highest human excellence, but this wonderful pioneer of all subsequent researches—this first Christian knight-errant into an undiscovered universe—does not seem to have possessed the kingly gift of government: his sailors had no natural instinct of dependence and subordination so far as he was concerned; and while they are busy with their talk and their plottings, lying in the sun, warming their discontent into rebellion, pulling at sail and rope with no heart in the hopeless work, jeering at his abstracted eye as he gazes afar into the vacant heavens, there is nothing for this man to do but to watch—to stand upon his post night and day, and wait for what God will show him. And it is not to those sullen shipmates—dull souls—that God does show the varying colour of the great sea-margin, the broken boughs afloat upon the wave, the glimmering twilight shadow between the sun and sky. But which heart among us has not leaped, one time or other, in sympathy with that great pang of joy which forestalled the wondering shout of "Land!" to Christopher Columbus, when at last *his* guide and leader slowly revealed to him out of the heavens the grand new hemisphere found—discovered—won for God and for Spain?

And though he broke his great heart upon it after all, and lived to see its pristine freshness faded, and pillage, and outrage, and broken faith bringing down his own grand Christian

intent to the vulgar conquest of a freebooter, it is well for us who come after to have such a type of the original investigator—the first great hero of travel in our modern and Christian world. Our own salt-water heroes of the Elizabethan times are all of the lower and vulgarer type—all Pizarros, if Mr Kingsley is to be depended upon; but this patient noble leader of this host has younger children in such names as Franklin and Bellot, and many an unknown martyr worthy of his fame.

And perhaps the gold and the territory, the barbarity and the avarice, frightful accessories as these last are, had their share in the splendour of that age which produced and neglected Columbus, and after him gave birth to the secondary class of wild and daring adventurers who confirmed and extended his discoveries. There is a great intoxication in the mere fact of finding, if it be but a purse or a jewel; and the poor man who finds the brooch of gold is not to be blamed if he is a little thrown off his natural balance by such an extraordinary fortune. Finding a world was something wilder, grander, more overpowering than we can well realise in our days; and the poor Spanish gallant, in imagination at least, wanted little more than a stout heart, a little patience, and a clumsy caravel, to find himself suddenly lord and potentate of some sweetest isle or richest mainland, where the very veins of the earth were silver and gold, and where the ancient miser, mother of all things, hid her jewels in her brown bosom, not so closely but that a cunning eye and a bold hand might tear them thence. Rude pomp and magnificence, barbaric pearl and gold, picturesque pageants and progresses, were as necessary features of this singular time, as was the wild universal passion of travel which possessed it, an enthusiasm in some, a positive act of worship and devotion in others, although perhaps in the great mass merely the eager instinct of acquisition, joined to that daring and adventurous spirit which the grand event of the period was so much calculated to call forth. There is a flush and fulness about the story of this age, a rapid universal impulse of motion and progression, which is strangely

fascinating; and even we ourselves, who have known all about it in these days—we to whom the ocean is no longer a great wistful highway, leading into the infinite and unknown, but a familiar common, tracked all over with lines of smoke and traffic—even we can sympathise with that wonderful thrill of awe, and faith, and solemn expectation with which the great Spaniard sailed into the blank of waters to find his new world.

But we are grieved to confess that Mr Kingsley will not permit us to make much romance out of Elizabeth's sailors, or the researches of their time. Hunting Spaniards and taking convoys of gold were doubtless very exciting pastimes, but they appeal to quite a different class of sympathies from those which follow the track of Columbus, though here again are the same characteristics—the same fulness and exuberance in the age of travel—the same magnificent sweep of progression and general splendour of aspect. After all, perhaps, the common mind is more entirely stirred by that species of adventure which combines with conquest and acquisition, and adds at once to the nation and the individual a more tangible treasure-trove than mere knowledge, or research, or experience. It is not enough to widen the mere visible horizon, and put a name upon a map where no name was wont to be. The real bit of territory taken possession of, and fairly seized, justly or unjustly, by the strong hand, out of the unknown, is something of much more distinct and positive interest than a series of savage capes and headlands complimented with names as foreign to them as their baptism is profitless to the unconscious godfathers at home; and the peaceful pilgrim, who risks his life to classify rhododendrons upon the Himalayan range, has no such magical influence over us, carnal and worldly-minded as we are, as the much less disinterested and commendable adventurer who has the luck to light upon a nest of jewels, and comes home glittering in his wealthy spoil. Ours, too, is an age of travel; and the restless feet of this wayfaring generation have penetrated into solitudes which Columbus never dreamt of, and where Drake had no

vocation to explore ; but so far being peaceable, mercantile, and scientific, with no evil designs upon anybody's country or anybody's treasures, "paying our way" after our own base mechanical fashion, and feeling it as incumbent upon us to be respectable in the wilds of Africa as in Oxford Street, we have not hitherto, even in the abundance of our journeyings and our investigations, been able to add to our everyday existence the splendour and plenitude of the days of Elizabeth, or the romantic magnificence of those of Isabella of Spain.

No ; there are no more sunny continents—no more islands of the blest—hidden under the far horizon, tempting the dreamer over the undiscovered sea ; nothing but those weird and tragic shores, those cliffs of everlasting ice and mainlands of frozen snow, which have never produced anything to us but a late and sad discovery of depths of human heroism, patience, and bravery, such as imagination could scarcely dream of. It would be vain to say that neither the age of Elizabeth nor of Columbus—being times of dauntless enterprise and glorious *success* above all others—could have produced, as ours has done, examples like these of constancy and courage, alike unparalleled and unrewardable ; but we, at least, have the distinction of belonging to a country which, with no glittering prize of either fame or conquest or personal aggrandisement to hold out to them, has become more content to undertake the most desperate hazards and risk the uttermost peril in the cause of science, and which did not hesitate to seek, at a cost more frightful than older heroes have purchased empire by, the scanty harvest of undiscovered truths and knowledge which might be gained on these inhospitable shores. Alas for those whose hardly-gained experience has died with them, and who have not even been permitted the satisfaction of telling what they learned at the cost of their lives ! We confess we have not heart enough, in the grand enterprise of knowledge, to view such a sacrifice as that of Franklin and his crew without a chill of horror : there is something frightful, inexorable, in-

human, in prosecuting researches, which are mere researches, after such a costly fashion. When a brave man dies for the benefit of his fellows, or in the direct service of his Maker, we do not grudge his blood, but we demand a sufficient reason for its expenditure ; and when we hear of the martyrs of science, whether they perish among the arctic snow or on the sands of the desert, we begin to think of science herself as of a placid Juggernaut, a Moloch with benevolent pretensions, winning, by some weird magic, and throwing away with all the calmness of an abstract and impersonal principle, those generous lives, born to disregard their own interest and comfort, which might have saved a kingdom or helped a world.

We have strayed a world apart from light literature and all the journeyings of its professors—and we flatter ourselves that it would be scarcely possible to take that famous step, from the sublime to the ridiculous, more expeditiously than by lifting the nearest volume upon our table, and smiting our reader, who perchance was disposed for the moment to be in earnest and sympathetic, knocking him down headlong, without remorse or compunction, into the abyss of bathos, nonsense, and pure maundering, on the very brink of which, if he will believe us, his unwary steps have been arrested all this time. Yes, it is all very well to talk of Columbus, of Franklin, even of the Pizarros and Drakes and Amyas Leighs ; but these are all dead lions, and there is no roar as of a monarch of the forest among the sweet voices of those alliterative tourists who travel from Piccadilly to Peru, and from Mayfair to Marathon. But fear not, gentle reader ; we will not hazard your displeasure, nor risk a fit of dizziness, by such a headlong leap all at once ; let us come down gently : ours, too, is an age of travel ; but our misfortune is, that not the born travellers specially marked for the office, but everybody, wise and foolish, runs to and fro, and that we are fairly wearied out with constant additions to our information, and can sigh more sadly than even Solomon, that there is nothing new under the

sun. There can be few more convincing evidences of our national prosperity than the fact, that almost every one of us has some legitimate period of leisure in the hard-working year—and that, if we except the poorest labouring-classes, and here and there a toil-worn professional man, it has become a matter of confirmed habit with the great mass of the population of these islands, from the well-paid working-man up to the loftiest noble, to “go somewhere” for an acknowledged and legitimate holiday once in the twelvemonth. Would that this were all! But the attendant drawback upon all this wholesome and refreshing pleasure is, that almost every tenth person in this crowd of tourists, actuated by the most laudable of motives—perhaps to pay the expenses of the journey—perhaps to celebrate its delights—perhaps, in the exercise of a wider philanthropy, from a pure enthusiasm for the benefit of the world—finds it necessary to write a book. Now, whatever Mr Thackeray may be disposed to say upon the subject, every tenth person is not gifted by nature with the faculty of book-writing; and so it comes about, that we are hunted out of all the more accessible regions of the sublime and beautiful by just such a gabble of admiration, such a boast of sentiment, and of the want of sentiment, such a flutter of drawing-room enthusiasm or affected indifference, as we had flown thither to avoid. And the flood spreads wider every year: not only the Rhine and the Danube, but the Nile and the Bosphorus, are lost for all reasonable uses in an overflow of books; and when we seek novelty, “change,” something new, we have no chance between the Thames or the Forth and the Amazon; no intermediate ground for one foot to rest upon, where freshness and interest have still been permitted to remain, between the savage distance of tropical forests and the nooks of pleasant country within an hour's journey, which are near enough, and accessible enough, to be comfortably despised.

All modern travellers, however, are not mere tourists, and we may classify

the species, like the arguments of a sermon, under “three heads:” first, the *bonâ fide* travellers—men whom the real impulse of adventure, or the additional momentum of some worthy pursuit, send forth upon serious journeys to the ends of the earth; second, a limited number of sensible people, who, without much vocation either for travel or book-making, have been led by business or pleasure into some comparatively unexplored region, which causes independent of its own attractions have since rendered important and interesting, such as the Crimea; and, thirdly, the holiday people, the pleasure-seekers, who rush forth upon the Continent, or upon the “Morning land,” or any whither, and rush remorselessly into print on their return. The first class is too important in literature—though it by no means follows that the most genuine and thorough of travellers should be master of that captious little instrument the pen—for our present handling; yet we are seduced into dealings with one member of the class by the lively and agreeable story of Lieutenant Burton,\* who, though he does a great deal of “instruction” by the way, carries on his interesting monologue so pleasantly, and with so much vivacity and animation, that we are very grateful for the opportunity he gives us of ballasting our “trifles light as air”—our long array of handsome volumes, which a single breath would puff away—with one valuable and curious work, which is, notwithstanding its importance, about the most amusing of the whole. The productions of our second class of travellers have crowded upon us in later days, under the form of books upon Russia, Turkey, and the Crimea, and all those adjacent countries, only half known, and wholly uncared for, a few years ago, which recent events have made important and of the deepest interest to-day. That man must indeed be a stoic, and great in virtue, unknown to this generation, who, once having acquaintance with that wonderful morsel of territory around which all the nations of the earth are thronging, breathless spectators of the desperate, splendid, and

\* *A Pilgrimage to El Medinah.* By RICHARD F. BURTON.

frightful game, on whose issues the fortune of the civilised world depends, has fortitude enough to restrain himself from telling what he knows about it, because he does not happen to have those "strange powers of speech" on which the success of the mere story-teller depends. This present race is not burdened by such an amount of self-denial; and accordingly everybody who had the slightest pretext to build it upon, has written a book on the Crimea. So far it is well enough; but here again comes in our third class, people who have no pretext but their own brief holiday experiences, glimpses of the road to the war, a day's sail up the sunny waters of the Bosphorus, or the more serious reality of a gale on the Black Sea, to qualify *them* for our instruction. These, however, have only a factitious claim to rank even among the lightest of the light literature of travel, for such interest as they possess is entirely dependent upon secondary causes, and has only the smallest possible connection either with the traveller or the journey.

Lieutenant Burton, an Indian officer, known to fame under these Frankish titles, but known to El Islam under the more imposing appellation of Abdullah, the son of Zunef, a learned hakim, dervish, and haji, is a traveller born. Were he our brother, we could adventure him cheerfully on the remotest researches—anywhere but into the arctic regions—without the slightest dread of his achieving the melancholy distinction of a martyr to Science. He is not born to be beaten, this stout-hearted and jolly pilgrim, and he sets about his preparations with such a thorough hearty determination to succeed in them, and is so entirely fearless on his own account, that we are never troubled with apprehensions for his safety, nor feel at all called upon to take care of him, or to deprecate his enterprise at any period of it. So completely does he enter into his assumed character, that even we who are behind the scenes feel no surprise that his Moslem companions and entertainers do not find him out, and fully believe in the boy Mohammed as a very acute rascal indeed for his suspicions of his master. Perhaps there never has

been a story of permanent disguise so complete and successful; and our hero is so entirely destitute of any feeling, and divests himself of his English fastidiousness with such honest simplicity, without an effort at self-pity, or any claim upon our sympathy, that we enjoy his journey as much as he himself seems to have done, and are as greatly interested in his picturesque fellow-travellers as story-teller could desire. For Lieutenant Burton has an eye for character as well as for scenery, and his companions are grouped with dramatic effect, and contrast with each other admirably. There is Omar Effendi, the studious, pious, somewhat effeminate Moslem, pale of face and slight of frame, who is, however, firmest of all when the business in hand is a fight with the Maghrabi in that "pilgrim ship" on the Red Sea, whose riotous voyage makes a very ludicrous comparison with its devotional object; and there is "Saad the Devil," a ferocious negro, big and bold and audacious, who might have figured in the *Arabian Nights*. Then comes Shakyh Hamid, afterwards the pious tutor and cicerone of our devout Abdullah, when the end of the pilgrimage is reached; and the clever, elfish, naughty little rogue Mohammed, a Callum Beg in Turkish finery, the handiest and most amusing of rascals, who has a conscientious objection to permit his master to be cheated by any one but himself. With several other less prominent comrades, of all possible shades of complexion, with an accompaniment of gaunt camels, laden asses, attendant Bedouins, and a band of tattered and starving Maghrabi menacing in the distance, our learned pilgrim pursues his way to El Medinah. If the disguised Englishman had any tremors as he approached the holy and dangerous city, we see no trace of them; and the cool and leisurely way in which he proceeds upon his visitation—even, with marvellous audacity, performing certain "complimentary" prayers for a Moslem friend in Cairo at the innermost shrine of the Faith, the very tomb of the Prophet—says much for this stout-hearted haji's entire emancipation from any such servile sentiment as personal fear.

How Lieutenant Burton manages matters with his conscience is entirely a different matter, and over which he gives us no right to enter upon. *He*, at least, has no qualms upon the subject; and whether he considers his prayers to Allah and the Prophet in the light of a good joke, or a mere matter of form, meaning nothing, he leaves us no room to inquire. We may approve or disapprove at our pleasure, but our traveller takes no pains to come at our opinion, and, with wise courage, takes his own responsibility upon himself, and offers no confidential deprecation or self-excusings to his audience. We shrug our shoulders—we shake our head—we find ourselves very doubtful on the subject—but at last, being quite put out of court, and having no standing-ground in the matter, we are fain to conclude that our pilgrim—whether as Lieutenant Burton, a sahib and soldier, or Abdullah, a hakim and haji—shows an entire ability to take care of himself, and wants none of our interference; with which conclusion we leave the religious aspect of his journey, trusting that our agreeable companion is more assured of his own motives than we are—is better qualified to proportion the means to the end—and will be able to manage this more serious business as well and satisfactorily as he has managed all the rest.

Perhaps the most novel and curious portion of this extraordinary journey is the systematic course of preparation for it to which the traveller subjected himself. As a Moslem our hero left England, arrived and lived in Egypt, and, with singular self-denial, refrained at once from the society of his countrymen and the advantages of a British subject. A more remarkable position can scarcely be conceived; and perhaps nobody but an Englishman, a member of the most dominant race in existence, could have voluntarily consented to put away from him all the helps and benefits of civilisation, as well as its superior prestige and importance, in pursuance of such an object as this pilgrimage. Few travellers are willing to part with the supreme delight of known and acknowledged superiority to their wild companions; but Lieutenant Burton's

powers were equal to this grand renunciation, and in proportion to his thorough and honest execution of it, has been the complete success of his enterprise.

We have neither space nor power to enter upon a consideration of the real value of this undertaking; neither, we presume, could it be justly estimated until the publication of the third volume, this Meccan pilgrimage, which is not yet given to the world; but if we understand our author rightly, that this is a sort of experimental journey, to prove him fully qualified and perfectly to be trusted on a still greater and more serious expedition, we would humbly crave to know when Sir James Weir Hogg and the East India Company expect to find a traveller sufficiently able to take care of himself under all circumstances, if they are still doubtful of Lieutenant Burton! No; hardship and fatigue, and that fiery sun which he describes so well, might possibly, one day or other, prove too many even for our redoubtable haji; but we confess, for our own part, we do not believe in it; and when he has set out again, will look as cheerfully for his reappearing, though in the unlikeliest of shapes, and so transmogrified that the most intimate of friends or lovers would not know him, as if the extent of his journey was only the Rhine and Chamouni, or the still more panoramic route of the Overland Mail.

We had intended to make various extracts from Lieutenant Burton's agreeable story, but seeing we have no room to do justice either to the style or subject of his book by specimens, and seeing also, O courteous reader! that we have an extreme disinclination to disfigure our copy of the same by dog's-ears for your benefit, who certainly have full power, as you ought to have inclination, to read it forthwith for yourself, we have decided to refrain. A traveller so daring and self-possessed is in no danger of losing the ear or interest of his audience, and the literary qualities of the book are of a high order, and need no critic's patronage.

We have already stated our belief that, so far as novelty is concerned, there is no refuge for us, in the literature of travel, between the extremely

distant and the very near at hand. Softly, gentle reader; if your eyes are dazzled by the hot sand of the desert, you ought to be all the more grateful for these cool rocks and soft grey monotonous; and not even the famous carpet of the Arabian prince could have transported you more softly and speedily than the magic car of Maga, to whom it is possible to pass from the mosques of El Medinah to the villages of Cornwall without disturbing a single fold of her matronly drapery, or soiling her velvet slipper with speck or stain. Yes; one requires a moment's pause to reconcile oneself to the change of scene. This sun is a mild and modest English sun, which slants upon the English high-road, making long lines of light and long phantoms of attenuated shadow over the quiet fields and rustic byways; and instead of hooded and turbaned hajis on camels and in litters, with all the picturesque accessories of Eastern travel, it is two ordinary English figures in all the respectability of commonplace, with nothing but a couple of knapsacks and the dust of a day's pedestrianism to distinguish them from their fellows, jogging on peaceably towards their inn and coming rest, who meet our eye as we begin the pleasant record of this \* brief journey of pleasure, which offers about the greatest contrast possible in books to the story of pilgrimage and adventure which we have just left. *Rambles beyond Railways* is the story of a holiday tour—a few years old certainly, but one of the best books of its class which we have ever met with; in which we have a very agreeable sketch of one of the most picturesque and least known of English counties. The journey, made in the most primitive and *bonâ fide* mode of travelling—on foot—was one which required neither preparation nor study—not so much even as a consultation with a *Bradshaw*, for railways were not in these days in the unexplored depths of Cornwall. The travellers were a professor of literature and one of landscape, neither of them troublesomely great; and the issue of their joint exertions is a very well-looking and amusing volume, some-

what ambitious in style occasionally, but never heavy; which we doubt not has inspired many a tired tourist since the time of its publication, as we confess it inspires ourself at this present moment in the middle of October and of a pitiless shower, with a decided inclination to follow the footsteps of W. Wilkie Collins over the moors and among the rocks of the quaint and unhackneyed Cornish land. Mr Collins makes no attempt to arrange his journey formally, or guide other people in subsequent peregrinations; and he does the best thing he can for us, by simply following his own pleasure, lingering when he is interested, describing when he admires, and telling an occasional legend now and then by the way, as he comes to the locality of the same. Though there are few things we fear more thoroughly than a "series," we should be glad to see half-a-dozen books as interesting as this on half-a-dozen other counties which might be found to rival Cornwall in piquancy and picturesqueness; for we cannot all travel in Africa or the East: and when the Rhine becomes a bore, and even Switzerland savours of vulgarity, where are we to spend our holiday? The question is a serious one—let us not deal with it lightly; but in the mean time we recommend to the consideration of ladies and gentlemen curious about an entirely "new" watering-place unknown to Cockney invaders, Mr Collins' fascinating descriptions of the little "seaport on the south coast," which he calls Looe. We will not venture to say what may be the pronunciation of this very odd word, but so it is written; and a prettier picture in words has seldom charmed our imagination than Mr Collins' account of this delightful little primitive town.

After all, perhaps there are few counties in our island as characteristic and peculiar as the shire of Cornwall, where one could almost believe in some mighty race of gnomes, fantastic but not malicious, whose rude wit has left its marks over all the face of the country in those grotesque marvels, such as the Loggan Stone, which are entirely pe-

\* *Rambles beyond Railways.* By W. WILKIE COLLINS.

cular to this quarter. Precipices as grand and startling, and a coast as wild, are doubtless to be found elsewhere, but the ludicrous element mingled with them, the Titanic oddities and absurd eccentric wonders which abound here, are not paralleled in any other single district, so far as we are aware. Indeed, this country, undermined and subterranean in so many parts, with its rumbles of echo far below the surface of the earth, and its mines, where the sturdy Cornish labourers procure their daily work and earn their daily bread ever so many fathoms under the bottom of the sea, is the very country for superstitions, their natural and fit abiding-place. We do not, however, recollect any recognised order of spirits which would quite answer all the requirements of this eccentric county; jocular giants, equal to any degree of "labour in piled stones," strongly impressed with a sense of the ludicrous, and disposed to make a perfect hurricane of laughter upon the moors and in the caves at the result of their own fantastic exertions, yet good-humoured and kindly withal, and as much disposed to do a good turn to a distressed human neighbour as to emulate each other in these wild feats of architecture, should be this pristine and aboriginal Cornish race; and though Mr Wilkie Collins has mounted to the Devil's Throat, and descended a shaft of the great Botallach mine, we do not hear that he fell upon any distinct traces of these elder inhabitants. Another traveller, perhaps, will go deeper into the prehistoric annals of Cornwall, and give us some more satisfactory information concerning the authors of the piled rocks of Tintagel, or who it was who found so nice a poise for that pebble which we small mortal people call the Loggan Stone.

Being by this time as far on our way to America as a man may walk—to quote the "Londoner" who writes another book upon this same locality—that is to say, being at the Land's End, we do not see what better we can do than to prolong our journey across the Atlantic towards that great juvenile continent which has begun to retaliate upon us for our Trollopes and Marryats, by a shoal of tourists

of its own, who "do" our unfortunate little island after the most remorseless fashion, and tell all about our innocent private tea-drinking and domestic vanities. Our travellers of late have been merciful to America, perhaps because they had no chance in the interchange of personal gossip and household disclosures, in which species of literature our Yankee visitors show such remarkable attainments; and we are not particularly called upon to note the extraordinary productions of these said visitors—the "memories," whether "sunny" or cloudy, in which it has pleased the travelling ladies and gentlemen of America to immortalise some scores of British friends. In our country, at least, public opinion is very decidedly adverse to this system of book-making, which may be amusing enough to other people, but is very poor fun, in most cases, to the victims of such literary gossiped; and it is rather hard upon the respectable member of society who happens to have a regard for the private decorums of ordinary life, yet whose hard fate it is to be a literary man by profession, and for the poor lady who has written a book, but is innocent of any greater social transgression, to find themselves pinned up, like entomological specimens, in the glass-cases of the American Museum—all because they have been sufficiently unwary to show a passing courtesy to a stranger. Writing a book, after all, is neither a grand offence nor a great virtue; nay, it is becoming day by day even a less notable circumstance, and eventually, if we progress at our present rate, will doubtless end in being the common condition of mankind—which delightful period, when it arrives, will doubtless be the climax and conclusion of literary gossip. But in the mean time the American literature of travel—though American travellers are about the most enterprising of our day, and ought to have a keener eye than any other for many a marvel which custom has rendered familiar to the elder nations—is spoiled in all its lighter branches by this annoying propensity; and there can be no doubt that we lose the benefit of much clever observation, and many a shrewd criticism, in pure dislike to the personalities with which they are mixed.



But while we are pausing to make our comment upon our visitors from America, with whom, as it happens, we have nothing whatever to do at the present moment, Mr Beste\* is making his way across the Atlantic, "the father of as beautiful a family" as ever invaded the New World. It has been our fortune to meet in recent publications with few books so amusing as *The Wabash*—not that it is very brilliant or very witty, or much distinguished by points of humour. A certain quiet sturdy perseverant dulness, impassible and matter-of-fact, is an odd enough recommendation—the chief merit of these volumes—but a very amusing characteristic this is to any one who will take the trouble to observe it; and so thoroughly well-sustained, natural, and unconscious is the author's self-development that we have paused once or twice to ask ourselves whether it was not a clever hoax, instead of the real and genuine Mrs Harris, safely rescued at last from the infidel scepticism of all the Betsey Prigs, with whom we were forming acquaintance. Mr Beste takes the utmost pains to inform us that *The Wabash* is "a narrative of the adventures of a gentleman's family in the interior of America." Our author is extremely nervous on the subject of his gentility. From some mysterious cause which he perpetually keeps before us, and promises to explain hereafter, this gentleman's family travelled in humble guise, without equipage or attendants, and indeed were actually suspected to be an emigrant's family, of no importance at all so far as rank was concerned—people who had merely come out to the new country in the common way, "to better themselves," as common observers supposed. Let not the reader fall into this grievous error. Mr Beste can be magnanimous, and smile at the ignorance of the plebeians of Terre Haute, so long as you, oh sympathetic listener! are in his confidence, and show a proper appreciation of his voluntary humility; and his extreme and amiable admiration of his daughters, in their exertions for the comfort of the family, is always brightened by a contrast of "what they have been accustomed to." We can-

not resist giving one example of this whimsical and persevering vanity. Mr Beste has just quoted from his daughter's diary an account of a sadly disturbed night she had, in consequence of the baby ailment of a little brother committed to her charge. The young lady was a most devoted nurse, we have no doubt; and this is her papa's comment upon her broken rest:—

"What think you, reader, of a night so passed in a steamboat on Lake Erie, by the delicate, slim young girl, whom you may have known in far other scenes? While she was chatting, or was dancing with you last winter, amid the gay and the high-born of those who thronged her mother's drawing-rooms in the handsomest palace in Rome, I warrant me she often thought with pleasure of her night on Lake Erie; as I trust my wife, and my other children, often think of the still harder and more menial offices to which we shall see them all hereafter so lovingly and so gallantly bow themselves. Thus do I testify my gratitude to them; hereafter I may tell the cause of our so 'roughing it.'"

So far as we have been able to discover, however, these mysterious promises come to no fruition. We never do learn the mystical cause of Mr Beste and his family "roughing it;" and as we fear to suppose that anything so vulgar as reasons pecuniary *could* have influenced such an extraordinary piece of heroism, we are constrained to be content with our ignorance. Perhaps it was a family penance, for our author and his descendants are Catholics; perhaps a family romance: we are as ignorant, though perhaps scarcely as curious, as our traveller could desire us to be.

Circumstances compelled Mr Beste to set sail for the New World with *only* eleven of his children; and having sundry floating intentions of making his younger sons settlers and backwoodsmen, he made no pause in the greater towns, but pushed on at once to the interior, travelling, with scarcely any interval of rest, to Indiana, where he was brought to a forced halt, on the banks of the Wabash, by a severe illness. This illness turned out so severe, that it entirely changed

the plans of the little (?) party. The father of the family was on the verge of death; one of the younger children died; and all of them were more or less affected: so the family courage failed, and an immediate retreat was made. The extreme sojourn of the household party in America does not seem to have been above three or four months; which time was entirely spent in travelling towards the little town of Terre Haute, in Indiana; in being ill there, and making notes upon the American families who had their abode in the hotel Prairie House; and in hastening back to New York again, to embark for England. The journey was marked by a great deal of disaster, courage, and family affectionateness; and the young people were very tolerable observers sometimes, and make smart remarks, to the delight and satisfaction of papa. Such is the story of *The Wabash*; and it is not much of a story; but to leisurely people, with a little patience, there is amusement to be found in this oddest of "travellers' tales." Mr Beste's unconscious portrait of himself is as real as if Miss Austin had been the painter; and the indescribable mixture of oldfifishness which "the young father of a family of twelve children" is very like to fall into, the extraordinary plainness of speech, which, indeed, in one or two instances (being as much out of the category of *indelicate* as of *delicate*), is such as only a privileged person, accustomed to preside over all manner of household necessities, could permit himself; and altogether the odd family feeling of the book, where the author is always a "representative man," and never can forget that he is a dozen people, gives, in spite of dulness, commonplace, and the most perfect want of originality in observation, a certain freshness and attraction—such as it is—to volumes which, we fear, will not find many readers. Miss Austin would have made a better thing of it, no doubt—would have woven in two or three dainty little love-stories, and ended by making brides, instead of nuns, of these good young ladies; but Miss Austin herself could not have improved the family head, though he is just the subject in which she would have delighted.

We have said Mr Beste's observations are not original; but he is judicious, and does not trouble us with many of his own. Some little he says about the price of land and agriculture, of which a man who can say, with careless magnificence, "at this very time I kept in hand, and farmed by my bailiffs, about two thousand acres of our estates in different counties in England," ought, of course, to be "competent to form an opinion;" something, too, about Catholic schools and colleges, which, according to Mr Beste, do their parts of the education of the better classes in the United States, and are universally popular; and a very decided something on the subject of American ladies, of whom also, doubtless, a man in peaceable possession of a wife and six daughters ought to be competent to form an opinion. The English gentleman is very severe—not to say ungallant—towards the unfortunate female population of America; they drawl, snuffle, look sentimental, dress extravagantly, and do nothing—or, at least, are seen to do nothing, says this "father of as beautiful a family." Let Mr Beste beware; these fair idlers have steel-pens if they have no crochet-needles, and the pinch of retaliation may come before he is prepared.

The name of this book suggests to us a word of passing comment upon one of the most foolish of the "tricks of the trade." We were inclined, in our ignorance, to suppose *The Wabash* to have a family relationship to the Fetish, or the Calabash, or some similar institution; it might have been an ancient classic, or a modern slang, appellative for a journey, for aught we knew to the contrary; and when we find out at length that it means nothing but the name of a river, and is not mentioned half-a-dozen times in the two volumes, we are proportionably aggravated. Here, again, is another book, *Purple Tints of Paris*, which is just as silly a misnomer. How long do the good people of Great Marlborough and New Burlington Streets suppose the public to be blinded by a "taking title?" Alas! the most romantic name in the world, even though it stimulate our curiosity, by having no visible connection whatsoever with the book to which it is

affixed, will not delude us over half-a-dozen dull pages; and it is a sad circumstance when the advertising sheet comes to be the liveliest contribution to literature which "our fathers in the Row" have to offer us. It was not so even in the days of that exultant schemer who stood godfather to *Rob Roy*.

Yes, *Purple Tints of Paris* is a great misnomer; and it is likewise an unfortunate book. The date from the title-page is by no means antique; but the book is old, old—prematurely superannuated, and out of date. We have entirely forgotten by this time, whatever Mr Bayle St John may think upon the subject, that the superb personage on the other side of the Channel is anything but a great monarch; and we have no longer any eye for the barricades of Parisian insurrectionists, and the grumbles of Parisian *bourgeoisie*. Our scorn, our indifference, our condescending patronage, are all over;—we even cease to speak of Louis Napoleon, and prefer to name this wonderful man by the name of his vocation, indifferent to his patronymic. It is a singular fact, but we believe few people in this country retain any very marked recollection of the lineage of the present Emperor of the French. It is now by no means uppermost in our minds that he is the nephew of his uncle—he is himself as it happens—and being himself, by genius, fate, or Providence, as we may choose to name it, is, without question, almost, if not altogether, at this moment the most potent individual influence in the civilised world. A man like this is the man, above all others, to keep evil-speakers in activity. Last year's slanders, which may answer just as well for your King of Prussia or your ordinary country gentleman of to-day, or ten years hence, as at their first making, are entirely effete and ridiculous in the case of such a man as he of France. The backbiter must march with his subject, or his shafts are vain; and public opinion is already a long way out of earshot of the animadversions of Mr Bayle St John. But this, after all, is scarcely what we meant to say—which was, that here are no purple tints—no traces

of imperial influence—nothing more than faint guesses of what might be, and the stale grumblings of yesterday, and that the book, whatever it may teach us about Paris, teaches us nothing in any shape of the new regime, nor of the influence upon his capital of Louis Napoleon's rule.

Mr Bayle St John is a member of a family which professes literature for its vocation—a very dangerous craft, for even the art of book-making does not run in families—and is himself author of several works prior to this one, and evidently considers himself one of the recognised interpreters of the world. His benevolent object in the present volume is to make us acquainted with Paris—with life, manners, morals, politics, and education, in the great heart of France—to take us there—in short, to introduce us to the people and their ways, and make us as well acquainted with them as he feels himself to be. Books about Paris are not in general very edifying books; and we have always been at a loss to discover what good end our moralising tourists proposed to themselves by their elaborate hints or plain revelations of a depravity which *we* certainly cannot remedy, and which we may charitably desire, having nothing else in our power, to doubt. But this young gentleman goes a step farther. What would we say to a book about England, or about London—a description of the life, manners, and morals of this overgrown town, where we ourselves, sober everyday people, live and toil, and have our griefs and our rejoicings, which should quietly take its stand with Mr Bob Sawyer and Mr Ben Allen, and illustrate our existence by means of their carouses? Let us grant that the students and young men of Paris are more truthful representations of the real life about them, than Mr Bob and Mr Ben are of Bloomsbury and Belgravia; but not even our properest of *alumni*—not our most irreproachable of "single gentlemen," are—begging pardon of Mr St John—our types of social life. They are the Bedouins of civilisation; they come and go, and no man, save an angry papa or a broken-hearted tailor, cares to know the why and the

wherefore of their migrations. They "have no stake in the country"—have "given no hostages to society," according to our old-fashioned but extremely sensible apothegms; and life and youth are two distinct regions of experience not to be confounded—unless, indeed, we understand by "life" what old Lady Kew might have understood by it, or what Mr Pendennis at one time, before he came to his present responsibilities, might have represented it to be—to wit, a certain amount of dissipation and pleasure, flavoured with vice, according to the taste of the recipient—a thing to be experienced in hells, and race-courses, and Back-Kitchens—to be abandoned when the season of respectability arrived—and to be ruefully repented of when damaged purses, tempers, and talents showed it under its true guise—a thing as different from the life of nations as it is possible to suppose. The Parisians are not given to domesticity, nor are they a virtuous people; but they *are* a people surely notwithstanding, and have houses, homes, and definite occupations of one sort or another; and we cannot take the *ménage* of a poor young student and his unfortunate companion for anything but what it is—a very truthful episode perhaps in student life, but no representation of society—no type of the broader social existence either in country or town. A young man tells us, as is very natural, of the life of his companions, and their pursuits and pleasures: that is very well; and when the thing has its right name, we understand and recognise its value; but it is a great stretch of the vanity of youth to call this life. Young men, as custom and use have permitted, have leisure and immunities everywhere; and even those who most condemn and deepest grieve, find excuses for the "folly" of their sons; but young men are only a class, and by no means the class which represents most completely the state of society or the life of a nation.

This volume, then, which calls itself *Purple Tints of Paris*, and professes to give us a full account of Parisian life under the new Empire,

is in fact a careful study of a certain portion of French youth, migrated into the capital under pretence of study, and forming a distinct order of educated, talented, well-mannered, but semi-vagabond sojourners in the gayest metropolis in the world. There are no lack of tints in this picture; and it has tragic scenes in it, though it most abounds in the situations of the melodrama; also, by necessity, opinions of all kinds abound; and no subject is too great or too recondite for the youthful speculations which are, at their liveliest, unrestrained by anything like authority;—so we do not doubt that many people have found amusement in its story, which may, indeed, be prefaced and concluded by a few superficial observations upon the general appearance of things, and certain deeply-learned comments on the position of women, and the social vices proper to the place; but is in reality a story of the Aquioles and Alexises, the Pifines and the Adèles, the debts and the intrigues of young France. It is not an encouraging picture; and we are somewhat puzzled to understand how people who write such books as this are still able to rejoice over the prospect of our own inoculation with the prettier customs of French life. If we are to be persuaded that the gay Sunday of the student and the grisette is something much more pleasant and beneficial than the dull Sunday of the English churchgoer, we had better have as few books as possible in this strain. For ourselves, we are slow to discover the use of such revelations: it seems the last resource of that species of literature, now happily defunct among us, which chose to preach morality by describing evil. We are powerless to reform,—is it necessary to disgust us? And what right have we to lift up our voice of virtuous condemnation against French novels, when English travellers and observers, with philosophic and benevolent purposes, are permitted to tell just such tales for our instruction as the others elaborate for our amusement? We cannot perceive the difference, for our own part; and we can scarcely suppose that innocent minds could find less delicate reading even in the

tabooed pages of French story-telling than in the *Purple Tints* of Mr Bayle St John.

We might have chosen a better specimen of the philosophic and moralist species of travellers' tales; but we cannot linger to touch upon the sentimental tourist, upon the mystic or the dilettanti, the inquirer into the Asian mystery, or the worshipper of ruined shrines and desolated temples. There is no lack of variety in the catalogue of modern travel; from the religious sage and scientific explorer, down to the roving Englishman and wandering Cockney, there are now shades of difference to meet everybody's liking; and a publisher's catalogue is quite a picturesque performance in these

days, full of sudden scenic effects—of contrasts and combinations as new and startling as circulating library could desire—"as good as a play." "Men run to and fro, and knowledge is increased,"—a better description could scarcely be given of our favourite national habit and amusement; and from the extremity of arctic desolation to the wildest haunt of tropical savagery, it will soon be hard to find a footbreadth of virgin soil—impossible to light upon an Esquimaux hut or an Abyssinian hamlet where some English traveller has not made a martyr of himself for his own amusement, and for the edification and delight of the daily lessening number of his countrymen who dwell at home.

#### PARIS AND THE EXHIBITION.

##### LETTER TO IRENÆUS.

MY DEAR IRENÆUS,—It requires no small moral courage for a member of your late persuasion to show himself in his distinctive costume in the French capital at this time. Yet I saw one of them the other day walking down the "Rue de la Paix," with his flanks guarded on each side by a lady wearing on her head a kind of coal-scuttle of whity-brown silk, and drest himself with the most scrupulous observance of the traditions of his sect. He had perhaps chosen the Rue de la Paix as his promenade, in consequence of its pacific name and associations; but how changed was the thing itself. The "Rue de la Guerre" would now be much more appropriate. For the houses on each side flaunted with the banners of the Allies from one end to the other, and echoed with the reverberations of martial music from a band in the Place Vendôme, which was bright with the glitter of uniforms. Paris, like the wooden horse which took Troy, is "teeming with arms," and ringing with exuberant joy at the triumphant successes of the Allies. But it may be easily conceived that this was not the reason why our staid compatriot directed his steps thitherward. He came, doubtless, like my-

self, to see the Great Exhibition—the son and heir, or rather, to speak correctly, the daughter and heiress (for to all things combining utility with ornament we ought to assign the gender feminine), of the World's Fair in Hyde Park. You wish to know what I think of it; and as you seem to attach a value to my opinion, which indeed it does not deserve, I will endeavour to satisfy you. But you must only expect the judgments of a dilettante. I know nothing of the relative merits of hardware or soft wear. I cannot decide between the silks of Lyons and the stuffs of Manchester. As for the machinery, it dazzled my eyes and puzzled my brain, and the ideas it produced were naturally in the highest degree confused. If you wish details, I must refer you to the admirable account published in the *Times* newspaper, and to the illustrated journals. My general impression was that, as a whole, the Paris Exhibition is not to be compared with that in Hyde Park, as its want of the same totality and unity puts it out of the pale of comparison. But when you come to look into the details, the things exhibited, or "exposed," as the French would say, are seen to be more com-

plete in themselves, generally of a better kind, and certainly displayed to greater advantage. Those painful vacancies and empty spaces which disfigured the London Exhibition are not seen at Paris; for where there is little to show, the space allowed is in proportion. I recollect that in Hyde Park it was playfully observed that a duel might be fought with Colt's revolvers so temptingly displayed at the entrance of the nave, in the wilderness of the United States department, with little fear of interruption from public or police; and other countries—for instance Russia, which is banished from the Paris Exhibition—had more space allotted to them than they were able to fill. The difference in this respect between the Exhibitions results from their original plan. The London Exhibition, like an American city, was mapped out into streets and squares before it was filled in with houses or inhabitants; the Paris Exhibition has grown up like a European city—like Paris itself, as so graphically described in the *Nôtre Dame* of Victor Hugo—by accumulation of houses and inhabitants. It was found impossible, I suppose, to collect the whole Exhibition in one solid stone-building, intended to be permanent; therefore the Annexe was built on a mile in length for the wild and gigantic machinery to stable in, and the Rotunda was brought into requisition, and the Palais des Beaux Arts was added, like the tower of a Herefordshire church, belonging to it, yet not attached to it, and enforcing a second entrance-fee; a reason why the greatest number of the public are said never to enter the "Beaux Arts" at all, which is nevertheless, to my mind, by far the most attractive part of the Exhibition. This being the case, I think I was right in making it the dessert of the intellectual feast, and seeing it last. The stranger who approaches the Exhibition from the garden of the Tuileries, is disappointed at seeing nothing to strike the eye before him so forcibly as the ever-new scene he leaves behind him—the sparkling gardens, the beautiful fountains, the swarming quays. He passes through a group of many-tongued and many-coloured loungers, not the least pic-

turesque part of it being a knot of live Zouaves, looking much more like Turks or Arabs than Turks or Arabs themselves, and only betraying, as often happens, imitation by too exact resemblance. On his right, moored alongside the quay of the Seine, is a tolerably large-sized model of a frigate, on the mainsail of which is written in large characters the word "Diners;" while "Déjeûners" is flapping on the foresail; a temptation to sight-seers to take their meals in an eccentric manner. If disinclined to walk further, there is a railroad, on which plies a huge omnibus drawn by horses, and generally thickly crowded. It runs the whole length of the Annexe down to the "Palais des Beaux Arts," which lies beyond. But by taking the avenue of the Champs Elysées, the main building of the Exhibition is reached in a short time, the entrance being through clicking turnstiles, where the money is paid; the price of admission being one franc on five days of the week, two on the sixth, and only a few sous on Sundays, on which day the Exhibition is crowded with a dense population, chiefly composed of native Parisians and provincials, with their odd head-dresses, from the tiara of Normandy to the square-built coiffure of the Vendée. "No change is given," is written on a board, legible to all, in four languages; though for what reason Spanish instead of Italian is one of these is hard to say. Paris, by the way, seems to have made great acquisitions in language-learning since the Exhibition opened; at least if we may judge from the shop-windows, in one of which I remarked a long list of languages spoken within, ending with the still glorious tongue of modern Greece.

The first impression on entrance is one of disappointment. It would, however, scarcely be so but for the fact that most of those who see the present Exhibition have still the first impression of that of 1851 in their mind's eye. Who can forget his first introduction into that beautiful transept, with its great fountain and elegant casts, and arch of glass spanning the tops of the Hyde Park trees, which, in their full maturity of years or ages, had been suddenly changed

from rude out-of-door life to greenhouse luxury? The first impression of the Paris Exhibition is simply that of a huge bazaar or fancy fair. The allegorical transparencies at the ends are gaudy without being imposing, and the vistas of banners add to the fair-like effect. But when the eyes are able to repose on individual objects, a feeling of satisfaction takes the spectator somewhat by surprise. Look at that fountain, for instance: how elegant in conception! There are no water-vomiting monsters, but piles of water-flowers, from the beautifully imitated pistils and anthers of which come forth little jets of water, to which the variety of colour gives a peculiarly crystalline appearance as they spurt and trickle down into the basin below. It is much the same with the effect of the compartments. In each compartment all is harmony and tasteful arrangement, but the general effect is confusion. It seems a pity that no space could be found for model lighthouses, huge clocks, and other overgrown objects, except in the midst of the nave or transept; it would have been much better to have left that clear had the space allowed, with a fountain or two at intervals, and some plaster casts—the expense of which, in the native country of gypsum, would have been no great object—placed on each side, so as to give, by the graduated diminution of the forms, the idea of a lengthened avenue. The “Palais de l’Industrie” is inconveniently crowded with objects, especially in its main channels of circulation. Not one of the least attractive sights of the London Exhibition was the streams of living beings, on the cheap days, as they flooded in regular sea-like currents from one end of the building to the other, arrested sometimes, and eddying round some shrine of Mammon—the Koh-i-noor, for instance—as the tidal waters do round intercepting rocks. In Paris the crowd is so broken up by the objects exhibited in the nave, that it gives the appearance of the whole building having been invaded by a mob, though a mob well dressed and excellently conducted. This appearance of confusion is added to by the fact of three entrances being allowed to the quadrangular structure; one

on the east, from the Place de la Concorde; the other on the north, from the Champs Elysées; the other on the west, from the Allée d’Antin. It would have been no hardship had the entrance from the Place de la Concorde been the only one, as that is the end whence the largest stream of people would naturally come, and it would have removed the temptation to enter the building in the middle, and thus to lose the effect of the length at first sight. By entering from the Place de la Concorde you have the productions of France on the right, extending the whole length of the ground-floor down to the western entrance, and occupying the right half of that area; those of England and its dependencies on the left, occupying nearly one-fourth of the same. At the end of the English department France interposes a small quadrangle resting on a broad base, as if to prevent England from quarrelling with the United States, whose jealousy might be aroused from the smallness of the space allotted to them, though a space quite as great as they deserve, and honoured by a position in the very centre of the building. From this department France throws out a long arm as if to usher the visitors into the Annexe, which there is thus a temptation to enter at some distance from the end, especially as the very interesting Panorama, where the tapestry and crown-jewels are exhibited, stands on the way thither. Next to the United States is the Belgian department; next the Belgian, the Austrian; next to the Austrian, the Prussian, which takes under its wing the smaller states of Germany, and concludes the occupation of the space on the left of the nave looking from the Place de la Concorde, or the side of the Seine. The arrangement of the galleries on the first floor is nearly similar. They are entered by staircases at the angles. In the corner of the British space nestle the productions of young Australia, distinguished in general by their practical plainness; and hugging these, the gorgeous contributions of old India. Over the eastern entrance, Egypt, Tunis, and Turkey, vie with India in the taste and richness, and somewhat in the character, of their

products; and then, as if to keep Greece at a respectful distance from Turkey, a strip of China is interposed. Greece follows suit, her most conspicuous object being a gentleman with complexion as pure as that of a barber's block, undeniable moustache, and full national dress, splendour with scarlet and stiff with gold. Tuscany clings to Greece; and in the juxtaposition of these two countries there is something mournful, as they both represent the decadence of an antique civilisation. Joined to this Tuscan department, at the corner, as in real geography, are the Pontifical States, put safely away under the wing of France, and protected, like the Pope, by her bayonets. Sardinia, a little farther on, clings to the side of France as an independent but loving ally. France extends up the northern side as on the ground-floor, but she finds room near the end for Portugal and Spain, occupying two squares placed together. At the end of France, over the western entrance, Switzerland displays the unrivalled results of her industry, and contrasts the productions of her mountains with those of the Low Countries, which lie close to them in the geography of the Palais. Sweden and Denmark, in their places here as in their language, come between the Low German and the High German nations, which occupy the north-western galleries, the arrangement of which is nearly the same as of that of the ground-floor, save that the United States department is represented by one still smaller than its own, devoted to the productions of South America. Behind this department, however, and also on the side of England, France occupies a small square, in the latter case with musical instruments, as if to serenade her neighbour and ally.

To those who have walked through those parts of the Exhibition we have just touched upon, a feeling of lassitude will probably supervene, increased by the stifling atmosphere of the galleries and the multiplicity of objects displayed. But the work is not half done. The Gallery of Communication, the Panorama, the Annexe, and the Beaux Arts, have yet to be seen, each of these alone enough to glut the appetite of any moderate sight-seer.

Besides these, a number of ungainly productions, such as model-houses, have been turned out of doors into an enclosed space on the south, where is also a long gallery of carriages. And then there is a flower and fruit show, also appertaining to the Exhibition, to be seen on the other side of the Champs Elysées. We must take these things in due order. But first let us consider what pleased us most in our walk through the ground-floor and round the galleries. It is no easy matter to arrange that walk through the ground-floor to one's satisfaction. If you go round it as you go round the gallery above, you are apt to pass by some of the islands of interesting objects which are dispersed along the centre; and if you walk straight down the centre, you miss the objects at the sides. We managed the difficulty by vibrating from one side to the other and back again, like a draught-horse when left to himself going up-hill, or that ancient method of reading from right to left and from left to right again, which was named from oxen at plough. This manner of proceeding, though effectual as far as omitting nothing was concerned, tended to confusion in the impressions produced. Of one fact we were very soon convinced—that England and France were running a twofold race. England was endeavouring to keep pace with France in matters of invention and taste, having seen and acknowledged her superiority in the Exhibition of 1851; and France was endeavouring to vie with England in manufactures of practical utility, her efforts having probably had the same origin. The success of both, in their respective aspirations, appeared marvellous. Minton and Wedgwood are artists in pottery of a most superior kind, reproducing all the endless variety and beauty of Etrurian workmanship—jugs, vases, and statuettes of chaste and incomparable beauty—and exercising the imagination in a thousand curious developments; while Elkington, Mason and Co., make the precious metals play the part of marble, and endue the symbols of utility with an artistic character never before supposed to belong to them. Meanwhile France is vying with our manufacturing towns in the fabric of



all useful articles, and stamping them in addition with the impress of her superior taste. In no department does she show such progress as in the production of implements of destruction, ingeniously fancied and beautifully arranged; but the extraordinary growth of this crop must of course in part be attributed to the hotbed influences of the present war. The United States are as poor and practical as at our own Exhibition. Colt's revolvers now, as then, are the chief centre of interest; and, to economise the labour of the assistant exhibitor, specimens of these deadly tools are hung in chains, like the cups by a public well, to be snapped and clicked by every comer who wishes to try them, until at last they are rendered totally useless. Belgium, Austria, and Prussia, seem but little in the wake of France, and though slow in drawing the sword for the cause of Europe, quite as adroit in making it. Austria has a perfect right to plume herself upon the display of Bohemian glass, for Bohemia has no standing-ground of her own but a barbarous antiquity; but the case is different as regards Venice; not that the appropriation of the Venetian glass is the worst insult inflicted by the "barbaro Tedesco" on unfortunate Italy. It becomes a monster injustice when statues and paintings are claimed under the ill-favoured name of *Austriche*, and Italy, the mother of all the arts and civilisation of the west, is ignored in the nomenclature. This is worse than bad taste; it is an historical solecism. Yet it is only a repetition of the injustice that took place in our Exhibition of 1851. Who can forget the beautiful little room of sculpture, round which there was the incessant flow of an admiring crowd, and the name of *Monti* of Milan? Yet this was commonly called the *Austrian* sculpture;] as if the adjective and substantive could ever be joined with any extent of application. Let Austria stick to her *meerscham* pipes of curious workmanship, and put the indignation of the world of artists into them, and smoke it. We ascend the staircase, and make the door of the galleries. Here is a wonderful display of velvet, cotton,

linen, and all other kinds of stuffs, the relative excellences of which are Hebrew to us, but which we must suppose to be very good, because they nearly all of them seem to be sold, being ticketed "*vendu*." We hasten to the British department. In this, amongst many admirable productions, our eyes chiefly rest on the exhibition of photographs. These sun-pictures, though deficient in the imaginative variety of genuine art, and no more like paintings than the dry petals of a "*hortus siccus*" are like the glorious flowers of May, are yet excellently adapted to give the sight-seer an idea of the scenery which they represent, because, as far as they go, they are the thing itself. After seeing them, no Frenchman could go away without carrying in his mind's eye a pretty accurate notion of that peculiar scenery which is the glory of England. Of this the scenes about *Bolton Abbey* present a good average specimen. From *Leeds* and *Manchester* we pass to *Delhi* and *Hyderabad*. We may say of our Indian collection—

"*Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes Intulit agresti Latio.*"

All the invention of our manufacturers can never produce the exquisite combination of form and colour displayed in the tissues of British India. And to do ourselves justice, we give them credit for what is their own, and do not adopt the miserable getting-up-behind system of Austria. The innate conservatism of British India, like nature in the factory of the spring-time, continues to reproduce the beautiful structures of thousands of years ago;—for this good and simple reason, that perfection having been long ago attained, there is no room for progress: all attempts at improvement must be retrogressive and destructive. It is the very poetry of manufacture; and it is so, because in its prodigious industry it embalms the holiness of antiquity. Taste, with the most tasteful western nations, even with Italy and France, is a thing of culture and education; in India it seems to be a thing which men imbibe with the milk of their swarthy mothers. How often does the barrenness of this instinct with us

take refuge in puritanism of form and pattern, whether in dress, equipages, or house decoration; while in India the most gorgeous hues and costly materials are resorted to daringly and unflinchingly, and no error in taste is ever committed! Much the same praise may be given to the productions of modern Egypt, Tunis, and Turkey, which also partake of the Oriental character. In China this conservatism of taste is seen in its exaggeration, and frozen into formal absurdity. We pass admiringly through France to the Pontifical States, and stay to wonder at the Mosaics, which give with such infinite labour an eternity to pictorial representation. Even in its present low estate the Eternal City clings to the preservation of its peculiar glory. And we turn away with a feeling of sadness at thinking that this is all which her present state of political health enables her to do. Her artistic vitality is at the lowest ebb—a nervously flickering lamp of genius that we fear every moment to see go out altogether. We may well ask how long the present most anomalous state of things in the temporal dominions of the Pope is to go on? France has got into a scrape in supporting him, like that which some honest hard-working man gets into by putting his name to a bond for some scape-grace friend—being perpetually called upon to pay up instalments from the savings of industry to cancel the debts incurred by insolvent extravagance and debauchery. The decrepit system lies like a blight upon the land, and has already reversed the boast of the poet in the Augustine times, that “a marsh long neglected, and only fit for navigation, feeds the neighbouring cities, and feels the weight of the plough.” Feelingless must that man be who has travelled over the desolation of the Campagna, and the dreary length of the Pontine Marshes, with their consumptive ghostlike remnants of population, without inwardly cursing the Papacy. Blest in climate and soil beyond almost every other region of the earth, and even yet in their hills producing men who sit on the Pincian steps to be hired by artists as models for gods, the States of the Church have become a

howling wilderness, without form and void, like the primeval chaos, and France and England, the nations in the vanguard of civilisation, have been consenting parties to this systematic thwarting of the designs of a beneficent Creator. They have done this, one in the purposeless delirium of a revolutionary crisis, frightened at its own ravings; the other in the inconsistent restlessness of Whig policy, encouraging conspiracy, but snubbing national movements, sacrificing truth and justice to the maintenance of a popularity necessary to the tenure of office, coquetting with the most dangerous principles of subversion at home, and winking at the foulest abuses abroad, when the time for action has arrived. Such reflections may be in the slightest degree out of place at the Paris Exhibition, but they will intrude themselves. The circumstances of this Exhibition are different from those of ours. Ours was supposed by sanguine enthusiasts to be a handshaking of all nations, a prelude to a universal peace, never again to be broken by international strife. We know better now. The Paris Exhibition is unconnected with any such visions of dreamland. It stands on its own merits as a display of industry and of art; a temple of peace amid the clash of arms, but a temple where it is impossible for any to worship without the intrusion of thoughts which take their colour with the world without, confused as it is with mortal conflicts, and teeming with political convulsion. With respect to France, a state of war seems even more favourable than one of peace to her industrial energies, probably because in such a state her blood flows more naturally and temperately. Is it a necessity of her nature that her life should be divided between foreign war and internal disquietude? We know not; if it is, foreign war is certainly preferable. Is it a condition of the existence of every great old nation—of our own nation likewise? It would be a bold step to answer this question dogmatically. Certain it is that it would be well for any people if the horrors of war were inseparably bound up with a diminution of those of peace.

We have walked over the ground-

floor of the building, and round the galleries, and find we have done a day's work.

"But half of our heavy task was done  
When the bell struck the hour for retiring;"

—that hour being five o'clock, and the bell tolling at the quarter before it, sweeping the Palais of its gazers with the fright and haste of Cinderella when she heard the fatal twelve. We are bound for the *restaurant* or the *table-d'hôte*, where light wine and exquisite cookery will superinduce no after-dinner lethargy, and insensibly strengthening, prepare us for the work or play of to-morrow.

To-morrow having become to-day, we pass in by the main entrance by the north, and with a glance right and left and no more, enter the passage of communication which leads through the panoramic building into the Annexe. In the Panorama are displayed selections of those industrial products which are the chief glory of France. We are introduced to the Gobelins tapestry and the porcelain of Sevres, the former appearing to have attained the acme of perfection of workmanship and mellowness of colour, the latter being so perfectly beautiful and so extravagantly costly, that the quality of brittleness we know to be inseparable from it, gives an almost uncomfortable interest in its preservation to the beholder. We long to insure its life in some material which should bear the same relation to it in durability that the marble does to the plaster cast. In the centre of the raised dais, and the exact centre of the building, are the "Crown diamonds," suggesting reminiscences of a very pretty opera, and worth looking at quite as much for their tasteful setting by Limonier as for their own value. In England the greatest crowd was at the Koh-i-noor—in France at the Crown diamonds. The London multitude appeared thus to worship wealth chiefly for what it was worth—the Paris multitude chiefly for the splendid effect it produced. Possibly there was this not very important difference in the spirit in which the homage was paid. The approach to this centre of attraction was rendered intricate and winding to avoid a crush, and the crowd

was unravelled by the police, as in all cases of the kind, into a long "queue," where each must take his place and wait patiently his turn of arrival at the inheritance of his eyes. This admirable method, adopted, I believe, almost universally in France and Germany, is far better than the British rush, in which strength and rudeness have an unfair advantage, and women and children are trampled on. When Jenny Lind was in London filling the opera-house to overflowing, the inconsistency between the faultless costume of the opera mob and its scramble to get in, was positively ridiculous. This is one of those points where we may well take a leaf from the book of our Continental neighbours. Before passing into the Annexe, we stroll about the enclosed ground dedicated to refreshment-stalls and the bulky objects, and cast an eye down the long line of exhibited carriages. It appears from these that the plainness so long in vogue is giving way to a more advanced style, which shows more courageousness of taste. Although the Lord Mayor's coach cannot pass for the beau-ideal of a carriage, we cannot see why these things, being essentially luxuries, should not be splendid in decoration as well as elegant in form. At the same time, beautiful horses are ever the first requisite of a handsome equipage; and this truth seems never to have been lost sight of in England. The Annexe itself is a good mile of bewilderment and perpetual motion. Add a ghastly twilight and a lurid atmosphere overhead, and you might fancy yourself in the Inferno of Dante,

"La bufera infernal, che mai non resta,  
Meni gli spiriti con la sua rapina,  
Voltando, e percotendo gli molesta."

I know few things more painful to behold, and to hear for any length of time, than a collection of machines in motion, set on by steam. Puff, puff, puff; rattle, rattle, rattle; whirr, whirr, whirr! Great elbows and knees of iron going up and down with irresistible power, and threatening instant dislocation and dismemberment to any flesh and blood that might come in their way! I can easily believe that the accidents produced by unfenced machinery, though greatly owing to the habitual carelessness produced in factories by living amongst

them, have sometimes their origin in a terrible fascination, by which those who look long at them are drawn into them. I suppose these things must be, but I do not love them. With us they are unquestionably superseding human muscle, and draining the country of its manhood. I walked through the Annexe, as in duty bound, and emerged safely, only too happy to be quit of it, and to efface its disagreeable impression in the tranquillity of the Palais des Beaux Arts. My feelings were those of a weather-beaten sailor who has gained the shore, or rather those of some unfortunate landsman who has just escaped a nauseous and bewildering night on board a pitching and rolling steamer. The sight-seer who expects novelty in this great exhibition of pictures will be disappointed. He must rest for the most part satisfied with the pleasure he will feel at seeing old friends in a new light. The pictures are collected from various sources, and, as a rule, are by living artists. That this rule has not been rigidly adhered to, appears, as one instance, by the exhibition of some of Copley Fielding's water-colours; and it seems a pity that, instead of such a distinction being made, a line was not drawn at some definite period of time; for example, at the end of the second decade of the present century. The life or death of the artist is scarcely a criterion of time, for an artist may die at twenty-five, or live to the age of Turner. We miss Turner and Etty sadly; for whatever may have been the faults of these masters, masters they certainly were in every sense of the word; and no collection, professing to give to the world specimens of British contemporaneous painting, could be complete without them. With regard to the proportion of the pictures exhibited, France of course takes the lead, and Great Britain follows; Belgium and the Netherlands make a respectable show; Prussia, as well as the rest of Germany, is meagre, and we miss some of the greatest names; Switzerland does well—better than Italy; but Italy has been robbed of her fame by Austria, which, with apparent effrontery, but really in consequence of alphabetical arrangement, places her

name first on the catalogue. On every work of art proceeding from Northern Italy should be inscribed the complaint of Virgil—himself an inhabitant of that garden of nature and art—

“Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes.”

But the cold countries of the north have caught a reflection of Italian sunshine, and Sweden, Denmark, and Norway show much artistic aspiration—if scarcely yet, to speak generally, much inspiration. Their productions look chiefly like those of young beginners; but there is one magnificent exception, which I shall come to by-and-by. The productions of the United States had better have remained on the other side of the Atlantic, where they might have been appreciated. Spain is pretty well represented, but chiefly by portraits; and there are countries which have sent one picture each, and are no doubt as proud of them as a hen with a single chicken—Mexico and Turkey. When Turkey begins to paint, we wonder what she will do next—perhaps dance. At our first entrance, our attention is arrested by a picture under the head of Sweden, and, in my humble opinion, we shall see no better in the whole gallery. We refer to the Catalogue: 1980—“Declaration d'amour,” by Mdlle Amelie Lindgren. The tritest of all subjects is treated in a manner fascinating from its originality, and this is a sign of true genius. The figures are two Swedish peasants; the man has a thick club on his shoulder, as if to show the natural roughness of his character and occupations. He is not a paladin, but a peasant, and feeling has subdued his expression into one of refined passion and respectful admiration. His features, though handsome, are rugged; but his look is full of inexpressible tenderness, without losing the least part of its manliness. This is truth. It has been well remarked that the sternest and strongest men have ever a soft side to their nature; the only beings who are consistently and thoroughly hard, are masculine women. Half-embraced by his left arm is an easy and graceful female figure, yet no drawing-room nymph, but a healthy buxom lass, used to milking cows as a

rule, and cutting fodder for them as an exception. Her face is very lifelike. There is no effort at extraordinary beauty of feature, but the beauty of expression is consummate. Well pleased she is to hear what she hears, and deeply contented. Happiness is seen in the mouth and cheeks, while the eyes are demurely downcast, and affect to be intent on the knitting with which her fingers are at the moment unusually busy. The costume and *posé* are faultless. The other pictures produced by the states of Scandinavia, though some of them good, especially the battle-pieces, are almost a foil to this one, the production of a genuine lady's mind, and one who observes nature like Rosa Bonheur. We pass to the rooms containing the pictures of the French School. I cannot retract what I said to you about this school in the letter produced by my flying visit in January. The French artists are too affected and too little natural. Rosa Bonheur is almost the only exception. The best of them seem ever to have some master in their eye, and to be straining at supernatural effects. They paint on stilts, metaphorically if not literally, for the enormous size of some of their canvasses must often preclude the possibility of their painting on their natural legs. And as they paint on too large a scale, so they paint far too much, at least the historical painters; and some of the time which they give to throwing off new subjects, might be much better employed in working up and mellowing down the old ones; for, as a general rule, they are stiff in outline, and crude in colour, though very grand in conception. If I was writing a detailed account of them, I should hardly know where to begin, and so have no resource but to follow the direction of chance, for the rooms are so arranged that it is hard to know which room and which side to take in walking. As it is, I am only writing a letter, and therefore do not consider myself bound to give you my impressions in order. A plunge into the centre room displays at once some of the largest historical pieces. It is warm, and you may take the opportunity of doffing your hat to the charming Empress, occupying the

chief place in a group by Winterhalter. The other figures are the ladies of the court, over whom she shines like "the moon among the lesser fires." The group is well arranged, seated on the grass in a nook in one of the imperial woods. The ground slopes so that the Empress takes her position naturally as the head of the female circle, like the front jewel in a coronet. The likeness is well preserved, and the picture, apart from its interesting associations, is a very pleasant composition. You may lounge, if you please, on that great square-cushioned seat, and look at it as long as you like, without disturbance from the stout islander who is so comfortably asleep at your side, with a face of baby-like innocence above his russet beard. Many of the other pictures are old acquaintances of the Luxembourg. Mark well the Bravest of the Brave in that picture by Adolphe Yvon, with firelock in hand, like a common soldier, to encourage his frostbitten men, the last in the miserable but heroic rearguard of the Moscow retreat! Would not he have warmed up at that moment had he been permitted to dream of the fall of Sebastopol! Ney has an English face, and there is something in his character which finds a response in most English hearts in spite of his political derelictions. The Great Duke would perhaps have been even greater, had he stretched out a hand, when he had the power, to save the magnificent rebel; but the Great Duke was the Iron Duke, and in his eyes the breach of a soldier's allegiance was the one unpardonable sin. But why have they chosen to transport here some of the fine but horrid subjects of the Luxembourg? Surely pleasanter paintings might have been gathered in other quarters. Those I objected to so strongly in my letter to you last winter, have some of them risen up in their ghastliness to affront my vision in the Champs Elysées, as if in revenge for the criticisms. But if another notice was the object of their renovation, they will not get it, for we pass elsewhere. Horace Vernet is plenteously represented. If all his pictures were as large as "La Smala," and the "Battle of Isly," no exhibition in the world would be able to

hold him, and he would be to painters what Livy was to historians before a great part of his works were fortunately lost, when Martial called him "vast Livy, the whole of whom my library is scarcely sufficient to accommodate."

"Livius ingens,  
Quem mea vix totum bibliotheca capit."

Vernet's larger paintings are too spacious for pictures, and not long enough for panoramas. It is, indeed, difficult to assign any arbitrary limit to the size of a picture; but must it not be in some measure determined by the capacity of a human pair of eyes? When a picture passes those proportions which the eye assigns to it—when it ceases to become a unit in vision, and the direction of the look is changed, not for the purpose of examination of the parts, but for that of comprehension of the whole—it is no longer a single picture, but a plurality of pictures on the same canvass. Nature gives us thus many pictures in one scene; and when Art attempts to do the same, it seems to me that it passes its proper bounds, and, in endeavouring to become a literal copy of nature, commits a solecism in taste of the same kind as that committed by colouring statues and assimilating sculpture to wax-work. Art ought to assist the appreciation of the beholder by limiting pictures within reasonable frames. Horace Vernet imposes the necessity on the beholder of limiting them for himself, which is more than he has a right to expect from commonplace people. His figures are in the highest degree spirited and life-like, and the horsemen in his large battle-pieces seem to be on the point of riding down and shooting down the spectator, in a manner which mixes a concern for his personal safety with admiration for the picture. The idea may have been taken from the cavalry charges at the hippodrome and circus, in which the horses are wheeled just as they are brought to the barrier, and seem on the point of leaping over upon the lowest circle of people. All this is clever, but fatal to the repose necessary to the contemplation of paintings. Another voluminous master is Jean Auguste Dominique Ingres. He chiefly excels in figure-painting, but

his colours want toning down, and he appears least to shine in those religious subjects upon which he appears anxious to found his reputation. All of his pictures, however, are more or less good; and one in particular, "La Vierge a l'Hostie," has somewhat of a Raphaellesque character. But this is not the highest praise for a modern painter, for unless he can be quite original, he had better copy the Old Masters exactly, and endeavour to reproduce them. The "Madonna de la Vigne" of Paul de la Roche is very beautiful, but not at all Raphaellesque. Where is Paul de la Roche? He is one of the first we look for on the walls, but we cannot find him, nor can we find his name on the catalogue. We miss him the more, that we have just been delighted by seeing at the French exhibition in London, that admirable picture of his of "Strafford going to execution." And there is another who is inadequately represented in the Great Exhibition, one of the brightest stars of modern art—Mdlle Rosa Bonheur. Surely it is owing to gross mismanagement that her glorious work, "The Horse-Fair at Paris," should have been seen in London this year and not at home. Landseer is an exquisite painter of the carcasses of animals—of all the minor adjuncts of skin, hair, hoofs, and corporeal details; but he endues them with too much of soul, and too high an order of intelligence—all excepting his dogs, to whom he does but even-handed justice. Rosa Bonheur paints the very "ego" of her animals, if animals have any "ego," and does not spend too much time over the subordinate parts. Every one of those horses in the "Horse-Fair" has its own character, as it has its own face and figure; but they are all neither more nor less than horses. She has a perfect sympathy with the ox that treadeth out the corn, and apparently enters into the whole of the narrow circle of his pleasures and pains, the greatest of the former of which is probably cud-chewing, and the greatest of the latter, too sharp a prick of the goad. We shall never forget her calves in the London French exhibition, with the head of one of them turned round in the stall, and its immature, parboiled, watery, stolid eye.

In the Paris Exhibition she is represented by a picture entitled "La Fenaision-Auvergne." The load of hay is the only part of it not well done, its perspective being too flat, and its colour too monotonous; but that is a part of the picture which we should be least disposed to criticise severely. The oxen are true to the life; the roughness of their coats is far better represented than if each hair were photographically drawn by itself, and their sleepy eyes and slobbering mouths are nature itself. She is originating a school in French art, which has long been a desideratum—a school which shall boldly discard all models but those furnished by the fields of its native country. We are glad to see the evidences of the rise of such a school in the hunting-pieces and dogs' heads of Louis Godefroy Jadin. He has been conscientiously painting portraits of the Emperor's stag-hounds, and throwing them together in hunting-groups under deep-toned conventional skies, which, though out of place in landscape-painting, are just what is wanted with such subjects. They are something like the skies of Titian, and those that Etty painted behind his brilliant flesh-tints.

The principal historical paintings of the French school are so well known to us that a look at them in passing is enough. There is a splendid sameness running through them all, and some fresh element is wanting—what, it is hard to say. Perhaps it is a somewhat more conscientious study of natural forms, such as that carried to excess by our own pre-Raphaelites. If the historical painters would give more time to *genre* studies, and less to history, in which imagination must furnish the chief part of the treatment, they would do greater things. As it is, they repeat themselves like an extempore preacher. We are happy to see more attention paid to landscape than was formerly the case among the French artists. The great superiority that the English have gained, and still possess, in this department, arises perhaps from a very simple cause—the rural tastes of the English nation. The English artist has his atelier in London, but he seeks his subjects on the mountain and the

moor, by brook and glen, in field and in park. In fact he has an "al fresco" workshop as well as a town one, for there are few of our eminent landscape-painters who do not finish many of their pictures in the open air. Many a tired pedestrian has probably found, to his cost, the difficulty of obtaining accommodation—in the Snowdon district of North Wales, for instance—during the summer; all the rooms in the inns and in the cottages retained by them being engaged by artists, and only those who have put up for some time with the inferior comforts of the cottage being allowed to be promoted to the inn in fair rotation; or, as the Parisians would say, when their part of the "queue" arrives there. Many of our best men have sporting tastes as well, which assist them in the treatment of their subjects, and in their knowledge of nature, besides being an inducement to inhabit the country for a prolonged period. One of our most popular R. A.'s is as famous for his fly-fishing as for his painting. Some work all the year round in their own cottages in some wild place, and only send their pictures to town. The French cannot live in this manner. They travel to sketch, but not to study. Their homes are in cities; and as cities like Paris or Rome furnish the greatest abundance of living models, they chiefly devote themselves to historical painting. Even in the most interesting kind of *genre* pictures, those displaying the habits and costumes of rural places, they are surpassed by the English. Those who do paint landscape seem chiefly to finish them in the studio, and their pictures bear the impress of other masters. Nevertheless there are bright exceptions. We may mention Theodore Gudin as one of them. Though he seems to have had Stanfield and Turner in his eye, he shows great originality of conception and pains-taking observation of nature. He chiefly excels in sea-pieces. Here is one at Marseilles, "Le Port des Catalans," interesting from association with Dumas's *Monte Christo*. The burning of the Kent East Indiaman is a picture which brings to mind Turner's wreck of the Minotaur. The horror of the scene is subordinate, as it should be, to its

awfulness, and human heroism shines brightly forth in the remorseless grasp of that implacable power of nature—the raging ocean. He has travelled far to seek the sea. Here he paints it slumbering in treacherous innocence at Constantinople, imprisoned by the beautiful banks and draped by the cypress-woods of the Golden Horn; there he paints it, in its naked sublimity, alive and rollicking on the north coast of Scotland, beating vindictively on rocks which are covered with a shivering crowd of wrecked fishermen, and strewn with the remnants of their shattered boats. Here is a moon-rise on the coast of Aberdeen, admirably painted; here a view of the ocean at Peterness, taken from near Lord Aberdeen's cottage. Here again, not satisfied with the greater light of day and the lesser lights of night, he paints Aurora Borealis, which is of both or neither, and fixes on the canvass its transient and spectral flashes. Perhaps the most sublimely imagined of all these pictures is one simply entitled "La Mer," which is all sea and sky, furious waves and driving clouds, and we feel it as a relief that there is no object on which they may vent their violence. But he leans to the common fault of his nation—the love of excitement and avoidance of tranquillity; and one of his pictures is decidedly painful, because it represents in the power of the elements the misery and helplessness of the brave. This is one named in the catalogue, "The *Syrène* frigate struck by a squall at the moment of the embarkation of the wounded." Though we deprecate its subject, we cannot shut our eyes to the merits of this picture. It is one great peculiarity of this artist that he displays but little repetition of himself, and is as far as possible removed from the praise or dispraise of being mannerised. He does not spurn the assistance of others, but yet leans principally on nature. "Un soir d'Orage," in its quiet solemnity and depth of colouring, might be taken for a Danby. Amongst the historical pictures of the French school we noticed one by Scheffer, "The Vision of Charles IX." The half-insane, half-wicked king is sinking under the horrors produced by

his guilty conscience, embodied in the apparition of the spirits of Coligny and the other murdered Huguenots, whose calm earnest faces are in strong contrast to his own features, racked by conflicting passions.

There are some good portraits among the paintings of the French school; one of General Ulrich by Loustau; another—an equestrian figure—by de Dreux; another, called in the catalogue "La Réflexion étude," by Matet; another, of wonderful power, in chalk, by Charles Laurent Maréchal, "Galileo at Villetrín." The figure is half reclined, and the sage has just withdrawn the telescope from his eye, and is ruminating on what he has seen. The face is grandly patriarchal, and the whole composition is in keeping—the sky at once glowing and sombre, and the atmosphere in solemn repose, inviting contemplation. This figure is among the drawings in the upper gallery. Amongst the quieter landscapes of the French school is one remarkably good, called "Crépuscule de Novembre," by Leon Belley. The painter has caught the genius of the last month of autumn, and admirably painted its peculiarly tender and solemn sky-tints, and the somewhat damp and chilly look of the ground at that time. As a direct contrast to such a subject, the gallery is crowded with battle-pieces, some of the best being taken from the present war, but none of extraordinary merit. A good specimen of these is one by Courdouan, "Zonaves embarking for the Crimea;"—the extremely picturesque dress of these troops being a great assistance to the painter in grouping them.

When we leave the French pictures and pass on to those of other nations, we cannot help being struck with a fact, which has been remarked upon elsewhere—the similarity of all the Continental schools to the French, or their similarity to each other. It seems as if there were but two great divisions of the art—the Continental and the English. The world still looks upon us in many things—

"Penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos."

As in dress and manners, as in arts



and sciences, we still stand alone, eccentric and isolated. Some of our eccentricities are good, others bad: amongst the good ones are undoubtedly to be classed our artistic originalities. The school, to all appearance, most resembling the French is the Belgian; and it would be difficult, without reference to the catalogue, to distinguish the pictures of this school from those of the French artists. The difference, if any, is to be sought in the influence still exercised by Rubens. Charles Verlat of Antwerp exhibits a spirited picture of "Godfrey of Bouillon at the assault of Jerusalem." This picture has been ordered by the Belgian government, and is well worthy of a place in some public gallery. There are many good *genre* pictures, both serious and comic. Among the former we may mention "Le dernier Adieu," by Degroux; among the latter, "Le premier Cheveu Blanc" of Cockelaere. In landscape we are arrested by Roffiaen's "Recollection of the Lake of the Four Cantons," in which his imagination gives the leading features of that singularly beautiful scenery. The distance is admirably done; the aerial perspective, a somewhat difficult matter in that subject, being perfectly preserved. Very good, also, is Van Schendel's "View of Rotterdam, with a moonlight effect." Holland is not equal to Belgium, but exhibits some good low-art studies. Spain gives us more pleasure, although her contributions are insignificant in point of number. Her most prolific artist is Federico Madrazo. He exhibits fourteen portraits, and one religious picture, well worth the fourteen. Its name is "The Holy Women at the Sepulchre," and its great beauty is the "auréole" or glory, which is a soft supernatural light of its own kind, and could not, like most of those represented, have proceeded from earthly illumination. It is, so to speak, a holy phosphorescence.

The portraits are, some of them, very good, and fortunately some of the ladies have consented to sit to the painter in national costume. The king, Don Francisco d'Assis, is there, in the costume of the Order of the Golden Fleece; and very stupid and sheepish he looks. The queen's por-

trait had not arrived when we looked for it; probably when she comes, the king will go, as she is said to be rather ashamed of being seen in his company. Close to Spain, in the catalogue, stand the "Pontifical States;" but the productions, both in painting and sculpture, classed under this head, ought to have been attributed to the nations in which the artists were born. We only find, among the list, four or five artists born in the Roman States. One Englishman, Leighton, might be supposed by the uninitiated to be an Italian, as he is described in the list as "né à Scarbro." Our attention was arrested by his one picture, the subject of which is well chosen, and poetically treated, "The Reconciliation of the Montagues and Capulets over the Corpses of their Children." With regard to the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, the state of the case is even worse than with regard to the Pontifical States. Of the three artists exhibiting pictures, there is not one whose address is not at Paris. The explanation is easy. That enlightened monarch, King Bomba, has determined to send the French Exhibition, as he did the English, to Coventry, though we cannot see what possible advantage can accrue to him from his dog-in-the-manger policy. The exhibition of the United States, where no such prohibition could have existed, is also very meagre, and the exhibiting artists are mostly residents in Paris. It seems as if the two political extremes were equally fatal to the growth of the fine arts. Nevertheless, the Americans have sent some interesting landscapes of the scenery of their own country; and as few of us have opportunities of travelling thither, we wish we had more of them. George Healy, of Boston, exhibits a long list of portraits, some of them interesting, as being those of persons of whom the world has heard and read much. However, we have small cause to linger among them, and are glad enough to get away amongst our old friends of the British school, seen with a clean face under the brighter sun of Paris. Happy as we were to see them all again, and in juxtaposition, it would be invidious to mention names, and superfluous to descant on

their merits. To the French and other Continental spectators they must possess an interest which we are hardly in a position to appreciate. To most of them, the pictures with which we are most familiar, such as the "Evening Gun" of Danby, and the "Sanctuary" of Landseer, are entirely new, and our friends on the Continent have now an advantage which we have never before possessed, that of being able to form a collective impression of the British school, from seeing so many of its best pictures at once. The perfection to which water-colour has been carried by the English masters will doubtless astonish the natives of Paris, and give a new impulse to this department of art over the whole of Europe. I could never see why this department should be conventionally inferior to oil-painting. Oil-painting appears now only to have the advantage in size, and yet water-colour paintings are commonly, as if in disparagement, only designated by the name of drawings. The English painters have one great merit, which, as it is perfectly accessible to all, the Continental painters would do well to imitate—that of nationality; all the other schools are too European or cosmopolitan. If the artists of every nation were chiefly to confine themselves to painting the landscapes and costumes of their own country, and their productions were to be periodically sent to a European exhibition, a display of art would be the result, the interest and variety of which it would be impossible too highly to estimate. But artists seem rather in the habit of going to seek their subjects abroad. We miss among the pictures of the German school the distinctive scenery of Germany. Leu goes to Norway and paints the illimitable horizon of "fields" and "fiords" very admirably; but does Scandinavia produce no artists who could do this, while he is busied with the rich subjects of the Rhine and the Moselle? As for the Swiss artists, they appear chiefly, like the Pope's Swiss guards, to be at home in Italy; and though Italy is more conventionally picturesque even than the Alps, and its subjects are easier, surely that mountain sublimity which impresses itself so strongly

on the mind of the most commonplace beholder, might be most adequately portrayed by those who breathe and live in the midst of it. The old proverb, "Omne ignotum pro magnifico," holds good here, and artists of merit are wasting their time and money in travelling to get studies which present themselves in rich abundance at their own doors. In their attachment to scenes of home-interest, and in success in painting home landscape, the British artists stand almost alone; they have most excuse for travelling, in the dearth of *genre* studies, as peasant costume, except in the wilder provinces, has almost entirely disappeared from the British Isles. I would not have the artist soil-bound, and there is no reason why he should limit his genius; but with reference to the interest of a world-wide collection, it would certainly have been better had such subjects chiefly been selected for exhibition which showed the costumes, customs, and scenery of the native countries of the respective artists. I would scarcely apply this remark to sculpture. The department of the statuary art is narrower, more classical, being confined, or nearly so, to the representation of abstract humanity. In this department we must look upon all artists as of one family, working in the same track, and unable, without running into barbarisms, to deviate much from the perfect models of ancient Greek antiquity. Thorwaldsen was admirable, because he was so entirely and thoroughly Greek; Canova less so, because he was under the dominion of a conventional sameness and stiffness foreign to the Athenians. In the present Exhibition the plaid of the "Highland Mary" of Burns by Spence appears a slight anachronism, although the statue is beautiful. On the whole, the statuary collection of all nations—that of the British department chiefly consisting, like the paintings, of old acquaintances—preserves its just proportion to the pictures. In this, however, as said before, the Austrian injustice becomes flagrantly apparent. If political necessities justify the maintenance of the present bounds of nations, it is surely an ingratitude in Western Europe to consider Italy as anything

but a living and united nation in respect of the arts. The sculptors of Northern Italy are maintaining the high position which they assumed at our own Exhibition. Vienna is doing respectably, but, like the daw with borrowed plumes, is in danger of losing her own honours by assuming those which do not of right belong to her. The brightest of these plumes are stolen from Milan. Germany has a character of her own in the plastic as well as the pictorial art, which she would do well to develop. This character is seen in Kiss of Berlin's colossal statues. It is romantic, with a dash of the grotesque, and the amplitude of Michael Angelo is fused into it. We are disappointed in not seeing more statues by the artists of Denmark. We fear that Thorwaldsen's extraordinary merits must have dispirited his countrymen, instead of encouraging them to follow his glorious path.

As for France, she has returned from the meretricious extravagance of the sculpture of the Regency into the severe elegance of the classic masters, chastened and penitent, under the bright examples of Bosio and Pradier. Nevertheless, her boyish exuberance of spirits is ever and anon breaking forth. With regard to the special character of the Exhibition, the collection of statuary, setting apart the intrinsic merits of the works, appears only of subordinate interest. This province of the Fine Arts gives no scope for nationality, and the individual artists run a race with each other, unembarrassed by the duty of illustrating a national school. But this very freedom, or restriction, as it may be considered, gives to a cosmopolitan collection of sculpture a minor interest, as compared with one of other objects, in which national variety is not only a merit, but indispensable to the object in view. I should like to see, as I said, a good exhibition at some central place, such as Frankfort-on-the-Maine, limited to landscape and costume, and admitting no pictures but those illustrative of the countries which produce the artists. The taste of the world would be greatly improved by such an exhibition. And it should be required that fair specimens should be sent of

the bad taste as well as the good of each country, that faults might be corrected, if necessary, by ridicule. Chambers of horrors should be admissible. How much good, for instance, would it do our countrymen to see their tasteless towns, plate-glass shop-windows and all, contrasted with the pretty house-rows of Pisa or Bologna, and the grand gable architecture of the middle ages at home. And portraits of model Englishmen might be introduced, in hopes of some change for the better taking place in a costume which, however commodious, is far from elegant, and a fashion of cutting the beard which destroys all the manly dignity of the face. These outward things may appear trifles, but they have to do with the artistic or inartistic character of a nation. Our countrymen must seem to foreigners to be great admirers of their own faces, as they set their ruddy breadth in a frame of red or golden whiskers, as stiff and formal as a picture-frame. Why must this tasteless fashion be an heirloom for ever? The *favoris à la cotelette* are a favourite subject of joke with the French. So with many other minor matters. A country possessing the most glorious variety of natural features of almost any in the world, and building upon this foundation an unrivalled school of landscape-painting, such as we dare to say the old masters of Italy have never surpassed; possessing, moreover, an abundance of architectural models; is inhabited by a race of people of Egyptian rigidity in their customs, costumes, and everyday life, who have all to gain in this respect from contact with the people of the Continent. It was not always so; it has only been so since the working of the puritanical and commercial leaven. Thankful we ought to be that this social blight, the vine-disease of our institutions, has left our mountains and rivers, and exquisite rural scenery, in great part unscathed. Whatever man could do to spoil nature he has done with us; but nature is happily eternal, and bad taste is perishable. There is a limit even to the mischief of formal plantations, ugly buildings, intrusive factories, and model farms. The artist may yet escape them all in the glorious Highlands, the sea-indented

rocks of Ireland, or the Arcadian wilds of North Wales; and he does escape them; and here, on the walls of the Palais des Beaux Arts, are the glorious evidences of that son of nature having burst the chains of a levelling, yet tyrannical, a formal, yet barbarous civilisation. Let us live and learn—and, learning, let us teach.

Let the inhabitants of countries where men live more easily, come to the British artist and learn to paint from nature. Interested, but bewildered and fatigued, we bid farewell to the Paris Exhibition. The length and breadth of the spaces to be traversed in the buildings makes walking through them no light task; and in parts there is an oppressive lack of oxygen—or, to speak more correctly, an oppressive abundance of the carbonic acid which human lungs elaborate: the finishing stroke is given by a walk through those galleries in the Palais des Beaux Arts which are chiefly devoted to drawings. We are glad to cross the Champs Elysées, and devote a quarter of an hour to the exhibition of flowers and fruits in the garden on the opposite side. The flower-show is good, considering the time of the year; and the fruit-show, as one would expect, still better. Amongst the objects coming under the latter head are some melons and gourds that might have furnished a dessert to the king of Brobdignag. We look at the front of the Exhibition building as we come out. It is a handsome piece of architecture, and ornaments its site. It has often been said that the *coup d'œil* of the interior was inferior to that of the Exhibition in Hyde Park. But this seems a necessity of the whole scheme. It might have equalled or surpassed it, had an enormous palace of glass been erected. But then such a monster building could only have answered a temporary purpose, and, when the first excitement was over, its contents would not have filled it. As a permanent stone-building was determined on, which should answer a permanent purpose, it was necessary to build the additional structures for the temporary purpose, and to sacrifice unity of design. Looking at it in this point of view, we cannot consider the Paris Exhibition as in any respect

a failure by the side of our own; and it will leave on its site a handsome monument, which may be devoted to any national purpose. England has profited by the Exhibition of 1851 in greatly improving the designs of her manufactures; France has profited by an immense progress in industrial production. It must be taken into consideration, that this success of France has been achieved among the distractions of an engrossing war, while that of England was effected in a period of singular and profound tranquillity, when the embers of the revolutionary fires had been extinguished, and the great tempest that has since overshadowed Europe was as yet a small cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, on the distant horizon. The whole manner in which it has passed off must be a subject of congratulation to all wellwishers of both Great Britain and France. It has given rise to that brilliant visit of the Queen of England to Paris, which will be remembered, with the fall of Sebastopol, as one of the two great historical events of 1855, and throw a lustre of a new kind on the new empire to which the old one was a stranger. Happy I was to meet everywhere in Paris, both high and low, with the symptoms of a hearty international feeling. I cannot help thinking that, at any time in the modern history of France, a monarch of Great Britain would have been well received; but then it would have been for the sake of the "spectacle" more than for the sake of the country or the person. Triumphal arches, a long array of soldiers, and a crowding and shouting populace, constitute a grand "spectacle," and the reception of a great personage may be tumultuously brilliant even when it is far from hearty. The Parisian populace has a weakness for shows, but the populace in all countries has somewhat of the same character. The populace of our own country would have cheered Napoleon the First had he made his entry into London in a sufficiently imposing manner; they did cheer the Emperor Nicholas at Ascot, and no doubt voted him "a jolly good fellow" for giving the Emperor's cup,—a present which, by the way, he was handsome enough to offer in spite of the war, but

which the Jockey Club, as a matter of course, felt obliged to refuse. No one was more lionised than Abdel Kader when he first came to Paris, but then it certainly may be said that his presence there was a sign of French prowess. Again, a queen of England would always have been well received, even when England was unpopular, as the French people are generous and chivalrous, and would have appreciated the confidence placed in them by a woman. But the welcome which Paris gave to our excellent Queen evidently came from the hearts of her people. The feeling appeared more enthusiastic and demonstrative in proportion as the source from which it proceeded was lower in the social scale. I may mention, as an indication of this fact, the applause with which one of the concluding scenes of an historical drama, called "l'Histoire de Paris," was received at the theatre of the Porte St Martin, which is a favourite resort of the Parisian bourgeoisie. Two young men appear on the stage in their shirt-sleeves, on the point of fighting a deadly duel with small swords. They are supposed to typify the two nations so long enemies. By the discovery that the links of a broken gold chain fitted to each other, they find out that they are brothers, and rush into each other's arms. We may conclude that the pulse of a higher class had been felt before the managers of the Opera Comique gave orders for the painting of a new drop-scene, one oval of which represented the visit of the Emperor to Windsor Castle, and the other the entrance of the Queen into Paris. As the drop-scene is intended to be permanent, it must be supposed that it was taken for granted that the feeling it was meant to flatter would be permanent likewise. In all the print-shops, even in remote parts of the town, the English soldiers are represented as bearing a prominent part in the Crimean actions, and the heroism of Inkermann and Balaklava has been abundantly celebrated. Nor, chilling as it may be to our national vanity, must it be supposed to have weakened the union, that the English army has missed the first prize in the

Sebastopol campaign. The self-love of France, thrown off its balance by the disastrous results of the last great European war, has thoroughly recovered its equilibrium and solidity by her having gained the earliest laurels at the taking of Sebastopol. It cannot be denied that the event, which has been to France a singularly unchequered triumph, is mixed up with a degree of national disappointment to England. Our leading popular journals are ready enough to throw the blame of our shortcomings on the generals and on those who conduct the war, but the real fault lies with the English people. We have not shown, as a people, a military spirit commensurate with the resources, importance, and magnitude of our country. We have starved and crimped our army, and our army has broken down not in spirit but in strength, and stumbles in the day of need. We have suffered the heroes of Alma and Inkermann to perish from want of the common necessaries of life; and this, had our reserves been exhaustless, would have branded us with eternal disgrace. But our weakness principally lies in the fact, that we have no reserves to fall back upon. Though a nation of shopkeepers, we put our best goods in the window; and when they are used up, there are no more in the stores to fill their places. Our poor Whig ministers, in spite of all that is said against them, are probably doing the best that their limited intelligence allows. Even now, when we have received from success a warning as loud as any that national misfortune could have given us, there is no popular cry for an organisation of the army adequate to the population, character, and resources of the country. The militia in time of war, instead of being made up of stray recruits, attracted by "a roving disposition," and the charms of bounty-money, which quickly dissolves into beer, ought to be composed of the whole male population of the country, under certain limitations; and serving in it, if not seen by all in the light of a duty, ought to be made a matter of compulsion. If this were the state of the case, we should have volunteers

for the line sufficient, without a conscription, to keep up at all times a standing army worthy to take the field on equal terms with that of France. Some of us are quite satisfied to appropriate the successes of the French, and like a lazy horse in a pair going up-hill, to shirk our own share of the work, and throw it upon the forward and high-spirited yoke-fellow. And yet the few men we had in this last affair covered themselves with glory. Would there had been more of them! The security of our shores—an advantage, doubtless, in some respects—gives little hope that this state of things will, at least for the present, be changed for a better. We spend our energies in talking, and writing leading-articles, and letters from correspondents, and speechifying at public dinners. Never was a war more talked about, written about, than the present. Our print-shops and map-shops are full of delineations of places to be besieged, in every respect most accurate. We get them up, and leave them alone. We know the Crimea, and Cronstadt, and the shores of the Baltic and Black Seas, better than we know the shape of Cornwall. We are angry and impatient with Government if we do not get a new telegraphic despatch every day. As for financial matters—in everything else an economical nation—in war we are deplorably extravagant. We make our money like horses, and spend it like asses. But in spite of all this, paradoxical as it may appear, there exists in the nation an indomitable martial spirit, and no circumstance bears higher testimony to the valour of our countrymen than this, that both officers and men come forward to be sent on a distant service, where heroism is sacrificed to muddle and mismanagement, and devotion will gain little reward but the self-applause of a good conscience. Our navy still holds its supremacy; but it has not been allowed to display its full strength, partly because the enemy has not accepted its challenge, partly because we have not chosen to modify it according to the exigencies of the war: but our army, in spite of our wonderful sacrifices, must be for some time to come, even under the best ma-

nagement, secondary and subsidiary to that of France; and for this simple reason, that no excellence of quality can make up for its deficiency in quantity. Perhaps it is well that we should be thus humbled. We have been too proud; and we ought to be thankful that our humiliation has come from our friends and not from our enemies, and has not taken the shape of national disaster. If anything additional was wanted to bind our hearts to the French nation, it is found in the modesty and generosity with which they appreciate our alliance, and are ready to share with us, on equal terms, all the glories attending our united efforts; for none will deny that we too have made great efforts, however ill-regulated and misdirected by the civil authorities. But whatever view we may take of the events of the present war, the French alliance is a great fact, which makes us, in spite of ourselves, sanguine for the future. The last step of international reconciliation was taken when our Queen consented to visit the tomb of Napoleon the First. What a fine subject that would have made for Paul de la Roche, or any other great historical painter. The Queen of England stands by the last resting-place of England's greatest antagonist, and, with a countenance, shown by torch-light in the gloom, not melting in unjustifiable penitence, but full of a generous admiration and respectful sympathy, adds, with her own gentle hand, one more *immortelle* to the thousands that have been offered there, while France looks on and applauds in the person of the reigning sovereign. We do not much care for the facts; but such should be the sketch for this grand picture.

I must add a few words, Irenæus, on the route which I chose for my late visit to Paris. It was that by Havre and Southampton. I chose it for change, but I need not tell you that it is by far the most interesting and picturesque route. When I arrived at Havre, on my way out, I found the town greatly changed since my last visit to it in 1840. It is a place full of life and activity, and undeniably amusing. It is an important manufacturing town, a busy seaport, and a fashionable bathing-place. The suburb

of Ingouville climbs to the summit of the high cliff which overhangs it, and has somewhat of an Italian aspect, its villas and gardens standing for the most part alone, and being laid out with great taste. With all my prejudice against manufactories and tall chimneys, I cannot deny that the opulence they produce may be directed to civic embellishments which are a counterpoise to their necessary unsightliness; and in a place of new growth like Havre, I have, but a modified objection to them. It is otherwise with Rouen. I mounted the same hill overhanging Rouen which I climbed fifteen years ago. The bending Seine, studded with islands, wore the same bright face as ever. The mediæval capital of English France retained all its grand historical associations, and its noble churches still reared their time-honoured towers in the midst of it. But the flat country on the opposite banks of the Seine was disfigured with numerous factories, and resembled the country round Chesterfield or Wolverhampton. This

was to me positively painful. These things have their places; but here, in a scene of extraordinary natural beauty, and hallowed with a thousand memories, they appeared sadly out of place. But France belongs to the French, and not to us. If she will have commerce and manufactures, and develop the spirit of trade as part of her present system, we have the last right to quarrel with her: the mischief is done with our coals. All we can do is to mend our own ways; and by observing the ugliness of the mote in our neighbour's eye, consider the beam in our own. If France becomes more practical and utilitarian, we must become more poetical and artistic, and thus perhaps we shall at last meet together half way, and the lives of the nations which have waged war side by side, will continue to flow on together, without contentions or bickerings, but with harmonious emulations, exulting and abounding, down the fair broad channel of peace.

Your loving friend,

TELEPOLEMUS.

## THE STORY OF THE CAMPAIGN.

### CHAPTER XXX.—THE GENERAL ASSAULT.

THE day before the fire opened, the generals of the two armies had finally settled the duration of the cannonade and the hour of the assault. The French were decided by the consideration that the nature of the ground would not allow them to push their approaches on the Malakoff and the Little Redan closer without great loss, and the operation of running a gallery beneath the enemy's counterscarp, or rampart, would take up eight or ten days, which delay, it was considered, would be prejudicial to the success of the assault. The enemy had begun a second line of works behind those of the Malakoff, and, if permitted to finish them, a troublesome obstacle might still exist after the Malakoff was taken. Therefore, on the fourth day of the cannonade, at noon (Sept. 8), the attempt was to be made.

A strong gale, which had on the previous day blown towards the enemy, now changed round straight in our

faces. The smoke drifting and eddying in thin veils before the city and its defences, rendered them almost invisible. The fine earth of the trenches, dried to the lightness of sand by the sun, was blown in clouds from the parapets, rendering it difficult and even painful to look over them. The fire of the French on the left was as fierce as ever; ours, which, though very sustained, had not, owing to the delay of ships with ammunition, hitherto exerted its full vigour, was increased to the utmost from daybreak; and the Mammelon, the batteries before it, and the White Works, all opened, thus completing the semicircle of fire which enveloped the ramparts of the city. The enemy replied only by an occasional gun.

Shortly before noon, General Simpson and his staff entered the first parallel of our left attack. From hence a view was obtained of the Malakoff, which, together with the curtain and

the Little Redan, was to be first attacked; and the tricolor hoisted on it, and repeated in the Mammelon, where General Pelissier had stationed himself, was to be the signal that the French had made good their footing, when a simultaneous attack on the Redan and on the Central Bastion covering the town would compel the enemy's attention to those points.

A short description of the works on the French right, comprised between the Karabelnaia Ravine and the Ravine of Careening Bay, will render the details clearer.

The Malakoff hill is an eminence towering over all the rest. The stone building known by us as the Round Tower, which was of semicircular form, had originally an upper storey, and on the flat roof a battery was mounted. In the first urgency of defence this tower had been regarded as the citadel of this part of the works, and the earthen rampart covering it, following its shape, was also made semicircular, and was called by the French and Russians the Kornileff Bastion. Eventually an entire enclosed work, in the form of an irregular redoubt, had been made in rear of the tower, communicating with the left flank of the work covering it. The upper part of the tower, rendered ruinous in our first bombardment, had been long since pulled down, and only a small portion of the masonry of the lower storey appeared over the ramparts.

From the right of the tower a line of rampart, known as the Gervais Battery, extended to the Karabelnaia Ravine. On the left, towards Careening Bay, at 500 yards from Malakoff, was a smaller eminence crowned with an irregular work, known by the Russians as Bastion No. 2, by us as the Little Redan; and a line of intrenchment connected these two salients, known in military phrase as the Curtain. Finally, the Russian line of defence was completed by a rampart extending from the Little Redan to the Great Harbour, at the junction of which with Careening Bay was Bastion No. 1, one of whose batteries sweeps the ground in front of the Little Redan.

The first parallel made by the French in advance after they gained the Mammelon, extended from the

Karabelnaia Ravine to that of Careening Bay. The second, 100 yards in advance of this, touched the Careening Ravine, but extended on the left only far enough to embrace the works of the Malakoff; and from this, two lines of zigzag trench were pushed, the one on the Kornileff Bastion, the other on the inner or proper right face of the Little Redan. The former approach had reached within fifteen yards of the Malakoff ditch, the latter to about thirty yards from the Little Redan, where the ground became so stony that there was great difficulty in working.

As a precaution to deceive the enemy, the French had, the night before the assault, broken out the commencement of a new sap, and had also, in the morning, exploded two or three mines, which they were accustomed to do to loosen the earth where they intended to work; and the Russians were thus induced to believe that they meant to advance closer before the assault. The French troops were also assembled in the trenches with all possible secrecy; moreover, the Russians, knowing we had always assaulted either in the morning or evening, considered themselves safe during the middle of the day; and so completely unexpected was the assault, that, at the moment it was given, the troops in the Malakoff were just being relieved. The usual mode of doing this is to introduce the new garrison before withdrawing the old; but so hot was the fire of our shells, that, during the bombardment, they marched out the old troops before introducing the relief; and thus it happened, that at this most important moment the work was unusually ill-prepared for resistance.

The French columns of attack, numbering, reserves and all, 24,000, being all ready in the trenches, precisely at twelve o'clock the assault began. There were three points to be assailed,—1st, The middle of the Kornileff Bastion; 2d, The curtain near its centre; 3d, The inner face of the Little Redan,—and all were attacked and entered almost simultaneously.

The first column, throwing some planks across the ditch of the Kornileff Bastion, at the point where the circular form prevented it from being seen from the flanks, rushed through



that work and got possession of the redoubt almost without a struggle. But some of the garrison were, at the moment of attack, in the bomb-proof chamber at the base of the Round Tower, whose loop-holed wall looks on the rear of the interior, from whence they began to annoy the French extremely, and kept a large space clear from the assailants. A reminiscence of their Algerine experience helped our allies in this difficulty. General MacMahon, collecting a quantity of gabions from the works around, heaped them round the tower, and set them on fire, when the garrison made signs of surrender. But no sooner had this measure succeeded than it occurred to the general that there might possibly be mines in the neighbourhood which would be exploded by the burning gabions, and he looked hastily round for some means of extinguishing them. Fortunately intrenching-tools were at hand; a trench was dug along the course of the fire, and the earth heaped on it, which put it out. And here occurred a singular chance—the trench thus dug laid bare the wires placed by the Russians to fire a mine, which were immediately cut and rendered useless. After this, though the battle raged hotly round the Malakoff, and several desperate attempts were made to retake it, the French never found their possession of it endangered.

When the columns entered, the French officers in the trenches, believing the victory secure, fell to embracing one another, in token of congratulation. These rejoicings, however, were premature. The two right columns presently returned from the Curtain and Little Redan, having found the fire of musketry from the retrenchment, and of field-artillery posted on various commanding points of the interior, too hot to be supported. The crowded trenches were ploughed through by the enemy's shot; numbers were killed among the reserves in rear; and three Russian steamers coming up near the mouth of Careening Bay, in spite of a French battery lately erected on the opposite point, the guns of which could not probably be sufficiently depressed to bear upon them, also enfiladed the approaches, and

killed men and officers in the Mamelon. To support the attack of the infantry, some field-artillery was brought on the scene. In anticipation of such a measure, a road had been levelled straight across the trenches, and the gaps filled with gabions; these were thrown down by sappers posted behind them as the guns approached, and a troop of French horse-artillery, galloping by from the rear, and losing a good many horses as it went, emerged on the level space between the French works and the Curtain, and its six 12-pounders came into action against the ramparts. It was a deed of great daring; the ground was swept by the Russian guns as well as those still serviceable in the works, and the musketry of the Little Redan and Curtain fired at a range which rendered their aim deadly. In taking up such a position, these field-guns achieved a novel and brilliant exploit, and one which will no doubt be commemorated with pride in the annals of the French artillery: but their gallantry was unavailing; they were immediately crushed by the tremendous fire, and withdrew, having lost a great number of officers, men, and horses, besides the captain, who was killed.

The French supports advancing when the stormers were repulsed, a continual stream of men poured for several hours between the French and Russian works. The inside of the assailed angle of the Little Redan was heaped with dead, over whose bodies others constantly advanced and retired, till the struggle ceasing at sunset left the Russians in possession of this work and the Curtain. In the course of the afternoon a mine had blown up near the Malakoff, and appeared to those in the trenches to explode in that work, creating great uncertainty for its tenure; and some French officers, headed by General de Cisse, leaping from the trenches, made a movement to succour it; but as the dust cleared, the tricolor was still seen floating on the ramparts.

The attacks on the Little Redan cost the French near 4000 men. But, though the work remained unaptured, it must not be supposed that this heavy loss was altogether fruit-

less of result, as, had the French resisted from the attack, a large Russian force would have been set free to join in the attempt to retake the Malakoff.

In ten minutes from the commencement of the attack, the signal-flag, anxiously looked for from the English trenches, was hoisted, and the storming party of 800 men of the 62d, 41st, 90th, and 97th regiments, with a detachment of the 3d Buffs, carrying ladders, and another of Rifles, to keep down the fire from the ramparts, issued from the trenches. First went the Rifles, and, closely following them, the ladder party, who had been posted in the most advanced trench, an unfinished one, about 150 yards from the Redan. While crossing the intervening space, a number of men were wounded by grape from the flanks, where several guns opened fiercely, and a great many ladders were dropt as the bearers fell; but about six reached the ditch, into which they were let down, and four were transferred to the opposite side. Though an assistance in descending and mounting, they were not absolutely essential, as many officers and men passed over the work without their aid, so ruined was the slope by the artillery fire. The stormers advanced without a pause, though the grape thinned them as they went, and part of them entered at once, when the Russians within, seemingly surprised, fled without resistance. Had the whole of the storming party now pushed on, followed by efficient support, it is probable that we might have secured possession of the work. But an opinion which I had previously heard from our engineers, that the long period of duty in the trenches would be found, without diminishing the intrepidity of the troops, to impair their dash, and make them unduly careful of obtaining cover, was now confirmed. Most of those who reached the parapet lay down there and began to fire, while those officers and men who had entered extended over a space reaching to the third or fourth gun on each side. Recovering from their first panic, the Russians began to return, and large reinforcements constantly arrived, emerging, probably, from the subterranean

chambers of the work. These began a hot fire, standing partly across the open space thirty or forty yards from the salient, partly behind the traverses and embrasures. This desultory combat lasted about a quarter of an hour, during which many officers and men distinguished themselves by gallant attempts to head a rush against the enemy, ending in the immediate fall of the leaders; then our supports advanced in a large square column, and the former scene was renewed. Small parties of men led by their officers got over the parapet, but the number actually within the work was never sufficient for its capture, while the enemy received constant reinforcements from the rear.

All this time the rattle of small-arms was incessant, and showed a great number of men to be engaged in and about the Redan; but the duration of the struggle created unpleasant doubts in the minds of those in the trenches. We saw the stormers first, then the supports, advance, disappear in the ditch, and reappear on the parapet; then all became smoke and confusion. The guns in the faces of the Redan were almost silenced, but those in the flanks continued to fire, while several other Russian batteries suddenly opened, and sent shot thickly over all parts of our trenches. After a time we could see Russian soldiers standing in the embrasures of the faces of the Redan, loading, and firing into the interior of the work. At the end of an hour, the number of men seen hastening back, proved that we had suffered a repulse. The enemy had come up in overpowering numbers, and the assailants suddenly gave way; all rushed from the place at once, carrying their officers with them, many of whom were swept off their feet by the tide of fugitives. Numbers fell on the way back, and all the advanced trenches were thronged three or four deep by those who flocked into them.

There had been two brass field-guns in the Redan when our men entered, and these the Russians, immediately after the repulse, placed in embrasures, where their green wheels were plainly visible, and began firing on our trenches, and on the French on the slope before the Malakoff. Two or three of our guns were directed on

them, and struck and silenced both. The heavy guns of the Redan, some of which had been spiked by our people, scarcely fired at all after the attack.

Messengers came at intervals from General Pelissier, to report the progress of the French, saying they had made good their footing in the Malakoff, and could hold it, but were hard pressed on the right. How the day had gone with them on the left was not known till afterwards.

At the same time as the English attacked the Redan, the French on the left attempted to enter the Central Bastion. The guns along the front of the Russian works here had been almost silenced by the vigour of the French fire, and the stormers reached the ditch without difficulty. But the obstacles here were even more formidable than on the right; and though 200 or 300 Frenchmen succeeded in penetrating at one point of the Bastion, and remained there some time, they were unable to support the fire from the interior defences, or to make head against the overwhelming force of the Russians, and retreated to their trenches, with a loss on this side of about 600 killed and wounded. One regiment (the 42d) lost thirty officers out of forty-five, and two generals were killed here. The Russians exploded a mine in this attack, which caused great loss to the assailants.

The smoke from the Russian batteries clearing after the repulse, we could see the salient of the Redan heaped with red-coated dead. When our men first issued forth to assault, I saw a rifleman knocked over half-way across. As soon as he dropt, he began rolling over and over, till, reaching a hollow, he lay still there. Towards evening he lifted up his head, and looked cautiously round, and, rising, ran a short distance, when a bullet striking near him, he dropt behind a bush. After a time he rose again, and this time got over the nearest parapet, where a comrade received and assisted him. Far away to the right we could see some Russians clinging to the houses of the Karabelnaia suburb, close up to the ditch of the Malakoff, till they were scattered by shells from our guns in the Quarries; while on the French extreme right, which we could not see, a con-

tinued fire of small-arms told that the struggle which ended in the repulse of the French from the Little Redan was still undecided. The sun went dusky down, and darkness found us doubtfully speculating on the results of the day. The general opinion was that the Russian defence, though now hopeless, would be protracted till the French guns from the Malakoff should open; but no one guessed that the enemy was at that moment abandoning the place, though General Pelissier at one time appears to have thought so, for I heard one of the messengers who came from him to General Simpson state that the Russians were passing the harbour in great numbers, apparently in full retreat. These, however, were supposed to be parties conducting prisoners to the north side.

The Russians committed, in constructing their most important defences, those of the Malakoff, two considerable errors. First, they adapted the trace of their intrenchment to the shape of the stone tower it was intended to cover, which was the arc of a circle: thus, at the middle of the arc, the ditch could not be seen from the flanks, as it could have been if the salient had been carried out to an angle; and a most important point was left without other defence than the direct fire from its own parapet—that is to say, there was one spot where, standing on the edge of the ditch, you could see no other portion of the works than the part of the rampart immediately before you—and this was the point at which the French threw their bridge.

The other error was even more fatal—it was that of making the Malakoff an enclosed work. The first error enabled the French to penetrate the work—the second to hold it. Had it, like the Redan, been open in rear, the defenders might have returned in force and maintained the struggle; but, once lost, it became as great an obstacle to the Russians as it had been to the French.

My faith in historical narrative, founded in anything else than personal observation, has been greatly shaken by the numerous instances in which, during the present campaign, anecdotes, apparently trustworthy, have subsequently appeared untrue. The

information I collected to add to my own observation of the events just narrated, did not always bear sifting, and several particulars were given me by eyewitnesses, who had the best opportunities of watching the course of events, which an examination of the ground convinced me were erroneous. In these moments of intense interest and excitement, the imagination has undue sway, and

gaps are filled up by suppositions adopted merely for their plausibility and convenience, till it is difficult to separate fact from fiction, and the whole assumes the coherent and circumstantial air of perfect truth. Unfortunately, the prettiest and most poetical incidents are such as frequently dwindle to nothing under a strict scrutiny, and I have often been sorry to relinquish the agreeable fictions.

CHAPTER XXXI.—THE LAST HOURS OF SEBASTOPOL.

There was but little sleep that night in the camps. Successive explosions of the most tremendous description shook the whole plateau, making tent and hut quiver as if in an earthquake. The information thus loudly given, that the enemy was about to abandon the place, was confirmed soon after midnight in a singular manner.

An officer had lost a friend in the assault of the Redan, and his regiment being one of those occupying the advanced trenches, he prevailed on twenty volunteers to accompany him in the search for the body. Not finding it among the dead in the open ground, he advanced towards the ditch. All was silent; he entered the ditch, which was of easy descent, and still finding no obstacle, and no sign of the presence of the enemy, he and his men went softly up the rampart. There was no token of life or motion; the guns were there, the iron guardians of the city, but they alone remained.

It was intended that the Highland regiments, which had relieved those of the light and second divisions in the advanced trenches, should at daybreak repeat the assault. But, in case this attack also should fail, and an advance by sap become ultimately necessary, the trenches were meanwhile pushed forward. The engineer conducting them suspected, from the silence, that the enemy had deserted the work, and a corporal of sappers, creeping stealthily forward, returned with the intelligence that all was still within. This being reported to Sir Colin Campbell, he called for ten volunteers from each of the Scotch regiments to ascertain the truth. These, advancing at a

run, crossed the ditch; a 93d man standing on the rampart shouted out his name in token that he was the first to scale it; and, entering, they found the place empty.

On the night before the assault, two considerable fires—one near Fort Nicholas, the result of shells from our thirteen-inch mortars, the other in the town—had burnt briskly, and the conflagration continued next day. These the garrison tried to stop. In the evening of the 8th the figures of many men might be seen darkly hovering on the roofs of a large building, where they were trying to extinguish the flames that lit up the whole interior, and burst from every window. But now their efforts were all for destruction. After every explosion the fires augmented, till, towards morning, the whole city and its suburbs were in flames, sending one vast column of smoke upward, which leaned heavily, from the pressure of the wind, now almost lulled by the cannonade, towards the head of the harbour, over which it hung in a vast canopy. Soon after daybreak, one terrific explosion, surpassing all the rest, pealed through the camp, and a cloud, which seemed like the upheaving of the whole promontory, rose in earthy volumes, and hung for a space a blot upon the landscape, pierced murkily by the rays of the rising sun. The harbour gleamed of a dusky yellow amid the dark-grey hazy capes and buildings. Fort Paul, veiled in smoke, but visible, remained standing on its jutting mole till afternoon, when a fire in a building near communicated with its magazine, and it was hurled into the air. When the dust of the

explosion subsided, nothing was left of it but a heap of loose stones.

The continual explosions by no means prevented enterprising Frenchmen from searching the town for valuables. I met one party who had been plundering a church: one man had an immense bible bound in green velvet, another displayed a white altar-cloth with a gold cross embroidered on it, a third was partly attired in the vestments of a priest. I told the adventurer with the altar-cloth that the bishop would excommunicate him; to which he replied by a gesture by no means flattering to episcopacy.

The motives of the Russians in setting fire to the city are not quite clear, or, at any rate, are questionable in point of expediency. At the conclusion of the war, they might look on it as likely that they would resume possession, and this consideration might have restrained them. But their traditional stroke of policy in burning Moscow seems to have impressed on the national mind a general idea of the virtue of incendiarism; and the catastrophe of Russian towns and fortresses, like that of a Vauxhall entertainment, would appear incomplete without a general conflagration.

The whole garrison withdrew unmolested under cover of the night, and destroyed the end of the bridge of rafts on our side of the harbour. The bursting mines and blazing streets prevented an entrance in the dark, and it was not till after day-break that the Allies were within the works in any numbers, when the only Russians captured were a few—some of them wounded—who were found lurking in pits and holes, and who had perhaps remained to fire some of the mines.

The bodies of those slain in the assault were collected in the ditch of the Redan. Riflemen and soldiers of the line lay together in all postures—some shattered, some with their wounds not visible—here a bearded sergeant, there a boy-recruit lying on a tangle of blood-stained bodies, fragments of limbs, and protruding stumps; amid which appeared here and there, in frightful contrast to such ghastly pillows, a face

calm as in calmest sleep. The dead Russians were placed together at one end, and when all were collected, the earth of the slope was shovelled over, and the rampart they had fought for formed above assailant and defender a common funeral mound.

The interior of the Redan is a wide, level space, filled with debris of all kinds—fragments of gabions, broken guns and carriages, beams hurled from exploded magazines, and chasms made by bursting shells. Parallel to the faces of the work, and in rear of the guns, are mounds of earth in the form of traverses, revetted with gabions, containing splinter-proof chambers for a part of the garrison; but the greater part of these found shelter underneath the surface of the whole interior space, where a kind of subterranean barrack, capable of holding many hundred men in its low, flat cells, and entered by several short descending galleries, had been constructed. From the Redan a continuous line of batteries extends down the hill almost to the Karabelnaia Ravine, where the pass is defended by a ditch and parapet for musketry; and the end of the ravine, instead of sweeping, as might be supposed, down to an inlet, slopes curiously upward to a point at the edge of the harbour-bank, where a battery looks along its course. The guns in these batteries and in most of the defences were worked, as on board ship, with breechings to prevent recoil, and these breechings had been cut through before the enemy abandoned them. At two or three places a heap of slain Russian gunners were collected behind their batteries, whose bodies were terrible marks of shot and shell; numbers were headless, some cut absolutely in two, with the upper or lower half wanting; some torn open, some with great holes in their skulls; and detached from the group might be sometimes seen a human thigh or shoulder. All the way down, the underground habitations were continued, showing how terrible must have been the fire which rendered works of such labour necessary, and giving a lamentable idea of the life of the wretched occupants, whose moments of relief from the service of the batteries were thus passed in dark, crowded cellars. Crossing the ravine,

you are at the foot of the steep hill or mound of the Malakoff, whose redoubt stretches across the summit, one side of its rampart looking along the interior of the more advanced Redan, and sweeping the whole space down to the inner harbour. The battery extending up the slope to the redoubt is the Gervais Battery; and here the French stormers, quitting the Malakoff, had attempted to pass down the hill, and bodies of Zouaves and Chasseurs were scattered about. In some places numbers had been engaged hand to hand, in others men had fallen darkly and unnoted, and lay unseen till, in some narrow passage, you stumbled over their bodies. A Frenchman lay in one of these spots, near a magazine, from the door of which protruded a pair of boots: the wearer, a Russian, lay dead in the dark receptacle, into which he had probably crept when wounded, and perished close to his enemy. In this battery near the Malakoff, was a small chamber hollowed in the rampart, which had apparently been a surgery, for a Russian soldier, half-stripped, as if to get at his wound, lay dead on his back on a table of plank. A Russian lay in one of the passages between a traverse and the rampart, his face covered by the cape of his coat. Fancying I saw him breathe as I passed, I stooped to uncover his face; but he silently resisted, as if desirous of dying in peace. I pointed him out to some Frenchmen engaged in removing the wounded.

The Malakoff redoubt was a large enclosed work, its interior crossed by huge traverses, with a row of open doorways along one side of each; stooping to enter which, you found yourself in a long, low, narrow chamber, extending along the length of the traverse, with soldiers' pallets spread on the floor as thickly as the space allowed, for the garrison to repose on in the intervals of relief. In two open spots were collected the ordnance injured and dismantled by our fire—guns of all sizes, some half buried, all dragged there out of the way. From the Malakoff to the Little Redan, behind the Curtain, is a wide open space terminated towards the harbour by the retrenchment which the Russians had begun to throw up. All this

space, almost paved with iron, so thick lay the fragments of shells, was covered with bodies of Frenchmen and Russians, some of the latter still alive; and two *vivandières* were moving about giving water to those who needed it. In the corner of the Little Redan, which also, notwithstanding its name, is an enclosed work, had been the principal struggle, and French and Russians lay heaped there together in great numbers. In another corner was a chasm made by an exploded mine; planks had been thrust down the side of it, and the Russian bodies, brought to the edge, were placed on the planks, down which they rolled, rigidly vibrating, to the bottom of their ready-made sepulchre. The most frightful spectacle of all was in a corner of the Malakoff: it was the corpse of a man who had been killed by the explosion either of a mine or a large shell—probably the former. Not a vestige of clothes remained on the body, from which the hair and features had been also burnt; the legs were doubled back, the chest torn open and shrivelled, and the whole figure blasted into the appearance of an ape or mummy.

Outside the Curtain, between it and the French trenches, burial-parties brought the dead Frenchmen and laid them side by side on the grass. Even here the peculiar national taste for effect was visible in the arrangement of the rows of bodies in symmetrical figures. About one thousand lay there, and all had not been collected—chasseurs, indigènes, and soldiers of the line; but no Zouaves, for these last had attacked the Malakoff. Lord George Paget, passing the place at the time, saw one of the bodies move, and pointed out the circumstance: the man was examined, found alive, and conveyed to the hospital, and thus preserved from a fate the most horrible.

Mines and magazines left by the Russians continued to explode at intervals, and there were some others which the fire failed to ignite. I had been asleep about an hour that night, having lain down in full confidence of getting the first night's soundrest I had enjoyed for a week, when I was roused by a summons to convey directions for the swamping of a mine, which

had been discovered in the cellar of a large building in the barrack. As I rode across the dark plains on this errand, a fringe of clear flame marked the outline of the hill the city stands on. Two deserters or prisoners had told of the existence of this mine, which was a large magazine of powder-barrels in a cellar, surrounded by loose powder to catch any stray sparks: it was rendered harmless by a party of artillerymen.

A cordon of sentries had been drawn round the whole place, and none but general officers, or those having passports, were at first allowed to enter the town or works, except on duty. On the 10th I accompanied Sir Richard Dacres into the place. We entered the Centre Bastion, where the French had been repulsed, and afterwards made a circuit of the walls nearly down to the sea, passing the scene of contest of the 22d and 23d of May, and re-entering the place at a large folding-door in a wall of masonry rising from the ditch. Here we were in a suburb of ruined hovels, roofless and windowless, and pierced with shot; and, from an eminence, looked across the ravine at the best-built portion of the skeleton city. Some houses were still smoking, and one or two were in flames, especially near Fort Nicholas. The streets of the suburbs, far from being paved, were rough and rocky as a mountain-path, but in the heart of the city itself were several wide streets, extending in long perspective towards the harbour, having *trottoirs*, and bordered by houses of a better stamp than the others, though by no means equal to the average habitations in an English town of the same magnitude. The churches, and most considerable buildings, stand along the crest of the hill, looking, on one side, to the Black Sea, on the other to the Inner Harbour. Towards the latter a large garden extends down the hill. Two buildings which had often fixed our glances from the trenches, the one surrounded with a colonnade, the other bristling with pinnacles, were both churches. The columns of the former, which were not of stone, but of some composition, had been struck by shot in several places, and huge pieces knocked away.

From the colonnade, at one end of this building, nearly the whole scene of contest was visible—the Garden Batteries, the Creek Battery bordering the head of the Inner Harbour, and sweeping the ground where Eyre's brigade had suffered so severely on the 18th June, the interior of the Redan, and the hill of the Malakoff, and, beyond, the plains furrowed with our trenches. Passing down a road parallel to the inner harbour, we crossed on a wharf between the Creek Battery and the water, and entered the arsenal, which lies along the edge of the inlet, and contains many rows of ordnance never used, cast, as our own used to be, at the Carron Foundry. The road from thence to the barracks behind the Redan, lying at the foot of the steep hill, is pitted with shell holes.

The barrack in rear of the Redan is a huge quadrangle of several storeys, with smaller buildings interspersed, the walls pitted with shot, with gaping chasms here and there, and the roofs perforated like a cullender. Along the ground between this and the Malakoff is the Karabelnaia suburb, a large collection of insignificant stone houses, with a few of better class among them, the whole smashed into one shapeless mass of ruin, and for the most part completely uninhabitable. A great many cats and a few dogs, nevertheless, adhered to their ancient homes, the latter skulking and down-cast, the former making for their retreats in a great hurry when any one approached. Behind the suburb, at the edge of the dockyard basin, is a loop-holed wall plentifully marked with shot. The docks are in the deep dry basin at the head of the dockyard creek, a small branch of the inner harbour. Along the water's edge is a very spacious well-built barrack left unconsumed amid the surrounding flames, the reason of which became apparent on the afternoon of the 10th, when a steamer came across with a flag of truce, to ask for the wounded left in these buildings when the garrison retreated; and this was the first intimation we had of their presence on our side of the harbour.

The scene that ensued was a climax of the horrors of war. In these vast apartments, and in the cellars beneath, not less than two thousand desperately

wounded men had been laid. It is scarcely possible to conceive a situation more horrible than theirs, for two days and nights lying here, helpless, and tortured by wounds, without assistance, and without nourishment, surrounded by flaming buildings and exploding mines. When the place was entered, about five hundred remained alive, and were transferred in a lamentable condition to the steamer. The corpses of the rest were buried by our troops. In one room alone seven hundred dead were counted, many of whom had undergone amputation. The sudden revelation of the secrets of a churchyard would disclose nothing half so horrible as the spectacle of this cemetery above-ground, where the dead lay in every posture of agony, on and beside their beds. One small cellar was altogether filled with the bodies of Russian officers. Three English officers, wounded and taken in the assault, were found here, two of whom lived to be removed to camp, where they lingered for a few days.

On the night of the 11th, the Russian steamers were burnt: those line-of-battle ships not destroyed before, had been sunk on the night of the 8th, one close to Fort Paul, where its huge masts and tops projected high above the water, a kind of satire on the Third Point of the Conference, respecting the limitation of the Russian naval power in the Black Sea; and the fleet of Sebastopol thus become utterly extinct. The captain of the *Vladimir*, who came with the flag of truce, boasted to Captain Keppel of the speed of his vessel, and, it is said, avowed his intention of running the gauntlet of our fleet, and trying to make his way to Odessa; but the gale which prevented our fleet from weighing to take part in the assault, also defeated his project, and the *Vladimir* was burnt with the rest.

So ended amid death and destruction the great siege of Sebastopol. The drama, with its many dull tedious passages, and its many scenes of intense and painful interest, extending over nearly a year, had for actors the three greatest nations of the earth, and all the world for an audience. The catastrophe solved many difficulties, quieted many doubts, and falsified

many prophecies. Besides those foreboders who founded their prognostics on reason, there were some seers who traced in the campaign and siege the fulfilment of revelation, and who must now search elsewhere for the great valley of Armageddon, a name which they found to be merely Hebrew for Sebastopol, with such nicety did their expositions correspond with Scripture. But, indeed, so great were the interests involved, so massive the events, and so dark the uncertainty which shrouded them, that others besides visionaries have read in the progress of affairs the manifestations of Divine interference; and I have heard of a French general, who characterised the taking of the Malakoff as a thing beyond expectation, "which was to be, because else the flags of France and England would have been trailed in the dust." Pelissier's mode of expressing his sense of the fortune of war was by a comparison drawn from *écarté*: "*Nous étions quatre à quatre, et j'ai tourné le roi.*"

So ended, too, our first campaign. Hitherto I, and doubtless most others my contemporaries, had viewed in a kind of epic light the men of Wellington's campaigns, beside whose rich and stirring youth ours seemed pale and empty. Now we, too, had passed behind the scenes; we, too, had been initiated into that jumble of glory and calamity, war, and had been acting history. In one step we had passed from civilisation and luxury, such as our fathers knew not of, to a campaign of uncommon privation. We, too, knew of the marshalling of hosts, the licensed devastation, the ghastly burden of the battle-field, and the sensation of fronting death; and, henceforth, the pages of military history, hitherto somewhat dim and oracular, were for us illuminated by the red light of experience.

The barren plateau, with which the army of the East is now so wearily familiar, has for France and England an interest deeper than their most cherished possessions. There are few communities in either country with whose memories it is not associated by the sad link of a citizen's grave. The bones of a mighty host are scattered here, Russian and Turk, Frenchman and Englishman; and if,



as our Saxon forefathers believed, the spirits of the departed hovered above their resting-places, no dreary dell, no hill, or plain, or trench-furrowed slope, would be without its troop of shadows. When these great armies have departed, when the cities of

tents have vanished, and the last echoes of the tramp of troops, the hum of camps, and the roll of artillery, have died away, these solitudes, tenanted only by the fox and the eagle, will continue for us and our descendants a colony of the dead.

CHAPTER XXXII.—A RETROSPECT.

Thus by main force, strength matched against strength, "in plain and even shock of battle," France and England had pushed Russia from her stronghold. Such has been the course of the campaign, so peculiar and exceptional, that it is not easy to say what military lessons have been derived from its incidents, or what advance in soldiership has been gained by our army, beyond the experience of encamping in the field in presence of an enemy. But from our present stand-point of an appreciable result we may at least survey comprehensively and clearly the events of the campaign, and trace with something like certainty the circumstances which produced them.

The questions of the merits of the policy pursued up to the time of the departure from Varna, and the amount of neglect attributable to the Government in allowing the expedition to depart with such slender preparation, are such as persons conversant with public business at home are most competent to decide. Admitting that the state of public feeling in the summer of 1854 rendered some enterprise necessary, and that the capture of Sebastopol, as solving one of the principal problems of the war, was an object of first-rate importance, we may, by pursuing the course of affairs from the commencement of the expedition to its crisis, compare the means with which the attempt was made with the chances of success.

No objections have been made to the conduct of affairs up to the battle of the Alma. Some critics have objected to the tactics of the Allies on that occasion. Certainly nothing could well be simpler or less scientific than the plan of attack; but the moral effect produced on the Russians by the gallantry of the English advance, preventing, as it probably did,

the defence of either the Katcha or the Balbek, may well be held to compensate for the absence of brilliant manœuvring. The next error imputed is in the assertion that the Allies should have advanced immediately after the battle. But this would have left not only our dead unburied, but our wounded at the mercy of the Cossacks, who hovered round in sufficient numbers to overpower any small detachment left as a guard, and a large one we could not spare. We had no superfluous troops to detach, because our deficiency in transport compelled us to leave several thousand French at Varna, and nearly all our cavalry, which would have been inestimable in such a country as we advanced over.

The next point of debate is whether the north side of Sebastopol should not have been threatened instead of the south. Now, there are no harbours on the north side; the possession of the forts there would not have secured the immediate capture of the city; and, in case of a repulse, the position was greatly inferior in security to the southern plateau. But the true grounds on which the flank march was decided on I believe to be these: The French, after passing the Balbek, found a strong fort on their right, which it would have been necessary to take before advancing upon the north side; this our allies were not prepared to attempt, and the design was changed accordingly.

Meanwhile the Russian commander, unable to make a stand on the Katcha or Balbek, would have found himself, supposing we had occupied, as he expected, the ground to the north of the town, cut off from Bakshi-serai and Simferopol, and dependent almost altogether for the subsistence of his army on the stores of the fortress, while he could not have attacked or

even annoyed us without crossing the harbour or the deep valley of the Tchernaya. Therefore, to keep open his communications with the northern depôts, and to enable him to act on our flank and rear, he made the movement during which we came on his rearguard at Mackenzie's Farm, and we took possession of Balaklava and the southern heights unmolested.

Thus, then, with far less loss than could have been anticipated, the expedition found itself close to its object. Fifty thousand men were on the heights before the city, its garrison were panic-stricken, its defences feeble, the beaten army in retreat, and the Allied fleets at the harbour's mouth. Here we have the conditions, if not of absolute success, yet of great advantage on our side, and those who most strongly objected to the enterprise would have been silenced could they have foreseen a juncture so favourable. But Menschikoff's wise measure of sinking part of his ships across the harbour to bar the access to our fleets, totally changed the aspect of affairs. The *coup de main* so strongly insisted on became simply impossible, because no troops could have continued on the ground within the subsequent Russian lines of defence, under the fire of ships' batteries incomparably more powerful than anything we could oppose them with. The presence of a siege train proves that the contingency of a siege had been anticipated; but, no doubt, whether the assault was to be given at once or after a cannonade, a combined attack by sea and land was always contemplated. Thus the design of the campaign was frustrated by the sinking of the ships, a measure which critics have not sufficiently taken into their calculations, and since then no event has occurred which could within its possible limits have altered the course of events. That caused all subsequent doubt and disaster; and, but for that, the attempt promised well for success. Then it was that the character of the enterprise was totally changed, from a brisk advance followed by a sudden assault, to a permanent occupation of the plateau and a protracted siege.

On these grounds, a review of the past convinces me that, with the means

we had, the course taken was a right one, and that we may consider ourselves fortunate in having been impelled into it. Throughout the war very little foresight is apparent, if any has been used; there has been little opportunity for free action, and once begun, all seems the result of sheer necessity, like the descent of a *Montagne Russe*. The chance character of the campaign is notably illustrated by the state of the weather on the day and hour when I write this—noon, on the anniversary of the Alma. Last night, the anniversary of our bivouac on the Bulganak, was a night of winter's cold, storm, and rain, and to-day the dreary drenched plains are thick with mud, while over them still whistles a chilling wind driving sharp showers before it. Had that season been as this, we should have advanced upon the foe, not as then with a bright sun and a firm soil, but over boggy plains, our limbs, cramped by the stresses of the previous night, scarcely enabling us to lift our mud-laden feet to the margin of the Alma, where we should have found a turbid, swollen flood instead of a clear stream, while the vineyards on its overflowed banks would have been a vast swamp. Such circumstances might well have changed the fate of the day and of the war.

The garrison, relieved from the apprehension of an attack from our fleets, now occupied itself in the rapid construction of the most essential of those gigantic defences, the conception and execution of which would have been alike beyond the reach of an ordinary engineer. A man of genius was called for, and he was at hand in Totleben. It is true that nature, in surrounding the south of Sebastopol with a line of commanding eminences between deep ravines, has made the position eminently defensible; but the advantage was unimproved by art till we were before the place, when, in an incredibly short space of time, massive ramparts armed with formidable batteries rose opposite our trenches; and were added to from time to time, till they assumed the completeness and extent which now surprises the spectator. I have already spoken of the interior aspect of the Malakoff and Redan, but, of all the defences, the Bastion du Mât, or Flagstaff Bas-

tion, on the left of the line covering the town, was the strongest. Its rampart was the highest and most massive, its escarp alone was faced with a strong stockade, and its ditch was defended by a *caponnière* or small flanking battery extending across it. Galleries and countermines threaded in a labyrinth towards the French lines. Within the work the large space was heaped with mounds, marking the sites of blindages or subterranean chambers for the troops, and all the numerous lengthy approaches from here to the termination of the Garden Batteries above the head of the Creek were lined with these cells, or rather dens, with apertures so frequent that it must have been difficult for each individual to recognise his own abode. Heavy beams laid across each excavation supported the roof of gabions, fascines, and earth. The number of troops capable of being thus accommodated, proves how anxious the enemy were to be prepared on this side against a sudden attack; but the openings to the chambers were so narrow, frequently indeed so difficult of entrance, that a rapid advance would have surprised them before they could quit their burrows. The lines of the Allies are extensive beyond precedent, but these defences of the Russians are stupendous. The long lines of rampart are, throughout, of enormous thickness, with no weak points, and bearing the signs of a presiding genius everywhere. These alone would have been far beyond the powers of any ordinary garrison of a fortress of this stamp, but they are surpassed by the subterranean labours which cause the spectator almost to believe that some band of gnomes, such as mine in the Hartz mountains, must have volunteered to act as auxiliaries. Fighting was the least part of the work of this indefatigable garrison.

In the chapter headed "Exculpatory,"\* I have attempted to show how unreasonable was the public indignation during the disasters of our troops in the first part of the siege; and it is unnecessary to recapitulate the view I took, which subsequent events have not induced me to modify; besides,

public opinion, which then found such strong expression, has since changed. It will be instructive for men in authority, at the commencement of a future war, to mark the fate of those who conducted this campaign. Lord Raglan—his Quartermaster and Adjutant Generals—his Commissary-General—Admiral Boxer, the naval superintendent in the Bosphorus—and Captain Christie, superintendent of transports at Balaklava—bore for a time the most unpopular names in England,—names gibbeted like dead kites and magpies nailed to a stable-door. They were reviled, ridiculed, menaced; the culpability so freely attributed to them was, to a great extent, credited by the country; their imputed crimes were hotly debated in Parliament,—and the contest was in some instances continued over their graves. It seemed as if nothing but their immediate and ignominious dismissal from the public service could satisfy the country. Yet, "in a little month," all this clamour died away, and the advocacy of their friends was favourably listened to.

A great deal has been said and written by military critics of the faultiness of our position on the plateau. It is very true that the formation of an army *en potence*—that is, with a salient angle towards the enemy—must, generally, be weak and dangerous. It is clear enough that, on ordinary ground, a formation which enables the foe to throw all his force on a single point, or a single face, of your line, must be objectionable. But if the nature of the position be such, that its apex is unassailable, or capable of being made so, and its wings so posted that the enemy can only advance to the attack at a disadvantage more than counterbalancing the superiority of force he can bring against that face, all objection ceases;—and such a position was ours. It was endangered, it is true, on the 5th November; but redoubts and intrenchments subsequently made this the strongest point of our line. The left wing faced the town, and must be attacked either up ravines, deep, narrow, and easily defensible, or in the teeth of our siege-batteries; more-

\* Magazine, April 1855.

over, in a repulse, the pursuers might pass within the defences along with the flying enemy, and the prize might fall into our hands. The other wing could not be directly attacked, because, opposite it, across the valley, rises an impassable mountain barrier. Thus an enemy's force entering the valley had Balaklava in its front, the troops on the plateau on its right flank, a mountain on its left, and the Tchernaya in its rear. For these reasons, I have always considered Liprandi's attack on the 25th October a mistake. His success, such as it was, proved of no eventual benefit to him, and during the winter he abandoned the position, which was one of great hazard. It is true that we committed an error in occupying the outposts which he took from the Turks on that occasion, but it was an error only because our force did not admit of such extension. When our reinforcements warranted the step, the line of the Tchernaya was taken up; and thus Balaklava was secured by triple lines of defence, against the foremost of which the Russians cast their whole weight in vain on the 16th August.

Spring found us still in the strong position to which circumstances beyond control had conducted us. Considering the impatience for a result manifested at home, and the bad condition of the army, I was among those who thought that we should before then have assaulted, with all the force we could command, the defences before the town. Experience has shown that such an attempt, unless aided by some happy chance, would have failed. In May, our circumstances altogether changed, and again the campaign assumed a new aspect. Large reinforcements of French and Turks, besides a Sardinian army, had arrived; Kertsch was taken; and newer and more extensive operations than those of the siege were apparently feasible. Two movements offered themselves—the one from Eupatoria or along the Bulganak—the other from Kertsch. In advancing from Eupatoria, the want of water would always prevent other than a rapid movement, followed, if not at once successful, by as rapid a retreat. At the same time, with our force of cavalry, and with

our fleet on the coast, besides Eupatoria itself to fall back on, there could be no great risk in case of an attack by the enemy; while even a very short interruption of the stream of supply to the garrison or army—such as the presence of a strong cavalry force on the road for two days—might have been fatal to the defence of Sebastopol. The advance from the peninsula of Kertsch, involving the capture of Kaffa and Arabat, would have been a safer and more sustained operation, and its consequences more destructive to the enemy.

On the other hand, it must occur to every one, that a man like the French Emperor does not require to be told that, in a military point of view, it is better to attack the flank of an enemy's line of operations than its extremity. The eager interest with which his attention has for so long been rivetted on the theatre of war must have rendered him at least as capable of judging of the merits of an obvious plan as any of the critics. In a former chapter I have said, that had we, in 1854, succeeded in a *coup de main* against Sebastopol, it would have been fortunate for Russia. Soldiers naturally look to military successes as all-important in war, but the glance of a ruler comprehends other considerations. Louis Napoleon is a far-seeing genius, capable of distinguishing between the interests of the army and those of the alliance—of separating military from national success. I can imagine such a man saying, "It is true I can take the Crimea, and with it Sebastopol, when I please; but, besides the loss of town and territory, I will drain Russia of whole armies. Pride will not allow her to abandon a contest which it is ruin to her to maintain, and I will not do her the favour to precipitate its termination." To those who reckon up the losses of Russia since the siege commenced, and compare them with those of the Allies, such language will not seem unreasonable nor inconsistent with the character of a man so calculating in his aims, so persevering in pursuing them.

How deeply Russia has felt the evil of our presence here is proved by the attack at Traktir, which seemed the result of desperation. From that

time, the beaten army remained merely spectators of the siege,—the termination of which Prince Gortschakoff's preparations showed to be approaching. The bridge was completed across the harbour, and stores of all kinds removed to the north side; while the tenor of some of the Russian commander's previous despatches pointed to the evacuation of the place. The tremendous fire of the Allied artillery, searching through the town and works with an enormous destruction of life, could not be much longer supported; and it is probable that the capture of the Malakoff only precipitated a measure already resolved on. The Prince's subsequent despatches, and the Czar's proclamation, place the abandonment of the town in a peculiar light—as a great stroke of generalship, and rather advantageous than otherwise to the Russian cause; so that, unlike the loss of fortresses in general, the event seems to have given satisfaction to everybody.

Although long service in the

trenches is undoubtedly prejudicial to the discipline of troops, yet any detriment of this kind the armies have suffered will soon be repaired now that the siege is over. In another campaign they will take the field seasoned to the climate, inured to hardship, and familiar with all the exigencies and shifts of life in the bivouac and camp. What is most to be regretted is, that the course of the campaign has not been such as to develop what of military genius England may possess. Russia has her Totleben, the good soldier who, in her hour of need, was equal to the emergency—the creator of the vast works that have so long repelled us. Should peace not shortly ensue, we may see whether his genius is as potent in the open field as in defence of a city, and how far generalship and science can avail against French vivacity and British firmness. To us opportunity has been denied for showing pre-eminence, and the coming general is still unrevealed.

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#### WAR-POLITICS—WHAT WE ARE FIGHTING FOR.

WHENEVER England and France put forth their strength, Russia, if unassisted, must go to the wall. As yet the Western Powers have not put forth their full strength—they have still in their armoury many resources unapplied; but they have at length aroused themselves from the aimless apathy of the first year of hostilities, and the flag of Russia has begun definitely to recoil. Last summer saw the combatants fighting on nearly equal terms. We had indeed routed the Russians at the Alma, repulsed them at Inkermann, and checked the half-successful foray of Liprandi at Balaklava; but Sebastopol still held out,—and it was to take Sebastopol that we went to the Crimea. Nay, the beleaguered city grew stronger and stronger beneath our eyes,—stronger and stronger under the fire of an artillery such as the world had never before gathered into one place. A poor captain of Russian engineers was baffling the skill of the West's best veterans and the power of our mightiest engines of destruction. The month of

Maysaw the Mammelon taken, and the Sea of Azoff subject to our fleets,—that was a great success; but then came the bloody repulses of the 18th June, to add a new wreath to the laurels of Totleben, and to revive misgiving in the heart of the Allies. Throughout Germany the partisans of Russia exulted—vaunting that the Allies were dashing their strength like foam against a place which they would never take. But patience,—the assault on the 18th June, we believe, was made knowingly in defiance of the dictates of military prudence, in order to give effect to the generous wish of the French Emperor that something should be done on that memorable day,—that the soldiers of England and France should then be seen fighting together as allies as strenuously as forty years before they had fought as foes,—and that the 18th of June should thenceforth be remembered less as the anniversary of Waterloo than of the Fall of Sebastopol. The magnanimous desire was frustrated, but the siege went on; the iron ring drew closer and closer around the foe,

and the iron shower rained heavier and heavier upon the doomed city. The Russian General made a desperate attempt to break the leaguer,—only to find, in the bloody repulse of Traktir, a proof that the Allied position was impregnable, and that Totleben's earthworks were the sole safeguard of Sebastopol. The brilliant rush of the French at noon on the 8th September disappointed this last hope; the surprised Russians in the Malakoff were submerged in their bomb-proofs by the sudden flood of assault; the devoted gallantry of the British at the Redan gave a breathing-time to our allies; the Malakoff was secured, and Sebastopol fell.

For the first time, then, we are in an unequivocal position of success. The Black Sea fleet of Russia is annihilated,—an enormous artillery has fallen into our hands,—the splendid docks and quays, and one-half of the sea-forts, of Sebastopol are mined and ready to be blown into the water, to add their ruins to those of the submerged fleet,—and the enemy have been driven from good winter-quarters which are now in our own possession. True, the task is not completed—there are forts on the north side, which should likewise be blown into the bay, and earthworks mounted with an immense artillery which may yet add to our spoils. But the French Marshal with his gallant troops is now feeling his way round the enemy's position,—searching for an opening through the rocky intrenched line of the Russians; and a single successful irruption of the assailants would prove the ruin of the wide-extended army of Prince Gortschakoff. On the Tchernaya, therefore, though at present kept at bay, the Allies are the winning party, and maintain the initiative; while at Eupatoria they possess a secure *place d'armes*, from which they can debouch at pleasure against the enemy's rear. The capture of Kinburn has placed us in a position to threaten Nicolaieff, the great naval building-station of the Russians in the south, as well as to menace the chief line of communication by which supplies are forwarded to Prince Gortschakoff's army in the Crimea. In Asia also the Allied arms have prospered. The splendid courage of

the Turkish garrison of Kars, led by the English General Williams, has not only secured that important town, but has inflicted upon the assailants so bloody a repulse, that the fate of the campaign in that quarter is decided. Nothing is left to the Russians but a more or less disastrous retreat, with the army of Omer Pasha threatening them in flank from Batoum.

Such, then, is the favourable position which we have reached in the war. We have fought our way to it through much blood, and by the expenditure of much treasure; and the nation now congratulates itself on the prospect of its sacrifices not having been made in vain. But let the country take care. Even triumph has its difficulties. Every new phase in this war, like every new phase in the last one, calls forth a fresh onset from the friends of our enemy at home. In their absorbing desire to oppose, the Peace-party are equally prepared for failure or success. Had failure come, they would have said,—“Well, did not we tell you no good would come of this war?” and they would have lashed on the people against the Government as squandering the blood and treasure of the country only to cover us with disgrace. Triumph has come,—triumph hard-bought, and prospective of more; and while the country's cheers are still ringing, political combinations are being formed to wrench from us the fruits of success. “Enough has been done,” say these advocates of premature peace; “it is time to make peace.” And the old Gladstonian cry, “We must not humble Russia!” begins to be heard even in unexpected quarters. Two sets of politicians—for the cry finds no response in the *country*—unite in using this language. One of these is the Peace party *par excellence*,—the men of Manchester, the Cobdens and Brights, who have no soul above calicoes, and to whom all war, for whatever end waged, is an abomination, as interfering with trade and material comfort,—utterly forgetting that a nation which does not defend itself, will soon be left without much either of trade or comfort to enjoy. The other set consists of the philo-Russians,—the Grahams and Gladstones, the

Woods and Russells, who have opposed and vilified the French Emperor from the first dawn of his illustrious career, and who prefer to ally this country with the despotism of Russia rather than with the freedom of the West. They would have England violate her geographical as well as political sympathies, and become a traitor in the camp of Western civilisation. By this sin the chief statesmen of this party have already fallen,—for holding these views they are still under ban. But they do not despair. In the very magnitude of their ignominy there is hope. So many of them have fallen together, that their ostracism has ceased to be peculiar; and their names have hitherto been so associated with the Government of the country, that they do not believe the Administration can go on without them. They belong to a class of men always dangerous in a country, who, once filling important offices in the Government, have fallen behind their times, but will not resign themselves to their natural fate, and, making free use of their old influence, are ever intriguing to obtain by means of party-manœuvres a return to power, which can only end in further mischief to the country, and in tenfold deeper humiliation to themselves.

The present intriguers are all disappointed men. The coalition they propose to form very closely resembles that which three years ago overthrew the Derby Administration. That Coalition, as we showed on a former occasion, was mainly formed in the interest of Russia. Aberdeen, Russell, Gladstone, Wood, Graham, Herbert,—does the country wonder now that the Czar should have hastened to congratulate these men on their accession to office?—or that, with the British lion so muzzled, he should instantly have commenced his ambitious projects against the integrity of Turkey and the independence of Europe? Let the country see to it that a similar coalition is not successful now. What have Gladstone and Cobden, Russell and Bright in common, but the desire to destroy any ministry that has the wisdom and manliness to stand up, along with Western Europe, against the colossal and ever-encroaching ambition of the Czars? It was

these men that caused the war. It was they—the Peelites by their philo-Russianism, the Cobdenites by their perpetual denunciations of armies and war—that tempted Russia to commence her long-cherished designs against Europe; and it is the same parties who, by a fresh coalition, now seek to save Russia in the hour of disaster. “England does not love coalitions,” said Mr Disraeli, when the victim of an unscrupulous cabal. The words are truer now than ever. The first Coalition imposed upon England by fair words, and ousted their opponents upon a question of merely party-character;—the new coalition is openly an anti-national one, and can only triumph at the expense of their country. It is a league against England’s honour and Europe’s independence. We desire to warn the country of it betimes. It is a meagre party of self-seeking politicians who are to head the movement, and a timely expression of public opinion may suffice to deter them from the attempt. In any event, the Conservative phalanx will stand firm. “England,” said Lord Derby at Eglington Castle, “will never sheathe the sword which she has so reluctantly drawn, until the noble and disinterested designs of the Allies have been completely obtained, the independence of Turkey secured, and the schemes of Russia upon Europe and Asia effectually checked.” These are the sentiments of the party, and found simultaneous expression in the eloquent speech of Sir E. B. Lytton at Herts. In this war, as throughout the last, the Conservatives will rally round the national colours, and merge all minor differences in the one desire to uphold the honour and true interests of the country.

“It is time to make peace, for Turkey is safe,” say some. “Do not humble Russia—mind the balance of power,” say others. How ignorant men can make themselves when it suits their purpose! To hear them speak, one would think that the war was occasioned by a mere spurt of passion on the part of Russia, for which she is now penitential, and which she cannot renew. Was ever the common-sense of England insulted by a more glaring and daring perver-

sion of well-known facts? Is Russia penitent? Has she, even in profession, renounced her long-standing schemes of ambition? Does she offer securities for her future observance of peace,—a “material guarantee” against a revival of the war at a time for her more fitting? Quite the reverse. Russia breathes defiance more fiercely than ever. Instead of showing penitence, she preaches a “holy war,”—she makes conquest a State-principle, and seeks to give to her ambitious projects the sanction of religion. How, then, is peace possible? And why should we, the winning-party, go and beg peace from so audacious an opponent? If Russia desire peace, let her say so; and in that case, if she give security for the future, no spirit of revenge will prevent the acceptance of her terms. But she will give no such security. She boldly publishes to Europe that she will not abate a hair's-breadth of her pretensions,—that the terms which she rejected in April at Vienna, she will reject still. Nay, so great is her audacity that she declares she will not negotiate at all after defeat! Unquestionably there is much of the bully in this style of conduct. Her object plainly is, to make her enemies despair, and lead them to offer peace on her own terms now, rather than face an indefinite prolongation of the contest. She wants to furnish a new argument to her Peace friends in England. Mr Cobden—who has of a sudden given up his notion as to the ease with which Russia may be “crumpled up”—now argues that it is madness to continue the war when it is impossible to extract any better terms from the foe; while Mr Gladstone, to his old cry, “Do not humble Russia,” will now, *more suo*, append the paradoxical reason, “because the more you humble her, the less she will give in!” It is because she sees a party friendly to her in this country, that Russia so openly publishes this bullying declaration. Let the Peace party consider what they are doing. By their perpetual clamour for peace, are they not really lengthening the war? Is a besieged city likely to capitulate when it knows there is open dissension in the camp of the besiegers? And is Russia likely to give in as long as she

sees a powerful party in the British Parliament bent upon making peace at any price? England has already suffered heavily from this cause. It was a similar train of circumstances that indefinitely prolonged and consequently greatly envenomed the last war, and, by so doing, made our National Debt one-half larger than it would otherwise have been. France would then have triumphed and Europe been enslaved, but for England; and, misled by the loud denunciations of the war by the Opposition in the British Parliament, the successive Governments which ruled revolutionary France, and especially the last and greatest of them, Napoleon, imagined that England would soon recede from the contest, and the last obstacle to French domination on the Continent be removed. The idea was a fallacious one, but what a prolonged outpouring of blood and treasure did it occasion! Despite all the intrigues, vociferations, and astute energies of the Peace party now, we are persuaded that the encouragement which their conduct gives to Russia is not less fallacious. England, we are persuaded, will not sheath her sword in dishonour, with the objects of the war unaccomplished. Nevertheless, the hopes of Russia, founded upon the pusillanimity of certain politicians at home, will hardly fail to greatly prolong the war, and, by the prolongation, almost inevitably impart to it that extension and envenomed character which it is most desirous to avoid.

It is not true that Russia does not negotiate after defeat. Was Friedland, where she lost half an army, no defeat? yet that did not prevent the Czar Alexander from soliciting the conference of Tilsit. But take as example that typical monarch of Russia, the great Peter himself. When worsted and surrounded by the Turks on the Pruth, did that first of the Czars hesitate to negotiate? On the contrary, he begged for peace, made great concessions, and in the treaty itself expressed his gratitude to his enemies for granting him such terms. The same common-sense principle applies still: the greater the straits to which a Power is reduced, the less obstinate will it be in refusing to treat. Russia will not prove an exception to the



rule, however she may disguise her real inclinations. She finds she has miscalculated her time for beginning this war of aggression; she did not reckon upon England and France being united against her; and she would willingly retreat from it, and await a more convenient season for renewing her ambitious designs. But then her difficulty is, that by her premature onslaught upon Turkey, she has awakened the Western Powers to a sense of their danger; and she naturally apprehends that they will not let her escape from the war which she provoked without obtaining sufficient securities for her not resuming the work of aggression. To give such securities would be to abandon the grand scheme of ambition which the Czars have steadily and successfully acted upon for a century and a half. It would do so in two ways, both by the *material* guarantees to be exacted by the Allies, and by the shock to the prestige of Russia, which would loosen her grasp over the states of Central Europe. Russia will not submit to this,—therefore the alternatives are obvious and simple. Either the Western Powers must consent to illusory terms, which will leave Russia free to resume her aggressions upon Europe at a future and more favourable time, or the war must go on. Can any one doubt that the voice of free England will be given for the latter alternative?

“Turkey is safe,”—what then? It may suit the Peelites to say that the war was undertaken solely on behalf of Turkey,—for in point of fact they and their colleagues in the Aberdeen Ministry did not undertake it on behalf of anything, and were forced into it against their will by the might of public opinion. But the statement is false, and the whole country knows it to be so. The defence of Turkey was but an accident in the matter. It might as well have been Sweden that we drew the sword to defend. It was to resist the undue preponderance in Europe which the ceaseless aggressions of Russia were securing for her, and of which the attack upon Turkey was but a fresh step. The cause of the war was not a mere isolated attack—a spurt of casual passion on the part of a despotic monarch, which might be forgotten as soon as it was repelled.

The attack in question was part of a system—of a system long cherished and hitherto successful, but which, if not checked, would certainly make the Czar lord-paramount of all Europe. Therefore, merely to repel the attack—merely to make Turkey safe *for the moment*—is evidently not enough—is nothing at all. If we do not wish to see Europe in virtual vassalage to the Czars, we must take measures to curb that overvaulting ambition, which for the last century and a half has preyed upon the dissensions of Europe.

Peace! it is a blessed word—a thing that man's heart yearns after, and which the nations have a right to look forward to as a crowning blessing. Peace!—none can prize it more than we; no country prizes it more than England does now. But in our yearning after it, let us not mistake a sham for reality. Let us have peace—by all means, PEACE—a calm which will fall like quiet sunshine all over Europe, and allow each nation to develop its powers in its own way. We must have that peace; and it is because we desire that peace—that crowning blessing for Europe—so fervently, that we would now have the nation spurn from them in disdain a base counterfeit. Let us have a Peace, but not a mere truce—not a mere armed breathing-time, which we give to our adversary to recruit his strength, and watch a more favourable hour for resuming the struggle. Now that war has been forced upon us, we must see that we do not leave the peace of Europe for ever at the mercy of the Czars. Now that Russia has openly resumed her old work of aggression, and has published her resolution to abide to the death by her policy of encroachment, we must either now force her to relinquish that policy, or prepare to see the rule of the Cossack spread westwards to the Atlantic.

“Russia never negotiates after defeat.” The maxim is borrowed from Rome; and Dr Arnold, remarking upon this feature of the old Roman policy, declares that the Power which holds such language as this ought to be put beyond the pale of civilisation. Yes, and for another reason besides that imagined by the historian. He looks upon the maxim simply as an ambit-

terer of strife—as a principle which lends to war a fearful aggravation. True; but there is more than this in it. Rome was an aggressive state, as Russia is now. The Legions were ever on the aggressive; and therefore, when Rome declared she would not negotiate after defeat, it was but saying that she was resolved to conquer every people, one after another, that came in her way. To have yielded before one, would have frustrated her whole future of conquest; and hence she adopted this maxim as a deliberate principle of conquest, and, moreover, published it abroad as a means of terrifying her adversaries. Even so Russia, the nascent power of modern Europe—even so the Czars, who now wear the Greek helmet on gala-days, as representatives of the Latin Emperors of the East, have adopted the same maxim of conquest, and published the same manifesto of all-defiance. The Czar of Russia is the Ishmael of the European community. For a century past he has been at work, sowing dissension, and breaking into war whenever it has suited him to do so. Now, when brought to bay, he has thrown off disguise, and appears in his true character; and if his dream of conquest be not rudely broken, Europe must choose as its future either a ceaseless warfare or an Oriental servitude.\*

Those who now clamour for peace need not seek to disguise their real sentiments. By peace *now*, they mean peace at any price,—peace on Russia's own terms. That is their plain meaning. They know that Russia will not recede a hair's-breadth from the terms which were judged inadmissible in April. Why, then, this clamour for peace, as if it were a thing at present attainable on satisfactory terms? Let such clamourers leave off the unmanly subterfuge, and say at once that they want peace on any terms,—that they care nothing for the future, either of their own country or of Europe,—that enough for the day is the evil thereof, and that if they can get a good market for their calicoes, or their bread and sugar a little cheaper, the next generation may fare as it best may. "After us, the deluge,"—that is their motto. O cowards and faithless!—mere clingers after the creature-comforts of existence! sacrificers of a long future, the future of your sons and grandsons, to the brief hour of your own high-spent existence!—alas that England should have ever born such sons. Alas that the Genius of independent Europe, in the hour of her extremity, should now point with mingled scorn and painful apprehension to a batch of veteran politicians in England—to the Grahams and

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\* Read "Russia" for "Rome" in the following passage, and see what sentence even the philanthropic Arnold would have pronounced upon the conduct and policy of our adversary:—"This refusal to negotiate after a defeat was a general maxim of Roman policy, and has often been extolled as a proof of heroic magnanimity. It should rather be considered as a direct outrage on the honour and independence of all other nations, *which ought, in justice, to have put the people who professed it out of the pale of all friendly relations with mankind.* In a moment of madness, the French Convention, in 1794, passed a decree that the garrisons of the four fortresses on the northern frontier, then in the possession of the Allies, should be put to the sword if they did not surrender within twenty-four hours after they were summoned. To this decree, a notice of which accompanied the summons of the besieging general, the Austrian governor of Le Quesnoy nobly replied, 'No one nation has a right to decree the dishonour of another; I shall maintain my post so as to deserve the esteem of my master, and even that of the French people themselves.' In like manner, a refusal to make peace except on their submission was to decree the *dishonour of every other nation; nor had Rome any right to insist that whatever were the events of a war, it should only be terminated on such conditions as should make her enemy the inferior party.* Had other nations acted on the same principle, every war must necessarily have been a war of extermination; and thus the pride of one people would have multiplied infinitely the sufferings of the human race, and have reduced mankind to a state of worse than savage ferocity. *The avowal of such a maxim, in short, placed Rome in a condition of actual hostility with the whole world, and would have justified all nations in uniting together for the purpose of enforcing a solemn and practical renunciation of it; or, in case of a refusal, of extirpating utterly the Roman people, as the common enemies of the peace and honour of mankind.*"—*Dr Arnold.*

Aberdeens, the Russells and Cobdens—as potent allies of the common foe,—as men whose only common bond of union is the desire to barter a long future for a brief present, and to rend asunder the glorious League which Western Europe has formed to arrest the onset of Cossack barbarism and Oriental despotism!

If we are not to fight now, when are we to fight? Is Russia likely to lose either the power or the appetite for conquest, if we leave her to triumph high-handed and unopposed? Or are we likely to grow better able to cope with the Colossus? Is an alliance between France and England such a common occurrence that we should not avail ourselves of it?—is it so certain to endure, so certain to revive when wanted, that we can afford for the present to let it lie in abeyance? Does not that alliance depend mainly upon the life of one man, and that man surrounded by daggers? France, Spain, Turkey, and Sardinia are now leagued with us—when are we likely ever to form a more potent or congenial Alliance? Break from this Alliance now, and you insure the triumph of Russianism on the Continent,—break from it, and you become a traitor to the liberties of Europe,—break from it, and you sunder England from the community of European nations. And remember, the day of Western triumph and European independence will come, whether you aid in it now or not. We do not look for a smooth course and unbroken success in the struggle on which we have embarked. Possibly a reaction may set in, which for a season may overcast the prospects of Europe. But the issue is certain. Providence watches over the development of nations, and accomplishes it in its own good time; and the ultimate triumph of Western civilisation and European freedom is as sure as the coming of harvest-time in the year. What will England feel, where will her place be then, if we abandon the cause now? Nor let the Peace party imagine that our loss then would be, what they call, a *mere* loss of honour. It would be material as well as moral, affecting our pockets as well as our pride, and keeping us at feud with the then triumphant party on the Continent.

Is Turkey safe? So long as our armies and fleets are there, but no longer. So long as the fleets of England and France ride supreme in the Black Sea, and two hundred and twenty thousand troops of Western Europe co-operate with those of Turkey against the armies of the Czar! Well may Turkey be safe behind such a shield! Hussars from India, Zouaves from Africa,—troops from Egypt—troops from the Sardinian mountains,—armies from France,—the whole military strength (alas that it is so small!) of Great Britain,—the gathered might of the Ottoman Empire, soldiers from the banks of the Tigris, the Anatolian valleys, the Albanian mountains, and both shores of the Ægean! Well may Turkey be safe. But this mighty out-putting of military strength cannot be permanent. The question is, then, are we to disband these vast armaments, assembled at so much cost and by so happy a juncture of circumstances, without taking precautions for the future peace of Europe? We have intervened between the robber and his victim, and now kneel upon the breast of the aggressor. The intended victim is safe as long as we hold the dagger at the robber's throat; but are we now to sheathe our arms and walk away, leaving the robber unbound and free to resume his onslaught? Forbid it! If the short-sighted policy of the Peace party were successful, we should lose even in a monetary point of view. We would straightway find ourselves necessitated either to maintain, year by year, a large standing force, naval and military, for the repression of any new onset by Russia; or else Turkey in a few years would be swallowed up by its colossal neighbour. And Turkey would not fall alone. Her absorption would be but another milestone in the march of Muscovite conquest. There have been "sick men" before Turkey, and there will be "sick men" after her. Poland was the invalid of last century, and where is she now? Swallowed up by the imperial robber, and adding to the strength of his armies by twenty millions of the most gallant population in the world. Turkey, if we prove false to ourselves, will share a

similar fate, and give other races and territory to swell the military strength of the Czar. Thus made *irresistible*, will Russia pause in her career? Will she not find a new "sick man" in due time upon the shores of the Baltic, and strive to make that sea also a *mare clausum*, a vast lake within which Russia can train her sailors and augment her fleet until she be ready for her last triumph? Let not England hug herself now in fancied security, and say, What have I to do with checking Russia? Russia, at the beginning of this war, had a fleet equal to those of England and France united,—what will she not have when the Euxine and the Baltic are both in her power, and when she can press into her marine alike the hardy Scandinavians and the adroit seamen of the Greek isles? Peace-seeking, trade-seeking England, isolated by her selfishness, would then not only see her whole Mediterranean stations rent from her, but be utterly crushed upon her own shores by the mighty fleets of Russia issuing simultaneously from the Baltic and the Straits of Gibraltar. Far-off contingencies! it may be said. True, but not the less certain to happen, if Europe continue to slumber while Russia conquers. Let us say it, we do not believe this lamentable issue will happen,—but only because we believe that England will fight betimes, and not when too late,—because we do not believe that England will be so mad or so mean as to sacrifice her own future and that of Europe for the sake of a short-lived hour of lighter taxes, and at the bidding of a clique of politicians who have already shown themselves beyond measure infatuated, dishonest to the nation, and as little prescient of the future as they have been taught by the past.

Let us recall two passages from our past history. We have tried the Peace-policy before,—let us see with what results. Let us see if the two instances to be related were not actual, though distant causes of the very crisis in which Europe now finds itself. Turn back nearly a century. Poland was the "sick man" of those days,—Russia the robber then as now. Russia's policy also was the same then as now. In the assumed guise

of a doctor, she adopted towards the "sick man" a mode of treatment identical with that which she has since followed towards the Ottoman Empire. It was on the plea of *securing the religious liberty of the members of the Greek Church* in Poland, that Russia made her first attack upon the independence of that country. Russia's diplomacy was also then adroit and lying as now, and played its part so well that the other Powers of Europe did not penetrate her designs, and even aided her in imposing her terms upon the Poles—a nation, be it said, whose previous history had shown them to be the most tolerant in Europe. By the treaty of Oliva in 1760, this protectorate of the Greek dissenters in Poland was accorded to Russia. Several deluded Powers, and Great Britain among the number, became guarantees of this treaty, and by this step gave a *quasi* legal sanction to interference with the domestic affairs of the "sick man,"—a letting out of waters very analogous to the intermeddling of the Great Powers between the Sultan and his Christian subjects which immediately preceded the mission of Menschikoff and present onslaught of Russia. The first partition of Poland (1772) followed. France, England, Sweden, and Spain had guaranteed the integrity of that unhappy country by solemn treaties, particularly those of Volaw and Oliva; yet the partitioning Powers were allowed to work their will unopposed, while the Western States looked quietly on, passively sanctioning—

"The good old rule, the simple plan,  
That he shall take who has the power,  
And he shall keep who can."

We know what was the issue of all this,—how Poland was bit by bit swallowed up, and how Russia grew and prospered upon the peace-policy of her neighbours. But let us take another instance. Turkey was the only Power that at that time penetrated Russia's designs upon Poland, and struggled to prevent their realisation. On this account, as well as in pursuit of the cherished dream of placing a Czar upon the throne of Byzantium, and renewing the empire of Constantine, Russia had no sooner swallowed her first slice of Poland

than she bore down heavily upon the Ottomans. "*Through this gate lies the road to Byzantium!*" was the ominous inscription which Catherine II. placed over the west gate of Cherson, and she was resolved that her prophecy should be realised. The year 1788 saw Turkey in great peril. In the spring of that year the Czarina Catherine and Joseph II. of Austria met at Cherson, and concerted a joint plan of operations, which embraced at once the partition of Turkey and a curtailment of the power of Prussia. The Court of Berlin took the alarm. Great Britain, led by Pitt, resolved upon timely interference—Holland, Poland, Sweden, and Turkey joined them; and in June was concluded the convention of Loo, which had for its object resistance to the encroachments of Russia and Austria upon the commonwealth of Europe. What was the effect of this League? Why, it so effectually checked the ambition of these two Powers that they made peace with Turkey within two months of its ratification!—a proof, among others, how easily this modern onset of Russia might have been stayed had the British Government co-operated heartily with that of France in the spring or summer of 1853. But what became of this League when Russia, a few years afterwards, recommenced her work of aggression both against Turkey and Poland? Why, it had expired, and *England had been the death of it!* No blame to Mr Pitt for this. In those days it was the reverse of what we have lately seen,—the Cabinet was prescient and alive to our true interests; it was the Parliament and people that were blind. Although Russia was already in possession of the Crimea, Mr Pitt held that the strong sea-board of Oczakow—that which the Allied fleets are at this moment assailing with their broadsides—was the real key to Constantinople and Egypt, and he was resolved not to leave it in the possession of Russia. A fleet was in the act of being fitted out, and an English war with Russia was at hand—nay, seemed inevitable, in order that this important region might be saved from the devouring jaws of the Northern savage, when the intervention of Mr

*Fox and the manufacturing interests came to the help of Russia, just as Russell and Cobden would fain help that Power now.* In March 1791, a royal message was delivered to both Houses of Parliament, calling attention to the importance to England, and to Europe in general, of the possible consequences of Russia's war with the Porte, and asking for an augmentation of naval force to be employed for "the restoration of tranquillity on a secure and lasting foundation." The gifted Prime-Minister of the time supported the measure on the ground of the direct interest of England in the struggle then going on, as well as for the sake of keeping faith with allies with whom we had contracted offensive and defensive alliances. Should Turkey be further weakened by Russia, he argued, Prussia would shortly be placed under pressure,—and not Prussia only, but all *Europe, the political system of which might be shaken to its very foundation.* The measure was opposed by Messrs Fox and Grey, whose reasoning was a type of that employed by the Peace-party of the present day,—mercantile cupidity being set against honour, the general interests of the empire, and the liberty of Europe. Mr Grey, anticipating his grandson the present Earl, contended that the larger Russia grew, the weaker she would be; and that even though the wildest dream of her ambition should be realised by the possession of Constantinople and extermination of the Ottomans, we should be none the worse, and the world greatly benefited. Sixty years ago Russia was hardly known in this country save by name: the consequence was, that the views of the Opposition became popular,—Mr Pitt was forced to yield,—and Great Britain, turning her back upon Turkey, Poland, and Prussia, as well as forsaking her own honour and true interest, declined to fulfil the engagements of her treaties, and left the field open to the ambitious progress of Russia. The end is shortly told. The natural result of this faithlessness on the part of Great Britain, was an immediate change in the policy of Prussia,—a state which could not be expected to stand out single-handed

against Russia and Austria. "Frederick-William," we are told, "at once felt the force of the ridicule thrown by the agents of Russia upon the *parade* [is not the word too applicable still?] of the English fleet in the Baltic, which they said was 'only dangerous to itself, and at the utmost could do no more than throw half-a-dozen bombs to destroy the counting-houses or warehouses, possibly of as many merchants in Riga, Revel, or Cronstadt.'" Thus perished the anti-Russian League of 1788. And, as the immediate consequence of England's secession, Prussia, left to shift for herself, at once reversed her policy, and joined the league of general plunder, resulting in fresh gain to Russia from the final partition of Poland in 1794.

If history be "philosophy teaching by example," we ought to take a lesson from these events. The parallel is a warning one. We see Russia in the same attitude of aggression then as now,—a similar league formed to resist her,—and a similar Peace-party at home urging this country to break off from the alliance, and leave Russia unopposed. Let us see what we have gained by breaking up the alliance in 1791. Has not Prussia, as Mr Pitt predicted, since then been subjected to such pressure, that she dare no longer act independently of her colossal neighbour? Has Russia, as Mr Grey vainly imagined, grown weaker by her vast subsequent conquests, or has she not rather doubled her strength for future aggression? Or has she lost the taste for aggression, the lust for territorial aggrandisement? Have we not found ourselves compelled to adopt now the very course which Mr Pitt proposed to follow sixty years ago? Nay, is not the Allied fleet at this moment engaged in the identical operation which Mr Pitt was fitting out a

fleet to do in 1791? True, the contest is now on a much vaster scale. The fleet, which would have sufficed to check Russia in 1791, now plays a very subordinate part in the terrible drama,—being all but checkmated by the formidable fortifications which the Czars have built since these times. Moreover, the military strength of Russia has so immensely increased, that the Ottoman power, which then struggled with her on equal terms, is now quite inadequate, and the West has to put forth a crusade of 220,000 men, admirably equipped, to restore the balance. Had we proved true to ourselves, to the alliance, and to Europe, in 1791, we would have been spared the excessive exertions entailed upon us now. But we proved blind to our own interests, faithless to those of our allies, and now we reap the penalty. The contest would have been an easy one in 1791. England, Holland, Prussia, Poland, acting together in the north, in concert with the Turkish power and British fleet in the south, would soon have annihilated the armies and commerce of Austria and Russia. France, paralysed by her own Revolution, could not join the anti-Russian alliance; but, as appears from the papers of M. de Vergennes, the cabinet of the Tuileries had early penetrated the designs of Russia, and the consequent danger to Europe. The court of Sardinia, too, was equally alive to the danger, and the views of its king, Victor André III., may still be read with profit at the present day. It gives us pleasure to pay this tribute to the gallant little state, which has so nobly ranged itself in the front rank of the great Western alliance. In joining the anti-Russian league of 1854, Sardinia only does what it was ready to have done in 1791.\*

\* A series of State-papers, relative to its own conduct, and that of other Powers, in regard to the Eastern question, eighty years ago (1782-3), has recently been published by the Sardinian Cabinet. The conduct of England, under the Fox Administration, shows to little advantage in these negotiations. The following is part of a letter from King Victor André III. to Count Scarafis, the Sardinian ambassador at Paris:—"There is always reason to suspect that the Court of Russia is labouring to place the British Ministry in its interests, and it is even pretended that it has insinuated that England would find it to her advantage to delay the conclusion of the definitive treaty with France. . . . The language which the Count de Vergennes has held to some foreign Ministers as to the difficulty of negotiating with Mr Fox, joined to the information which we have received that the Czarina is soliciting the Court of London not to hurry in signing the definitive treaty with France, denote

We say again, Do not let us, in the face of these warning examples, and in defiance of the most obvious reasons, repeat a faithless and pusillanimous policy now. Has the country not already suffered sufficiently from listening to the fallacies of the Peace-party? They are the true authors of the war now forced upon us. By their recent policy they have invoked it,—by their past policy they have rendered it a desperate one,—by their present policy they would render it from henceforth a hopeless one. England! awake; it is now or never! By breaking from the first alliance, you made Prussia a vassal of Russia,—another of your allies, Poland, you sacrificed to your foes,—Turkey you betrayed,—Holland you permanently disheartened,—Russia you mightily strengthened. It is in your power to ruin yourself by a similar perfidy now. The results will be the same in kind, but on a vaster scale,—and, depend

upon it, *this time* they will come nearer home! You can again betray Turkey,—you can dishearten Spain, as you then disheartened Holland,—you can sacrifice Sardinia, as you then sacrificed Poland,—you can estrange France, as you then estranged Prussia. Is not the danger coming nearer home? Give the Euxine and Dardanelles to Russia, and where is your commerce in the Levant—and, by-and-by, your communication with India? Let Russia stand forth triumphant and all-puissant, by the breaking up of the Western alliance, and how long will the Baltic Powers be able to maintain their independence? Betray and mortally offend France, and you virtually throw off your corslet, and stand helpless within reach of your enemy's dagger. France, except in times of revolution, cannot make head alone against Eastern Europe. If deserted by us, she must succumb. Will she,

clearly that the British Minister is perhaps only too ready to lend an ear to the insinuations of Russia, and to enter into some engagements with her, in case France should desire to oppose the entrance of her fleets into the Mediterranean. Things, however, being at the point at which they have arrived, it appears to us impossible that England can draw back without being taxed with perfidy, but the desire to recover her losses, and to contribute to the restoration of the ancient system, may overcome every other consideration. This is the point to which you must be extremely attentive, in order to give us good notions thereupon; for, supposing a general war to take place, affairs would completely change their aspect if England were to join the two Imperial Courts." England did draw back, as she drew back again, in spite of Mr Pitt, ten years afterwards. The consequences of this first secession were that Russia won from Turkey *the Crimea* and the provinces of the Kouban,—of the second, that Russia destroyed Poland, and Austria and Prussia obtained part of the spoils.

The *Debats*, commenting upon these State-Papers, draws from them the following deductions:—"The Cabinet of Versailles had foreseen from an early hour the projects of the Empress Catherine, understood the importance of them, and wished to prevent their execution. It could not count on the support of Austria, for the Emperor Joseph II. had become the ally of Catherine, and that prince made public preparations for war, which could only be directed against Turkey, whether he acted on his own account or confined himself to second the ambition of Russia. The Cabinet of Versailles believed itself assured of the alliance of Spain and of that of Sardinia; but those alliances were not sufficient, and it needed that of England. To obtain it, Louis XVI. and M. de Vergennes addressed to the Ministers of George III., and to the King himself, the most pressing entreaties; they invoked the general interests of Europe and the special interests of England; they brought forward important considerations based on the morality of nations. But they failed—they failed against the mysterious and indefatigable exertions of Russia, the seductions of which were more powerful at London than the counsels of justice and prudence. Must we believe with M. d'Adhémér that the policy of England was decided by the certainty of the prejudice which France would suffer from the enterprises of Catherine, or subjugated, as was thought at Turin, by the hope of indemnifying herself from losses, and the desire of establishing her ancient alliance with Austria and Russia? This point is not sufficiently cleared up; but what is certain is, that in 1783 England would not unite herself to France to restrain Russia within just limits; and if the Empress Catherine succeeded in despoiling Turkey of the Crimea and the provinces of the Kouban, she was indebted for her success principally to the inertness of England."

ought she, in such circumstances, ever to forgive us? And think you that the long-forbearing, because far-seeing, man who rules her destinies will remain on the throne when his enemies are triumphant? Will we not then see a Russianised Bourbon again on the throne of France,—one who may not scruple to repeat the alliance projected by Charles X. in 1829, whereby France and Russia were to aggrandise themselves at the expense of Great Britain?

We have written these things more that the fallacies of the Peace-party may be understood, than from any real distrust of the national sentiments. In the last war, the nation gave as noble an example of resolution, crowned by success, as is to be found in the annals of the world. That war, although heartily embraced by the people, was primarily the work of our nobles,—the present one is essentially the work of the people. The masses understand it, the masses sympathise with it,—it marches on with a nation at its back. Can it, then, fail in vigour and endurance? Never, except by the defection of our statesmen. All that is wanted of our nobles is to lead,—and they will lead. They will lead, in the senate-house as in the field. They have shed their blood like water on the breach and in the battle, and we know that they will not be less ready to answer with heart and life to the call of the country at home. The gentlemen of England have a noble heritage,—the accumulated laurels of generations rest upon their brows,—the noblest nation in the world looks up to them as its leaders. They are true to their position. Now, as ever, they will be worthy of themselves and their country; and whatever be the issue of this stern contest, no future historian will ever have it in his power to write that, “in the hour of Europe’s extremity, England retired from the combat, because she could not find statesmen to lead her!”

“Do not humble Russia—preserve the balance of power!” exclaim the advocates of peace, when all their other fallacies have been exposed. This is a mere fetch,—a trumped-up cry to defend their foregone conclusion of peace at any price. Humble Russia!

—we wish it were as easy a task as these gentlemen affect to believe. We never shared in Mr Cobden’s notion as to the feasibility of “crumpling up Russia like a sheet of paper;” and the character of this contest has not been such as to make us alter our opinion (so often expressed in this Magazine) as to the redoubtability of the power with which we are at war. Let those who affect to be concerned lest Russia be annihilated, take comfort. A population of sixty millions—possessing, too, facilities of increase beyond any nation in the Old World—is in no danger of being over-much humbled. Like a vast primeval forest, it is rooted to the earth by millions of supports, and it is only upon its outskirts that the hostile winds, or the axe of the woodman, can beat with effect. It is a forest which, ever growing and spreading, threatens to bring Europe back to its primeval condition, and envelop a whole civilisation in its blighting shadow. In a contest with such a power, the only danger is, not that we shall succeed too much, but that we may not be able to curb her sufficiently. A mighty unit, surrounded by feebler and disunited States, the danger is that, by sheer weight of mass, she will crush her way into her neighbours’ territories, and will rule by her prestige even where she does not rule by actual possession. It is a danger no longer problematical. It is one which a century and a half of years have been writing out in plain characters, as a warning to Europe. It is a danger which has been realising itself beneath the eyes of this very generation. “Preserve the balance of power!” Why, for threescore years we have done nothing but sacrifice it to Russia. What other European State in that time has extended its borders? Unless the land rise, Great Britain must ever remain the same,—France, Prussia, and Austria are no bigger than they were sixty years ago, and Spain is the same as she has ever been since she lost the Netherlands. But look at Russia! Leaving out of view her great Asiatic conquests, which may be left to balance the extra-European conquests of the other Powers,—what do we see of her progress in the very heart of Europe itself? Take up that most suggestive of maps recently pub-



lished by the Messrs Johnston,\* and see how, from the little Duchy of Kiev, Muscovy has swelled out into a monster, covering with its green tint nearly a half of the entire Continent! By all means let Russian power extend to the limits of its own people. But that legitimate expansion of Russia was over a century ago, and since then its growth has been but the absorption of other States. The Pole is no more a Russian than the French are Germans; and the conquest of Poland was as unnatural and unrighteous an act as if Germany and Spain were to partition France. Is Finland Russian?—is Courland Russian?—are the Roumeliote race in Bessarabia Russian? Certainly not. Russia, then, has been not only ceaselessly extending her frontiers while the other States of Europe remained stationary, but for the last century her extension has been one continuous act of robbery. And yet we talk still of the balance of power!—as if oblivious that for long past that balance has been steadily and unrighteously inclining in favour of Russia. Bit by bit has she advanced, ever loudly disavowing her projects until she could announce them to the world as accomplished facts,—disarming by her cajolery, and triumphing by sowing disunion among her natural opponents. Thus she has gone on long without being checked. Hitherto the other Powers have ever been too late or too disunited to oppose her. Now they are awaked, and in time; and their object must be in some measure to rectify the overweighted balance, in order that peace and independence may henceforth be made more secure to the European commonwealth.

“For what do we fight?” There is no mystery in the matter, although the cavilling parties may affect to think so. The answer is simple. The power of Russia has unduly increased, is increasing, and must be checked. The interests of civilisation and of every free State in Europe demand this. We have seen how the dominions of the Czar have gone on increasing in extent, spreading further

and further into the heart of Europe,—an ever-rising tide of barbarism setting in against the civilisation of the West. But contemporaneously with this physical expansion, there has been a far wider expansion of moral sway—a progress subtler but not less important than the other, and ever preparing the way for it. It is the saliva of the boa, with which it covers its prey before devouring it. It is a virtual extension of the sceptre of the Czars over the rest of Europe. Physically, Russia covers nearly a half of Europe,—her moral power extends over at least another fourth. To whom do the Greeks and Montenegrins look as their protector? Whose power has sufficed to stir up rebellion in Queen Victoria’s subjects in the Ionian Islands? Who has kept the House of Hapsburg on the throne of Austria? Whose influence is now supreme at the Court of Berlin,—of Bavaria, of Saxony, of Würtemberg, and other lesser States of Germany? For whose sake has the Government of Denmark been at direct issue with its Parliament and people? Is it not known that, despite the patriotic feelings of his subjects, young King Oscar of Sweden is not proof against the evil influence of the Northern basilisk? Even King Bomba, in far Naples, has an excessive regard for the Czar. CZAR—that monosyllable, how it weighs like a nightmare over Europe! Who is now supplying money to the Carlists, to excite rebellion against the Liberal Government in Spain? Again the Czar. Who patronises the Legitimists in their machinations to overturn the Napoleon dynasty in France? Still the Czar!

With Russia, as with all States, her moral power is based on her physical. Strike a body-blow at the latter, and the former will collapse. Her enormous influence in other countries is, as it were, a paper-circulation issued on the faith of her vast military strength. Prostrate that strength, destroy that credit, and her influence abroad will collapse, and leave the nations to live and act for themselves—each in the way natural to it. That is what is wanted. At present Cen-

\* “War-Map of Europe, distinguishing by colours the original area, progressive extent, and present limits of the Russian Empire.” Edin. 1855.

tral Europe is not free; an artificial state of matters exists there, upheld by the Czar. Russian influence overrides many of the courts of Germany, and hinders the national sympathies and desires from finding an echo in the breasts of their rulers. Germany is half-Russianised, and will be wholly so, if the overbearing influence of the Czars be not timeously checked. There is no lack of physical strength in Germany to resist Russia, but it lacks moral strength. Germany is severed, instead of being united; and even its fragments want consistency. Each petty State has a Russianised court pulling one way, and a German people wishing to go another; and the result, as we see, is a dead-lock. In the face of Russia, Germany has not the moral strength to emancipate itself, and pursue its own natural course of development. Its princes will go on breaking their pledges, and thwarting their peoples, as long as all-puissant Russia encourages and supports them in doing so. Take away that foreign influence, and things will fall into their natural course. Germany will become German, and will thereupon at once rise into a barrier to Russian encroachment. Once the sixty million Teutons of Central Europe come to think and act for themselves, in their own way, and for their own interests, the day of Russian aggrandisement is past, and Europe is permanently free. What is wanted in the meanwhile is to give Germany a breathing-time,—to tie up for a season the bully that now browbeats and intermeddles with her. Europe contains three great segments of population, each in a different stage of development. To the east, the Slavonians, least developed of all, but subordinated under a single, all-pervading, and most astute government—a huge barbaric body with a civilised head. In Central Europe, the Teutons, a much more developed race than the Slavonians, but split up into a multiplicity of sections, and with governments which, browbeat by their colossal neighbour, do not act in perfect accord with the national sentiments. Compared with Western Europe, Germany is still in its adolescence; and, like youth in general, it neither knows its own strength aright,

nor has the resolution to use it. In this state, Russian influence is now creeping over it, and hopes to have it fairly in the toils before it can act for itself. It is an infant Hercules which Russia seeks to strangle in its cradle. It is for the Western Powers to take care that the attempt be made in vain. Their own safety depends on this. Strike—we again say—at the military strength of Russia,—strike firmly and unsparingly. With every blow her far-spread influence will ebb back from the face of Europe,—the fetters, not less potent because moral, will fall from many a State,—and each people will have an opportunity of developing its powers and institutions in its own way. That is what we are fighting for. It is at once the Independence of Europe and the Safety of Europe. The two go together, and have their natural result in PEACE. Peace—not a truce—not a mere breathing-time of arms,—a lasting, healthy, righteous peace,—a blessing to all, and desired by all, because continued at the expense of none. That is the peace which we desire,—what result can the so-called Peace party promise that will compare with it?

We desire to secure the liberty and independence of Europe. These, we regret to say, have other enemies than those of which we have spoken. Extremes meet,—and Red-Republicanism now threatens to do the work of Despotism. Kossuth, Mazzini, Ledru-Rollin, in this hour of Europe's extremity, act as allies of the Czar. What is the position? Eastern Europe is aggressive,—Western Europe stands on the defence,—Central Europe is dormant, neutral, but strongly Russianised. Western Europe is winning,—in a short time Russian influence will be loosened from Germany, and all will be well. But, just at this juncture, forth step this insane Triumvirate, to preach to the Continental peoples a line of action that cannot fail to drive the neutral powers into the arms of the Czar. Red-Republicanism,—whisper but the word at Berlin, and the wavering Frederick-William will then find the excuse he wants to take arms for his Russian nephew,—let it but break out in flames in the Italian Penin-

sula, and the firmness of the young Austrian Emperor will vanish in dismay. The Czar, the great champion of despotism everywhere—to whom the support of kings against their peoples is a matter of principle—will hold forth his arms to both these powers in their hour of extremity. “See,” he will say,—“did not I tell you the real character of the Western Coalition? See how it shakes your thrones, and convulses your dominions. But come to me, and you will be safe. Let us make another Holy Alliance, and the mass of our enormous armies will soon smite down revolution and the powers who foster it.” Let Prussia and Austria thus invoke the Russian eagle, and they fix a not far distant day for their own doom. First vassals, and then victims, of their colossal protector,—that will be their fate. But if Red-Republicanism show head just now, have they a choice left?—and how will the Western Powers bear up against the shock of this Coalition of Despotism? That is the sole but formidable rock ahead of the West and Liberty; and for it these republican madmen are responsible.

What intolerance does the manifesto of these men breathe—what narrow-minded bigotry—what supreme self-sufficiency! Republics—nothing but republics,—Europe, the world, must be one vast nursery of republics! What a mockery! How the lessons of history have been lost upon these men,—experience cannot preach to them, observation cannot enlighten. The nations differ in their moral as much as they do in their physical features, yet these republicans would force a drear and impossible uniformity of government upon all. As well decree that every tree in the woods shall be an ash or a poplar as that every government in the world shall be a republic. And then, what tyranny in the proposition! These men cry out against despotism, against rulers who thwart the wishes of their people; and yet what do they themselves but preach a despotism more unbearable by far? “For God and the people!”—that was once the noble motto of Mazzini,—the rallying-cry with which he was to have created a new, free, and united Italy. Alas, that cry has sunk now into the hoarse

vociferations of red sans-culottery. “For Republics and Ourselves!”—so goes the shout now. It is a melancholy sight ever to see a high mind sinking,—and, though never favourable to the views of either, in their better days we have certainly seen flashes of that high mind both in Kossuth and Mazzini. Now, neither their exile, nor their enthusiasm, nor their past sufferings can affect us more. We but see in them Europe’s direst foes in her greatest extremity,—the assassins of her liberty, the betrayers of her Future. Let each nation act and choose for itself,—that is the golden law of liberty. The only interference that real Independence ever demands or allows, is to prevent the weaker portions of the commonwealth from being thrall’d by the stronger. But to demand everywhere republics, nothing but republics, is to enact a tyranny and inculcate an impossibility. And to do this at the present juncture, is simply to help despotism by preaching anarchy.

We feel it is almost profaning our pages to allude to that other triumvirate of demagoguery, whose infamous “Letter to the Queen of England” has shocked every man of every grade in the kingdom. Foul-mouthed libellers of our Queen, demoniacal denouncers of our Ally, preachers of assassination,—for the first time the public of this country has got a glimpse of the Satanic rhapsodies which envenom and make so abhorrent the revolutions of Continental Europe. “To kill Kings and Emperors,” they say, “is an honour and duty.” This truculent denunciation is directed against our own Sovereign among the rest, and we almost regret that expulsion from our shores is the only penalty that has overtaken the criminals. But more remains to be done. Refugees of this abominable stamp now swarm in London, and the hands of Government must be strengthened to deal with them summarily. When engaged in a great war, we cannot allow London to be made a focus for the concoction of mines and conspiracies which may help to throw, if not ourselves, our allies into disorder. Remember, Pianori came from London,—Pianori was equipped for his bloody task by these same refugees in the English metropolis. Had Napo-

leon III. fallen by his hand, would not France, blinded with wrath for the death of its Emperor, have bitterly charged England with nourishing and sending forth the assassin? After the warnings, both in act and in words, which we have now had, we cannot longer plead ignorance. We must either instantly take the needful measures against these men of blood who shelter themselves on our shores, or else abide the stern consequences. The country that shelters assassins, truly incurs a fearful responsibility.

We must hasten to a close, leaving untouched many topics to which we would fain have directed public attention. But there is one subject which, however briefly, we feel imperatively called upon to single out for the consideration of our statesmen and people. That subject is our Currency Laws. A money-famine and consequent panic is setting in, entirely occasioned by the absurd provisions of Sir R. Peel's Currency Act of 1844; and as money is the sinews of war, unless we set right the former, we shall never be able to carry on the latter. A paralysis at home threatens to neutralise all our successes abroad. If we do not take care, we shall find ourselves in the position of a soldier who is choked by his equipment,—we shall be strangled while we fight. Our currency is made to depend upon gold in so absurd a fashion, that as sovereigns go out of the country, bank-notes are likewise withdrawn from circulation,—so that the drain upon the currency of the country is doubled,—it is like lighting the candle at both ends. We ourselves need to export specie to defray the expense of our army abroad,—so does France,—so does Russia; in fact, it is no exaggeration to say, that at present there is a general rush among the Powers of Europe to possess themselves of gold. Well, although our present currency system is entirely based upon the retention of a large amount of gold in this country, *that retention is not pos-*

*sible.* If other states wish gold, they can always have it from this country by paying a commensurate price for it. The consequences of this to us, if not warded off by an alteration of our Currency laws, will be *ruin.* The deadliest blow that Russia could now level at us, would be to draw from this country a million or two of bullion,—even although it were to pay for it at the rate of L.5 or L.6, or even L.10 the ounce. In our present position, such a step would paralyse us at once. And can any one as yet be sure that much of the gold recently drawn from this country has not been so bought up by our adversary?

An early meeting of Parliament is demanded by this great but easily overcome difficulty of our position. It is a difficulty entirely artificial—it is one of our own imposing: an Act can unmake it as an Act has made. If the present Premier be strong in anything, it is in good common sense, and in a power of seeing readily in any given case where the shoe pinches. Let him show that quality now, and, by so doing, sweep away the sole impediment that exists to a vigorous prosecution of the war. It depends upon himself whether the Conservatives are with him or against him. If he act the part of an earnest, able, and patriotic statesman, he may rely upon it that the gentry of England will not leave him unsupported. Nor will the country. If the influence of extinct reputations be still strong in the House, and the coalitions of the Peace-party threaten to clog the wheels of government, let Parliament be dissolved, and let the voice of the nation decide upon its future destinies. In the present critical times, Parliament may meet ere a few weeks are over; and in anticipation of such a meeting of the Legislature, the last words we would say to the Government are—If cabal prevail, Dissolve; and in any case *repeal the Currency Laws.*

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ZAIDEE : A ROMANCE.

PART THE LAST.—BOOK III.

CHAPTER XXX.—ANOTHER JOURNEY.

THERE was no very long time necessary to bring to completion the scheme of Mary ; it was still fine weather although the end of October, and Mrs Cumberland became very soon enthusiastic about the visit to Cheshire, to Castle Vivian, and the Grange. "I expect to see quite a delightful sight in your brother's return to your attached peasantry, Mr Vivian," said Mrs Cumberland; and Mr Cumberland himself was persuaded to go with the party, to initiate the country gentlemen there into his views, and perhaps to extend his own ideas. "There are many admirable customs hidden in the depths of the country," said this candid philosopher; "some ancient use and wont in the matter of welcome, I should not be surprised—and I am a candid man, sister Burtonshaw." So the philosopher gave his consent; and hers too, with a sigh of regret for Sylvio's place, gave Mrs Burtonshaw.

During the one day which they spent in London before starting for Cheshire, Zaidee, who felt this journey full of fate for her, a new and decisive crisis in her life, wandered out in her restless uneasiness. Mary did not watch her quite so jealously as she had done, and she was glad to be alone. Without thinking, Zaidee strayed along those unfeathered lines of street till

she came to the well-remembered environment of squares which surrounded Bedford Place. Thinking wistfully of her old self, and her vain childish sacrifice, Zaidee passed timidly through it, looking up for Mrs Disbrowe's house. Some one before her went up to this house hurriedly as Zaidee advanced, but hesitated, as she did, when he perceived a great many carriages, with coachmen in white gloves and favours, a large bridal party before the door. The gentleman before her paused a little, and so did Zaidee; there was a momentary commotion in the little crowd which made an avenue between the door of the house and the carriage drawn up before it, and forth issued a bride in flowing white robes and orange blossoms, not too shy to throw a glance around her as she stepped into the vehicle. Zaidee shrank, fearing to be remembered, when she found how *she* recognised at once Minnie Disbrowe's saucy face. And Mr Disbrowe is with the bride; and there is mamma, of still ampler proportions, but not less comely, than of old; and a string of bridesmaids, in whose degrees of stature, one lesser than the other, Zaidee fancies she can see Rosie and Lettie and Sissy, the little rebels who tried her so sorely once. Looking on all this with inte-

rested eyes, Zaidee does not immediately perceive that this is Mr Percy Vivian who was bending his course to Mrs Disbrowe's. When she does perceive him, there is a pause of mutual embarrassment. He is wondering if she can know these people, and she is wondering why he should call at Bedford Place; but the carriages sweep on with their gay company, and after the interchange of a very few formal words, Percy and Zaidee take different directions. There is a painful hesitation between them when they address each other, which Zaidee understands very well, but which Percy cannot understand; and once more his thoughts, baffled and perplexed, centre upon Mary Cumberland's beautiful sister, who is so like his own. Unconsciously to himself, this rencontre increases Percy's difficulty. She is not Mary Cumberland's sister; she is only an adopted child. It suddenly occurs to Percy that Mary meant him to draw some inference from this fact, which she stated to him so abruptly; and, more than ever puzzled, his thoughts pursue the subject; but he can draw no inference; he is only extremely curious, interested, and wondering; he never thinks of Zaidee in connection with this beautiful and silent girl.

And the next day their journey began. Travelling in a railway carriage, even when you can fill it comfortably with your own party, is not a mode of journeying favourable to conversation. Leaning back in her corner, covered up and half concealed under Aunt Burtonshaw's shawls, looking at the long stripes of green fields, the flat lines of country that quivered by the window with the speed of lightning, Zaidee found in this dreaded journey a soothing influence which calmed her heart. Convinced as she was that Mary's object was to try her fully, by bringing her into close contact with her own family, Zaidee had earnestly endeavoured to fortify herself for the ordeal. But through this long day, when her thoughts were uninterrupted, when no one spoke but Percy and Mary, whose conversation was not for the common ear—or Aunt Burtonshaw, whose addresses were more general, and chiefly directed to the subjects of taking cold or taking

refreshments—a pleasant delusion of going home stole upon Zaidee's weary heart. Mr Cumberland, who had been greatly struck at the very outset of their journey by the large sphere of operation for his educational theory, his decorated and emblazoned letters, in those names of railway stations at present inscribed in prosaic black and white, was making notes and sketches for this important object, to lose no time; Mrs Cumberland was enjoying her languor; Mrs Burtonshaw presided over the draughts, the windows, and the basket of sandwiches. There was no painful idea, no scrutiny, or search, or suspicion, in all these faces. Going home! The dream crept over Zaidee's mind, and it was so sweet, she suffered it to come. She closed her eyes to see the joyous drawing-room of the Grange, all bright and gay for the travellers—Elizabeth, Margaret, Sophy—Philip even—and Zaidee coming home. These impossible dreams were not common to Zaidee; she yielded herself up to the charm of this one with a thankful heart.

That night they spent at Chester, where Mr Cumberland made great progress in his scheme for the railway stations. There was still another day's respite for Zaidee, for to-morrow they had arranged to visit Castle Vivian, and the next day after that to continue their journey to the Grange.

In the morning Percy left the party early; he had some business, and was to rejoin them by-and-by, but they started without him for Castle Vivian. It was a beautiful October day, bright and calm like summer, but with a bracing breeze, and all the face of the country gleaming with a shower which had fallen over-night. The leaves were dropping from the trees upon their path, the clouds hurrying along the horizon before the wind, leaving great plains and valleys of clear sky, as bright as sunshine; unseen streams trickled behind the hedgerows, the air was full of a twittering cadence of singing-birds and waters. Here and there a bit of rude uncultivated land threw up its group of ragged firs, and spread its purple flush of heather, beginning to fade, before the travellers; and the woods were rich in autumn robes, against which now and then the playful gale made a sudden rush,

throwing a handful of yellow leaves into the air, which caught them gently, and sent them downward in silent circles to their parent soil. When they had come to the gate of Castle Vivian, Percy met them. He was very anxious that the young ladies should alight, and walk up the avenue with him, while the elders of the party drove on. "Come, Lizzy, come," Mary cried, as she sprang from the carriage. Zaidee obeyed with some astonishment. Within the gate the road ascended between high sloping banks of turf, here and there broken by an edge of projecting rock or a bush of furze. Percy led his companions up a narrow ascent, half stair, half path, to the top of the bank, from whence they looked down upon the well-kept carriage-road, with its sandy crystals sparkling in the sun. At some little distance before them, where the road, gradually sweeping upward, had reached to the level of the banks, a stately avenue of elms threw their lofty branches against the sky; and at a long distance within these you looked down upon the noble front of a great house, a building of the age of Elizabeth, planting itself firmly with a massive and solid splendour in a bright enclosure of antique gardens. The great deep porch of the central entrance was occupied by servants, one after another looking out as if in expectation; and the balcony of a large window close by the door was filled with a company of ladies: down below, too, in the carriage-road, and dotted along the banks, were other spectators looking out anxiously as if for some expected arrival. Percy led his companions on till they had almost reached the entrance of that lofty cluster of elm trees, and were but a little above the level of the road. "Let us wait here," said Percy, in whose voice there was a quiver of emotion. "The heir is coming home to-day—we will see him pass if we wait here."

Mary did not speak, but Zaidee's surprise was too great for caution. "The heir?" and she turned towards him with an eager glance of inquiry.

"Sir Francis Vivian is dead," said Percy; "his successor is to take possession to-day."

"Had he a son?" asked Zaidee.

"He had no son; this is the heir

of the family, scarcely the heir of Sir Francis Vivian. We make strange wills in our family," said Percy, who, though restless and expectant, could still smile. "Sir Francis left his property under peculiar conditions," he concluded abruptly, looking with astonishment at Mary, whose touch upon his arm had brought his explanation to a close. But Mary was looking at Zaidee, and he, too, turned to look at her. Percy was the unwitting instrument of Mary's plot; he was rather excited, full of a vague and startled expectation; but she had not told him the reason of her contrivance, and his mind was busy with speculations. Still more uneasy grew Percy as his eyes followed Mary's glance. Zaidee's beautiful figure, standing on this elevated ground, was distinctly relieved against the far-off line of sky. She was standing shading her eyes with her hand, as she, too, gazed down the road in expectation of the new master of Castle Vivian, and her eyes were looking far into the air, half wistful, half indifferent; her cheek was paler than its wont—her hair was loosened a little by the wind. Percy could not recollect where he had seen this simple attitude, so full of unconscious grace and preoccupied attention, but it was strangely familiar and well known to him. While he stood in doubt, a very handsome greyhound slowly approached the group, and with the instinct which directs these animals to lovers of their kind, seated himself, after a few disdainful sniffs at the others of the party, by Zaidee's feet. Percy started with a suppressed exclamation. Long years ago Sermo was dead—long years ago Zaidee was lost. This was a beautiful woman; this was not the brown girl of the Grange; but the group before him was Zaidee and Sermo; the attitude and the conjunction burst upon him with a sudden flash of recognition. His voice did not disturb Zaidee; her mind was absorbed with this gaze of hers looking for the heir of the house of Vivian; but he felt upon his arm the warning touch of Mary's hand. Mary's eyes were meeting his with a glance of warning; and there, ringing along the road, were the cheers of the spec-

tators, and the sound of carriage-wheels.

There was not a sound or motion more between these watchers; Zaidee, unconscious of their scrutiny, looked down upon the arriving stranger. The carriage approached rapidly; the spectators on the roadside raised their hats and waved their hands, and cheered his approach with unusual animation. Who was the heir of Sir Francis Vivian? She looked down upon him with her dark wistful eyes, anxious and yet weary, touched with the listlessness of her long endurance. She was not prepared for any trial—she had given herself this day to rest. The carriage was an open carriage, and one man alone sat within it: he was bronzed and darkened, a man beyond his early youth. Zaidee looked at him with eyes which flashed out of their passive observation into the keenest scrutiny. In the greatness of her amazed and troubled joy, she could no longer restrain herself. As the carriage-wheels crashed by, over the sandy soil, Zaidee cried aloud—"It is Philip—Philip. Philip is the heir!"

Her voice rose and broke in this great momentary outcry, and she stood still for a moment, with her hands raised and her face flushing like the sky under the sun; then her beautiful arms fell by her side; suddenly she "came to herself." She turned round upon them, drawing back a step, and looking out from her sudden flush of joy with a chill creeping to her heart. She did not look at Mary, she looked past her, full upon Percy Vivian, and with eyes full of supplicating terror. Percy, almost unmanned, did not say a word in that moment. He only put out his arms, held up his hands before her; shut out everything from her eyes with an eager gesture. "Home, Zaidee, home," said Percy; "there is no other place in the world—you can only flee to our own home."

For he did not even think of *her* in this extremity. Flight was the first idea in the minds of both. "I bar you—I bar you; you are ours now and for ever," cried Percy, grasping her hands together, and forgetting even his brother. "Zaidee—Zaidee—Zaidee—there is nowhere to flee to but home!"

#### CHAPTER XXXI.—HOME.

But they were lingering still upon this same spot. Zaidee, who made no single effort to deny her identity, with tears in her beautiful eyes, and her face full of supplicating earnestness, stood withdrawn from them a little, pleading that they would let her go. Her whole heart was in this dreary prayer of hers. Withdrawing from Mary her friend, and Percy her cousin, she turned her face away from stately Castle Vivian, and looked out upon the desolate and blank horizon over which the clouds were stealing, and from whence the chill of approaching winter came in the wind. Zaidee had forgotten for the moment that she had just seen Philip pass to a better inheritance than the Grange. She forgot everything except that she was discovered, and that they were about to take her, the supplanter, the wrongful heir, to the home whose natural possessor she had defrauded. She would not per-

mit either of them to hold that trembling and chilled hand of hers, she only besought them—"Let me go away."

The new master of Castle Vivian had reached the house by this time and entered, and from the door came a hasty message to call these loiterers in. This pretty figure ran towards them, across that flickering breadth of light and shadow, the path under the elm trees. In her haste her fair hair came down upon her neck in a long half-curling lock; but Sophy Vivian, though she was now the Rev. Mrs Burlington, a married lady, did not think her dignity at all compromised, but ran on breathless and laughing, as she caught the rebellious tress in her pretty head. Before she had reached the end of the avenue she began calling to them. "Percy, Percy, why are you lingering? Philip has come—every one is there but you; mamma is anxious to see Miss Cumberland. I am sure this is Miss



Cumberland. Come, come; how can you linger so? Philip is at home."

And by the time she had reached this climax, Sophy came up to the little group which had delayed so long. Sophy's lilies and roses were as sweet as ever, her blue eyes were bright with tears and laughter, her pretty face was dimpling and sparkling all over with the family joy. But when she reached as far as Zaidee, whose face she had not seen at first, Sophy came to a sudden pause. Zaidee could give but one glance at her first and dearest companion, whose wistful and amazed look was turned upon her. Trembling, overpowered and helpless, she covered her eyes with her hand, and turned away to hide the burst of weeping which she could no longer control. "Percy," said Sophy, in a low and hurried voice, "who is this that is so like our Elizabeth—who is it that weeps at seeing me?" Percy made no answer. The hound still sat at Zaidee's feet, raising his large eyes wistfully to the discussion, sympathetic, and making earnest endeavours to discover what the subject of all this distress and wonder was. Sophy no longer noted Percy and his betrothed; she saw only these two figures—the dog with his head raised, the beautiful stranger turning away from all of them, and struggling with her sobs and tears. She was too hurried, too much excited, to wait for an answer to her question. She fell upon Zaidee, suddenly clasping her soft arms round her, taking possession of the hands which no longer made an effort to withdraw themselves. "It is Zaidee! Zaidee! Nobody can deceive me! it is our own Zay," cried Sophy, with a great outburst. "Did you think I would not know her? I!—you know me, Zaidee? say you know me—and you were coming of your own will to welcome Philip. I knew you would come home when Philip had Castle Vivian. Zay!—only speak to me—say you know me as I know you."

The two spectators of this scene bent forward anxiously to listen. "Yes, Sophy," said Zaidee, among her tears. Zaidee offered no resistance to the close embrace, and made no longer any effort to withdraw herself. Sophy, with her arm round her new-found cousin, looked back to them, waving

them on, and hurried forward, breathless with her haste, her crying, her laughing, her joy of tears. The hound stalked solemnly forward by Zaidee's side, mending his stately pace, as Sophy at every step quickened hers. Percy Vivian and Mary Cumberland, left far behind, looked into each other's faces. "When did you discover this?" said the one; and "How slow you were to find it out!" said the other. Percy had by no means subsided out of his first bewildered and joyful amazement. But Mary's satisfaction and delight were altogether unmingled, and had the most agreeable shade of self-gratulation in them. "They would never have found her but for me," said Mary Cumberland to herself, and it was not in nature that the planner of this successful plot should not be a little proud of her wisdom and her skill.

The windows were open in the great drawing-room in Castle Vivian, and some of the family had come to the balcony, once more to wonder at Percy's delay, and look out for him, "Can this be Miss Cumberland whom Sophy is bringing forward so?" asked one. "Who does the dog belong to?" said another. "Elizabeth, Elizabeth—who is this?" cried Margaret. They began to wonder, and to grow excited, especially as Percy was visible in the distance, approaching quietly with the real Miss Cumberland. At this moment the distant ringing of Sophy's voice came to their ears—there was a great start, and rush to the window. "Zaidee, Zaidee!" cried Sophy at the highest pitch of her sweet youthful voice. "I have found Zay—here is Zay, mamma—Philip, here is Zay; she has come home!"

And when Zaidee reached the porch, it was to be plunged into such a vehement embrace, such a conflict of exclamations, of inquiries, of wonders—such an eager crowd of faces and outstretched arms, such a tumult of sound, that what little strength remained to her was overpowered. She saw them all through a mist, face behind face. Even Aunt Vivian herself, though she was still an invalid, was first at the door, wrapped in her shawl, to see if Sophy's wonderful discovery was true, and Zaidee grasped the arm of Elizabeth to save herself from falling. She was

half led, half carried into the great warm hospitable room they had left, in which Mr Cumberland, Mrs Cumberland, and Aunt Burtonshaw stood together at one of the windows in a group, looking out upon the approach of Percy and Mary, and marvelling what was the cause of all this excitement. These good people were mightily amazed when they saw this triumphal entry of their own Elizabeth, whom Mrs Vivian held very firmly by one hand, whom Mrs Morton supported on the other side, whom Sophy danced joyously before, her fair hair streaming down upon her neck, and her pretty figure instinct in every line of it with the simplest and fullest joy. Margaret, behind, looked over Zaidee's shoulder, guarding her on that side; and behind all walked the newly-arrived Lord of Castle Vivian, a little withdrawn from the group, a little disconcerted, his eyes fixed upon the universal centre, and a flush upon his face. The procession marched on, never intermitting in its cries of joy and welcome till it reached Mrs Vivian's chair, and then the ranks opened, the family dispersed themselves around this domestic throne, and Mrs Vivian took her place in it, still holding firmly by her captive, whom Elizabeth still supported by her mother's side. "Now, we are all here. Philip has come home," said Mrs Vivian, with her voice trembling. "Zaidee, child, look in my face, and tell me it is you."

But Zaidee could not look in Aunt Vivian's face; she sank upon her knees, half with intention, half from faintness. This attitude was quite involuntary, but it filled Mrs Vivian's eyes with tears, and she extended her arms, and drew the beautiful sinking head to her breast. "Do you remember?" said Mrs Vivian, looking round upon them; and so well they all remembered little orphan Zaidee kneeling by the hearth of the Grange—that dear warm family hearth—by the house-mother's knee.

"You need not be sad now, Zaidee," said Sophy in her ear; "no need to be sad now. Philip has Castle Vivian; Philip is the head of the house. He ought to have given you the Grange now, if it had not been yours before. He cannot have everything, Zaidee.

Philip has Castle Vivian, and it is nothing but joy now that you have the Grange."

Sophy was the wisest in her practical comfortings. Zaidee lifted up her drooping head. "Is Philip the heir of all?" said Zaidee. She was answered by a cry of assent from the whole of them, and Philip came near. This Philip was scarcely more like the Philip of seven years ago than Zaidee was like the Zaidee of that time. It was not only that he was now in the flush and prime of youthful manhood, with powers developed by trial, and a character proved and established, but the wonder was that Philip, who came forward eagerly, drew back again with an extraordinary deference and respect, which Zaidee could not comprehend; and instead of the eager and overwhelming joy of the others, Philip could only stammer and hesitate, and finally express in a little effusion of warmth, which brought a renewed flush to his cheek, his delight in seeing his cousin. He said "My cousin;" he did not say "Zay."

"Zaidee? Zaidee?" said Mrs Burtonshaw, coming forward at last when there was an opening for her; "what do they mean, Elizabeth? Tell them your proper name, my love. Mrs Vivian and her family are mistaken strangely. What is the meaning of it all? Your name was Elizabeth Francis before you were adopted by Maria Anna, and I do not know what this means—indeed I do not know."

"Yes, indeed, she is my adopted daughter, Elizabeth Cumberland," said Mrs Cumberland, adding her word. "My dear Mr Vivian, I am convinced there is some delightful tale to be told here. Elizabeth, explain it to us. Who are you, child?"

Zaidee rose from her knees, but stood before them in a stooping humble attitude, looking at no one. "I am Zaidee Vivian," she said hurriedly. "I left the Grange because Philip would not take his natural right, but left it to me. I have deceived you, Aunt Burtonshaw—I have deceived every one—though every one has been so kind to me. But it was all that I might not defraud Philip—that I might fulfil Grandfather Vivian's latest will."

Some spell is upon Philip, that he

cannot say a single word of acknowledgment. His mother answers for him. "Philip has Castle Vivian now, Zaidee—take your own place, dear child. Sit down by me once more. It is my business now to satisfy your kind friends that you have not deceived them. Tell Mrs Cumberland, Percy, Zaidee's story, and thank her for us all that she has kept our child so tenderly. Bring

Miss Cumberland to me—bring me my new daughter, Percy—and thank her mother for her goodness to our other child."

"And Zaidee is a great beauty!" cried Sophy. "Zaidee is *more* beautiful than Elizabeth. Mother, look at her! Why, Philip is afraid of Zaidee; and instead of little Zay, the greatest beauty of all the house has come home to Castle Vivian to-day!"

CHAP. XXXII.—EVERYBODY'S STORY.

"Now that we are all here together," says Sophy, "I think, instead of every one telling her own story, I had better tell Zaidee all about it—what has happened to us all."

This day had worn on from morning to evening in spite of its great excitement, and they were now assembled round the fireplace—a wide circle. Mrs Vivian, seated on one side of the hearth, occupied just such a seat of honour and supremacy as she had in the Grange; and half hidden within her shadow was Zaidee, with Aunt Vivian's hand resting upon her low chair. Aunt Vivian was supported on the other side by Philip, who had been greatly thrown into the shade by Zaidee's return. He was no longer the hero of the day; the family fête celebrated the recovery of the lost child much more than the return of the head of the house; and Philip was still singularly silent and discomposed, and gave abundant reason for Sophy's saying that he was afraid of the beauty. He looked at her very often, this chief of the house of Vivian; he referred to her after a stately sort as "my cousin." But Philip did not seem able to join in the family overflow of rejoicing over "our Zay." He was a great deal more respectful of the stranger than any other individual present. He showed the most courtly and observant regard of her; and Zaidee never looked up but she found Philip's eyes retiring from her own beautiful face. But in spite of this, she was wonderfully disappointed in Philip. He was so cold, he must surely be angry. Her heart was sore within her by reason of this one remaining pain.

And Mrs Cumberland, Zaidee's

kind and fanciful patroness, sat at Philip's right hand, the object of his most particular attention. Mrs Cumberland indeed had given up her son-in-law elect, who was only the genius of the family, in preference for the head of the house, and the head of the house lavished upon her his greatest cares. Then came Elizabeth, in her matronly and noble beauty, with Zaidee's little gold chain round her beautiful throat; and there was Mary Cumberland, rather shy and discomposed, between Mrs Morton and her sister Margaret. Margaret was indisputably the most splendid person present. In dress and manner alike, this once pensive Margaret was much more of the great lady than either her mother or sister; and a pretty boy rather fantastically, but very richly dressed, was seated on her footstool, and leaning his head upon her knee. Then came Captain Bernard Morton, then a fair high-featured man, bland and lofty, in whom the grand manner was still more apparent. And then came Aunt Burtonshaw, extremely bewildered, and Percy, and the young clergyman who had once been Mr Wyburgh's curate, and whose intimacy at the Grange had filled good Mr Green with terror for the young ladies. Last of all pretty Sophy Vivian, leaning forward from her corner, volunteered the family history, and was accepted as spokeswoman by universal consent.

The great room was lighted in every part, but entirely deserted for this closer circle round the fire. While just outside the circle, with a small reading-table before him, piled with old volumes from the library, Mr Cumberland sat ready to hear any-

thing that struck his wandering fancy, but pursuing his favourite whim of the moment, through various psalters and antique bibles, with great devotion. The conversation within the circle was occasionally broken by an exclamation of rapture from Mr Cumberland over some emblazoned initial, but these did not come sufficiently often to break upon any more important speech.

"Well, Zaidee," said Sophy, "when we could hear nothing of you, Philip had to go away. And here is Captain Bernard Morton! But you remember Captain Bernard, Zay, who married Elizabeth?—and this gentleman is Sir David Powis, who married Margaret. Margaret is Lady Powis. Did no one ever tell you? And they live at Powisland, just over the Dee; and this is Reginald Burlington. He is Rector of Woodchurch now, Zaidee, since Mr Powis went away. And—and—we live there, you know, when we are not at the Grange; and we are all very happy; and Elizabeth has four children; and Margaret has two; and Percy is a great author, and writes books; and Philip has come home to be a great man, and the head of the family; and mamma has got well again; and we wanted nothing to make this the happiest day in this world," said Sophy, her eyes running over with tears and gladness, "but to have Zaidee back again; and Zaidee has come back again—the same as ever, but a great beauty as well; and Philip is at home; and if any fairy should ask me to wish now, I am sure I could not tell what to think of, everything has come so full of joy!"

This brief epitome of the family history was received with great applause by the sons and sons-in-law, to whom it alluded. Zaidee sat quite silent, listening very eagerly, yet in reality making very little of it. She sat close by Aunt Vivian, with a strange perception of her changed position—a strange dreamy realisation of the time which was past. Nothing of all these seven years was so strangely bewildering to her as the events of to-day. She could recall everything except these crowded and hurrying hours which had swept away, before their flood of surprise and sudden enlightenment, all the barriers which she had

built about her life. She was seated by Aunt Vivian's side—she was surrounded by all the endearing bonds of the family—she was grasped on every side by new relationships; and, most wonderful change of all, she was now no longer Philip's supplanter, but only the heir of the secondary estate—the jointure-house, the younger son's portion; and Philip was of Castle Vivian, the head of the house. She heard the voices rising in general conversation; she heard Mary Cumberland detailing, with a happy readiness, the gradual light thrown to herself upon Zaidee, and how at last she was convinced of her identity when news of Mrs Vivian's illness came; she heard the wondering exclamations of Aunt Burtonshaw, and the joyous voice of Sophy ringing a universal chorus to every other felicitation; she heard it all, but only as some one far off might hear. She was in a maze of strange bewilderment—was it possible that she was at home?—that her name was Zaidee Vivian, and not Elizabeth Cumberland?—that she was restored to her identity, to herself, and to her friends? Zaidee sat bending her beautiful head upon her hands—uncertain, wondering; then falling back at last on one thing certain, pausing to ask herself why Philip had not a word to say when Zaidee was found again.

When the barrier of a night was placed between her and this wonderful day, it became less unreal to the returned exile. While every one else was still asleep, Zaidee, waking in the early dawn, went out to wander about this lordly dwelling of her race, and with family pride and interest admire its massive front and noble proportions. She stood within the wide deep alcove of the porch, looking down upon that line of noble trees fluttering their yellow foliage in the morning sun, and throwing down a shower of leaves with every breath of wind. Their shadows lay across the path, dividing it into long lines; and beyond lay the rich foreground of turf, the grassy banks between which the road disappeared, passing out from this retired and lofty privacy into the busy world. The broad stone balcony from which Elizabeth and Margaret had caught their first glimpse of her

yesterday, descended by a flight of stairs into the old rich flower-garden, still gay with patches of old-fashioned flowers; and the great house, so large, so lofty, with its air of wealth, and place, and old magnificence, filled Zaidee with a great thrill of pleasure and of pride. As she made her way by the garden path to the other side of the house, looking up at it with simple delight and admiration, and pausing to see far off the hills of Wales, and a beautiful glimpse of green fields and woodlands without this domain, Zaidee could not repress her exultation. "And this is Philip's—and Philip is the true head of the house—and Castle Vivian has come back to him," said Zaidee. She spoke under her breath, but still she started to see Philip himself approaching her. A glow of pleasure was on Philip's face, but still he drew back, and bowed, and was ceremonious. He offered her his arm with the respect of a courtier. He called her cousin; and Zaidee looked up at him timidly, afraid to say, as she had intended to say, "Philip, are you angry?" The two continued their walk together in silence. She suffered him to lead her quietly, and did not ask where he was going; but where he was going was simply out of the flower-garden into a noble park, dotted with grand trees, and undulating into knolls and hollows, covered with the richest green-sward. He led her to one of these little eminences, and they looked back together upon the beautiful pile of building before them, on which the morning sun shone with a tender brightness. "You are glad that I have Castle Vivian," said Philip; "do you know *how* I have it, Zaidee?" He had never called her Zaidee before, and she looked up gratefully, thinking the cloud had passed away.

But it did not seem that Philip could bear this upward look, for he turned his head from her a little, and led her down again rather abruptly, as he began to speak in the plainest and most matter-of-fact style. "Sir Francis Vivian had no son," said Philip; "his only heir was a favourite adopted child, and he would not confer the lands of the Vivians upon one who bore another name. So he bequeathed to me the house itself, on

condition that I was able to purchase the lands attached to it for a sum he named—a sufficient sum to endow richly his adopted son. I was able to do this by good fortune—and now the chief branch of our family is once more seated in its original place."

He ended abruptly as he had begun; and but that he kept her hand very closely upon his arm, Zaidee would have thought she was a great encombrance to him, and that he wished her away.

"When I left the Grange first, I was continually dreaming of happy chances to bring me home again," said Zaidee, "but I wonder that I never thought of this, the best way of all. I imagined you a very great man often, and gave you every kind of rank and honour; but I never thought of Castle Vivian; I never thought of the other family house, which we must always have even a greater pride in than even in our own Grange."

"You gave me rank and honour, did you?" said Philip, melting a little. "Well, I thought of you often enough, Zaidee; many a day."

When he said this, they were at the door, and Philip escaped hastily with the look of a culprit. "There was surely nothing wrong in thinking of me," Zaidee said to herself as she threaded those lofty passages to her own room. When she arrived there, and by chance saw herself in the mirror with the faint colour of her cheek freshened by the morning, and her eyes full of light and pleasure, Zaidee was struck with a momentary consciousness. She went away from the glass in great haste with a blush of shame; at that moment, of all moments, Sophy's burst of triumph "a great beauty!" flashed into Zaidee's mind. If she *was* a great beauty, poor Zaidee could not help it; but she arranged her morning-dress very rapidly, and kept far away from the mirror. Zaidee was sadly ashamed of herself when this annoying consciousness came to her mind.

"May I come in?" said Mary Cumberland, as she opened the door. "I wonder what I am to call you now: it must be Lizzy still. And how could you keep such a secret from me? You might have told me; indeed you might, you secret heiress—you lady

of mystery. I remember such quantities of things now, about how you used to talk at Ulm, and words I thought so strange. Of course, if mamma had known, or Aunt Burtonshaw, your secret would have been no secret; but you might have trusted me."

"I dared not trust any one, Mary," said Zaidee.

"And to think how slow Percy was," continued Mary, who had by no means exhausted her own self-congratulations, "and how ready to believe that I myself, and only me, was anxious to see Philip on his way home.

He said I had a right to my whim—simple Percy!—and after all, the dog was a greater assistance to him than I was in finding you out; for he *had* found you out before you discovered yourself. Poor Sylvo, Lizzy, what will become of him? He will go away to the delights of savagery; he will shoot elephants, or be an Abyssinian dandy, and Sylvo's place will go to waste, and all the while your cousin Philip and you will look at each other. What do I mean? I do not mean anything, my princess—but there is Mrs Burlington coming to rejoice over you, and I will go away."

CHAPTER XXXIII.—SOPHY.

"Mrs Burlington!"

"Yes, indeed, it is so, Zay," said Sophy, shaking her pretty head with mock melancholy as she came in; "everybody must be Mrs something, you know, and we are all very happy. But Zay, Zay! I want you to tell me from the very beginning. And are you glad to be home? And you were nearly breaking your heart when mamma was ill, Miss Cumberland says? Do you think Philip is changed? did you not wonder to hear that Margaret was married to a Powis, after all? and do you know Elizabeth's little girl, the dearest of all the children, is called Zaidee? Dear Zay, you are our own now, you are no one else's. Begin at the beginning, where you went as a governess—Mrs Disbrowe's. What in the world did you teach the children, Zaidee?—did you tell them stories? for you know you never would learn anything else yourself."

"I could not teach them at all," said Zaidee, "and they would not have me. I thought they were very right at the time; but they were cruel—children are very cruel sometimes—and I wished for nothing but to die."

"And then?" cried Sophy. Sophy was very curious to hear the whole.

"And then I went to Mrs Lancaster's and met Aunt Burtonshaw; good Aunt Burtonshaw! I should have died, and never seen this day, if it had not been for her," said Zaidee; "and I went to Ulm with her, to be a companion to Mary."

"To Ulm!—where is that?" said

Sophy. "Mamma heard you had gone abroad, and they went everywhere seeking you, and every one of them saw you somewhere, Zaidee. It had never been you at all! for I am sure they did not go to Ulm."

"It is on the Danube. We were there a great many years," said Zaidee, "and then when I grew up, Mrs Cumberland said I should be called by their name, and be her adopted daughter. They have been very kind to me, Sophy—as kind as they were to Mary. But first I found that book—an old woman had it—an old Welsh servant, who was a servant at Powisland, and her father was with Grandfather Vivian. Did they put it back in the Grange library, Sophy? it had the same binding as all the other books. Did you see it, that strange legacy? I thought Grandfather Vivian was leading me then; and when I found the book, I was very ill, and had a fever. I thought at first I would have come home, but it was not enough for Philip, and I never knew he had gone to India: I thought he was at the Grange, and you were all happy at home."

"Happy at home, when we had lost you, Zay!" cried Sophy; "the Grange was never like its own self again. We will keep Philip's birthday at home this year—we will keep it at Briarford—you shall ask every one of us to come to the Grange. But after your fever, Zaidee, what happened then?"

"We travelled a great deal, and

then we came back to England. I was afraid to come to England," said Zaidee; "and so indeed we had not been very long settled here when Mary met Percy. I went one evening in the carriage to bring her home, and then I saw him. I could not tell who he was, Sophy, and yet I knew him; and then I heard it was Mr Vivian, the great author! and then he came to Twickenham, and I read his books, and I was very proud, you may be sure. But to hear of you all as if I was a stranger, and to hear Elizabeth's little girl called Zaidee, and to hear that Aunt Vivian was ill, and Philip coming home—oh, Sophy, I had nearly broken my heart!"

"But it is all over now, dear Zay,—dear Zay!" cried Sophy, with her arms round her recovered companion. "And you were grieved to hear that Philip had gone to India; and you ventured to write and send the deed. Do you know, we began to be so eager every post-time after your first letter came. Mamma said you would be sure to write again, and at first she was quite confident of finding you. But never mind all that—you are found now, Zaidee, and you will never be lost again. Come down stairs, where they are all waiting for us. Where did you get the greyhound, Zay?—was it only one of Sir David's hounds? for poor Sermo is not living now, to stalk after you. I think I should not have known you so soon but for the dog. Poor Sermo pined and died when you were gone. I have so much to tell you, and so much to ask you. Do you think Philip is changed? But come, they are waiting for us down stairs."

"Here is Sophy, with Miss Vivian; and here is the whole breakfast-table in alarm, lest our heroine should have disappeared again," said the stately Sir David Powis, as Zaidee followed her cousin into the well-filled breakfast-room.

"Miss Vivian!" said Sophy; "only think, mamma, what a devastation when Zaidee comes to be Miss Vivian! Elizabeth was Miss Vivian when Zaidee went away. Then it was Margaret's turn and mine, and now there is only the youngest. There is no Miss Vivian in the world but Zay!"

"Zaidee, come to me," said Margaret, with a little authority; "mamma had you all last night, and Sophy has had you this morning, and Elizabeth will have you at all times. What beautiful hair she has got, and how she has grown, and how much she is like Elizabeth! Don't you think so, mamma? There is a picture in the gallery that might have been done for Zaidee. It is quite the family face. My little Herbert has a little of it. Did you see my boy, Zaidee? And you saw all Elizabeth's children? Why have you stayed so long away from home, you foolish child? You don't know how we have wished for you, and searched for you. Sophy sobbed herself to sleep, I cannot tell how many nights after you were lost, and we did nothing but dream of you night and day. I never hear the winter wind even at Powisland but I listen for footsteps; and you have been Miss Cumberland all the while. How very strange that your adopted sister should be Percy's betrothed!—how very strange! When we heard of Miss Cumberland, and of Miss Cumberland's sister, who was like our Elizabeth, how little we dreamt that she was our own Zaidee! You must bring Zay to Powisland, mamma. And Zay, Sir David wants to know about the old woman who was a servant to his family. Everything is so wonderful about this child—Grandfather Vivian's book, and the person who served the Powises—she must have been quite surrounded with things belonging to the family. You must have remembered us as well, Zaidee, as we remembered you."

When Lady Powis paused to take breath, Mrs Burtonshaw eagerly took the opportunity. "My dear child," said Mrs Burtonshaw, "I am sure I shall never be able to call you anything but Elizabeth, or to think you belong to another family. Indeed, I am sure I never shall; and to think we should have had her so long, and never found this out. Maria Anna!—and Mary to discover it all! But my dear Mary always was so sensible a child. We will all find it very dull going back to Twickenham, and leaving you behind, my dear love; and Sylvo will never believe it, I am sure. It will be very dreary for me, Eliza-

beth, and Maria Anna will feel it a great deal, and so will Mr Cumberland. I think we will never be able to stay in that house when we lose both Mary and you."

"The house is necessarily imperfect, sister Burtonshaw," said Mr Cumberland. "Improvements are never so satisfactory as a place well planned from the beginning. I have a great mind to begin anew—the Elizabethan style has its advantages; and I hear a great deal of the adaptability of glass. What do you think of glass and iron as materials for your cottages, Sir David?—a beautiful material, brilliant and inexpensive, and capable of very rapid erection. By the way, I know of nothing better adapted to promote the artistic education of the people. Those slight iron shafts take the most beautiful forms; and as for colour, nothing can excel glass. Suppose a row of cottages now, instead of the ordinary affairs, with low walls and thatched roof, springing up to the light with these glittering arches. Depend upon it, sir, a very great moral influence is in the nature of our houses. You could not do anything so sure to correct the faults of your peasantry as to build them palaces of glass."

"It certainly would be an effectual lesson against throwing stones," said Sir David Powis, with well-bred gravity.

"But, Mr Cumberland, only think how cold!" cried Sophy, whose apprehension was as practical and matter-of-fact as ever; "they could never stand a gale at Briarford; and then—why, it would quite be living in public; everybody would see everything they did."

"So much the better for their transparency and purity of character," said Mr Cumberland; "so much the better, my dear madam—and an immediate cure to the dangerous propensity of

the poorer classes for throwing stones, as Sir David very justly says—but perfectly capable of a high rate of temperature, as our conservatories show. I should not be at all surprised if the old proverb of "those who live in glass houses" had a prophetic reference to this beautiful suggestion. We do our ancestors very poor justice, Sir David. I am convinced they perceived the capacity of a great many things that we, with all our boasts, are only beginning to put into use. I consider this an admirable opportunity for a great moral reformation—to a man who considers the welfare of his country, a perfectly sufficient reason for acquiring land."

And Mr Cumberland turned immediately to the *Times* Supplement of yesterday, and began to turn over its advertisements with an interested eye. Mr Cumberland already felt a disinterested necessity for becoming a landed proprietor, and in imagination saw his glittering line of novel cottages, the inhabitants of which should be effectually convinced of the damage of throwing stones, shining under the sun, with a sheen of reflection against which the homely thatched roof had no chance. Sir David Powis, who was a satirist, and loved "a character" with his whole heart, drew near Mr Cumberland with the most benevolent eagerness to ascertain the particulars of his scheme; and Philip was being questioned at one end of the table, and Zaidee at the other. The family party abounded in conversation, every one had so much to ask, and so much to tell; and though Zaidee was the greater wonder of the two, and somewhat eclipsed Philip, Philip had been absent equally long, and had a larger stock of adventures. The very servants moved about in quickened time in that buzz of happy commotion—the wide family circle was so full of life.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.—THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE.

To the much amazement of all the family, it appeared that Philip was anxious to go to London before proceeding to the Grange, which was still "home" to all these Vivians. Grandfather Vivian's will had to be

proved and established, and Zaidee formally invested with her property, and Philip had business of his own in town. Philip proposed a family migration thither; he was very sympathetic of the loss which Zaidee's kind



friends must feel in losing her so suddenly. "I do not care to part with you, mother, even for a day," said Philip; "and it is hard to separate my cousin from her old life so hurriedly."

"But, Philip, it is no worse, at the very worst, than if she had been married," said Sophy; "when she married, of course, she must have left Mrs Cumberland. Miss Cumberland herself must leave home when she is married. It may be very hard, you know, but we all have to do it, and this is no worse than Zaidee's marriage would be." But to the surprise of Sophy, Philip regarded with considerable haughtiness the prospect of Zaidee's marriage. It did not seem at all an agreeable object of contemplation to the head of the house. He withdrew from the question with great gravity and stateliness, and, with considerable embarrassment mingling in his usual deference, turned to Zaidee herself. "If it is only a whim, will you humour it?" said Philip, bending over Zaidee's hand. "I would rather have a little time elapse before we all go back to the Grange; our old home is very dear to us all, but I ask for a few weeks', a very few weeks', delay."

Zaidee became embarrassed, too, in sight of Philip's embarrassment; she withdrew from him a little, and her eyes fell under his glance with an uncomfortable consciousness. Wondering, as she did, what Philip could mean, Zaidee did not inquire into it; she consented to his wish readily, but with considerable confusion. "If Zaidee will invite us, let us all keep Philip's birthday at home in the Grange," cried Sophy; and to this there was a universal assent. But when Mary and Zaidee, with Percy for their squire, and Mrs Burlington for their chaperone, set out on a day's visit to the old family dwelling-place, Philip evaded all invitations to accompany them. He preferred not to see the Grange till his business was done, and all his plans concluded. Nobody could understand Philip, and mysterious whispers of wonder stole through the family, and Sophy and Margaret held synods upon him. Could Philip be "in love," that mysterious condition which these old

married ladies were amused at, yet interested in? Elizabeth, for her part, only smiled when she was introduced to these discussions. Nobody was jealous of Elizabeth—yet Lady Powis did grudge a little that the newly-returned and well-beloved brother should not give his confidence equally to all.

But as it happened, Philip had not given his confidence to any one, if he had a confidence to give. The family assembly dispersed from Castle Vivian to gather again at the Grange; and Philip and Percy and Aunt Vivian accompanied the Cumberland family to London. Zaidee was still Elizabeth, their adopted daughter, to these kind people; she was still Aunt Burtonshaw's dear child, though Aunt Burtonshaw's hopes for Sylvo grew fainter and fainter; and the house at Twickenham was honoured to receive Mrs Vivian, who would not again lose sight of the long-lost child. To the kind but somewhat imperious mistress of the Grange, Mr Cumberland's porch was an intolerable nuisance; she had much ado restraining herself from sweeping forth its inappropriate inmates, who, indeed, made themselves somewhat embarrassing neighbours even to Mrs Cumberland. Silver spoons were continually sliding out by the buttery-hatch, which was intended for nothing less innocent than broken meats or bread; and the benevolent dolphin of the fountain was long since robbed of his enamelled cup. But, last and worst, the unkindest cut of all, those urchins, for whose benefit Mr Cumberland besought his wealthy brethren to decorate with monograms the front of their houses, took into their independent British minds to pelt Mr Cumberland's own monogram with clay, and, finding it an admirable butt, persevered till the philanthropist found only bits of the dragon's tail and morsels of the gilding peering out, unfortunate memorials of the cannonade. "If these little vagabonds had been bred in houses of crystal, it would have fared better with this ornamentation, for which they do not yet show themselves sufficiently educated," said Mr Cumberland, undismayed. "Sir David Powis is a very sensible man, sister Burtonshaw.

The next generation will be better taught. You shall see no missiles either of stone or clay in the hands of the boys of my cottages. We will refine these uncultivated natures, sister Burtonshaw—never fear!” and Mr Cumberland retired to perfect his plan for the construction of cottages of iron and glass.

“Sylvo is coming here for a week or two, Elizabeth,” said Mrs Burtonshaw. “Poor Sylvo, I am sure you will be kind to him, my darling, and not send the poor boy away. He is a very different man from Mr Vivian, my love. I do not deny that Mr Vivian is handsome, Elizabeth, and a very fine young man; but I am afraid he always takes his own way. Now Sylvo, though he is so manly, is so easy, and so good; any one that he loves can make him do anything, my dear child.”

“Sylvo is very good and very kind. I know he is, Aunt Burtonshaw,” said Zaidee.

“Yes, indeed, my love, though I am his mother, Sylvo is very good, Elizabeth. Now, I am sure there is something very grand about Mr Vivian; but for my part, I always feel I would rather do his way than make him do mine, and that makes a great difference in married life, my dear child. All the ladies wanted to go to the Grange, that place of yours, my dear; but Mr Vivian wanted to come to London, and therefore we came; and all your trouble and your running away was because Mr Vivian would not hear reason. I like him very well; he is a very handsome young man, and I do not wonder his family are proud of him; but I do not think I should like to *marry* Mr Vivian, Elizabeth; he is a great deal different from my Sylvo. I am afraid he always takes his own way.”

Zaidee did not dispute the fact, for in her secret heart she was greatly disturbed about Philip. What Philip was doing was not at present very well known to any of them. He lived in London with Percy, but came faithfully with Percy every night to visit the family at Twickenham. Percy had made the boldest dash into the business of his legitimate profession. Some one who knew the family, and admired the genius of it, had re-

tained him to advocate his cause in a plea very shortly to be tried; and Percy laughed his gay, scornful laugh when remonstrances were made against his daily visits to his betrothed, and when his time of preparation was spoken of. “I am quite prepared,” said Percy, and there was no farther room to say a word. But one evening, while they sat in expectation of the brothers, Mr Steele came to pay one of his visits. “Have you heard what happened to young Vivian?” said Mr Steele. “The case came on before it was expected, and he got up immediately, and made the most brilliant speech that has been heard for years; but when the young gentleman sat down, what do you think he had done, Mrs Burtonshaw? Instead of pleading his client’s cause, he had been pleading the opposition—and gained his plea!”

It was but too true. Percy came out very rueful, very comical—varying between great discomfiture and despondency, and fits of overpowering laughter. “It was not my side, to be sure, but it was the right of the question,” said Percy. “They could never have gained it with their blundering fellow of a leading counsel, who could make nothing of it, right or wrong. I can’t help it; and now I suppose I am done; they may call me Single-speech Vivian. Alas for the evanescent glory of fees! I will never get one again.”

It happened, fortunately, that Mr Cumberland was greatly tickled with this misadventure of his son-in-law elect. It struck the philosopher’s peculiar sense of humour; and nobody had a word of blame to say to the gay Percy, who was already casting about in his fertile brains for some other expedient, which might be more successful, to disembarass him. Philip was standing by the window with his mother. The mirror gave a pretty reflection of these two figures—the little lady in her widow’s dress, with a rich India shawl which Philip had brought, replacing the Shetland wool one which has been worn out before now; but her rich, dim, black silk gown, and her widow’s cap the same as of old, her waist as slender, her foot in its high-heeled shoe, as rapid and as pre-emptory—her whole person

as completely realising the fairy god-mother of Zaidee's fancy as it had ever done; while Philip stood beside her in the easy, unelaborate dress of an English gentleman, with his close curls clustering about his manly head, his cheek bronzed, his hand laid playfully upon his mother's shoulder: he has been making a report to her, laughing at some objections she urges, and explaining rapidly and clearly something which his mother only receives with difficulty, shaking her head. While they stand thus, Mrs Vivian suddenly calls Zaidee to her; on the instant Philip Vivian relapses into a stately and deferential paladin—the most chivalrous knight who ever worshipped his lady from afar—and withdraws a step back as his beautiful cousin comes forward to answer his mother's summons. Mrs Vivian has put away Zaidee's simple muslin gowns, and has dressed her richly as it suits her fair form to be dressed; and the maker of these rustling silks has made them after an antique fashion, which, in Philip's fancy, adds the last aggravation of which it is capable to Zaidee's singular beauty. This lovely lady of romance is that same Zaidee who, with a child's love and unthinking generosity, sacrificed all her world of comfort and security for the sake of Philip. This is the Zaidee who once made a certain proposal to Philip, which roused his boyish manhood only to annoyance and embarrassment; but the Philip of the present time has learned an infinite deal of humility from those eyes which once appealed to him as the highest judge. As he steps back, he makes a beseeching sign to his mother, of which Mrs Vivian, who is not in

the habit of hiding her son's candle under a measure, takes no notice as she proceeds.

"What do you think Philip has been doing, Zaidee? Your cousins' portions were suddenly brought to nothing by that unfortunate will. The children were all penniless: Margaret had nothing when she married, and neither had Sophy, poor child, who had more need for it; and Percy has got embarrassed, you know. Well, here is Philip, who, after all, did not get Castle Vivian as an inheritance so much as a purchase—what do you think he says he has been doing? He has been settling the portions of the younger children upon them—more than they could have had, had we kept the Grange—very considerable fortunes, indeed, Zaidee. He has made himself quite a poor man. Philip ought not to have done it; what do you say, child?"

"I only remember what Philip said to me, Aunt Vivian, when I found the will," said Zaidee.

"And what was that?" said Mrs Vivian eagerly. Philip made a pretence of drawing still farther back, but, like a hypocrite, while he pretended to turn away, only came the nearer.

"He said it was the office of the head of the house to see that the children of the house had all their rights," said Zaidee; and she raised to Philip those glistening beautiful eyes which struck Philip with such profound humility. He turned away on the instant, afraid to trust himself, but he could not help hearing the end of Zaidee's sentence. "This is Philip's inheritance, Aunt Vivian. I understand it—he is the head of the house!"

CHAPTER XXXV.—CONCLUSION.

"My dear love, Sylvo is coming to-morrow," said Mrs Burtonshaw. Mrs Burtonshaw was nervous about Sylvo's coming, and told every individual in the house, though every one already knew. Sylvo came from London, and brought with him, instead of the peaceful portmanteau which might have been expected, the most marvelous stock of baggage—"traps," as Sylvo was pleased to entitle them.

Among these were two fowling-pieces, a magnificently mounted dirk, and some murderous revolvers, with one or two extraordinary plaids or blankets, the use of all which to a quiet country gentleman in Essex, Mrs Burtonshaw could not divine. Sylvo was much disposed to silence for the first day of his visit; and though the leaves were thin, and the grass no longer desirable as a couch, Sylvo still frequent-

ed the group of trees among which he had been wont to enjoy his cigar. On the second day, Sylvo's mouth was opened; he had been discovered seated among the trees, polishing with his own hand the silver mounting of his favourite revolver. "Mansfield is just about setting out; he's a famous fellow," said Sylvo. This oracular speech was enough to fill his mother with alarm and trembling. "Mr Mansfield is quite a savage," said Mrs Burtonshaw, with dignity; "I do not wonder he should be glad to go back again. He may be quite a fine gentleman among those poor creatures, Sylvo, but he is not very much at home."

Sylvo's "ha, ha" came with considerable embarrassment from behind his mustache. "Fact is, I thought of taking a turn myself to see the world," said Sylvo. "A man can't be shut up in a house like a girl. Mansfield's the best company going—better than a score of your grand men; never have such another chance."

"To see the world?" said Mrs Burtonshaw. "What do you call seeing the world, you poor simple boy? And there is my dear darling child, Elizabeth, you will leave her pining, you unfeeling great fellow, and never say a word?"

"Much she cares!" said Sylvo, getting up very hastily. "If she is a beauty, what have I got to do with it, when she won't have me? I'll be off, mother; you can keep the place, and see things all right. Mansfield's a long way better than Elizabeth for me."

"My dear boy, she *would* have you. Do not go and leave us, Sylvo; she will break her heart," said simple Mrs Burtonshaw.

But Sylvo only whistled a long shrill "whew!" of undutiful scepticism. "I know better," said Sylvo; and he went off to his cigar.

And thus was the exit of Sylvester Burtonshaw. Sylvo may write a book when he comes home, for anything that can be predicted to the contrary. Sylvo, at the present moment, lives a life which the vagrants in Mrs Cumberland's porch would sink under in a week. Sylvo tramps barefoot over burning deserts, hews his way through unimaginable jungle, fights wild beasts,

and has a very hard struggle for his savage existence; all for no reason in the world, but because he happened to be born to wealth and leisure, and found it a very slow thing to be an English country gentleman. No wonder the savages whom Sylvo emulates open their heathen eyes in the utmost wonder; he does it for pleasure, this extraordinary Englishman, and roars his "ha, ha," out of his forest of beard, over all his voluntary hardship. Savage life has no such phenomenon; and, for the good of society, when he comes home, Sylvo will write a book.

"Sylvo will be quite happy—it will do him good, Aunt Burtonshaw," said Mary Cumberland; "and you have still two children—you have Elizabeth and me."

Whereupon Aunt Burtonshaw wipes her kind eyes, and is comforted.

Mary will be a bride so soon, there is little time to think of anything else—for Percy, with his younger brother's fortune, can be content with that other profession of literature, in which he cannot have the same brilliant misadventures as in the learned myteries of law—and there is to be a marriage here at Twickenham. But all this while the great mirror over the wall, when it holds up its picture of Zaidee's beautiful face, chronicles a constant shade of perplexity—an anxious cloud upon this fair brow of hers, which is like the brow of a queen. There is no understanding Philip—he is a perpetual mystery with his reserve and courtly politeness; and now his birthday is approaching very closely, and they all prepare to go home to the Grange.

It is wild October weather on the hill of Briarford. Over that great waste of sky the clouds are hurrying in the wildest flight, and this bold gale has pleasure in tossing them close upon each other in black tumultuous masses, and scattering them abroad anon with a shout of triumph. There is no change upon the wet green carpet of these Cheshire fields, and there are still the old gables and haystacks of Briarford, the square tower of the church among these little plumes of blue smoke, and the dwarf oaks in the hedgerows shaking their knotted

branches and remainder leaves in the face of the strong blast. Above here, on the lawn of the Grange, the winds are rushing together, as the strangers think, from every quarter under heaven; but even the strangers feel the wild exhilaration of the sweeping gale, which raises their voices into gay shouts of half-heard words and laughter, and keeps up a perpetual riot round this exposed and far-seeing dwelling-place. The sea is roaring with an angry curl upon yonder line of sandbanks far away—a lingering line of red among yonder storm-clouds tells of the sunset, as it yields unwillingly to night—and all these solitary lines of road trace out the silent country travelling towards the sky; but there is no Mariana now at the window of the Grange looking for the wayfarer who never comes. The red and genial fire-light gleams between the heavy mullions of the great window; there is light in the library, light in the young ladies room—the bright cross light of old. The modern windows at the other end of the drawing-room are draped once more to their feet with crimson curtains, but no veil shuts out that glimpse of wild sky with its tumult of cloud and wind, across which these great mullions of stone print themselves like bars. There is Mrs Vivian's easy-chair and her high footstool; there is Percy's writing-table, where Percy has been writing; there is the hereditary newspaper, at which Philip no longer "pshaws," but sometimes laughs outright. But in all this familiar room there is no living object familiar; there is only a group of beautiful children playing in the light of the fire.

Lady Powis is making a grand toilette. Sophy is wasting her dressing-hour talking to Mary Cumberland, but there are still two beautiful faces reflected dimly in the little mirror over the bright fireplace of the young ladies' room. One of them, in its matronly fulness and sweet tranquillity, is Elizabeth Vivian; the other has a shadow on its beauty. Zaidee is in her own house, but Zaidee is not at rest.

"Philip says perhaps—perhaps he may still return to India," says Zaidee. "Even Castle Vivian does not undo the harm I did, Elizabeth. I think Philip is changed."

"And I will tell you what I think," said Elizabeth, drawing close to her the beautiful cheek which was so like her own. "I have always thought it through all our trouble, and I have always been right, Zaidee; we will wait quietly, and see what God is pleased to make of this, dear child. I fear no change."

"You said that long ago, before I left the Grange," said Zaidee.

"Did I say it of Bernard? I forget now that Bernard is not myself," said Elizabeth, with a smile, and in those sweet tones which came to every one like the voice of peace. "I am a good prophet, then, for this came true."

And Elizabeth left the young heiress alone with her thoughts. These were not desirable companions for Zaidee. She came into the drawing-room, paused a moment before the great window to look at the sky and the clouds, paused again to speak to the children, and then, struck by a sudden fancy, went to the library to look for Grandfather Vivian's book, which had been restored to its place there. The library was half lighted, the curtains were not drawn, the open sky looked in once more, and Zaidee started to see Philip sitting in the partial light by the table, leaning his head upon his hands.

She would have turned back again, but he rose and brought her to the table; she stood by him for a moment there, with the strangest unspeakable embarrassment. In the darkness, Zaidee's beautiful cheek burned with a blush of recollection: she remembered the last time she stood by Philip's side in this apartment—she remembered her own child's heart troubled to its depths, and the young man's momentary harshness and boyish shame. It was the same scene, the same half light, the same uncurtained window; and there stood the elbow-chair, in which she fancied Grandfather Vivian might sit exulting in the success of his evil purpose. Zaidee stood quite still, neither moving nor speaking. Was Grandfather Vivian looking on now?

Then Philip said, "Zaidee." He never called her so—yet Zaidee did not look up with pleasure—she rather looked down all the more, and felt her blush burn warmer upon her

cheek. Philip took the only mode which remained to him of ascertaining what her eyes were dreaming of. He stooped so low that his proud head touched those hands of Zaidee's which unwillingly submitted to be held in Philip's hand—and then the head of the house spoke to the heiress of the Grange.

"Zaidee, what did you say to me when we were last here together? Do you remember? that pure child's heart of yours that feared no evil—Zaidee, where is it now?"

Zaidee made no answer—but she stood quite still, with her blush burning on her cheek, and the tears in her eyes.

"I am not so disinterested as you were. You kill me if you send me away," said Philip. "I have no thought of generosity for my part, Zaidee. I confess it is myself and my own happiness I am thinking of. I

cannot be content to share you with my mother, with Sophy and Margaret and Elizabeth. You drive me now to the humblest attitude, the meanest argument. You little Zaidee, who once would have married Philip, will you do it now?—or will you send me to India again to throw my life away?"

How Philip pleaded further, there is no record,—but Philip neither threw his life away nor went to India. Philip Vivian of Castle Vivian and of Briarford, the head of the house, has the most beautiful wife in all Cheshire, not even excepting Mrs Bernard Morton; and after all the grief and sacrifice and suffering it has occasioned, this will of Grandfather Vivian has become the most harmless piece of paper in the world, and it is not of the slightest importance to any creature which of these two claimants is the true heir of the Grange.

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#### SIMONY AND LAY PATRONAGE, HISTORICALLY AND MORALLY CONSIDERED.

THE present century has been fertile in legal reforms: a vast deal, however, remains to be accomplished; and there is probably hardly a province of the law so urgently demanding revision as that which regulates the transfer of the temporalities of the Church. The anomalies which disfigure this branch of our jurisprudence are disgraceful to any code, and are fraught with constant prejudice to religion. They originated, for the most part, in an early confusion between the temporal and the spiritual elements of ecclesiastical office—a confusion at first rather accidental than designed, but afterwards systematically fostered by the policy of the medieval champions of the Roman Church, with a view to her own monopoly of ecclesiastical patronage. A mischievous principle thus incorporated in the canon law has transmitted its pernicious influence to our own days: it has engendered infinite caprice and inconsistency in the law—great embarrassment in the conscience

—great scandals in the Church—and great inconvenience both to clergymen and to lay patrons of ecclesiastical preferment.

The remedy for these obliquities cannot safely be delayed; and there are many symptoms of the approach of a crisis, when the excess of the evil will work its cure. The subject has twice undergone parliamentary discussion: it was suspended during last session owing to the absorbing interest of the war, but will probably be revived when our legislators resume their functions at St Stephen's. A late Minister pledged himself to a revision of this province of the law, the complications and absurdities of which afford so convenient a handle to the champions of opposite creeds and parties, whose organs in the press have recently propounded various solutions of the problem. On the one hand, the enemies of the Church point the finger of triumphant scorn to these defects in the ecclesiastical system; on the other, a small but in-

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1. WADDILOVE'S *Church Patronage*. 1854.

2. *Bill for the Amendment of the Laws relating to Simony*. R. J. PHILLIMORE, M.P. March 1854.

fluent section of the Church—with whom Dr Robert Phillimore may fairly be held to have identified himself—have long been availing themselves of the scandals thus excited, and of the popular misconception of the true attributes of simony, to fetter with additional and highly injurious restrictions the transfer of lay patronage, with a view, apparently, to its eventual extinction. They modestly call upon Parliament to forbid the sale of next presentations, — a prohibition which, if once enacted, must soon extend to the purchase of advowsons; and this necessary concession would, as we shall subsequently explain, virtually subvert that system of lay patronage which, among its many benefits, has secured a fair representation of theological principles, and the due influence of the laity in ecclesiastical nominations. The large majorities which rejected Dr Phillimore's bill relieve us from any apprehension that a *rechauffé* of his abortive and illusory scheme—the herald of evils greater than those it fallaciously pretended to cure—will receive the sanction of the House of Commons. It is, however, upon several grounds, entitled to serious attention. It derives importance from its author's connection with Gladstone, whose tool and instrument he is; from the persevering and determined efforts which, if we may judge from the tone of the *Guardian* newspaper, an extreme party in the Church are exerting to convert it into law; from its tendency to exclude the middle classes from the avenues to clerical preferment, and to enhance the existing evils of family patronage, as well as from the reality of the evil of which it is professedly the palliative or the antidote, but in truth an aggravation. That evil must be encountered, not by paltry shifts and empirical alteratives—Lord John Russell's favourite machinery—but by measures at once cautious and comprehensive—measures which can only originate from a thorough appreciation of its real character and sources.

A brief historical sketch of the laws relating to simony, lay patronage, and the transfer of benefices, forms an essential prelude to any intelligible

discussion of the question, which naturally divides itself into three heads:—

I. Church legislation on simony, and on lay patronage, from the earliest times down to the close of the great contest of investitures. II. The development of this branch of the ecclesiastical and common law of England. III. The anomalies and mischievous influence of the statutes now in operation, and the various suggestions which have been offered for the amendment of the law.

I. The offence for which Simon Magus was denounced by St Peter was “the thought that the gift of God” (the power of conferring the Holy Ghost upon others) “might be purchased with money.”—(Acts, viii. 20.) Thus the primitive idea of simony denoted the purchase of spiritual powers for mercenary ends: the medieval confusion, as we shall presently explain, applied it indiscriminately to the transfer of temporalities by sale; while our own law is so perplexed, not to say contradictory, that it is impossible to elicit from its study any clear and consistent definition of the crime denounced.

The early legislation of the Church, and especially the subsequent recognition of the rights of lay patronage, will authenticate our version of the original attributes of simony, since they show that it was thus understood for ages by the Church, before any source of confusion or motive for misconstruction had arisen. The earliest allusion to the sale of ordinations occurs in the twenty-second of the apostolical canons, said to have been drawn up by Clement, who, at the end of the first century, was consecrated Bishop of Rome. Those canons, however, never made their appearance before the fifth century, whose production they have been generally held. The so-called apostolic decrees were probably invented to support the authority of the second canon of the council of Chalcedon, which assembled in the year 452 A. D., and was the first œcumenical council which denounced ecclesiastical penalties against the bishop who should ordain for “money, or put a price on the gift of the Spirit, which cannot

be made the subject of sale; or who should promote any one of those who bear any clerical office, for his own gain of filthy lucre." Previously to this, however, towards the end of the fourth century, the practice of taking money for the consecration of bishops had aroused the indignation of Basil, the successor of Eusebius on the episcopal throne of Cæsarea. In his seventy-sixth epistle, he launches his episcopal censure against several prelates under his jurisdiction, who were sufficiently convicted by their own defence, which alleged that, as they had received the money after, and not before ordination, they were not strictly amenable to the charge of simony. Half a century later, the venerable St Isidore echoes the denunciations of Basil, inveighing, among other delinquencies, against the Bishop of Damietta, who had reared a magnificent church by the profits arising from the sale of admissions to the priesthood. In the year 401, St Chrysostom held a council at Ephesus, which was attended by seventy-six prelates, who arraigned and convicted six members of the episcopal order of the crime of purchasing their consecration.

The rights and privileges of lay patronage originated in the legislation of Justinian, who, in order to encourage the endowment of churches in the country, gave the founders a qualified right of appointing clerks to minister therein. He protected the Church by reserving to the bishop a right of rejection, in case the patron's nominee, on presenting himself as a candidate for holy orders, proved unworthy of the sacred office. He also exacted from the young Levite an oath that he had neither given nor promised anything for his ordination; and the prelate who dispensed with this engagement was liable to lose his mitre.

But the guarantee devised by the emperor to insure the purity of church appointments was unhappily imperfect. If the patron's nominee was a layman, the discretion reserved

to the diocesan was available, for he could always refuse ordination upon reasonable grounds of objection. But if the candidate was a clergyman, the patron's nomination was absolute; and the bishop had no authority to reject the clerk. There is scarcely the shadow of a doubt—so decided is the balance both of authorities and of probability—that from the age of Justinian down to the end of the great contest for investitures, the whole of the benefices in the gift of lay patrons corresponded to that inconsiderable class of English livings entitled "Donatives," where there is no institution or induction on the part of the bishop, but the patron's choice confers a full right both to the temporal emoluments and the cure of souls. "Formerly," says Mr Cripps,\* "the incumbent took his church by investiture of the patron. Institution by the ordinary was introduced about the time of Richard I. or John." "Where the clerk was already in orders," says Blackstone,† "the living was usually vested in him by the sole donation of the patron, till about the middle of the twelfth century, when the pope and his bishops endeavoured to introduce a kind of feudal dominion over ecclesiastical benefices, and in consequence thereof began to claim and exercise the right of institution universally as a species of spiritual investiture." The efforts of Hildebrand and his party were, as we shall presently see, crowned with partial success: and Archbishop Becket, the champion of the papal policy, gained an important advantage to his Church when he made episcopal institution essential to the enjoyment of an English benefice.

A definitive sanction of the rights of lay patronage was conceded by the Church in the ninth council of Toledo (655 A.D.): while the corruptions incidental to absolute lay nominations were encountered by a whole armoury‡ of ecclesiastical admonitions and decrees, from the middle of the sixth to the commencement of the ninth century.

\* *Laws relating to the Church and Clergy*, p. 492; *Selden de Dec.*, 86, 375 383; *BURN'S Eccl. Law*, 8th ed., note 164.

† STEPHEN'S *Blackstone*, vol. iii. p. 31. *Decretal*, lib. iii., tit. 7, cap. 3.

‡ Alluding to the Fourth Council of Orleans, cap. 7, 26, held 541 A.D.; the Third Council of Toledo, 589 A.D., cap. 19.; the Sixth Council of Arles, 813 A.D., cap. 8.



Archbishop Theodore introduced into England an arrangement similar to that of Justinian, with the same view of encouraging landed proprietors to build churches; and Athelstane granted the rank of thane to those lords of the soil who provided by permanent endowment for the religious education of their tenants.

Towards the end of the sixth century, Gregory I.—an implacable foe to every form of clerical corruption—was elected pope. “He watched,” says Dupin, “continually for the maintenance of discipline. Everywhere he persecuted vice and disorder wherever they appeared, and would not suffer any simony in the Church of Christ.” The denunciations, however, against simony, contained in his letters to the bishops and clergy of his day, are limited to the sale and purchase of orders, or spiritual functions, by ecclesiastics. Silvester II., Leo IX., and Nicholas II., issued various injunctions to check the prevalent abuses of ordination; but the pontificate of Alexander II., the immediate predecessor of Gregory VII., under whose instigation he probably acted, marks the birth of a new era in the policy of the Roman pontiffs. Then it was that the first attempt was made to blend in one general category the acquisition of temporalities and the purchase of the spiritual powers conferred by ordination, and to extend the definition of simony from its legitimate sphere, the traffic in spiritual functions, to the patron who disposed by sale of the emoluments of a benefice or bishopric. There had long been a growing tendency towards this development. The instances were very numerous in which the patron’s appointment to a benefice was entirely beyond episcopal control. Abuses of such patronage were naturally frequent; they entailed degradation on the Church, and inspired the keenest indignation in the champions of her rights, whose resentment could hardly be restrained when they saw the spiritual emblems of the episcopate, the ring and the crosier, conferred by the hands of unsanctified laymen, and observed the imminent danger of the

absorption of the Church within the widening vortex of the feudal system. A remarkable illustration of the contemporary tone of feeling, and of the policy adopted by the adherents of the Papacy, will be found in a letter of Damiani, cardinal bishop of Ostia, a zealous champion of papal aggrandisement. Two chaplains of Prince Godfrey, marquis of Tuscany, having maintained that to purchase a bishopric, provided that nothing was given for consecration, did not constitute simony, since there was no sale of the sacerdotal office, the cardinal ventures a refutation in the following terms:—

“Since a man cannot be divided into two distinct persons, whereof one shall enjoy the temporalities, and the other perform the spiritual functions; therefore, when he buys the temporalities, which he cannot enjoy until he is advanced to the ecclesiastical dignity, and performs the functions thereof, it may be truly said that he buys the ecclesiastical dignity and the sacrament too; for the prince, in granting the investiture of a bishop, does not give a mere rod only, but the pastoral staff, and the title of priesthood, the sacrament whereof is conferred by ordination; and therefore, although he does not directly give money for his ordination, yet it cannot be said to be a gratuitous donation, since money was instrumental to it.”\* The fallacy of the cardinal’s logic is of course obvious enough. Strictly speaking, his argument applies only to that class of benefices to which we have alluded above, where clergymen already in orders were presented by the patron, and where the diocesan had no power of rejection, as he had already conferred ordination, and episcopal institution had in those days no existence. His great object, however, was to develop the idea of the rightful supremacy of the sovereign pontiff in all ecclesiastical appointments. He therefore endeavours to apply universally an argument only true partially. He applies the argument derivable from the abuses incidental to absolute lay nomination to the

\* *Letter to Pope Alexander II.*; DUPIN, *Eccl. Hist., Eleventh Century*, p. 85; BARONIUS, *Ann. Eccl.*, vol. ii. p. 367.

very different case of the episcopate, where the Church was protected by the indispensable rite of consecration. He fails equally in attempting to support his theory by citing the decrees of councils, relying entirely upon the canons of the council of Chalcedon, which, as we have already stated, deal solely with the trade in spiritualities.

With this period—the eleventh century—commenced, as we have said, a new phase in the policy of the Papal Court. Hitherto the pontiffs had been contented with retaining, through the occasional aid of some powerful sovereign or soldier, the slender patch of territory which the asserted grant of Constantine had conferred upon them. Their spiritual supremacy soared far beyond the paltry bounds of their temporal dominion; but that very supremacy engendered projects of ambition, which aspired to secular as well as spiritual control. Independence of all foreign influence was the first step to be attained in the development of papal supremacy. From the days of Constantine, the pontiffs had been elected by the concurrent voice of the nobles, the clergy, and the people; but the election could only be confirmed by the emperor's assent. This imperial prerogative had been vigorously asserted by Justinian and Charlemagne, and had been fully sanctioned by a Lateran council, which granted to Otho and his successors the regulation of the papal See, and the uncontrolled election of its bishops. But the dawn of a new era had arrived; the haughty prelates thought they could now dispense with the emperor's protection, and they scorned to allow the laity, whether patrician, royal, or plebeian, a voice in the election of the heirs of Peter. Accordingly, Nicholas II., swayed by the paramount influence of Hildebrand, summoned a council at Rome, which limited exclusively to the college of cardinals the future nomination of the pontiffs. Nicholas II. died; and the purple conclave instantly elected and installed Alexander II., without vouchsafing the slightest intimation of their design or its accomplishment to the emperor, Henry IV. The sur-

prise succeeded: Alexander held the papal throne against Honorius, the imperial nominee, and only surrendered the reins of power to Hildebrand, whose puppet he and several preceding popes had been. The recent triumph of the Papacy over the emperor enabled Gregory VII. to advance his pretensions, and the crisis of the papal fortunes was attained in his demand for the sole right of presentation and investiture to all ecclesiastical dignities.

Arguments like these may in some degree have paved the way for Hildebrand's amalgamation of the temporalities and the spiritual functions of ecclesiastical preferment; but it was materially aided by favourable coincidences—by the general condition of Europe, and by the flagrant abuses both of lay and clerical patronage. The petty states of Italy laboured, as at the present day, under the curse of political isolation: Calabria, Apulia, and Sicily were already feudatories of the Roman prelates; Robert the Norman held his kingdom as a vassal of the pope; commerce, not papal aggrandisement, was the care of Venice, Genoa, and Pisa; and the voluptuous Philip I. of France, surrendering ambition to sensuality and luxury, fell an easy victim to the censures and the interdict launched by Hildebrand against him. Denmark, Hungary, Norway, Sweden, Poland, Russia—each in their turn were summoned to do homage to the pontiff—fealty and protection on the one hand, vengeance and excommunication on the other.

At this important crisis, the tide of venality in the barter of ecclesiastical offices had reached its flood. Of this evil, Gregory himself and his partisans in the Church were in no slight degree the authors and abettors. They had perpetrated a fatal inconsistency. Nothing short of a radical change in human nature could justify their presumption that vast temporal possessions, and vast temporal power, would neither inspire unhallowed motives for seeking ordination, nor lead to misuse of the overflowing treasures, once obtained. The clergy were above public opinion—of which, indeed, they were the sole organs.

"Religion," says a celebrated author,\* "might at first beguile itself into rapacity, on account of the sacred and beneficent uses to which it designed to devote wealth and power. But rapacity would soon throw off the mask, and assume its real character. Personal passions and desires would intrude into the holiest sanctuary. Pious works would become secondary, subordinate, till at last they would vanish from the view; ambition, avarice, pride, prodigality, luxury, would by degrees supplant those rare and singular virtues." The Church derived her recruits at once from the highest and the lowest classes of the community. The loftiest noble might well covet the archiepiscopal throne, which, in many cases, such as that of Hincmar, overshadowed and eclipsed the crown; while the lowliest peasant found his account in the security, the immunities, and the respect paid to the humblest orders of the clergy. What was so valuable attracted general cupidity; and the contagion of simony pervaded every ecclesiastical grade. "The bishop who had bought his see indemnified himself by selling the inferior prebends or cures. The layman who purchased holy orders bought usually peace, security of life, comparative ease. Those who aspired to higher dignities soon repaid themselves for the outlay, however large and extortionate. At this period, not merely the indignant satire of the more austere, but graver history and historical poetry—even the acts and decrees of councils—declare that, from the Papacy down to the lowest parochial cure, every spiritual dignity and function was venal. The highest bishops confessed their own guilt; the bishopric of Rome had too often been notoriously bought and sold." In Milan—the Ambrosian Milan—simony had reached such a height, that for every spiritual office a sum was paid proportionate to its value. The bishop, Guido, himself attained the episcopate by sheer purchase; and Ariald,

the tribune of the Church, the impassioned advocate of purity, paid the forfeit of his life, notwithstanding the support of Rome, to the fury of the faction which opposed reform.

Nor were lay patrons slow to swell the tide of corruption. Too often the martial retainer of some powerful noble or baronial chief received from his lord an abbacy or a priory as the guerdon of his spear. Too often clerical preferment was the degrading reward of some deed of villany which could only be accomplished by priestly intervention. Sometimes, too, by virtue of a compromise, which revealed the purity of both parties, half the annual profits of the benefice were reserved to the patron by his nominee. "The nobles," says Mr Bowden, "in those times, continually procured the ordination of their younger sons or relatives, for the sole purpose of qualifying them for the acceptance of lucrative benefices; giving them, while they did so, the same military training and secular habits with the rest of the family. Others procured the admission to the priesthood of dependants, whom they intended to retain in subordinate stations in their household. 'Such,' says the high-principled Agobard, archbishop of Lyons in the days of Louis the Debonnair, 'is the disgrace of our times, that there is scarcely one who aspires to any degree of honour who has not his domestic priest; and this, not that he may obey him, but that he may command his obedience alike in things lawful and things unlawful, in things human and things divine: so that these chaplains are constantly to be found serving the tables, mixing the strained wine, leading out the dogs, managing the ladies' horses, or looking after the lands.'"†

In this wide and general reign of avarice and cupidity, the excess of the evil rejected palliatives, and demanded an extraordinary and radical cure. It thus became easy for Hildebrand to justify to himself, and to the ardent zeal of his partisans, his ex-

\* DEAN MILMAN, *History of Latin Christianity*, vol. iii. p. 105.

† BOWDEN, *Life of Gregory VII.*, vol. i. p. 47; AGOBARD, *De Privilegio et Jure Sacerdotii*, § xi. Henry IV., the Franconian Emperor, sat in council with his nobles

travagant demand for the presentation and investiture to every ecclesiastical dignity. To effect this, however, it was necessary to fuse together the rights and privileges of lay patrons and the independent spiritual powers of the Episcopate, as equally amenable to the arbitration of the supreme pontiff. It was necessary to obliterate the distinction, acknowledged both by law and reason, between the temporalities and the spiritualities of the Church. Not only the bishop, who bartered ordination for gold, but the patron, who negotiated a transfer of the temporal emoluments by sale, was branded with the odious imputation of simony. "The definition of the crime," says Mr Bowden, the eloquent apologist of Hildebrand, "was, in the language of its impugnors, so far extended as to include the obtaining benefices by undue obsequiousness or adulation, as well as by positive purchase."\* Threats of excommunication and deprivation were fulminated against all ecclesiastics who should accept preferment at the hands of the laity, whether emperors and kings, or others of inferior degree; and this notwithstanding the recent confirmation, by a council assembled at Rome, of the rights which Justinian had sanctioned.

The Church, in entering upon the conflict, had a show of justice upon her side. The first step was happily timed. Much scandal had arisen from the royal custom of investiture by the ring and crosier, purely spiritual symbols in the belief of churchmen,—the one being the emblem of the bishop's marriage to his Church, the other the type of his pastoral charge. Various expedients were mutually espoused and defeated; till, at last, the outrage of a layman gave Hildebrand a base whereon to rear his magnificent exaggeration of the papal dignity. A council was summoned at Rome, "which forbade the kings and princes of the earth to exercise their right of investiture to

any spiritual dignity, and transferred to the pope alone a patronage and influence more than sufficient to balance, within their own dominions, all the powers of all the monarchs of Christendom."† The councils of Clermont and Placentia faithfully registered and re-echoed the pontifical edict; bishops and priests were forbidden to take the oath of allegiance to their princes; and it was only by appeal to arms that Henry V., after many vicissitudes, in the course of which the sanctuary of St Peter was polluted with blood, settled the terms of a compromise between the lay and ecclesiastical powers. In that settlement, the Church, in "the first general Lateran Council," declared that the ecclesiastic elected to a bishopric or abbacy should receive his *regalia* at the hands of the emperor, and do homage for them; but that, in the ceremony of investiture, the emperor should no longer use the insignia of spiritual authority, but the sceptre only. Thus the Church recognised the twofold attributes of a bishopric, as illustrated by the distinctive symbols of investiture,—the one denoting the spiritual functions, the other the temporal accidents of the episcopal office. That reaction which, by the inexorable decree of Providence, avenges every usurpation of ecclesiastical or civil power, in some degree restored the equitable balance which the papal encroachments had disturbed.

Much injustice has been done to the character of Hildebrand by critics who cannot or will not appreciate the external conditions which of necessity largely influenced his career. Sir James Stephen, whom we have cited above, merely paints over again that traditional image which the pen of Hallam has bequeathed to a tribe of inferior writers. They have altogether ignored a most important element in forming their estimate of Gregory VII.,—that exaggeration of the rights of lay patronage which we have alluded to above, and which

on the disposal of the vacant abbey of Fulda, when a crowd of abbots and monks bid publicly and unblushingly before him, as at an auction, for that much-coveted dignity. And similar scenes were not unfrequent.—BOWDEN, vol. ii. p. 72.

\* *Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 289.

† Sir J. STEPHEN'S *Essays*, tit. "Hildebrand."

frequently entitled a layman to the uncontrolled nomination of a minister. In mere justice, it ought to have been alleged as a partial solution of those stretches of ecclesiastical prerogative, fraught at first sight with so arrogant a semblance. It was essential to vindicate the right either of the diocesan, the metropolitan, or the supreme pontiff, to ratify or annul the patron's election of a priest. This Gregory attempted to do when he claimed the privilege of investiture, by which he signified the spiritual rite of institution. His pontificate undeniably achieved the recognition by mankind of what had come to seem, in the eyes of his generation, strange and novel principles; the rightful exemption of the Church from feudal vassalage; and the necessary existence in her constitution of an authority independent of the authority of kings, and undervived from any regulations of merely human original. He prevented that secularisation of the Church—that amalgamating incorporation into the state—which must, humanly speaking, have reduced that divine institution into a machine to be worked by the hands of the civil magistrate, like the heathen religions—into a mere component of the feudal system of the empire. His absorption into the Papacy of the independent powers of the episcopate is theoretically indefensible; but mighty evils require mighty remedies—unity is essential to the prompt exertion of power; and the temporary elevation of the Papacy achieved the end assigned by the wisdom of ancient legislation to the dictators of classical Rome.

The contest of investiture was fought in England with a nearly similar issue. The arrogant demands preferred by Anselm in the name of the pope were energetically resisted by Henry I.; the sovereign retained the privilege of the *congé d'elire*, the custody of the temporalities during the vacancy of a see, and the right of homage from the bishop-elect, while the free election of abbots and pre-

lates was secured to the clergy. These rights were confirmed by the constitutions of Clarendon, which, beneath the sceptre of Henry II., subverted, by subjecting the clerical order to secular authority, that paramount ecclesiastical supremacy which had ever been the darling scheme of Hildebrand. The concessions extorted from the imbecile and tyrannical John by the papal Court were redeemed by the energy and wisdom of Edward I., the English Justinian, in whose reign were passed the statutes entitled "Quare impedit," and "Præmunire,"—the one fortifying the privileges of lay patrons against the encroachments of the prelacy, the other securing the rights of the crown in episcopal nominations.

II. Thus, at the close of the great struggle for investiture, the mischievous confusion between the temporalities and the spiritual functions of the Church, which the papal policy had aggravated, was in some measure dispelled. Several circumstances, however, unhappily conspired to bequeath it as a legacy to our own days; and we discern its pernicious fruit in the anomalies and the caprice of our own law. The Gregorian definition of simony survived the Lateran settlement, and was incorporated in the canon law; the mutual jealousy of civilians, canonists, and common lawyers, fomented and stereotyped arbitrary distinctions; the ambitious zeal or the sordid craft of powerful churchmen, embraced every expedient for the monopoly of ecclesiastical patronage within their own order; while the authors of the Reformation could hardly afford that semblance of laxity which, in the prevailing opinion of these times, a relaxation of the existing restrictions on the transfer of church temporalities would have presented to the public eye.

These, and a few other points essential to the true apprehension of the problem, we will briefly lay before the reader.

The civil law,\* says Selden, was

\* We are infinitely surprised at the singular ignorance betrayed in Dr Waddilove's sketch of the modern destinies of the Roman law. He had better have left the subject untouched; to trace it at any length was totally irrelevant. By profession a canon-

fostered by the wise policy of the kings and princes of Europe, "anxious to counteract the ascendancy of the popes, who were endeavouring to establish their authority on the basis of their canon law." The clergy profited by the example their opponents set them in the science of codification. The scattered fragments of the canon law needed revision and consolidation far more urgently than the elements of Roman jurisprudence previous to the era of Justinian. They were dispersed, without form, order, or cohesion, throughout the decrees of recognised and unrecognised synods, provincial and œcumenical councils, decrees of emperors and popes, epistles of learned ecclesiastics, and other still less formal and more uncertain dicta. The middle of the twelfth century found the monk Gratian, after twenty-four years of hard labour, still busily engaged with the unfinished task of codification; thirty years later, Gregory XIII. affixed the "seal of the fisherman's ring," the stamp of papal authority, to the miscellaneous code, thus reduced to the decrees of Gratian, the decretals of Gregory, the constitutions of Clement, and the "extravagants" of John. This elaborate compilation contained many prohibitions against what it termed the heresy of simony. The seventh canon charitably condemns, "by perpetual anathema," the layman who sells church temporalities to a clerk. It bears unmistakably the impress of Hildebrand's definition, which had enlarged the scope of the offence, till it embraced the purchase, directly or indirectly, of a benefice, gaining the patron's favour by signal service; and even the solicitation of preferment, whether personally or through the recommendation of a friend. In the spirit of this decree, Urban II. determined, at the council of Claremont, that it was simony to buy the revenues attached

to church livings, since spiritual functions were involved in their possession. Such a prohibition obviously includes the purchase and sale of tithes,—a transaction of ordinary occurrence, which can hardly wound the most sensitive conscience. Aquinas, following in the same steps, is anxious to persuade us that the vendor of the temporalities attached to a benefice is guilty of the crime of Gehazi, when he took from Naaman's servants a reward for their master's cure by the hands of Elisha. Even dealing in relics was declared simony. A curious illustration of this view is furnished by an expedient which the piety of Louis IX. condescended to adopt. Baldwin, the Latin claimant to the throne of Constantinople, offered to sell to Louis what he asserted to be the true crown of thorns, as an inducement to the monarch to aid him in recovering his kingdom. The king was perplexed between his apprehensions of simony, and his strong desire to possess himself of the sacred object. The difficulty was adjusted by a compromise. Baldwin undertook to present the treasured relic as a free gift and gage of love, and Louis, not to be behind in disinterested generosity, agreed, out of pure affection, to pay Baldwin a fair equivalent in gold.

Long before the formal consolidation of the canon law, the canonical decrees had largely influenced the legal systems of the realms of Europe, their authority varying with the fluctuations of clerical power in different times and countries. In England, long before the Norman Conquest, the prelates and clergy had held, without any encroachment on the royal prerogative, synods and councils, whence issued canons and constitutions for the government of the Church. The bishops divided with the sheriffs the administration of justice, and shared the deliberations of the national council;

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ist and civilian, he writes as if he had never heard of Spence and Savigny. He repeats the obsolete fiction which represents the Roman jurisprudence as falling with the fall of Rome, and as totally extinct till the era of its accidental discovery in the twelfth century; whereas, in the words of Mr Long, "it has never been out of use since the days of Justinian, but incorporated itself with the codes of civilised Europe, forming the common law of the great Continental states, and by far the most valuable portion of the equitable jurisprudence of our own country." The masterly work of Savigny, and the elaborate investigations of Mr Spence, Q.C., have effected a revolution in this province of learning since the days of the orthodox Judge Blackstone.

and the clerical monopoly of learning powerfully influenced the development of British jurisprudence. The rising ascendancy of the clergy was further promoted by the Conqueror's independent organisation of ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Anxious to avoid the confusions arising in the sheriffs' courts from the antagonistic principles of feudal and canon law, he severed the civil from the spiritual jurisdiction, allowing the secular magistrate no control whatever over ecclesiastical persons or affairs, the cognisance whereof was vested entirely in the bishop. Such was the origin of the jurisdiction possessed by the ecclesiastical courts at the present day. William was probably little aware how formidable an instrument of usurpation he had placed in the hands of the clergy. Their independence of secular control was abused by a license intolerable to the country, and utterly incompatible with the maintenance of the royal authority. The flagrancy of the evil excited the spirited resistance of Henry II.; but the fall of Becket was followed by a reaction, and the tide of sacerdotal influence variously ebbed and flowed till the clergy found a champion in Stephen, who repaid their support of his claims to the throne by a formal promulgation of the civil and canon law. By Vacarius at Oxford, the extravagant principles which characterise the decrees of Gratian were propounded; a custom traversing a papal edict was declared void; anathema was pronounced upon the man who sued a clerk before a lay tribunal; nor was a layman competent even to give evidence against a member of the sacred order.

Notwithstanding, however, the high position of the clergy, and the elaborate compilations by which canonists sought to dignify their code, two canons only, out of the innumerable decrees which throughout papal Europe denounced simony as a deadly heresy, appear to have met with any favour or acceptance in England. They are to be found in the well-known collection of Lyndwood, the

leading authority on the canon law. The first\* is couched in the following terms: "It shall not be lawful for any person to transfer a church to another by way of a portion, or to take any money or other benefit by reason of any previous agreement; and if any person shall be found guilty thereof, either by proof or by his own confession, we do decree, by the king's authority, and our own, that he shall be for ever deprived of the patronage of that church." It is curious to remark the commentary with which Sir Simon Degge quotes this cool assumption of a right to share in the royal functions, and to adjudicate on real property rights without parliamentary sanction, and independently of the common law. "It was not sufficient," says that learned civilian, "by a canon to deprive a man of his freehold and inheritance; neither was this canon ever put in execution, or attempted to be so, as I find."† The second‡ canon was enacted by a council of ecclesiastics assembled at London, A.D. 1268, under Othobon, cardinal legate of Clement IV. The thirty-third constitution revokes and annuls all compacts made with the patron of a benefice to reserve to him a certain annuity out of the proceeds of the living. Herein also the church invaded the province of the common law. "This canon," says Sir Simon, "was of as little effect as the other as to the making contracts void, which only were determinable at the common law, where this canon could not be pleaded in bar." Such was the practical influence of these arrogant enactments, even in the high noon and zenith of papal ascendancy. The terms of their preamble betray the spirit which animated their authors. Their professed aim is "to obviate waste done to the Church." By declaring the temporalities of a benefice incapable of transfer on the same terms as ordinary property, they obstructed the legal privileges of lay patrons; and made it easy to set up imaginary cases of abuse, whereby the rights of presentation might, on pre-

\* LYNDWOOD'S *Provinciale*, p. 278. The date of the canon is 1175, A.D.

† PARSON'S *Counsellor*, tit. "Simony," p. 44.

‡ LYNDWOOD'S *Pref. Othoboni*, p. 75. JOHNSON'S *Canons*, part ii. p. 211.

tence of escheat, be gradually absorbed in the vortex of clerical ambition. In the reign of Henry VIII., an act\* of Parliament empowered the king to issue a mixed commission of clergy and laity to revise the ecclesiastical laws, providing that "such canons, constitutions, ordinances, and synodals provincial, being already made, which were not contrariant nor repugnant to the laws, statutes, and customs of this realm, nor to the damage or hurt of the king's prerogative-royal, should still be used and executed as they were before the making of this act." This statute, says Lord Hardwicke,† gave no further legislative sanction to the canon law than it previously possessed; it recognised its obligation solely upon the clergy. The revision contemplated by the act of Henry VIII. was carried into execution. The compilation appeared in the reign of Edward VI., under the title of the *Reformatio Legum Ecclesiasticarum*, but the monarch's early death prevented its enrolment among the statutes of the land. The accession of Mary reversed the current of the Protestant tide: an act‡ was passed "repealing all articles and provisions made against the apostolic See of Rome." But although Cardinal Pole was licensed by the crown to hold a synod, at which the old ecclesiastical denunciations against simony were re-echoed, outlawry and deprivation of patronage were no longer attempted against lay abusers of clerical preferment; a significant token of the check which the papal absorption of spiritual and temporal jurisdictions had received. Queen Elizabeth did not attempt to carry the *Reformatio Legum* through Parliament; and thus this elaborate and well-digested compilation virtually degenerated into a dead letter, valuable rather to the historian than the lawyer. She, however, promulgated a code entitled the Queen's Injunctions, which embodied a transcript against simony from King Edward's compilation, afterwards inserted in

the canons of 1603, to whose authority the clergy are amenable, irrespectively of statute or of common law. The object of this provision was, however, rather to restrain patrons from reserving to themselves any portion of the emoluments of a benefice, than to repress simoniacal transactions properly so called; in other words, rather to defend the clergy against the laity, than the Church against the clergy. The corrupt patron was abandoned to the terrors of conscience; the corrupt nominee lost his preferment; but the rights of patronage were left untouched. The motives of the principal reformers in continuing, with certain reservations, the papal strain of denunciation against simony, are very obvious. Any imputation of laxity would have been exceedingly dangerous to their cause; they professed to reform the lives and practice, as well as the doctrines of the clergy: a horror of simoniacal corruptions had been studiously instilled into the popular mind; and the advocates of the reformed faith could hardly afford to be more favourable than their antagonists to the privileges of lay patronage. The secret bias of the public feeling towards a truer interpretation of the temporalities and spiritualities of the Church was, however, betrayed by several legislative acts, both positive and negative. The Court of High Commission, though invested with powers so comprehensive that they speedily constituted a new ecclesiastical tyranny, abstained from multiplying the existing restrictions against the transfer of benefices, and assumed no cognisance of simony. In the year 1571,§ an abortive attempt was made to carry through Parliament a "Bill for Suppressing Simony in Presentation to Benefices," apparently prompted by a desire to protect the Church from spoliation. But the author of the bill contended that the patron had nothing but a bare right of nomination, which he could not transfer, or deal with as part and parcel of his real property; and that the claims

\* 25 Henry VIII., c. 19.

† Decision in *Middleton v. Croft*, Strange's Rep., vol. ii. p. 1060; Atkin's Rep., vol. ii. p. 650.

‡ 1 & 2 Phil. and M., c. 8.

§ SIR SIMOND D'EWES'S *Journal*, p. 165.



of blood, affection, and friendship in the donation of a benefice were null and void. This reasoning, however, found no sympathy from the House; the bill was rejected, the presentation to livings was left unaffected by statute, and simony remained, as before, an offence only at the canon law. The same year was marked by an incident which remarkably illustrates the recognition of the temporal character of lay patronage. An advowson belonging to the Earl of Sussex having repeatedly changed hands, his lordship, who was perhaps not the most clear-headed member of the peerage, wrote to the bishop of the diocese, expressing his aversion to anything bearing the semblance of simony, and requesting his advice.\* The prelate, after conference with the leading authorities in the civil law, replied that the sale of advowsons was not tolerated in the old canons, but that it was fully sanctioned by the common law, whereby all controversies about rights of patronage were ruled, and which regarded those rights as simply temporal in their nature. Eighteen years subsequently, however, the temporal courts were indirectly armed with jurisdiction in restraining simoniacal contracts. We say *indirectly*, for the title of the act † affords the strongest presumption that a prohibition against simony, so called, was a secondary object. This is still clearer from the preamble of the statute, which, says Chief-Justice Dyer, ‡ “was not framed to prevent the offence of simony, since there is no mention of or allusion to it. It was not,” says the learned judge, “because such presentations occasioned scandal or offence to the piety of the Church, or were repugnant to the feelings of the nation, or prejudicial to the national weal; but because the election and presentation of unfit persons to fellowships and colleges, and cathedral offices, had been prejudicial to learning, to the commonwealth, and the estate of the realm, that legislative interference was re-

quired.” Much injury, however, was inflicted, and much discreditable subterfuge and evasion has resulted from the ultra severity and mistaken principle of the 40th of the canons of 1603, which were framed from the articles, injunctions, and synodal acts published during the reigns of Edward VI. and Elizabeth, and adopted by the clergy in convocation at the commencement of the reign of James I., who, in the following year, gave them his assent, and caused their publication by royal authority. The title of the canon is, *An Oath against Simony at Institution into Benefices*. All who have authority to admit to ecclesiastical offices and benefices are charged to administer to applicants the following oath: “I, A. B., do swear that I have made no simoniacal payment, contract, or promise, directly or indirectly, by myself or any other, by my knowledge or with my consent, to any person or persons whatsoever, for or concerning the procuring this ecclesiastical dignity, place, preferment, office, or living.” If the equivocal term, *simoniacal*, be construed in its true sense, no clergyman who has, whether personally or through a friend, purchased the temporalities of a benefice, need hesitate to pledge himself to the above engagement; but if it be construed in the confused and traditional sense bequeathed by centuries of Romanist perversion—the sense probably contemplated by the authors of the law—it is a very mischievous restraint upon a right of transfer, which is at once innocent, and highly conducive, as we shall presently show, to the public advantage and the welfare of the Church. That the terms of the engagement were intended to bear the latter construction is indeed tolerably clear from a subsequent statute, the 12th of Anne, st. ii. c. 12. That the oath had been in the interval repeatedly evaded, if not directly violated, is evident from the same source. The act, after declaring that some of the clergy have procured preferments

\* STRYPE'S *Annals*, vol. ii., pt. i., p. 172, Oxford edition, 1824.

† 31st Elizabeth, c. 6, *An Act against the Abuses in the Election of Scholars and Presentation to Benefices*.

‡ In *Stowell v. Lord Zouch*: Plowd. Rep., 369. Reiterated by Lord C. J. Tindal in the *Sussex Peerage case*, 11 Clarke and Fin. (H. of L. Rep.), p. 143.

by buying livings, enacts that if in future any person shall directly or indirectly, for any sum of money, gift, reward, or benefit whatsoever, procure or accept the next avoidance of any benefice or ecclesiastical dignity, his presentation thereto shall be void, and such agreement shall be taken to be a simoniacal contract.

III. Such, then, is a brief sketch of the most prominent acts of British legislation upon this entangled and perplexed, yet most important province of ecclesiastical law. We will now endeavour to lay before the reader the mischievous inconsistencies—the monstrous anomalies—engendered by the statutes now in operation, together with the chief amendments hitherto proposed—amendments which we earnestly recommend the Houses of Parliament not to favour with their patronage, unless they wish to aggravate the evils which it is their privilege to relieve:—

1. A clergyman may not purchase a next presentation to a benefice.

2. A layman may purchase a next presentation, but not when the living is vacant.

3. It is legal for a clergyman to give a bond of resignation in favour of certain specified relatives of the patron.

4. It is illegal for a clergyman to give a general resignation bond.

These anomalies are scarcely more ridiculous, both intrinsically and historically, than their practical operation is mischievous, and pregnant with scandal to the Church. To take the first of the above restrictions: it is indefensible in principle, and injurious in practice. In principle: because no just distinction can be instituted between clerk and layman, unless some spiritual function is conveyed by the transfer of the temporalities, in which case (which we totally deny) clergyman and layman are equally parties to a simoniacal transaction;—in practice: because it directly gives rise to scandalous evasions—evasions so frequent, that it is clear that in this case the obligation sustainable in a court of law has no correlative sanction in the court of conscience. Thus the very severity of the law defeats itself. Between legal enactments and public opinion or private conscience there is

a mutual reaction. Public opinion may influence widely without the direct support of the law; but without the alliance of public opinion, law is powerless. Bereft of friendly sympathy with the sentiment or conscience of a nation, the law is not merely nerveless and inert, but it creates a feeling, it evokes a practice, antagonistic to itself. All manner of elusory expedients are devised to neutralise prohibitions which the intrinsic perceptions of right and wrong declare to be void of moral sanction. Thus the clerk who cannot buy a next presentation in his own name and person, either purchases the presentation before he receives holy orders, and afterwards presents himself, or avails himself of the mediation of some lay relative or friend to negotiate the transfer for him. The only difficulty presented to his conscience is the oath imposed by the 40th canon; he there declares that he has “neither directly or indirectly” given any payment or consideration for the benefice. This may be a stumblingblock to many; but the law, as if aware of its own total imbecility, opens an easy subterfuge, as we have seen, in the epithet *simoniacal* attached to the word *payment*. It is, however, a subterfuge of which, we confess, we could not venture to avail ourselves in the face of the well-known rule that engagements are to be construed in the sense in which they are imposed. Another method of evasion, scarcely more creditable to the statutes which provoked it, has been sanctioned by the right reverend bench, and is encouraged by devout friends of the Church. It is simply the payment of a large sum towards the erection of a church by a clergyman, upon the understanding that he shall be the first incumbent of the new district Church. The law is eluded by the casuistical pretext that at the time when the money was subscribed the Church was not consecrated; or, in other words, had as yet no cure of souls attached to it.

Then, as to the second of the above restrictions, by virtue of which no one can sell a presentation when the church is vacant,—it has been said that this prohibition rests entirely upon a mere technicality, which regards the fallen vacancy as a *chose in*

action. But we decline to avail ourselves of the imputation thus levelled at the law by its own expositors, and adopt the principle declared by Lord Mansfield and Archdeacon Paley to be the basis of the limitation. These eminent authorities assign, as the reason of the statute,\* "the public utility, the better to guard against simony," the object being "to restrain † the patron who possesses the right of presenting, at the vacancy, from being influenced in the choice of a presentee by a bribe or benefit to himself." Construing the law, then, in the sense attached to it by its best friends, we say it is clearly open to two fatal objections. It is founded upon a false principle, and it leads directly to evils worse than those it pretends to cure. It is a false principle to institute merely factitious distinctions between moral right and wrong; nor can men be rendered religious by Act of Parliament. If it is wrong to sell a presentation when a church is vacant, how can it be right to dispose of the temporalities by sale an hour before the incumbent breathes his last sigh? ‡ Independently of this flagrant inconsistency, the law allows a man to hold a trust which none but a conscientious man can duly exercise, and yet presumes that he will not discharge it conscientiously. Next, as to the scandal which this abortive and suicidal restriction continually creates,—it fre-

quently happens that a patron wishes to sell a presentation, when the living casually falls in before he can effect the transfer; or he is desirous of presenting a friend or relative who has not actually taken holy orders when the vacancy occurs. He accordingly resorts to the following expedient, several scandalous instances of which have figured in the *Times*, from the pen of that fervid ecclesiastical purist, S. G. Osborne.§ An aged incumbent, tottering on the verge of the grave, is ingeniously selected as a warming-pan. It is presumed that unless he is, in Charles II.'s phrase, "a most unconscionable time dying," two or three years at most will liberate him from all parochial troubles. Meanwhile his successor receives his ordination, and is ready for the living when it drops; or, if the object is simply the sale of the presentation on the best terms, the same device is tried. The old man is appointed, the benefice is now full, and has thereby become a marketable commodity. An advertisement forthwith appears, setting forth the hoary antiquity of the present rector, and the prospect of early possession, so captivating to purchasers. We cannot, in general, refer with much satisfaction to the lucubrations of Dr Waddilove, but his commentary on these proceedings is just and true:—

"That this is repulsive," he says, "to

\* Lord C. J. Mansfield, in the *Bishop of Lincoln v. Wolferston*.

† PALEY, *Moral and Political Philosophy*, book iii.

‡ That this is no imaginary case is clear from the following decision, in *Fox v. Bishop of Chester*, 1 Dow. 416; S. C. 6 Bing. 1. T. conveyed by bargain and sale the advowson of a rectory to E. F., the incumbent being then, to the knowledge of both parties, at the point of death; but it did not appear that either party had any particular clerk in view for the next presentation, or that the clerk afterwards knew anything of the transaction. It was held, reversing the Court of Great Session at Chester, and the Court of King's Bench, that this was not simony, so as to authorise the bishop's rejection of the clerk. Thus, although the incumbent was actually *in a dying state*, the sale was held to be legal.

§ One of the worst of these cases occurred about two years ago at St Ervan's, in the diocese of Exeter. The bishop instituted an old man in the last stage of decrepitude, whom his own secretary acknowledged to be, at the time of his induction, "incapable personally to discharge the duties of his office" (*Times*, Aug. 20, 1853). The *Edinburgh Review* unjustly reflects on the bishop. The truth is, that the law left his lordship no alternative as to institution. The ecclesiastical tribune (S. G. O.) afterwards most unjustly preferred a similar charge in the columns of the *Times* against an excellent country gentleman, Philip Bennet, Esq., M.P., Rougham Hall, Suffolk. So far from presenting to the rectory of Rougham "an old and infirm man," he disposed of the presentation at a sum considerably below its real marketable value, in order to secure the services of an active and efficient rector for the parish. So much for the calumnies of an agitator, whom it is beneath the dignity of a man iniquitously assailed to answer.

religious feeling and decency, none will deny; but it may be said that, if the sale of presentations to vacant benefices is legalised, attractive advertisements respecting them will still be put forth. Granted; but we shall then be spared the spectacle of a decrepit old man invested with sacred duties which his age and infirmities render him incapable of discharging; and the patron will escape the necessity of resorting to the degrading alternative of presenting one whom he knows to be unable to discharge the sacred obligations he has undertaken, and will be in a position to declare at once, honestly and openly, that the living is vacant, and that he is desirous of selling it. And if he is at liberty to sell it at all, it is absurd to prohibit him from doing so when it is of most value—that is, when it is vacant; and if, moreover, as we contend, nothing spiritual passes by the transfer of a benefice, it is as unreasonable as it is unjust to preclude from sale an interest of which the purchaser may become at once possessed; but, at the same time, to permit the sale of that same interest in reversion.”—Pp. 144, 145.

The dereliction of principle which characterises our legislation upon this point has been acknowledged in the following terms by a learned judge:\*

“If the perpetual advowson be sold when the church is void, the next presentation will not pass; and if the next avoidance only were sold after the death of the incumbent, the sale is altogether void. It may be wise to carry the restraint in the sale of this species of property still farther, and to say the next avoidance shall in no case be sold.† For if it be proper to prevent the giving money for a presentation, it seems equally proper to prevent the sale of that which gives the immediate right to present; but the courts of law never thought they were authorised to go that length.”

Such is the sentence passed upon the consistency of the law by one of its best and ablest ministers.

“The next anomaly,” says Dr Waddilove, “which the law presents, is, that by statute, a bond conditioned for the resignation of a living in favour of any *one* or *two* persons so named, provided that each of them

shall be, either by blood or by marriage, an uncle, son, grandson, brother, nephew, or grand-nephew of the patron, or one of the patrons, of the living, is capable of being enforced; but a bond expressed in general terms of resignation cannot be enforced.”—P. 149.

The distinction is indefensible in theory; but it does not practically entail inconvenience in anything like an equal ratio with the ingenious legal distortions quoted above. Historically considered, however, it has a very exceptionable claim to continuance on the statute-book. It originated in an evasion of the Elizabethan provision against presentation to a living for any bond, covenant, or assurance. To defeat this prohibition on its own ground, “general bonds of resignation” were invented, and until the year 1783 were capable of enforcement both at law and equity. In that year

“The judges of the Court of King’s Bench, with Lord Mansfield as their chief, had, upon the authority of several decided cases, held these general bonds valid, confirming, on appeal, a decision of the Court of Common Pleas. Upon a further appeal, however, to the House of Lords, that tribunal was, after several questions had been put to the judges, who, differing in opinion, were directed to deliver their opinions *seriatim*, moved by Lord Thurlow to reverse the judgment of the Court of King’s Bench. The motion was carried by a majority of 1, there being 19 votes in the affirmative, and 18 in the negative. The question, however, was not yet fully settled. Whether bonds conditioned on resignation in favour of specified persons were illegal or not, remained an open question.

“But in the year 1826 the Court of King’s Bench held that such bonds were legal; but the House of Lords again differed from the Court of King’s Bench. The judges to whom the question was referred also differed in opinion, but the majority pronounced such a bond to be illegal, the Lord Chancellor Eldon and six judges holding a contrary opinion. At length, to set the question at rest, the Statutes 7 and 8 George IV., c. 25, and 9 George IV., c. 94, were passed, whereby bonds conditioned for the resignation

\* Chief Justice Best: *Fox v. Bishop of Chester*, 6 Bing. Rep., 1 & 2 B. and Cr., 635.

† This lame expedient would only have the effect of increasing the sale of advowsons.

of a benefice are rendered legal, under the provisions we have named."—Pp. 150, 151, WADDILOVE.

The law, however, has pronounced its own condemnation by its well-attested inefficiency. That inefficiency cannot be attributed to any want of severity: its very severity has been the cause of its defeat. Intending murder, it has committed suicide. The public opinion of this hard-headed generation, apt to examine the principle of things, and no longer the slave of mere tradition, has materially influenced the tone of parliamentary legislation on the point in question. Several recent acts, not only enabling, but compelling the sale of benefices, prove that modern parliaments view the transfer of Church temporalities in a very different light from that in which it was regarded by the senates of Elizabeth and Anne. The Municipal Corporation Act directs that advowsons, and the right of presentation to any benefice possessed by any body corporate, shall be sold, and the proceeds applied to the purposes and uses of the body corporate. The powers vested in the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and the reception given to certain Capitular Estate Bills, speak undeniably the same language. The inefficiency of the law is patent: acts which it declares simoniacal are frequent, but no steps are taken to punish the offenders. The reports of our common law courts are almost barren of proceedings against Simoniacal patrons: nor are the ecclesiastical courts more apt to encourage the prosecution of corrupt presentees. From the year 1752 to the present day, two solitary cases only are recorded. In 1840, a serious charge of selling his collations to various benefices was brought against the Dean of York.\* The Archbishop's commissary declared himself satisfied with the proofs; but the Court of Queen's Bench overruled his sentence, and saved the Dean from deprivation. And this is a case where the charge amounted to simony in its truest sense; for the Dean was both patron and ordinary of the churches he was accused of selling. And the insufficiency

of the oath at institution is acknowledged by Dr Phillimore himself.†

But what is the specific devised by Dr Phillimore for the solution of this problem in ecclesiastical law? All the ingenuity and learning of this experienced lawyer can contrive no more felicitous expedient than a prohibition of the sale of next presentations. Such was the measure which he and his party perseveringly urged upon Parliament last year and the year before,—a measure still fallaciously paraded and eulogised by his partisans in the press, and only dropped for the moment to be revived on the first opportunity.

Manifold and decisive are the objections to such an antidote; space will not allow us to specify them all in detail, but we will at any rate invite the reader's attention to their salient points, and enable him to judge whether it may not be possible to suggest a scheme less open to exceptions fatal to its efficacy.

In the first place, the measure, so far from palliating, would only aggravate the disease. It would only have the effect of multiplying tenfold the sale of advowsons. To give the measure any degree of practical efficiency, it would be requisite to introduce a bill dealing with advowsons also. Dr Phillimore, indeed, denies that he has any such intention: his innocence is most engaging; but we can only infer that he enjoys but partially the confidence of the party which has found it convenient to employ him as their tool. That the annihilation of the rights of lay patronage is their real and scarcely-concealed object, is clear from the articles of their organ—the *Guardian* newspaper, which complains that Dr Phillimore did not go far enough, and that the sale of advowsons also must be prohibited. For what would be the effect of such a prohibition? The disposal of presentations and advowsons by sale being denied to their possessors, the appointments would remain, in a vast number of instances, in the most indigent, or, in other words, the most improper hands in which we could possibly vest the nomination. Not only would the appointments themselves suffer, but the

\* Reported 2 Adol. and Ell., p. 1.

† HANSARD, March 22, 1854.

local charities, the parochial interests, would be starved. A cry would then be raised against lay patronage itself. The siege indeed would have been conducted after the most approved methods of certain modern politicians. The institution, long undermined by systematic and studiously-cherished abuse, would at first be mutilated, and then destroyed. Dr Phillimore, indeed, thinks proper to lavish his very suspicious eulogy upon lay patronage, abstractly considered. But we hardly know whether the smiles or the frowns of these ecclesiastical reformers are the most deadly to their victims. "When they take to praising institutions," says Sir E. B. Lytton, "it is time to pray God for them." It would be truistical to expatiate at length on the benefits of lay patronage; suffice it to remind the reader that it insures two objects of paramount importance,—the due influence of the laity in Church appointments, and the protection of the Church from a very serious evil—the exclusive ascendancy of any one theological school. Annihilate it, and what remains? The vacant patronage must either be assigned to the Crown or the Bishops, or else be vested in a permanent commission. The two former alternatives will not hold water for an instant; the latter would be the most odious and pernicious form in which centralisation could be substituted for local government. It would lead, besides, to a vast amount of systematic jobbery, and would achieve all that legislation could effect towards killing those pious and affectionate sympathies which bind the country gentleman to the parish church. To abandon the preferment to the Crown, would be almost as impossible as it would be prejudicial: the nomination of bishops by a Minister who may be a dissenter, is already unpopular enough. Erastianism, strained further, would be self-destructive. To vest the lay \* patronage in the Episcopal bench, would be to realise in

Protestant England the darling scheme of Hildebrand; a vision which may float before the dreamy imagination of some enthusiastic medievalist; but which, were it not the legitimate issue of Dr Phillimore's proposals, could hardly, we should have thought, have presented itself to the practical reformer.

Independently of this, it would tend directly to aggravate one of the worst abuses incidental to the existing system. If a man is prevented from selling the next presentation, but is able to sell the next but one, the result will be that predicted by the Attorney-General: the next presentation will be given, by an arrangement between the seller and the buyer, to some one whose years and infirmities have been most carefully ascertained and weighed, and the following presentation will be sold at a higher rate to the purchaser.

Another and more serious objection to Dr Phillimore's scheme is furnished by the fact that it would enhance the existing evils of family patronage, and would close the main avenue to clerical independence against that large and useful class of clergymen who have no family livings to reward them, and who are too numerous to receive, or too unambitious to court, episcopal preferment. It is well known that the middle classes are far more apt to consult the capabilities and wishes of their children, in the choice of professions, than the aristocracy and the country gentlemen. They contribute to the service of the Church a body of men whom taste and conscious fitness lead to the ministry, and whose private fortunes exempt them from the mean and odious subservience of the clerical adventurer. From this infusion of new blood, the Church and the patrician order alike reap strength and vigour. The merchant who starts his sons in life with £5000 or £10,000 a-piece, invests the clerical aspirant's portion in the purchase of a benefice,

\* Of the 11,728 benefices in England and Wales, 1144 are in the gift of the Crown; 1853 in that of the bishops; 938 in that of cathedral chapters and other dignitaries; 790, in addition to the presentation of those belonging to Papists, are in that of the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and the Colleges of Eton, Winchester, &c.; 931 in that of the ministers of the mother churches; and the residue, 6092, in that of private persons.—*Return on Religious Worship, Census of 1851.*

which will at least insure his ministerial labours a healthy independence. Dr Phillimore would condemn many a pious and able clergyman to waste his days in the uncongenial sphere of a curacy, his best efforts neutralised by the apathy or stupidity of a rector who cannot appreciate, and will not second them. On the other hand, the future career of the youthful scions of a landed family is frequently determined, almost before their birth, by influences beyond their control. For the advowson acts as a perpetual incentive to train up a member of the family to fill the vacant living; whereas a next presentation is bought with a view to some definite person, who is either already a clergyman, or about to enter into holy orders, and whom his own taste and inclinations have led to the service of the Church. So fallacious is the argument of Dr Phillimore and Lord Goderich, that the power of purchasing next presentations is a dangerous incentive to seek admission to holy orders from corrupt motives! It is the possession of advowsons, which these eccentric politicians retain—not the sale of presentations, which they long to abolish—that is apt to exert this influence! Besides, it is ridiculous to assert that, in purchasing a next presentation for a son, a parent suggests to him “corrupt motives” for aspiring to the ministry. In a pecuniary point of view, the purchase of a benefice is probably the worst investment in which the filial fortunes could embark.

The truth is, that Dr Phillimore, though a civilian and canonist of no mean reputation, has been guilty of the great logical and historical error of confounding the vital distinction between the temporal and the spiritual elements of ecclesiastical office. This is clear, not only from the general tenor of his speech, but from the

egregious fallacy of the comparisons by which he seeks to illustrate and to fortify his argument. He actually attempts to identify the sale of a benefice with the sale of a judgeship, as equally a breach of decency and propriety. It is almost superfluous to remark that the appointment of a judge is but a civil act of the Crown, involving, without any formal inquiry, a presumed capacity of administering justice in the nominee; whereas the purchase of a benefice merely implies a right to the emoluments conditional on the diocesan's approbation of the minister. To justify the fictitious analogy set up by Dr Phillimore, not only the mere temporalities of a living must have been conveyed by sale, but the bishop must have been prevailed upon to institute by bribes. His whole scheme is pervaded by the radical error into which, as we have explained above, accident rather than intention originally betrayed the Medieval Church; an error palliable, perhaps, in the abettors of Hildebrand's policy, but not in Dr Phillimore, who might have learnt better even from a common lawyer half a century ago. For Blackstone, prejudiced as he undoubtedly was in favour of received and traditional expositions of the law, had forcibly pointed out the general misapprehension of the essence of Simony. “The true,” writes that eminent authority, “though not the common notion of Simony, is, if any person obtains orders or a license to preach by money or corrupt practices;” an offence punishable by statute, both in the person giving and the person receiving preferment.

We have too strong a case against Dr Phillimore to think it needful to press the argument derivable from the widespread mischiefs which a revulsion in the law of property\* invariably

\* Supposing the owner of a next presentation to die bankrupt or insolvent, his assignee is bound by the law to sell the next presentation, and divide the proceeds among the creditors. Turns of presentation are frequently the subjects of bequest by will, with directions for their sale—are dealt with by settlement and deeds of gift—are not unfrequently affected by mortgage and similar charges, and are deemed as much a portion of the estate of individuals as the acres they hold or the money they possess. This constitutes their wide difference from the disfranchised boroughs, the traffic in which, though practised, was never recognised as a legal transaction capable of enforcement. Advowsons, &c. are at once a property and a trust; borough nominations were, in the eye of the law, a trust only.

occasions. We might also clearly show that, in mere consistency, the principle of his bill involves a crusade against the lay impropriation of tithes. But perhaps the strongest objection to his proposal, is the utter impossibility of his ever inducing the House of Commons to acquiesce in such a scheme. The large majorities which rejected the bills—the exposure of the futility and the suicidal tendency of the measure—together with the vast and pernicious surrender of the rights of the laity, which its principle, once embodied in an Act of Parliament, would concede to an extreme party in the Church, distrusted by every section of the House—these and other considerations conspire to relieve us from any apprehension that it will ever be registered by a British Senate among the statutes of the land. Fully acknowledging, however, the reality of the evils upon which the learned civilian and his party have founded their repeated appeals to the legislature, we will endeavour to suggest a mode of dealing with the subject which will cancel the anomalies of the existing law; which, without any compromise of Church principle, will prove acceptable to Parliament, and especially to the proprietors of lay patronage; and will the better entitle the Church to demand from the Legislature, by way of return, a security we believe essential to her welfare. If, as we trust, we have successfully shown that the distinction between the temporalities and spiritualities of the Church is a real distinction, founded in the nature of things—a distinction at first undesignedly obscured, but afterwards systematically ignored by the policy of the medieval, but especially of the papal Church; if we have shown that the obliteration of that distinction has engendered great anomalies in the law, great perplexity in the conscience, great scandal in the Church, and great embarrassment both to clergymen and to lay patrons;—then, surely, we may safely appeal to Parliament to vindicate the true principle of the law; to revert to the original, we might justly say, the apostolic definition of simony; to

disentangle our statutes from the complication and confusion in which the irreconcilable jealousies of civilians, canonists, and common lawyers have involved them; to cancel the unnatural divorce between the rights of conscience and the statute law; in a word, to repeal the arbitrary and vexatious restrictions which so injuriously fetter the innocent transfer of the temporalities of the Church.

Superficial critics and dreamy enthusiasts may charge us with scandalising the feelings of certain pious but weak members of the Anglican communion, who profess their horror of the sale of presentations. We beg to ask, what can be more scandalous, what can be a readier weapon in the hands of the enemies of the Church, than the spectacle of clergymen tampering with their engagements; evading the statute of Elizabeth by a sinister interpretation, and the statute of Anne by negotiating, through the medium of friends or relatives, what they cannot negotiate in person? Evasions of the law are always more disparaging to the clergy than to other classes of the community; they are especially so, when the law, so tenacious of ancient prejudice, brands these innocent transactions with the odious imputation of simony.

There is, however, as we have stated, an essential counterpart to this measure. If lay patronage requires freedom from arbitrary fetters, the Church demands protection against corrupt nominations. The bishops ought to be invested with power—of course, subject to appeal—to reject disqualified candidates when they present themselves for institution. At present the law is in a very unsatisfactory state upon this point. *The Edinburgh*, as we mentioned, reflects upon the Bishop of Exeter the odium of admitting the decrepit rector of St Ervan's to his cure; but the truth is, as the bishop's secretary admitted, that the law allowed his lordship no discretion. The diocesan\* may object to a candidate on the ground that he is under the age required by law; that he is not in priest's orders; and upon the grounds

\* CRIPPS' *Laws relating to the Church and Clergy*, p. 488; STEPHEN'S *Blackstone*, vol. iii. p. 28: 1853.



of heretical doctrine, insufficient learning, and immoral conduct. But if a bishop were to ground his objection on the score of old age or physical infirmity, it is more than doubtful whether the law would, on appeal, sustain his refusal. Many cases, of which it would be painful and invidious to specify the details, might be alleged in proof, if proof was required, of the inadequacy of the powers vested in the bishop. That of St Ervan's, which owes its publicity to the pen of that indefatigable agitator, Mr Osborne, is only one among a hundred such. In a recent instance, in Bucks, a very old and infirm clerk having been presented to a rectory, in the charitable hope that he might officiate as a warming-pan for a year or so, though disabled from officiating as rector, the diocesan, well aware that he could not meet the case upon its own merits, informed the nominee, that if he applied for institution, he should push his right of examination to the utmost length sanctioned by law. The expedient, we believe, succeeded; but it casts a severe reflection upon the law, which condemns a conscientious and eminent prelate to so evasive a method of rejection. A few years ago, a discussion took place in the House of Commons, on the presentation of Mr Bennett to the vicarage of Frome, by the Marchioness of Bath. The friends of the late Bishop of Bath and Wells stated, upon that occasion, that had his lordship been averse to the admission of that gentleman, it was more than probable that he could not legally have denied him institution. Lord John Russell then pledged himself, in the name of the Government, to a revision of the law; a pledge which we trust will at no distant period be redeemed. Never was any reform more urgently demanded. Only a few months ago, a scene was enacted in the diocese of Oxford, which strikingly illustrates the tyranny of the law. A lay patron having applied to a noble marquis, the heir of a noble duke, to recommend him a clergyman for a vacant benefice in his gift, the marquis's choice fell upon a gentleman who had just emerged from a second incarceration in the county lunatic asylum, and whose mental imbecility afforded him every prospect of further entertain-

ment within the walls of that hospitable and commodious structure. The diocesan remonstrated with the patron, who referred him to the marquis. The nomination being persisted in, the prelate consulted his chancellor, who informed him that the law would not sanction his refusal to institute such a nominee. The bishop, however, greatly to his honour, declared that nothing short of legal compulsion should induce him to grant institution in so flagrant a case of incapacity.

Our readers will not suspect us of advocating any undue concession to episcopal authority; neither are we chargeable with offering legitimate freedom to lay patronage with one hand, while we tie it up with the other. Our appeal is merely for that protection to the spiritual functions of the Church, which, from the first institution of lay patronage, has been declared, both by theory and by experience, essential to their purity. We have no desire to enlarge indefinitely the scope of episcopal discretion in the admission of nominees to the cure of souls, even with the safeguard of appeal to the Metropolitan Court. One great merit of the common law of England is, the precision with which it fixes the rights and liabilities of persons. In this it is even superior to the Roman jurisprudence. Yet, in this department of the ecclesiastical code, though it is clear that physical or even mental debility is no legal bar to institution, the greatest uncertainty prevails as to the validity of other exceptions. On the one hand, the law urgently demands revision; on the other hand, it requires enlargement; for physical incapacity ought surely to be included among the reasonable grounds which entitle a prelate to reject a candidate. Disqualifications should be defined with as much precision as the fluctuation of circumstances will allow; a candidate would then find very little difficulty in ascertaining his own fitness for presentation to the bishop. The right of appeal would of course be retained; and, while all reasonable freedom would be given to the transfer of temporalities, the Church would be saved from the scandal heaped upon her by the iniquitous intrusion of clerks incompetent to fulfil the sacred duties of her ministry.

Such, then, are the measures which we earnestly recommend for the adoption of Parliament. Let us, on the one side, emancipate the sale of presentations and advowsons in the patronage of laymen from the galling but abortive fetters which mediæval tyranny imposed, and popular prejudice has riveted—from restrictions powerless for good, powerful only to promote evil, to embarrass the conscience, to perplex the law, and to scandalise the Church. Let us, on the other side, no longer withhold from the Anglican Church those safeguards which the wisdom of age has declared essential to the chastity of her honour and the purity of her rites. Let Government boldly meet this important question on its own merits. Let it dare, on this point at least, to lead, and not to loiter in the rear of public opinion. Let it, above all things, warned by a highly suggestive parallel—the melancholy secession in the Scotch communion—dread to adjourn its intervention till the rising tide of party feeling becomes ungovernable, and strands the vessel of Reform on the rocks of Revolution.

And let it not be said that such a relaxation as we recommend would shock the religious feelings of the people. At the present day, nothing can be more common than the purchase and sale of this species of property. The recently published register of Messrs Mair exhibits every month a long array of presentations and advowsons advertised for sale. But, it may possibly be urged, ministers who have bought their own presentations are hardly so acceptable to their parishioners as those whose merits have been acknowledged by Episcopal preferment. In a few exceptional cases such a feeling may possibly exist, but we believe that clergymen are almost invariably estimated by the standard of their own character and talents; and the feeling itself arises from the artificial colouring with which a highly complicated system of jurisprudence has overlaid and distorted the genuine lineaments of the question; and also, in a general sense of the very inade-

quate security afforded by the law against the institution of candidates disqualified for the spiritual functions of the ministry. Let us then revise, reform, and simplify this branch of our jurisprudence. Let us grant the Church the safeguards which she requires, and the clouds of popular misapprehension will speedily roll away, leaving the coast clear for that equitable adjustment of the problem which alone can satisfy the exigencies of the case, and reconcile the just pretensions of two parties equally entitled to consideration—the advocates of the time-honoured system of lay patronage, and the advocates of Episcopal rights.

We will close this article with an earnest protest against a corrective recommended by the *Edinburgh Review*. The writer, who agrees with us in his opinion of Dr Phillimore's bill, and also in advising that the sale of presentations should be legalised without restriction, instead of strengthening—*quoad spiritualia*—the legitimate authority of the bishop, suggests, among other elusory expedients, that the parishioners should be intrusted with a veto on the nomination. The mischiefs of such a concession are so patent as almost to dispense with illustration; it would reduce the rights of the patron to an unsubstantial shadow; it would administer a pernicious stimulus to all the virulence of sectarian animosity and party feeling; it would place the clergyman in a very undignified position with regard to all his parishioners—in a position scarcely tolerable towards the minority who opposed his election; while it would give birth to a species of canvassing and intriguing as distressing to the friends, as acceptable to the enemies of the Church. We would only refer to the lamentable scenes enacted at Piddington, in the diocese of Oxford, and Painswick, a sweet village overlooking the rich Vale of Gloucester. In the latter locality, where popular election reigned supreme, more beer was drunk, and more disgraceful exhibitions ensued, than had previously been observed even at the old borough elections, by no means remarkable for sobriety and purity.

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF HERODOTUS.

WHEN we of the present generation were little boys, or rather a little before our time, classical proficiency was supposed to form the *ne plus ultra* of a liberal education; and by classical proficiency was understood the accurate and grammatical knowledge of the Greek and Roman languages—of the Greek language, as limited, or nearly so, to the dialect of Attica—of the Roman, as limited to the Latin written or spoken in the days of Cæsar and Cicero. When a man had passed through some great public school, and attained a tolerable facility in verse composition in the dead languages—when he had capped this result by a university degree, and made what was called the grand tour of Europe—his education was said to be finished; and if he never opened a book again, he was considered qualified to rank as a scholar and a gentleman. This period was followed by a reaction in the opposite direction: except with a small class who still adhered to the old dogmas, classical studies became unduly depreciated, and their popularity fell away. The value of all other kinds of erudition, especially of that which was practical and utilitarian in its tendency, became enhanced in comparison, and the antique models of thought and expression seemed to incur the danger of oblivion and contempt. The tide has now for some time been flowing again as of old, thanks chiefly to the scholars of Germany, who, whatever harm they may have done by their sceptical treatment, have succeeded in restoring popularity to those studies which, though seemingly inferior in marketable value, are perhaps superior to all others as a means of perfecting the taste and developing the imagination. At the same time, it is seen that the old system of teaching and learning must be modified in deference to the requirements of the times—that it is necessary to remove ob-

stacles rather than to create them, as there is so much to learn in a short life that even those studies which are the basis of all sound education cannot claim the right to be exclusively pursued, but must be arranged so as to leave time for other things, which, though less dignified in their nature, are still essential, and indeed indispensable.

It stands to reason that, before the invention of printing, when books were scarce and dear, and the multiplication of copies at the same time an impossibility, men were more apt to write, if they did not think or speak, correctly and with forethought, than in these days, when the results of some years' labour of a mighty genius may be bought at a railway-stall for a shilling, as well as a budget of trash by some third-rate novelist. This carefulness in composition became in the middle ages, under the Procrustean rule of the Church, pedantry and primness; and the same character was given to the publication of the works of the ancients,—works as free from these qualities as any in modern times, and which united exquisite taste with scope of thought and freedom of speculation, such as modern genius can only at best reproduce and amplify. In this point of view, the Greek mind resembled the modern even more than the Roman, as the Romans were *littérateurs* not so much by nature as by imitation, their proper vocation being war and legislation. It follows that nowhere is scholastic dust and pedantry more out of place than when lying like a dead weight on the works of the Greeks, which are by nature lively, luminous as the air of Attica, and free as the winds which swept over the mountains of Arcadia. Natural science alone can boast of improving on the Greeks; in the philosophy of mind and morals—in all that regards man as man—in the

*The Geography of Herodotus.* By J. TALBOYS WHEELER, F.R.G.S. Longman and Co. 1854.

*The Life and Travels of Herodotus.* By J. TALBOYS WHEELER, F.R.G.S. Longman and Co. 1855.

expression of all verities but the miraculous truths of Revelation—in politics and *belles lettres*, and the principles of the fine arts—they are, and are likely to remain for ever, our masters. On these subjects, everything that has been said in modern times has perhaps been better said by the Greeks, because they possess a language to which, in power and beauty and versatility, no language of modern Europe has ever yet been able to approach. The surpassing excellence of that language is an index of the extraordinary vigour and subtlety of the genius that engendered it. Each of their authors of the first class is a mine of intellectual wealth, to the availability of whose riches it is impossible to say how much we owe, and from which all well-educated readers and thinkers in our times steal and borrow, sometimes unconsciously, but always too frequently without acknowledgment, as the remoteness of the times in which they lived has destroyed that fence of jealousy which guards the productions of contemporaries or immediate predecessors.

Now, there is none among the ancients who has done more for universal knowledge than Herodotus of Halicarnassus, and no great teacher has ever taught mankind in a more modest, genial, and agreeable manner. Thucydides is a great sage, but so unalterably and unbendingly grave that we always feel abashed in his presence; and true to his character as a philosophic historian, he disdains to descend to the lesser feelings of humanity. He mentions the death of a hero, the capture of a city, or the change of a government, with the same self-complacent terseness and practicality; while Herodotus, in his unaffected narratives, is for ever pulling at the heart-strings of his readers, and, as you stop to converse with him, hooks his arm in yours, and takes you a very long walk, beguiling your ears all the way with his delightful gossip, and making you laugh and cry by turns, till you are much too late for all your appointments, and well contented with having been so cheated out of them.

If Mr Wheeler's task had merely been to make Herodotus easy, we should have said that he might have

spared his labour, as there is no easier author in existence. His meaning is always clear; his constructions are never crabbed; his soft Ionian language flows on in an unbroken and gentle stream,

“With syllables that should be writ on satin.”

His digressions from the pursuit of his subject are delightful in their naïveté, and their causes are so manifest that they never confuse or puzzle. They make up a tale which is like the expanded table-talk of some charming companion, digressing to any extent for the sake of explanation, but never wearying, because he has always something novel or entertaining to say. But Mr Wheeler has brought a vast store of modern research to bear on the subjects of Herodotus's history; he has consulted nearly every known authority, and by adding to his facts, and elucidating things necessarily obscure in his time, he has given him the benefit of two thousand years of experience, and brought him, as it were, on the stage of life, so as not to startle those he meets, in a costume of the present day. His facts are impressed on the memory by comparison with parallel facts that have come to pass since; his fables are cleared of their fiction, and the truth that is in them brought out; his theories are weighed in the balance, and often, when least expected, not found wanting; above all, his character as an honest man for a Greek, and honest teacher, is abundantly indicated, and he comes before us, not so much as an obscure lion introduced by a patron, as a great master ushered into notice by an affectionate and reverential pupil. From circumstances in which he has recently been placed, Herodotus has only stood in too much need of such an advocate or witness to character. Mr Wheeler says, in his preface to the *Geography*—

“While the present work has been passing through the press, a new attempt has been made to assail the credibility of Herodotus, and to detract from his renown as a traveller and historian. The genius of the great father of history has preserved his writings nearly intact for twenty-three centuries; whilst his character for integrity has outlived the attacks of every dis-

contented critic from Plutarch to Voltaire. His present assailant, Mr Blakesley, is a scholar of a very different stamp from his predecessors. Actuated by no mean jealousy, and yielding to the influence of no scornful wit, he has been led, by a profound love for abstract truth, to pronounce somewhat too harshly against the straightforward narrative of the old Ionian. That much of Herodotus's information is only to be received on secondary evidence, will be readily admitted by all; but Mr Blakesley would regard him as a mere pleasing compiler, like Oliver Goldsmith, prevented from travelling by the exigencies of the time, and differing but very little, if at all, from the logographers who preceded him, either in critical sagacity, diligent investigation, or historical fidelity; blending together in one mass the yarns of merchant skippers, the tales current in caravan series, the legends of the exegætæ of temples, and the long details of veteran sailors and septuagenarian hoplites; exercising but little discrimination in the solution of his facts, careless in stating his authorities, laying claim to more experience and personal research than he was entitled to; and, in fact, belonging to the same school as Charon, Hellanicus, Xanthus, Hecataeus, and others, from whom he largely copied without acknowledgment, and only exhibited perhaps a doubtful superiority in the style and treatment of his materials."

We are happy to see Mr Wheeler take up arms against the historical sceptics; those who shake the foundation of all hitherto believed facts by an incredulous treatment which, however honest and sincere it may be, appears like an attempt to earn the praise of novelty and ingenuity at the expense of the character of all antiquity.

We have had enough of this from the Germans, whose present political situation is a fit commentary on the dreary scepticism of their philosophy. We are sorry to see Englishmen following in their path. They had better give up the attempt at such imitation, for they do it badly; they are checked in their career of the destruction of historical faith by the honesty and straightforwardness of their own characters. It was inconsistent, for instance, in a man so positive and dogmatic as Arnold to follow in the steps of Niebuhr, and attempt to sublime away the personalities of the sturdy old kings of Rome into epochs; incon-

sistent in Grote, another positive and dogmatic writer, though in his own peculiar way, to attempt to reverse the judgments of all the best of the ancients, and rescue from merited shame the demagogues and sophists of ancient Athens. We may elucidate and enlarge upon the classic writers; we can scarcely, unless we have an overweening confidence in our own judgment, endeavour to put the facts they give us in a new light, or turn into symbolic shadows those things which they put before us as hard facts.

But no one will deny, these men may say, that Herodotus and Livy mixed up fables innumerable with their respective histories. True; but they never intended to palm off fable for fact. Before novels existed, historical works partook of the character of novels, and it is quite as easy to see what part the writer intended to be accepted as fact, and what part he appended being fabulous, for the sake of embellishment, as it is to distinguish fact from fiction in the historical plays of Shakespeare, or the historical romances of Scott. It was necessary, before hard-headed plodding readers existed, to make all works artistic, entertaining, and poetical; and for this reason the old historians made no secret of dressing out the facts they presented with an elaborate ornamentation of fable. The intellectual digestion of the ancients was incapable of relishing any feast that was not dressed out with flowers; for though giants in imaginative power, they were children in freshness of feeling, and peremptory demand for incessant amusement. But the fact is, that this tendency to explain away facts which has now resulted in Germany in explaining away duties both social and political, is as uncalled for as it was perverse. The fables of Herodotus and Livy were not falsehoods, for they were not intended to deceive. No one could really believe that Romulus and Remus were suckled by a she-wolf; but we cannot see what the identity of the brothers themselves had to do with that of their fabulous nurse. And if the historians themselves partly believed the fables they related, this was only a proof of their childlike credulity, surely not of

their dishonesty. We must of course exercise our common sense as to the selection of their facts; but if we find their characters to be such as to entitle them to our personal respect, we are bound to give them credit for absence of an intention to deceive us, by presenting us with fictions in the shape of facts. With regard to Livy, we think the honesty of his narrative more difficult to prove than that of Herodotus. He may have been led astray, not by selfish motives, but by his patriotism, to suppress things which tended to diminish the glory of Rome, and relate problematical anecdotes which rounded to her credit. But we have nothing to do with him now. We have to do with Herodotus, justly called the father of history, whom every man who pretends to write history himself, or to comment on it when written by others, ought to treat with filial respect, and whom we are ready to maintain against all comers to have been as honest and simple-minded a narrator of facts as ever trod this earth. We imagine that we are borne out in this assertion by probabilities derived from consideration of the times in which Herodotus lived, and also by the internal evidence of his own writings. Herodotus, though by birth a Dorian, was by education and sympathies Ionian, and as such looked on Athens as his metropolis or mother-city—a point to which all the holiest feelings of a Greek converged in a manner that is difficult for us of the present day to appreciate. To us the State exists for the sake of the individual, and the liberty of the subject or the license of the citizen, as the case may be, is to the average Anglo-Saxon generally paramount to the glory, honour, and independence of the common country. Patriotism is evoked when the independence of the individual is in jeopardy, seldom before. But the best and bravest man of the Greeks being incapable of feeling any deep personal affection towards the gods of his fathers, though his religion influenced more or less directly the whole course of his life, kept the holy of holies in his heart for his mother-city, loved her with a love “passing the love of woman,” lived or died for her; and when forced to migrate from her soil, carried the

fire from the altar of Hestia to the uttermost parts of the earth, that the soul of his city might be present with him, though she was absent in the body. It is thus that Aristotle names one description of courage, the *political* courage, averring that, though it is not the truest kind, being mixed, yet that it sometimes enacts greater wonders in war than any other, and that in emergencies when the courage of the soldier is overborne, the courage of the citizen abides and dies. In short, the city was the church of the heathen, and his religion was but an accessory of his patriotism: he revered the gods not so much for their own sake, as because they glorified and upheld his city, and gave them precedence, not according to their abstract dignity, but according as they were more or less nearly connected with her. Thus Athene was paramount to the Athenian, and Here to the Argive, Artemis to the Ephesian. This strong affection for the city must have been one of the greatest obstacles with which the early preachers of Christianity had to contend; and it is remarkable that our religion did not become the creed of Europe until the pride of particular citizenship had been humbled, and all the minor states had been swallowed up in the preponderance of Rome, while the feeling of Roman citizenship became weakened, and diluted by its extent, and by the vagueness of its application.

Although Herodotus looked upon Athens as his metropolis, having become a citizen of Thurii in Italy, to which the sacred fire was brought from Athens, nevertheless we cannot suppose him to have become so thoroughly an Athenian in feeling as to have lost all sympathy with that Dorian race from which he originally sprang. This circumstance is a great security for his impartiality as an historian. If Æschylus had written the same history, Athens and the Ionian states would probably have been exclusively and unduly honoured—Sparta and the Dorian have been unduly depreciated. Herodotus, from the circumstances in which he was placed, was as much of a cosmopolite as any Greek could be expected to be. Although Athens was his first consideration as a matter

of duty, all Greece was to him as one city; and the glorification of the Hellenic race, and the celebration of their triumph over the Persian, appears to have been the main object of his history. Although the lamentable split between the Grecian states, which divided them into two hostile camps, had even in his time begun, it was as yet almost invisible, and had not yet assumed an irreconcilable character. This great division, which was the bane and ruin of Greece, probably originated in that change in the institutions of Athens, by which the democratical element got the upper hand, while the aristocratical still held its ground in the rival states. The date of this change was the so-called reform of Clisthenes the Alcæonid, which took place about B.C. 510. Solon had before introduced the small end of the wedge, by giving increased power to the popular assembly. After that the tyranny of the Pisistratids supervened. The nobility were in consequence so depressed, that one ambitious family, discontented with being no better than their peers, were willing to sacrifice the interests of their order, and by means, it may be supposed, of popular terrorism, succeeded in effecting a revolution, which, although bloodless, was as complete a subversion of the constitution of Athens as that which the first French Revolution effected in the constitution of France. Like our own Reform Act, it was carried by means apparently constitutional, but really inconsistent with liberty; and, similarly, the evil effects with which it was pregnant did not come to pass at once, but were produced in time, when it was too late to retract the fatal step, and ward off the ruin in store for Athens, and after Athens for the whole of Greece, of which Athens was the guiding soul. This change consisted in the destruction of the four genealogical Ionic tribes as governing bodies, and the substitution of ten territorial tribes, with their subdivisions, in which all Athenian citizens were enrolled, without respect to natural clanship, simply according to the district in which they happened to be located. There is no doubt but that the inauguration of the reign of liberty, fraternity, and equality at Athens, gave for some

time a new life to that state; but, in taking her subsequent glories into consideration, we must give a certain value to the previous education of her heroic citizens, whose childhood had been brought up under the older and holier regime. The burning patriotism of Æschylus, and his deep veneration for all that was great and good, was certainly not engendered by democratical inspiration—nor was that of Cynægirus, his brother, who caught the Persian ship in his teeth, after Marathon, when his arms had been lopped off—nor was the virtue of Aristides—nor was the brilliant heroism of the “tyrant of the Chersonese, freedom’s best and bravest friend.” Even under the oppression of democracy, the hero-sons of conservative Athens were true to themselves and their country, and remained for a while the salt of the state which preserved her from corruption. But the most fatal effect of the revolution of Clisthenes was the destruction of the old Hellenic feeling in the course of time, beginning with the antagonism between Athens and Sparta. When Greeks began to look upon Greeks as natural enemies, their sympathies became narrowed to the particular community to which they belonged; and all other Greek states were placed in the same position, in their estimation, with the king of Persia or any other barbarian power. It is true that this source of disunion existed before the glories of Marathon, Salamis, and Platea, and that under no circumstances could the discomfiture of the Persian have been more complete; nevertheless, the existence of the germ of the evil was to be recognised even then in the jealousies between the rival states, and the bickerings between the rival commanders, in the reluctance of Sparta to assist Athens in her need, and the heart-burnings that reluctance occasioned in her ally, giving rise to the pursuit of a separate line of policy in which Athens began to dream of an empire for herself, including both Greeks and barbarians, and bound together by a similarity of form of government, rather than by the natural sympathies of race or nation. The end of all this is well known. Greece could afford to set Persia at defiance, and quarrel within herself at the same

time, but she fell an easy prey to the young and vigorous barbarian state of Macedon.

It is cheerful to recognise in the pages of Herodotus the old and healthy Hellenic feeling. Political partisanship, which grows embittered in later writers, appears with him easy and good-natured; and although he has certain sympathies with democracy, there are certain passages which show that he was far from having made up his mind as to which was the best form of government. We may take as an instance the supposed dialogue of the Persian chiefs after the putting to death of the impostor Smerdis, in which the three forms of government, despotism, oligarchy, and democracy, are discussed, and all seem, according to the arguments, to be equally objectionable; and also that passage about Mæandrius of Samos, who, though in order to carry out his wish to be "the justest of men," he tried to lay aside his despotism and establish a democracy, quickly changed his opinion when he found that the emancipated people immediately turned upon him, and accused him of embezzlement, and with fortunate sagacity had secured to himself the power of changing it, by keeping possession of the citadel. A good deal of stress has been laid on the scepticism of Herodotus as to the religion of his country: we cannot attach much weight to this, when we consider how perfectly compatible a general and indeed devout belief in their religious system was with incredulity as to details, with the Greeks. The mistake arises from the Protestant manner of regarding these matters. The Protestant mind, limiting the objects of belief, allows of no latitude of scepticism within that range; and the Roman Catholic, taught by such example, now applies the same rule to a larger extent. But before the Reformation it was not so. A certain degree of scepticism as to minor matters was allowed to the most devout Catholics, and the clergy did not at once see to what dangerous results it would be carried. It was part of the Greek religion to unbend the bow by ridiculing the gods themselves, as it was not thought inconsistent with good churchmanship in the middle ages to travesty the reli-

gious orders, and even to allow rival monkish societies to ridicule each other in permanent stone on the walls of the churches. There could have been no more devout believer than Dante, and yet Dante makes the *Inferno* a convenient receptacle for his personal enemies, and banishes thither even some of the leading men of that Church of whose doctrines he was so distinguished an illustrator.

But the days of Herodotus were days of transition as regarded the mythology itself, and therefore we should be surprised if we did not find a certain degree of doubt and distrust as to the details of belief, though the heart remains in the right place. The ancient belief of Greece was a deification of the great powers of nature, and the gods were worshipped as holy and pure, the rewarders of the good and punishers of the evil; the modern belief was a deification of the bad passions of man, so that at length the discrepancy between morals and religion became so great that Socrates and Plato, the great teachers of morals, were obliged to throw overboard all the popular notions regarding the gods as inconsistent with holiness of character. It is supposed that the purer belief was still perpetuated in the Eleusinian and other mysteries. The mind of Herodotus is so deeply imbued with religious awe, and yet so uncomfortable about the gods themselves, that he seems generally inclined to rush into the other extreme of superstition from modesty and self-distrust, and to speak with respect of rites as different as possible from those of the Greeks, for fear there should be something of divine in them. Often and often does he say that he has heard this and that about some outlandish divinity, but is afraid to mention it. It is true that his piety runs riot, and takes the complexion of pantheism, speaking of the sun as a god, and rivers and other natural phenomena as equally gods with those of Olympus; but it never verges towards atheism, or indeed latitudinarian indifference. It must always be premised, in speaking of the piety of the ancients, that they never thought perfect goodness a necessary attribute of divinity, but worshipped the divinity as perfect in the attributes given him, whatever



they might be. Thus Æschylus cannot be accused of impiety in investing Zeus with inexorable sternness, or the Eumenides with normal malevolence. Indeed, the want of moral perfection may have increased the awe with which these beings were regarded. The ancients were afraid of the selfishness of the gods. They imagined that they had decreed to man only a certain degree of happiness, and that if his happiness came in any degree near the measure of their own, they kept in store some frightful misfortune, which they let loose at will, and destroyed his prosperity in a moment. Nemesis was the goddess into whose hands was given the fearful task of keeping human happiness within due bounds. She was accustomed to effect this by means of a secret minister called Ate, or Infatuation. Prosperity begat Hybris, or Insolence, and Insolence made its subject his own destroyer. This was the source of the misfortunes of Œdipus and his race, and of all those master races whose superhuman misfortune furnished the general framework of Greek tragedy. Herodotus is a deep believer in this influence, and the moral of his whole History is an illustration of the terrible agency of Nemesis. The great event in which that History culminates, the defeat of Xerxes, was one of its most striking manifestations, as it occasioned the statue of the goddess to be set up on the spot whence the great king beheld the overthrow of his fleet. And all the other events of the particular and subordinate histories hinge upon this great idea. It was Nemesis who reduced Croesus the Lydian from a millionaire to a slave; it was she who produced the judicial blindness of the Spartan king Cleomenes; it was she who punished Cambyses in the same way for violating the religion of Egypt; it was she who plunged in sudden ruin the extraordinary prosperity of Polycrates the Samian. This last case was perhaps of all the most directly striking. The prosperity of Polycrates appeared so complete and astonishing, that his friend Amasis king of Egypt, dreading the inevitable reaction, advised the despot of Samos to destroy some very precious possession in order to satisfy, if possible,

the appetite of Nemesis. Polycrates threw into the sea a ring which he prized exceedingly, hoping to obtain this result; but Nemesis would not be got rid of on terms so easy: the ring was discovered in the belly of a fish which was opened on Polycrates' table, and Amasis, when he heard of this failure, with less generosity than prudence, sent to renounce the friendship of a man whom the gods seemed to have doomed to destruction, as they would apparently be satisfied with no smaller counterpoise to his past happiness. The treacherous murder of Polycrates by a Persian satrap was a sequel which took nobody by surprise. It is very delightful to recognise in Herodotus this freshness of feeling as regards the religion of his countrymen; it is a thing which we miss in later writers, in whom intellectual power predominates over faith. With the energy, courage, and perseverance of a man, Herodotus is a child in facility of obtaining amusement and interest from everybody and everything; and his elaborate tale is especially charming from its childlike naïveté. Neither is he free from the faults of childhood: he sometimes dwells with a zest on scenes of cruelty, a practice which reminds one of a child's love of the horrible. He is indecorous sometimes, not from conscious and mature sensuality, but from original sin; but, on the other hand, he is tender and sensitive at times as a child when moved to tears, and he is full of fun and of quaintness as one whose deep sympathy with the ludicrous is not checked by thoughts of what is due to his own dignity, as would certainly have been the case with Thucydides. He writes history in the same spirit as that in which Homer wrote poetry, as the unreasoning emanation of a great and powerful soul, which preserved the freshness of early years to the limit of an energetic and laborious life. It would not be amiss to mention a few of the anecdotes which illustrate these qualities of Herodotus, and we must do Mr Wheeler the justice to say that he helps the reader of Herodotus very considerably by attracting his attention to the characteristics of such passages.

Cyrus wished to cross the river

Gyndes on his way to Babylon. While his army was on its banks, one of the white horses, which, like the white elephants of India, were held sacred, broke loose, plunged into the river from wantonness, and was swept away and drowned. Herodotus represents the anger of Cyrus on that occasion as similar to that which a child feels against inanimate things that hurt him. Cyrus immediately swore that he would serve out the river in such a way that even women should cross it without wetting their knees. So he dug a multitude of little canals and distributed the water, and thus the insolent Gyndes was abundantly paid out (thus it is expressed in Greek).

How fresh and quaint is Herodotus's approval of the lady-auction at Babylon! An excellent plan he thinks it for equalising the gifts of fortune. All the marriageable young ladies are shown together as the English show cattle, and the Americans babies: the most beautiful is singled out first, and knocked down to the highest bidder; and so the auction goes on, descending in the scale of beauty and of prices, until one bidder gets his wife for nothing, she being exactly the happy mean between beauty and ugliness; then the plain ones are trotted out, and the question is put, who will take the least plain for the smallest consideration? As soon as she is disposed of, the auctioneer passes from plainer to plainer until he comes to the plainest of all, who is got rid of as well as the rest at the highest figure of compensation. Thus they all find husbands, prettiness being paid for and ugliness paying, and the sums paid for the pretty creating a fund which provides fortunes for the ugly. Any other historian than Herodotus would probably have thought twice before he expressed his unqualified approval of this proceeding, for fear of being laughed at for his oddity.

Herodotus is no better and no worse than the average Greek standard as to his morality. Although his mind is deeply tinctured with the antique heroism, yet there is none of that deification of honour and honesty in him which, Macaulay observes in his remarks on Machiavelli, belongs rather to the north than the south.

With all his artlessness he has a great admiration for cunning, and shows himself in many places the good-natured and genial, but not over-scrupulous southern. There is no nation with whom he seems to have had a greater sympathy than with the Egyptian. This people have handed down to us their physiognomies, and from them we may form a pretty correct judgment of their characters. There was certainly no false pride about them. They were a good-natured, good-humoured, lively, versatile, clever people; but their ideas of *meum* and *tuum* were not of the clearest; and the worst of it was, that they were terribly sanctimonious withal. How Herodotus seems to enjoy that story of the treasure of Rampsinitus!

Rampsinitus had more money than he knew what to do with, so he ordered a stone building to be made, one of the walls of which was joined to an outer wall of his own dwelling. Wishing to make all safe, he ordered the building to be made without an entrance, so that the treasure, being built in, could never be got out again without pulling down the wall. The architect, however, thinking it a pity that the treasure should be of no use to any one, and that the king would scarcely perceive a certain amount of subtraction, devised a stone in the wall, which was in appearance as fast as the rest, but really movable by a secret spring, and thus supplied his necessities from time to time from the king's hoard. This went on for all his life. On his death-bed the old scoundrel, instead of repenting, let his two sons into the secret of the movable stone, consoling his conscience with the flattering unctious that he was thereby securing a livelihood for his children without greatly hurting any one. The sons felt themselves in duty bound to help themselves, in accordance with their father's wishes. But they were not so fortunate as he was, for one day the king took it into his head to pull down part of the wall and have a look at his treasure. What was his astonishment when he saw that a good part of it had been spirited away. All the seals were safe, and there was no window, door, or chimney. He thought he must

have made a mistake as to the original amount, so he plastered the hole up again, and opened it, some time after, a second time. The treasure had suffered a further diminution. He was out of his wits what to think of it. However, he set man-traps among the coffers, built the place up again, opened it again, and found, not a man, but a man's body, with the leg fast in a gin and the head gone; still there was no sign of entrance or exit.

Rampsinitus now thought he had hit on a device to catch the thief. He hung up the body in a public place, and set guards by it, ordering them to apprehend any one they might see making demonstrations of grief before it.

The mother of the dead man was horrified at this exposure of the corpse, and so, after making some difficulties, her surviving son determined to rescue it. He provided himself with several asses, and loading them with a skin of wine each, drove them on till he came by his brother's corpse, and those who were watching it. Then he managed to unfasten two or three of the skins, so that the wine ran out, but in such a manner that it seemed accidental. This part of the story shows of how old origin was the image-breaking dodge, said to be still sometimes practised in the streets of London. Then he began beating his head, and cursing his stars, as not knowing which ass was losing most wine, and being consequently in a difficulty which way to run to the rescue. The guards, in high glee, and thinking it a good joke, all ran to fetch vessels to catch the wasting wine, while he pretended to be in a passion with them, and began abusing them, which, under the circumstances, amused them still more. Having thus got them into high good-humour, he ended by appearing to make it up, and gave them one of the skins to drink. When they were royally drunk, and all asleep, he stole away his brother's carcass; and not content with the completeness of this job, left all the guards with their right whiskers shaven off. The king, when he heard of the stealing away of the corpse, was in a greater rage than ever, but he kept it to himself, and was deter-

mined to find out the thief at any price.

As Herodotus avows his disbelief in the remainder of the story, it is not necessary for us to enter into particulars. Rampsinitus employed his daughter as the detective, and she, watching her opportunity, extracted a confession from the culprit, and, immediately she had heard it, seized him by the arm. He was prepared for this, and ran away, leaving a false arm in her hands. The confession was an answer to the question, What was the wickedest and wisest thing he had ever done. The wickedest thing he allowed to have been beheading his brother, when he was caught in the trap, to prevent recognition, and the wisest thing making the king's guards drunk, and carrying off the body. This new escape brought the king's rage to a climax, and it evaporated in admiration of the exceeding cleverness of this prince of artful dodgers. So he made a proclamation, promising a free pardon, and all kind of favours besides, if the party would disclose himself. The thief trusted the king, and the king rewarded him by giving him his detective daughter in marriage, considering him worthy of that honour, as being the most knowing of all men; for that the Egyptians were the shrewdest of mankind, and he was the shrewdest of the Egyptians.

Equally characteristic is that other story of the Egyptian king Menkahre or Mycerinus, who lived long enough before Moses or the Trojan war, and whose bones are to be seen in the British Museum. An oracle came to this king from the temple of Leto, in the isle of Buto, saying that he had only six years more to live. At first he took it to heart, and sent a reproachful message to the goddess, saying that his father Cheops and uncle Chephren, who had cared nothing about the gods, and afflicted their subjects, were allowed to live long, whereas he who paid both so much attention was condemned to an early death. The oracle told him that this very piety brought all the mischief upon him, because he was going against the destiny of Egypt, which was, that it should be tyrannised over for a century and a half. At this

unfeeling answer Mycerinus grew desperate, and determined to make the best of a bad matter, and cheat the oracle, by living twelve years instead of six. So he ordered lamps enough to be lighted every night to turn night into day; and, like the mythical "gentlemen that never sleep" of some Irish novelist, addressed himself to a perpetual round of jollification. Of course nothing would kill him, not even *delirium tremens*, before his appointed time.

Such stories are seemingly at variance with what Herodotus says of the thickness of the skulls of the Egyptians, as observed after the battle between their king and Cambyses, the Egyptian skull scarcely admitting of being broken with a large stone, while a pebble would crack the pate of a Persian. We pass to a story or two which tells more in favour of the heart of the historian. Cambyses was the Persian Caligula. His tyranny was aggravated by madness, induced by offence to the gods. His insane self-will led to his murdering his brother Smerdis, and marrying his sister, permission having been given him by the slavish judges, on the ground that, though the deed was against an existing law, it was contradicted by another law, that a king of Persia might do whatever he pleased. This unfortunate sister came by her death at the tyrant's hands by an indiscreet display of sympathy. Cambyses, like Domitian, delighted in small cruelties. He had one day, for his amusement, put a puppy to fight with a lion-cub. The young lion was getting the best of it, when the young dog's brother, who was chained up, broke his chain, flew to the rescue, and the two together mastered the crown-prince of beasts.

The sister of Cambyses, when she saw it, burst into tears, while her brother was convulsed with laughter. He asked the reason of this, and she told him that she wept to think of their brother Smerdis, and how he perished with no brother to rescue him. Her frankness cost her her life. Not less touching is the story of Labda and the infant Cypselus, in that part of the History which treats of Corinth, and the change of her government from oligarchy to tyranny.

Amphion, one of the noble and ruling family of the Bacchiadæ, had a lame daughter, by name Labda. Her infirmity preventing her from marrying in her own rank, she became the wife of one Eetion, a poor man, though of wonderfully old family. In consequence of oracles which foretold danger to the established system from the future offspring of Eetion and Labda, the Bacchiads, as soon as the child was born, sent ten of their number, under the pretence of congratulation, to put it to death. They agreed among themselves on the way, that the first to whom the mother should give the child should dash it on the earth. Labda, in the pride of her heart and suspecting no harm, gave it to one of them, and Herodotus describes what followed in words to the following effect:—

"When then Labda brought the child and handed it over, by some divine providence the infant smiled at the man who received it; and when he observed this, a kind of pity restrained him from killing it: and thus having had compassion on it, he gave it to the second, and he to the third, and so it passed through the whole ten, being handed from one to the other, and no one was minded to make away with it."

So overcome by their better feelings, they went out, and then Labda was horrified at overhearing a conversation, in which they reproached one another for their faint-heartedness, and determined to go back and do the business better. Forewarned, however, of their intention, the mother hid the child in a chest, and they, thinking it had been sent away, falsely told those who had commissioned them, as Hubert made King John believe, that they had committed the murder. Thus Cypselus escaped with his life, and was named after the Greek name of his place of concealment, and lived to ruin the Bacchiadæ. The manner of telling such stories reveals the mind of Herodotus, and does credit to the manly simplicity of his character.

Again, as Mr Wheeler very properly observes, he has been unjustly treated by the doubts that have been thrown on the reality of his travels. We can conceive of nothing more painful to a man who has been at the

trouble and expense of making long journeys or voyages, partly for the satisfaction of his own vanity, partly for the sake of imparting knowledge to his fellow-creatures, than that his stories should not be believed when he comes back. But in proportion to the magnitude of the dangers and difficulties he has passed through, is the danger of not being believed. This is the most cruel part of the business. Suppose Desdemona, instead of falling in love with Othello for the perils he had passed, had burst out laughing at the account of the "Anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," it would have been better for her in the end certainly, but very cruel to Othello. That injustice has often been done in actual cases, when, like Bruce the African explorer, the man who has gone through fire and water and every kind of daring adventure, is doomed for that very reason to have his honesty questioned by some Cockney who has never stirred from his fireside. We believe Herodotus for the same reason that we believe Gordon Cumming, because we know enough of what he has done to think him capable of doing anything. We must recollect that the most incredible of his stories he always relates on the authority of others, and as to what he saw he is generally supported by fact. Such wholesale imposture as the Germanising commentators impute to him was not natural in those days. If travellers pulled the long bow, they did so because they knew no better, and with no intention of deceiving. At a time when the greater part of the world was unexplored, men thought nothing too marvellous to expect beyond the range of their own experience, and easily credited any stories that were told them of the miraculous. Even so did the Elizabethan voyagers bring home stories of people whose ears were so long that they used one as a bed and the other as a coverlet, not imagining that their stories would require, to be believed, any extraordinary length of ear in those to whom they were addressed. And far too much stress is laid on the difficulties of travelling in the days of Herodotus ;

as if there could have been scarcely any travelling without modern appliances. We are in many things far too conceited as to what time has done for us, and in no matter more than this. How is it in our own country since the invention of railroads? We travel faster in certain directions, and certain lines of country are better known, but a thousand conveniences for travelling, in the shape of country inns, and their establishments of horses, coaches, &c., have disappeared, and the difficulties of the post-office, excepting on the lines of rail, have notoriously increased. The consular system was very perfect in ancient times ; every state of any importance had a resident at each foreign city, whose business it was to entertain the citizens whose interests he represented. There were plenty of horses and mules, waggons at a pinch, and the ancients, as we know from many writers, used to travel much on foot ; and every one who has done the same thing knows that, though without much time you cannot see a great deal of the world in this way, you see it better so than in any other manner. After all, the travels of Herodotus are of limited extent, for he got no higher than the Crimea, and no lower than the first or second cataract, and he might easily have done this with the appliances of the time. His whole manner and matter stamp him as a cosmopolite. He was evidently one who, if he had gone so far as Rome, would have done there as the Romans do ; and wherever he went, he recollected that he had a tongue in his head, and made it serve his purposes wherever his eyes could not help him. No doubt, some of the people he questioned must have thought him a bore. He did not care for this ; like a true traveller, he took no offence, but if he met with a rebuff from one, he tried another, till he got what he wanted, knowing from his experience of mankind that churlishness is the exception and good-nature the rule ; and perseverance, acting on that assumption, is sure to be rewarded by the result. Amongst those who evidently were tired by his importunity, and wished to indemnify themselves by a laugh at his expense, were those Egyptian priests, who told him

that the Nile rose between two mountains in Ethiopia, of the names of Crophii and Mophi. In telling him the fact, they told him what they thought was the truth, but as to the names, they gave them at a guess, as he would not go away satisfied without them. As for the pirates who swarmed about the seas in those times, Herodotus would have run the gauntlet of them had they existed; and Mr Wheeler gives us every reason to believe that, at the time at which Herodotus travelled, the sea had been cleared of them by the Athenian cruisers. Does any one think that Dr Barth would have been deterred from going to Timbuctoo for fear of robbers?

We are glad to see Mr Wheeler vindicating the honesty of Herodotus, and the authenticity of his travels. We think that he might have done this a little more fully and positively; still he has acquitted himself of the task very fairly. With regard to the books themselves, whose names form the heading of this article, one may have been supposed to render the other unnecessary, unless it be said that they are intended for two distinct classes of readers.

The "Geography of Herodotus developed, explained, and illustrated from Modern Researches and Discoveries" (for that is the title of the work in full), is a most valuable work of reference to the Herodotean student. Notwithstanding its utility, it is a book of pleasing exterior, good address, and clear type, and we cannot help thinking these qualities as essential to the first success of a book, as the corresponding ones are to that of a person. The subject itself, as far as we can see, has been exhausted, the facts collected from Herodotus having been strengthened or modified by every important authority, and the whole work being placed before the reader with the freshness of a new book, though the greater part of it is founded on the researches of antiquity. The preface itself is full of valuable information. After defending against Mr Blakesley and others the authenticity of the travels of Herodotus on other grounds, Mr Wheeler goes on to say:—

"One fact has been missed, not only by Mr Blakesley, but by every commen-

tator on the *Geography of Herodotus* whom the present author has consulted, namely, that the political relations of Halicarnassus with Persia were especially favourable to every well-accredited native of that city who desired to visit the Persian capital. Halicarnassus was excluded from the Dorian Confederacy worshipping at Triopium, and at the time of the battle of Salamis was united with the neighbouring islands of Cos, Calydna, and Nysirus, under the dependent sceptre of the celebrated Artemisia. . . .

Herodotus himself openly expresses his admiration of Artemisia, though she fought on the side of the Persians; and the little kingdom remained faithful to her and to her family, even whilst Cimon the Athenian was frightening the whole Asiatic coast by his exploits. Herodotus no doubt belonged to a family of some consideration at Halicarnassus. At fifty years of age he assisted in the popular revolution which deprived the grandson of Artemisia of the tyranny."

From this ingenious observation of Mr Wheeler, we find that Herodotus was enabled to make use of his Persian connection in the way of his travels, while his Greek sympathies qualified him for an enthusiastic chronicler of Grecian heroism. At the end of this preface to the *Geography*, he expresses a hope to reproduce the pictures, with which the Homer of history had filled his mind's eye, in a popular form; and this aspiration finds its fulfilment in the work called the *Life and Travels of Herodotus*. Valuable as a book of reference may be, there is no kind of book more difficult to review, because the form and style of its details being a secondary consideration, it is nearly as difficult to give specimens of it by extracts as it is to give the idea of a house from separate bricks. From its reference to the present seat of war, and as touching the scene of the late brilliant affair of Kinburn, we may excerpt the following passage from the part which treats of Scythia:—

"Between the Aratores and the Alazones was the bitter spring Exampeus, already mentioned, which also appears to have given its name to the surrounding district; and between the mouths of the Hypanis and Borysthenes (Bog and Dnieper), was a projecting piece of land called the Promontory of Hippoleon, upon which was a temple of Demeter. Crossing the Borysthenes to its eastern bank, near the

course of Achilles, lies the woody district called Hylæa, which is full of trees, and watered by the river Panticapes. This tract is that part of the steppe between the Dnieper and the Sea of Azoff, which the Nogai Tartars called Gambogluk. The Georgi, or Agriculturists, were named Borysthenitæ by the Olbiopolitæ Greeks, settled on the Hypanis (Bog), but called themselves Olbiopolitæ. They occupied the country above Hylæa, and extended three days' journey eastward, as far as the river Panticapes, and eleven days northward along the Borysthenes (or Dnieper). According to their own account, they were descended from the Milesians; and we learn that their city had walls, and gates, and a town, together with suburbs outside the walls. Here also the Scythian king Scylas built a large and magnificent palace, surrounded by griffins and sphinxes made of white marble; but the building was struck by lightning, and burnt down. Beyond the country of the Georgi was a desert."

This extract, dry in itself, but interesting as relating to the liman of the Dnieper, now connected with the history of England, is a good specimen of the accurate and circumstantial character of the book. But all is not so dry: as we go on, we come to an interesting controversy as to whether the Phœnicians sent by Pharaoh Necho did really go round Africa, and came back through the Pillars of Hercules. Herodotus gives the following simple and straightforward account of the voyage:—

"The Phœnicians, setting out from the Erythræan (Red Sea), navigated the Southern Sea. When autumn came, they sowed the land at whatever part of Libya they happened to be sailing, and waited for the harvest; then, having reaped the corn, they put to sea again. Two years thus passed away. At length, in the third year of their voyage, having sailed through the Pillars of Hercules, they arrived in Egypt, and related what does not seem credible to me, but which may be believed by others, that as they sailed round Libya, they had the sun on their right hand."

This passage is one of those which gives the most pleasing evidence of Herodotus's honesty, and proves the truth of the story of the Phœnicians, by what Paley calls, as applied to Holy Writ, an undesigned coincidence. Those who had passed the equatorial line would naturally have the sun on their right in going round from east to

west. The very incredulity of Herodotus as to the phenomenon proves its truth. It was a thing so simple, yet so extraordinary, that it was not likely to be invented. Had not Herodotus's modesty been stronger than his incredulity, the best part of the story would have been lost.

Another such instance in Herodotus's favour was the fact, that among three theories which he gave with regard to the overflowings of the Nile, he gave the right one without knowing it to be so, but in fact setting it aside as erroneous. This theory supposed the inundations of the Nile to result from the melting of the snow, or from heavy rains in the highlands of Ethiopia; and Herodotus sets it aside by the consideration of the fact, supposed universally admitted, that in those southern regions the heat was far too great to admit of the existence of snow. The theory that he brings forward as the right one is clumsily unscientific, and yet does credit to his ingenuity; while the other, the right one, that he mentions and discards, proves his fidelity as a narrator, as well as his anxiety to get at the real truth. In the department of Egypt, Mr Wheeler is peculiarly rich and felicitous as an illustrator. He takes full advantage of modern discoveries with regard to the pyramids, and the other mysterious monuments of the Nile. It is worth while to bear in mind the following facts, obtained by the examinations of Lepsius:—

"At the commencement of each reign the rock-chamber destined for the monarch's grave was excavated, and one course of masonry erected above it. If the king died in the first year of his reign, a casing was put upon it, and a pyramid formed. But if the king did not die, another course of stone was added above, and two of the same height and thickness on each side. Thus in process of time the building assumed the form of a series of regular steps, which, on the death of a monarch, were cased over with limestone or granite. The different sizes in the pyramids is therefore to be accounted for, by the difference in the duration of the several reigns; and the length of a reign might be ascertained, if it were possible to learn the number of courses over the internal rock-chamber in which the monarch himself was deposited."

Thus it seems that the length of an

Egyptian king's reign may be discovered by the layers of his tombstone, just as a farmer knows a cow's age by the rings on her horns, or a botanist a tree's growth by the circles of woody fibre in a section. This passage is sufficient to show that Mr Wheeler's work, although chiefly valuable as a book of reference, is far from being a mere dictionary of names, dates, and facts.

It is somewhat more difficult to describe the character of the more popular work, entitled the *Life and Travels of Herodotus*. To the profound scholar it would perhaps be superfluous, as it consists of the actual History of Herodotus, or at least the most entertaining part of it, together with the outlines of the *Geography* so ably treated of in the before-mentioned volume, strung upon an imaginary life, which we cannot help thinking the weakest part of the entire work, and whose evident subordination to the other parts seems almost to take away all excuse for its existence. The life of Herodotus, as narrated by Mr Wheeler, is prosaic and uninteresting. Herodotus, as hero, cannot do everything well, as a hero of romance should. He is beaten by a bully, who provokes him at Sparta; and though he falls in love more than once or twice, and once at first sight, he falls but waist-deep, not over head and ears, as a legitimate novel-hero ought to do. At last he marries most dutifully, and in a most matter-of-fact manner, a lady who has been destined for him by his and her parents from childhood; and the tale concludes with a smooth course of undramatic happiness by means of a second marriage, when the historian had migrated to Thurii, in Italy, undertaken at the discreet age of forty-five, and with a lady young enough for his daughter. Notwithstanding these objections—chiefly made, we must own, in deference to conventional notions of what fiction ought to be—we must allow that to the general reader the *Life and Travels of Herodotus* will open a wide and novel field of information, especially interesting at present, as the scene is laid precisely where the mightiest events of this century are being evolved. Asia Minor, Greece, Turkey, the Crimea, Egypt, Russia, the

Danubian Principalities,—these are now, whatever they may have been a short time since, the spots of greatest attraction to all who are directly or indirectly interested in the present mighty struggle; and these are precisely those places which formed the scenes of Herodotus's travels, and the materials of his most elaborate descriptions, both topographical and historical. These volumes might justly be reckoned indispensable to a complete library of the war; and in fact any one who would wish to read up the subject conscientiously from beginning to end, would look to them for its rudiments, and not lay them aside till he had conned them well, and got by heart the principal facts presented in them.

With regard to countries about the Crimea itself, the focus of present interest, there is rich and abundant information in the course of this narrative. The Scythians of the time of Herodotus seem to have been much the same people as to manners and customs as the Cossacks of the Don are now. Their great principle of waging war, running away, seems to have been precisely the same. One of the most interesting parts of Herodotus's account of Scythia is the fruitless expedition of Darius Hystaspes into the unknown wild inhabited by its savage race, which resulted in much the same way as that of Napoleon the First in our own century. The Scythians retired before the Grand Army till it was out of provisions, and then harassed its retreat till it was brought to the brink of despair by an insulting message, delivered in the symbolic manner of the East. The Scythian herald brought a bird, a mouse, a frog, and five arrows, which, being interpreted, signified, "Unless, O Persians! ye become birds, and fly into the air, or mice, and hide in the earth, or frogs, and leap into the sea, you shall never return home, but be stricken with these arrows." Darius, it is well known, made good his retreat, and put the Danube between himself and the rough-riders of the wilderness; but he left at least as large a portion of his army behind him as that which Napoleon sacrificed in the Moscow retreat. The curiosity of Herodotus seems to have been especially stimu-



lated as to the nations who inhabited these regions, and the kind of trade that was carried on between the Greek settlement of Olbia (another Portorico), occupying a site near those of Kherson and Nicolaiëff, and the interior.

“On the west of Scythia, and in the country now called Transylvania, lived a people named Agathyrii, who wore a profusion of gold on their persons, which they seem to have obtained from the Carpathian mountains. Poland was at that time inhabited by a people called the Neuri, of whom every man was said to become a wolf for a few days once every year, and then to reassume his former shape. . . . Herodotus was induced, by the prevalent notions of the time, to fancy that the people were magicians; but the origin of the story ought, perhaps, to be looked for in the peculiar character which mania would be likely to assume in a population living among forests, and accustomed to hear the howling of wolves at night.”

Mr Wheeler might have mentioned, that a similar superstition has prevailed, from the earliest times, among the people of Scandinavia, Germany, and the conterminous countries, and has hardly ceased to exist even now. “The Russian governments to the north of Scythia were inhabited by people of Scythian or Tartar origin, but whose habits were still more uncivilised than their neighbours. Some were named Androphagi, because they were cannibals, and others were named Melanchlani, because they wore black garments.” It is difficult what to make of these tribes, unless we may suppose the former name to have originated in the fondness of northern tribes for all sorts of flesh, and the latter from their being dressed in dark sheep-skins in preference to light. “Eastward of Scythia and the river Don lived the Sauromatæ, in the region which now includes part of the country of the Don Cossacks, and part of the province of Astracan.” The fabulous origin of these Sauromatæ is related at length. They were the offspring of Scythians and Amazons, who met to fight, but ended with one hostile army marrying the other. With what we know about the female army of the king of Dahomey, we should pause before we utterly reject the possibility of the existence of

Amazons. The Amazons were originally inhabitants of the Caucasus, and it is just possible that the Sauromatæ may have been a tribe newly arrived from the Caucasus, who entered into amicable relations with the original Scythians, and whose wives were distinguished by manlike tastes and pursuits. What we are told of the habits of these Sauromatæ accords with what is said of the Calmucks in Dr Clarke’s *Travels in Russia*.

“Calmuck women ride better than the men. A male Calmuck on horseback looks as if he were intoxicated, and likely to fall off every instant, though he never loses his seat; but the women sit with more ease, and ride with extraordinary skill. The ceremony of marriage among the Calmucks is performed on horseback. A girl is first mounted, who rides off at full speed. Her lover pursues; and, if he overtakes her, she becomes his wife, returning with him to his tent. But it sometimes happens that the woman does not wish to marry the person by whom she is pursued, in which case she will not suffer him to overtake her; and we were assured that no instance occurs of a Calmuck girl being thus caught, unless she has a partiality for her pursuer.”

“Southward of the Sauromatæ were the savage tribes inhabiting the Caucasus, between the Black Sea and the Caspian. They wore woollen garments, and had a curious way of painting figures on their dress with a dye which they made from the leaves of certain trees, and which would never wash out.” We should be curious to know if any such customs still exist among the Circassians or their congeners who inhabit these regions. “Northward of the Sauromatæ were a great and numerous people called Budini and Geloni, whose country extended from the river Don to the river Volga.”

The commerce of Olbia, it seems, passed by a caravan route through all these wild peoples over the Ural Mountains and the Kirghiz steppe, even as far as the Altai chain and Siberia. Gold seems to have been most abundant in those parts, and easily procurable in exchange for articles common elsewhere. It is mentioned that the caravans passed first through the Budini, who are a people with blue eyes and red hair. From this we

gather that they were not of Mongolian but of Indo-Germanic origin, and may have been an offshoot of the great Slavonic family. The Geloni appeared to have been originally a colony of Greeks, who had become barbarised by intercourse with the tribes among whom they settled. When the caravan got to the Ural Mountains, it fell in with two sporting tribes called the Thyssagitæ and Jyrœæ. The latter used to hunt in a peculiar fashion. The sportsman got up in a tree with his bow and arrows; if he saw any game pass, he shot at it, but if he missed or did not kill, he had a horse and dog in waiting below, to pursue and make sure of it. The Argippæi, the modern Calmucks, occupied part of the great steppe. Herodotus was told that this was a flat-nosed and large-chinned people, bald from birth. The former are well-known Mongolian characteristics; the natural baldness must have been a mistake occasioned by the custom of shaving the head, still practised among many of these nations. What Herodotus says as to these people living on a fruit called Ponticon, exactly tallies as to what is told by modern travellers about the bird's-eye cherry which is still eaten by the Calmucks. There is a passage here which the Peace Society are welcome to make the best of as a basis for argument:—

“Each man dwelt under a tree, over which, in the winter time, he spread a thick white covering of felt cloth. The whole tribe was accounted sacred; its members possessed no implements of war, but yet no one even attempted to do them any injury. They arbitrated on the disputes of neighbouring nations, and whoever took refuge amongst them had nothing to fear.” Mr Wheeler adds, “that the peace-makers were most probably Calmuck priests.” We cannot but think that the moral courage of these people, if truly told, was to their credit, when we read of the peculiar tastes of the Issedones, a people who dwelt to the east of them. These Issedones had the singular custom, when a man's father died, of calling all his relations together, and when they had slain a sufficient number of small cattle, mincing them up with the deceased parent, and serving the whole mess

up for dinner. This paterophagy, as we may call it, as an aggravated form of cannibalism, is elsewhere ascribed by Herodotus to the Callatian Indians, who held it a religious obligation, and when asked by Darius Hystaspes, who wished to prove the conventionality of right and wrong, what they would take to give up the practice of eating their fathers, told him to hold his tongue, if he could not make a proposition of a more decent kind. We cannot help thinking that there is a connection in these cases with the practice of exposing aged parents, or sacrificing them to the gods, existing until lately, if not now, among the natives of India, rumours of which must have given rise to exaggeration in the minds of the Greeks, a people who regarded as the most sacred of obligations the duty of the son to the father, and found in it an excuse even for the crime of Orestes.

Notwithstanding this discrepancy from Greek usage, it was evident that the Issedones intended a compliment to the deceased by this practice, for they used to have the skull cleaned and gilt, and preserved it as a religious object, sacrificing to it annually; and in this latter observance they resembled the Greeks. Southward of this singular people were the Massagetæ, a warlike tribe, who had conquered the Scythians in those parts. It was in an expedition against this people that the great Cyrus was killed, and insulted after his death by having molten gold poured down his throat. It is uncertain how far the travels of Herodotus extended in these directions; probably he only reached the city of Olbia; but he kept his ears open, and gathered information from a variety of sources. For instance, it was told him that northward of the Argippæi were people having goats' feet, by which was evidently meant that they wore buskins of skins to shield their legs from the cold; and northward of them again were people who slept six months at a time. By these were, of course, indicated the people of the extreme north, whose night as well as their day may be said to last six months. Travellers in Finmark during the summer have remarked that, at whatever hour of the night they arrived at a house, they generally

found the people wide awake and about, so that it would seem that they really do sleep more in the winter to make up for their wakefulness during summer. The Arimaspi were another curious nation, who had but one eye each, but that eye powerfully awake to their own interests; for there were certain gold-diggings in their neighbourhood which, as a security against depredations, were incessantly guarded by griffins. Beyond all these strange creatures dwelt the Hyperboreans in a clime of peace and blessedness, a righteous and happy people, who lived lives of extraordinary length, and were in every respect perfect, but whom, though they were generally believed in by the ancients, no one appears to have known personally. It is strange that, even in modern days, arctic navigators have dreamed of some happy land like this within the icy barrier of the polar circle; and it was even surmised before the ghastly truth came out, that poor Franklin and his companions might have penetrated thither. From his investigations in these dismal regions, Herodotus, according to Mr Wheeler, made the best of his way to Athens, happy, no doubt, to be once more in civilised society.

In his description of the sojourn of the historian at Athens, Mr Wheeler grows eloquent, and is very felicitous in his descriptions. He takes the opportunity of describing the representation of the Oresteian tetralogy of *Æschylus*, and the several great festivals of the Athenian people; he does full justice to Athenian art as it existed in the palmy days of Pericles, and a little before his time; and he relates circumstantially, and with all the aids that modern researches have given, those eternal glories of Greece gained in war against the Persian, which

have been used ever since as an unsurpassable standard of comparison in taking the measure of human achievement. Let us never forget that old Herodotus is their peculiar chronicler. The struggle of Athens and Sparta, related by Thucydides and Xenophon, had something about it of the unhealthy and fratricidal character of our own wars of the Rebellion, or the horrible street-fights of Paris; and just as historians have shown a morbid propensity to dwell on the incidents of the first French Revolution, have they revelled in the seditions of Corcyra, and in the intestine strife of embittered Grecian parties; for the war between Athens and Sparta was, in fact, nothing more than a war of political parties. The great grand struggle against Persia is one of those holy wars waged rather by gods than by men or demons, where generous heroism may see the private friend in the public enemy, rather than the public enemy in the private friend. When England speaks of Trafalgar, Waterloo, Inkermann—when France speaks of Austerlitz, Marengo, Borodino—when Germany thinks on the days of Culm and Leipsic, and now peaceful Switzerland on the elder days of Sempach and Morgarten,—it is ever with Marathon, Salamis, Thermopylæ, that these thrilling names are compared; and never should it be forgotten that for the perpetuation of these names the world is chiefly indebted to Herodotus of Halicarnassus. Let us have mercy on the poor Greeks, now the dupes and tools of Russia; and even yet, if we can, recover from political abasement the degenerate and prodigal sons who still bear the features, speak the language, and are baptised by the very names of their heroic and immortal progenitors!

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## MODERN LIGHT LITERATURE—ART.

THE art of criticism is essentially an art of fault-finding. We speak of the kindly, the genial, the candid critic; but, after all, there can be no doubt that it is the man who picks holes in all our coats who is most likely to be notable in his generation for the discriminating eye and acute judgment necessary to the craft. "I am nothing if not critical," says Iago, in that diabolical cold wisdom of his; and, after all, the true pith of your popular commentator lies in the force of his objections, and the vigour of his condemnation. The "This will never do," though it looks somewhat foolish after the lapse of years which establishes the poet, and unveils the censor, is immensely effective and captivating at the time of its delivery; and if we have no private bias beforehand towards the unfortunate subject under operation, the chances are that we quite enjoy the critic's superiority, and have our quiet chuckle over his shoulder with most complacent and satisfactory glee. It is only very bad abuse, indeed, which rouses a reactionary generosity in the general audience—very bad abuse, or abuse very inveterate and continuous—as when the *Times*, the most eminent of modern pugilists, not content with once "walking into" its victim, returns again and again to the exhausted subject, and "hews him down in pieces sma'," with a virulence which transfers all our sympathy to the sufferer. In ordinary cases—let the public confess its weakness—we like the crash and the dust of genuine demolition, and rub our hands with Dr Johnson, when Mrs Montagu comes visiting, and cry—"Down with her, little Burney!—have her down!"

But even in books there is no such scope for authoritative denunciation as we find in the more tangible productions of art. Supereminent literary powers have a wonderful advantage over supereminent powers of any other class. Your Burns, who does not know what study means, bursts in a moment in glorious triumph over all the learned heads of all the

mellifluous singers who have studied the *Ars Poetica* for a life-long, and ought to know all about the divine craft a thousand times better than he. But your young Raphael, though his imagination flashes as brightly with all the lights and shades of heaven, and all the combinations of inspired unconscious genius, has an inevitable apprenticeship before *him*, ere he can produce to our eyes the superb visions which haunt and charm his own; and even the spectator requires an additional and peculiar education before he can fitly appreciate and enjoy the poems of the painter—so at least say all the connoisseurs: and though it seems a paradox when we think of it, and somewhat hard to comprehend why the more palpable art should require the greater interpretation, yet so the universal assent allows it to be. "I am no judge," says the modest bystander, diffidently lingering before some great canvass; and in comes the bustling critic, who *is* a judge, and demeans himself accordingly. Alas, poor painter! for you are a great deal safer in the hand of the common people—the natural eye, and the kindly understanding—than under the inspection of the connoisseur.

Yes, the worker in words has fewer difficulties to contend with than have his brethren in the realm and region of high art: language is a living material; it is not easy for the dullest workman to take action and meaning altogether out of it; and to make words breathe and thoughts burn is much less hard as an actual operation than to confer the same magical existence upon the dull blank of canvass or the shapeless mass of marble which is no inherent quality of life. And the writer, it is true, describes his scene, but there he leaves it, a vivid bright suggestion which leaps into reality by means of our own apprehension, and has a different look to almost every intelligent eye,—whereas the unfortunate artist, who is not permitted to suggest but must exhibit, lays himself open to a hundred matter-of-fact censures, besides those transcendental and ethereal

ones which he shares with his poetic brother. "Fancy alone is high fantastical," says the greatest of all authorities in such a matter; and we suppose that nothing really produced and completed ever could fully satisfy the restless imagination to which "the dying fall," which was sweet as the sweet south, becomes the next moment "not so sweet now as it was before."

The canons of criticism in art have altered little since the days of that enlightened cognoscento, who instructed Dr Primrose's wandering son in the art of professional dilettantism; and it is amusing to take this gentleman's two rules with us into the field of modern criticism, when they are quite as universal and considerably more dogmatic than of old—"the one always to observe that the picture might have been better if the painter had taken more pains;" and the other to praise the works of not always Perugino certainly—it may just as well be J. M. W. Turner—but of somebody super-excellent and pre-eminent above everybody else. Therefore, oh budding critic, choose your man! the widest license is permitted you in this field of opinion; and though, if we were to hazard a modest word of advice, we would counsel you to choose either an acknowledged great artist, or an entirely unknown one, yet you are left to the most perfect freedom, and have all the world of the studio before you in which to select your unconscious hero. A great man has his advantages, because the greatest exaggeration can never make praise of him quite ridiculous; but, to tell the truth, our own conviction is entirely in favour of the other—the unknown genius—who is almost as good for all purposes of comparison as a man of straw. Name him boldly, worship him without terror, nobody can contradict you, because nobody knows. This simple expedient puts you at once out of the reach of answer and argument; for what are all the Raphaels and Michael Angelos?—mere realities, known to all the world, compared with your private reserve of individual genius—your own John Smith, whom nobody knows but you? But however your choice may be exercised, we adjure

you, leader of the popular understanding, do not omit to make one. Whatever you do, choose your man!

To discuss our modern critics of art, and not to discuss Mr Ruskin, would be an impossibility; and the man who has so distinctly set his mark upon one branch of literature is no contemptible antagonist. We paused as we were about to ring a modest challenge upon the champion's buckler. Did not Mr Ruskin warn *Maga* once upon a time of some mysterious horror of reprisals, what time a better knight than we unhorsed the Oxford graduate from his earliest saddle? "Let *Maga* beware," said Mr Ruskin; but *Maga*, incautious amazon! has not been wary. Do you think, upon your conscience, gentle reader, that he will do it this time, and kill us out and out? For great as is our ambition to measure swords with so redoubtable a fighter, we would not do anything matricidal; far be it from us to accelerate our kindly mother's fate—and if it is your serious opinion. But no, Mr Ruskin is human—would not find it in his heart, despite a hundred flying arrows, to bring this sublimely indefinite doom upon the time-honoured head of *Maga*. Though it is noble to have a giant's strength, he knows how tyrannous it is to use it like a giant, so we take heart and breathe again. Mr Ruskin will be merciful; he will not annihilate us this time; and hilarious in restored confidence, we proceed.

This great critic is one of those unfortunate people whose "mission" is to prove every other man a blunderer or a fool—an ungracious office, for few of us have the virtue of Dogberry; and, moreover, in many respects a self-debasing office, being the direct opposite of that sweet-hearted and genial policy which "esteems every man better than himself." Mr Ruskin is neither first nor greatest in this species of philosophy, but he is individual notwithstanding, and like himself. There is little resemblance, for instance, between his denunciations and those of Carlyle, an altogether bigger personage, who knocks down *his* opponents with just such an amount of glee—of Titanic fun and extravagance—as, sweeping, dogmatic,

and unreasonable though it may be, takes malice out of the thundering roll of invective, which the utterer himself has more pleasure in for its power of big words and grotesque appellation, than for any ill-nature against its objects. Very different is the author of the *Notes on the last Exhibition of the Royal Academy*, which is about the sourest morsel of criticism we have ever looked into. Mr Ruskin utters his censures with a shrewish pertinacity in which there is no enjoyment. They are bad, to judge him by his own standards, for he has no pleasure in them. There is no twinkle in his eye, no roll in his speech, nothing of the dash and sparkle, the impetuous gleeful impulse of demolition, which makes vituperation almost an excusable, as it certainly is an exciting pastime. He is not bitter always, but he is always sour—a more ignoble quality. His own temper is on edge—his mind is galled—and we turn with wonder from those descriptive pictures of his which, in their picturesque flow and fulness, we venture to call almost unrivalled, to the shrill high scoldings of his denunciation, the spiteful tone and unkindly spirit which seem to work full as great harm upon the critic's own mind and judgment as upon the workers whom he attacks and overthrows.

Notwithstanding, Mr Ruskin's claims to be considered among the foremost of our modern writers upon art are indisputable. He has made a very elaborate theory of the laws and principles of painting; he has slain outright the greater number of people, excepting wholly only Turner and various members of the water-colour society, who have for a thousand years or so practised the same. He has written sundry books, full of detached passages of the most remarkable eloquence, and is himself a landscape-painter (in words) of singular power. Also having "settled" the most important branch of art, he has turned his thoughts to architecture, and is now a living and leading authority in that revived and rising and most talkative province of art. You say he has done nothing—critics seldom do anything, our good friend—but hush! let us take heed to what we say. Has it not been intimated to the world, in

terms befitting the solemnity of the occasion, that "a house is about to be erected, from the designs of Mr Ruskin, *assisted by an architect?*" Oh, hapless architect! unfortunate, deluded, predestined victim! if this wonderful erection turns out a failure, who, think you, will bear the blame?

Theories of painting, and criticisms upon pictures, are two things widely different, and it is not our vocation to discuss the science of the laws of art. Mr Ruskin's theory, moreover, has attained to years; and *Modern Painters*, buried under libraries of later books, no longer lies upon anybody's operating table, but has subsided into its appropriate shelf like any other harmless volume, and shakes the world no more. Yet we cannot but pause a moment to note that most injurious wile of Mr Ruskin's, by which he furtively supplies himself with a weapon under pretence of expounding a principle. You would not suspect it—the manœuvre is accomplished so skilfully; but wait till he has occasion for it, and you will find out what a serviceable little stiletto this is which our critic has hidden in his sleeve. Mr Ruskin is expounding and classifying the ideas which we receive from works of art; and second and third upon his roll he enters "Ideas of Imitation," and "Ideas of Truth." We want no learned dissertation to convince us that Truth is the one unailing necessity of poem alike and picture. The fact is at once indisputable and undisputed. But what is imitation? Is it a secondary and ministering faculty, by which our human weakness constrains the loftier Truth to express her message? or is it a falsehood and pretence—a thing, and not a power? Mr Ruskin gives an elaborate chapter to the settlement of this question, but never seems for a moment to contemplate anything but the *thing*—an Imitation, which of its nature and essence is a cheat and delusion, and has nothing to do with art.

We assent to every word, so long as it confines itself to the false tooth or the waxen apple,—nay, we might even stretch so far as to take in the glittering *beauffet* of Messrs Elington, resplendent with salvers and flacons which are not silver, though

nobody knows the difference. These are imitations, shams, counterfeits—things which profess to be what they are not. But it is a mere juggle of words to confound the imitative faculty with the imitated thing, and, like all disingenuous arguments, is very like to deceive the unwary. We will let Mr Ruskin explain for himself what an “idea of imitation” is:—

“Whenever anything looks like what it is not, the resemblance being so great as *nearly* to deceive, we feel a kind of pleasurable surprise—an agreeable excitement of mind, exactly the same in its nature as that which we receive from juggling. Whenever we perceive this in something produced by art—that is to say, whenever the work is seen to resemble something which we know it is not—we receive what I call an idea of imitation. *Why* such ideas are pleasing, it would be out of our present purpose to inquire; we only know that there is no man who does not feel pleasure in his animal nature from gentle surprise, and that such surprise can be excited in no more distinct manner than by the evidence that a thing is not what it appears to be. Now two things are requisite to our complete and most pleasurable perception of this: first, that the resemblance be so perfect as to amount to a deception; secondly, that there be some means of proving, at the same moment, that it *is* a deception. The most perfect ideas and pleasures of imitation are, therefore, when one sense is contradicted by another, both bearing as positive evidence on the subject as each is capable of alone; as when the eye says a thing is round, and the finger says it is flat: they are, therefore, nowhere more felt in so high a degree as in painting, where appearances of projection, roughness, hair, velvet, &c., are given with a smooth surface, or in wax-work, where the first evidence of the senses is perpetually contradicted by their experience. . . . Ideas of imitation, then, act by producing the simple pleasure of surprise, and that not of surprise in its higher sense and function, but of the mean and paltry surprise which is felt in juggling. These ideas and pleasures are the most

contemptible which can be derived from art.”

We bethink us of the painted perspective at the end of a little strip of garden, which Evelyn records as a laudable and pleasant delusion. We bethink us of the fly which Holbein, with wicked wit, painted upon the nose of that portrait, which the poor painter had charged his disguised serving-man to guard from insect invasions. Very true, but what then was “Titian’s flesh-tint,” which Mr Ruskin has just instanced as an example of that power which constitutes excellence? “Whatever can excite in the mind the conception of certain facts, can give ideas of truth, though it be in no degree the imitation or resemblance of those facts,” says Mr Ruskin; but the tints of the veriest dauber who ever attempted a portrait, convey a conception to the mind of the fact of flesh such as it is, in one way or another. Are we to accept Mr John Smith’s suggestion that his sitter, being human, has flesh and a complexion as an idea of truth, and reject, as an idea of imitation, the flesh-tint of Titian, which certainly most closely “resembles something which we know it is not?” For our own part, we see no way of escaping from this logical necessity. But Mr Ruskin emancipates himself after the cleverest and skilfullest fashion: all this time, indeed, while he has been talking so plausibly, and while we have been puzzling our perplexed brains how we are to get out of the dilemma, our critic is quietly arming himself for the campaign upon which he is about to enter. He looks bravely in your face all the time, most honest and unsuspecting reader, but, notwithstanding, he has managed to slip the wicked weapon up his sleeve; and when you come to see him in full career against artistical honours and reputations, you will find out the value of these two sets of principles, and their newly-established antagonism. The knot of difficulty is cut in the most expeditious manner possible. When Mr Ruskin dislikes a picture, he calls all *its* truthfulness, Imitation—when it has the wonderful good fortune to please him, he receives all its imitation as Truth.

Now it is not our business to set up

our theory in opposition to the theory of Mr Ruskin—far be such a presumption from our intent; we are of the public, we are not of the connoisseurs, and have even, we humbly confess it, no manner of right to prick into this field where a better cavalier than we has been wont to bear the banner of Maga, and cry her war-cry. It is not our vocation to discuss the principles of art: we have to deal with—not the science of the beautiful, but—oh infinite distinction!—the candour and consistency of the critic. To our own humble thinking, imitation in the craft of painting is an attendant geni to the nobler master-spirit, Truth. This art, whose vocation it is to hold the mirror up to nature, must do something more than convey to our minds a “conception of certain facts”—hieroglyphics would do that; nay, that first primitive symbol of a human figure which adorns our doorpost, in the energetic chalk of some passing errand-boy, conveys a most indubitable conception of such certain facts as arms and legs, and even fingers, to the inquiring mind: but art has a somewhat wider field of occupation, to the common belief, and has rather more expected at her hands. To affirm that Truth is true, and imitation is false, answers very well for a saying, and it is an admirable expedient in criticism to contrast the two, and place them in antagonism; but this is just one of those axioms which must land in hopeless perplexity every unbiassed and candid looker-on. Mr Ruskin specifies one picture in the last Academy as *truly* and as *very* great—the “Rescue” of Mr Millais. Let us take for granted the *truth* of this remarkable production. It has a wonderful balance and contrast of human emotions in it, with which imitation has nothing to do; and it may very well chance that many a spectator, silenced by the first glance of that passion and agony of joy which is its principal inspiration, is glad to pause a moment upon the accessories of the scene. That carpet on the burning stair—a carpet-dealer could “match” it for you, and tell you how much a yard it was; and there is not a young-lady critic in the crowd who could not vouch for the authenticity of those

bits of embroidered work in the crimsoned sleeve of that dainty night-dress. Are these matters of detail to be dignified by the title of truths of nature—or are they to be rejected and condemned as miserable and mean ideas of imitation, conveying surprise to our animal nature and an ignoble pleasure to our senses—the same pleasure which we derive in a higher degree from sleight-of-hand and jugglery, the delight of being deceived? We do not see how Mr Ruskin, believing and holding his own principle, can refuse to go so far as this.

Had we space to consider the matter more closely, we would say that delusion never can by possibility go so far, in painting, as Mr Ruskin represents—nay, that he himself has no faith in the marvellous falsehood of imitation which he describes to us. He himself says: “M. de Marmontel, going into a connoisseur’s gallery, *pretends* to mistake a fine Berghem for a window;”—*pretends*, but of course every one knows exactly what amount of reality there is in this picture, and what a pure physical impossibility it is that the fine Berghem could deceive any one into more than the common hyperbole of intended compliment. A better story than this is the well-known anecdote of Philip of Spain, who, suddenly coming upon a portrait, in the studio of Velasquez, of an admiral, then on the high seas, angrily addressed the picture, demanding of the imaginary hero why he was not gone? Does Mr Ruskin think this was an insult to the painter, or that it brought Velasquez down to the level of Madame Tussaud? But the best story of all, and most for the critic’s purpose, is that which records the trick of the well-known Monsieur Violet, who delighted to paint a fire-place and blazing fire upon the shining board, and delighted still more when the deluded stranger opened out his hands and warmed his fingers at the fictitious glow. We hand this last instance cheerfully over to Mr Ruskin. This piece of humbug and practical joking was an imitation, and doubtless done by means of paints and brushes, the common tools of art; but we leave our readers to decide in what degree the fine Berghem or the living Velasquez resembled



this real sleight-of-hand;—about as much perhaps as the glass jar, made into sham Dresden or Sevres by the noble art of potichomania, resembles the morsel of antique china introduced into the corner of a picture by some painter who has chosen his scene in the “Popish” period, and whose Belinda or Lady Mary would not have known her own *sanctum*, had its favourite idol been omitted, or represented by the mere blotch upon the canvass, which would “convey a conception of the fact” of its existence to the mind of the looker-on.

No: this imitative faculty, in its true use and exercise, is no ignoble trickster, but a faithful and favourite vassal of its superior, Truth; or let us say, which is equally true, that it is an inevitable condition of the humanity of art. We are all servants, the greatest of us, and that man is not the noblest who exaggerates most the conditions under which he is permitted to possess the grand gifts of life and hope; nor is it well to say that any special curb is mean or contemptible. This piece of bondage, if bondage it be, is but the golden collar about the neck of the favourite thrall of nature; it is the standing confession of servitude, the declaration of humility which becomes a man, privileged indeed to create, after a human fashion, but not to place his works upon equality with those of the Divine Creator, the Author of a vaster landscape, the Poet of a sublimer strain. When Art becomes the master even of material nature, the bonds of this condition may be broken; but meantime Art is but the servant, honoured and glorified by a transmitted lustre, and the great compensation of Providence has made the sign of her servitude an instrument of her true and real power.

We have lingered too long upon this piece of critic-craft, in which, indeed, with a great show of originality and metaphysical discrimination, Mr Ruskin has wrapped up a very ancient and commonplace truism, which we may admit as a truth,—namely, that the means, laboriously pursued for its own sake, and dignified by no greater object, is extremely like to fall into mere manual dexterity, and always is more or less

contemptible; but we venture to think that most minds worthy of consultation will agree with us, that the same means becomes noble when cultivated in the lawful and faithful pursuance of a great end. The perfection of texture in a satin gown, or a suit of armour, or even the marvellous reality of the soldier's coat and the fireman's boots, in the works of Mr Millais, is of itself a very poor result of art and labour; but it ceases to be poor when it comes to be only a secondary bit of excellence, contributing to the general perfection of an admirable portrait or a noble scene.

We cannot follow Mr Ruskin while he runs his fierce career through all the eminences of art. He is brave, but his bravery is not magnanimous; there is nothing in it of that heroic pride which would rather measure swords with Dunois than triumph over a less redoubtable champion. Not that our critic is afraid, for fear is not in him, but he has no understanding of

“That stern joy which warriors feel  
In foemen worthy of their steel.”

True, he challenges the greatest name without pause or diffidence; but so far from showing a generous satisfaction in the greatness of the name he has challenged, he sets to, with spiteful depreciation, to convince you that, after all, there is no credit in his own enterprise, seeing that the Claude, or the Poussin, or the Domenichino, is mean, debased, and ignoble, to begin with, and scarcely worth an honest man's while. Had Mr Ruskin been with Lars Porsena when “brave Horatius kept the bridge,” he could not have comprehended why “even the Tuscan chivalry could scarce forbear a cheer.” Our critic would have straightway lectured these generous men-at-arms—pointed out to them some subtle precaution that their fancied hero had taken for his own safety, or wondered how they could suppose there was any real danger in that shallow Tiber for the noble Roman in his well-tried arms. A noble foe is not in Mr Ruskin's way. He has no true satisfaction in another man's reputation, unless he himself has had a hand in making it; and the reputation of his adversary he assails enviously, and with a grudge,

and never desires to know the unanimous delight of a passage of arms with his superior, or even with his equal. He never fights "for love," and has a disagreeable knack of finding out the joints of his opponent's armour, and the weak points of his defence. Not very long ago the felicity of listening to a course of lectures delivered by Mr Ruskin was permitted to ourselves. The subject was abstruse and recondite in a high degree, being no less than the art of illumination, as practised in the days of leisure and medieval art. In the course of his illustrations the lecturer exhibited an outline drawing of a figure bending a bow. It was by no means a handsome figure; and as we perfectly understood that it was intended we should laugh at it, we did laugh, like a good auditory, disposed to oblige our instructor. Then Mr Ruskin called upon us to remark those debased lines, the entire ignorance of grace, of nature, and of drawing, exhibited in this unfortunate outline. What a mean soul the man must have had who could have produced it, and how destitute of every elevated feeling it was. This figure, said the lecturer—and we perceived we were coming to a grand climax—this miserable instance of ignorance and falsehood in art, was a faithful transcript enlarged—so many diameters, as the microscopists say—of one of the figures in one of the most famous landscapes of—Claude Lorraine! Let anybody who knows the nature of a schoolmaster's joke, and the explosion which is certain to follow it, imagine with what a soft flutter of tittering the attendant ladies, and with what a gust of laughter the admiring young gentlemen, received this piece of information—how delighted we were to put down Claude, and extinguish him for ever under our applause merriment, even as we remember once hearing a Cockney pedagogue and his audience put down and extinguish Sir Walter, on the score of his Scotticisms and confusion of *shalls* and *wills*! Unhappy Claude! misfortunate Sir Walter! the Dominie, with his boys and girls—the lecturer, with his young ladies and his young

gentlemen—how soon they can make an end of you!

We believe it is a common enough idea to imagine Mr Ruskin a great authority and influence in art. We cannot for a moment consent that he is so. Mr Ruskin is a great *writer*; and if it pleased him to expatiate upon smoky chimneys instead of great pictures, we do not doubt for a moment that he could charm us into interest, and make grander "effects" of smoke and flame, the fierce tricks of the fire-spirit, and the picturesque glimmers of the fireside light, than anything yet achieved by Mr Millais. Literary gifts so great and so attractive cannot fail to draw after any man a great "following;" but the majority of Mr Ruskin's admirers, to our thinking, admire and throng after him, not *for*, but *despite of* his principles in art. Among artists, this man who stands apart upon his own amateur position, congratulating himself on the freedom of his independent standing-ground, and writing *Notes on the last Exhibition of the Royal Academy*, can never be either popular or useful; and it is only the general public, to whom art is unknown, who can consent with patience to any such general denunciation and overthrow as is the use and wont of our ungenial critic. But when we say this, we say nothing against the real reputation of Mr Ruskin, which, so far as we are able to judge, is *not* founded upon any real wisdom or insight into the mysteries of art, but is a pure issue of the powers of literature,—a tribute, not to able theories or judicious investigation, or wise criticism, but to a wealth of language, and fulness of fancy—the gifts of the great writer—seldom before brought into vigorous exercise in this separate field.

It is scarcely possible to make a greater transition, or change our atmosphere more completely, than we do in leaving the sublime pretences of Mr Ruskin's philosophy to take up the graceful volumes of Mrs Jameson.\* The more eminent writer tells us with a shrewish arrogance that he has studied the subject all his life, and of course knows a great deal

\* *Sacred and Legendary Art.* By Mrs JAMESON.

more about it, and is in a much better position to judge than we. The lady, on the contrary, without any brag of her experience, quietly sets about the benevolent business of making us as well acquainted as herself with her own particular field of art. Mrs Jameson is content to divest herself of her superiority, and give her audience an opportunity of judging with her; and her work is painstaking and laborious as well as elegant, and adds to our practical acquaintance with its subject. We have here no great critic to deal with, but an accomplished observer, and lover of art; and the subject and period which this writer makes choice of, sends us back to consider pictures and painting as the grand instruments of an unlearned age for general popular instruction—the plain handwriting, distinct and palpable, in which the great events of the past were commemorated, and the great mysteries of the future symbolised. The change is strange: so far from needing a priesthood of interpretation to find out the cunning artist's meaning, and translate his greatness to the vacant unconstructed eye, the artist himself was the interpreter in those strange old days, making a bolder and more impressive writing of his own to come home, not to cognoscenti, but to the simple understanding which comprehended a *thing* better than a word, and found more meaning in a picture than in all the explanations in the world. Perhaps our superior education makes it no longer either possible or desirable that Art should retain its old position as the great popular remembrancer, prompting the general imagination to a clearer grasp of the most momentous truths; but it is strange to find that from this simple and noble position it should have lapsed into the region of the recondite, and that the same plain people who once were its chief pupils, should now be supposed too dull an audience to profit by its teachings, or to understand them. For our own part, we have no confidence in anything which is not for the common people. The broad mass of humanity, and the art which works for connoisseurs, and confines its ambition to the applause of the few, even though these

few are fame-makers and worthy of their elevation, is not, in the fullest sense of the word, great art. The old religious masters of early painting have this advantage over us, that they take God's own grandest example, and offer their best to enlighten the common understanding, and move the simple heart; and we are tempted to forget our Reformation terrors when we perceive what wonderful pathetic beauty, grandeur, and tenderness has many a time come into the world through some man's sincere desire to represent, aright a Madonna, or a Magdalene, or a warrior saint. In these days we have no such debateable land of sainthood and martyrhood—no such charmed scope for imagination, as among the visionary or traditionary persons of the Romish calendar; and somehow it seems hard to throw upon mere human history the magic of that universal relationship and sympathy which the unlearned in the old times must have found in the half-mythical legends of the saints. This half-realised and visionary region was a very El Dorado of art.

Mrs Jameson's object in the three handsome volumes which form this series, has been to make us acquainted with the illustrations (meaning thereby, most courteous reader, not the pretty woodcuts of Mr Birket Foster, nor any productions of their class, however admirable, but a succession of the greatest works and most memorable names of art) of sacred history produced in Catholic times. It is scarcely needful to distinguish between those which are of real and Scriptural events, and those which are pure legend—for the strain of legend runs back over the New Testament, and intrudes itself among the Apostles, and into the very presence of the Lord, without hesitation, so that a tinge of human romance constantly blends with the narrative, even where the narrative itself is in reality Scriptural. Mrs Jameson, though admirably qualified in some respects, has not, in other points as important, the character of mind proper to such a work as this. She has no touch of genuine superstition in her—her mild and mystical faith makes symbols of everything, but takes nothing in its

mere literal plainness for true; and however suitable this may be to the St Catherines, Ursulas, and Christophers, we stumble at the universal symbolism when we come to hear of the Eastern Magi paying their homage to the divine Child and to His mother, as glorified types of the infancy and womanhood, the representatives of a new rule of gentleness and mercy, before whose sweeter sovereignty the old reign of force was to soften away. This is perilous stuff, for there is no scepticism like that of the mystic who believes everything after his fashion, and can find symbolical truths alike in the fables of Olympus and in the story of Christianity; and even for the mere effect of all this graceful author's ready and fluent writing, a bit of rougher faith here and there would be a great desideratum, giving herself a clearer insight, and her readers a more substantial interest in her tale. After all, what an inspiration there is in genuine believing! These old, stern, unlovely pictures of the very early schools of art—what a reality and force one sometimes feels in the severe lines and formal arrangement of works which seem wrung and extorted out of the reluctant material, compelled to express the primitive artist's strong conviction or fervent faith! Among the many beautiful examples of more refined and advanced art, it is at once touching and instructive to glance at the solemn Madonnas and stern saints of those earlier centuries, when the workman had little comparative power over his implements, and little conception of what they might produce; but found inspiration enough in the strong desire within him, to honour and make known the objects of his faith.

It was Love, as the fable goes, whose idle finger traced the first portrait, and made the first beginning of pictorial art; but history leaves little doubt upon the subject, that all primitive efforts of genius have been dedicated to the temple and sanctuary, and that human skill and power never yet did their best except at the bidding of Religion. When we say this, we feel no necessity to add our voice to the popular denunciation of that Puritanism which took down the pictures from our

churches, and thrust out from niche and altar the sculptured saints of medieval times. That Faith, whose divine Author proclaimed Himself come to send, not peace upon earth, but a sword, has even had occasion to regard as her foes those of her own household more than once in the history of the world; and it was well to sacrifice the favourite handmaid whose labours were no longer an advantage, but a snare, to the humble children of the Father's house. In Mrs Jameson's book, however, we pass into the other world, which lies behind the grand Reformation era, with all its stern necessities; and whether we call these ages "dark ages," or "ages of faith," we are at no loss to perceive the marked and conspicuous difference between that period and our own. A world of things and persons, less than of words and thoughts, the common mind of these days, had need of palpable presentments—of bold and startling imagery—of story, rapid, active, and personal, to balance in the intellectual atmosphere the throng and stir of external life. Ours is an age of events, but not as theirs was; and the "battle, and murder, and sudden death," which were familiar and everyday incidents in the experience of our forefathers, are far from the quiet tenor of our existence. We have other means of knowledge, and other modes of occupation than they had; and one great war, though it convulses a continent, does not come home to the heart, nor embroil the commonwealth like a hundred petty feuds. Times of war, of commotion, and disturbance, call for bold types and visible representations; and the same necessity which made the poet of the medieval ages a Dante, produced school after school of painters, and filled cathedral, chapel, and palace with works of art. In those days there were not many pictures upon "indifferent" subjects; lessons of theology in the shape of martyrdoms and sufferings, saintly charities and triumphs, were the ordinary product of the studio; and from the universal Madonna, to the least-known local monastic saint, the desire of the time seems to have been almost exclusively for religious

representations, expressions, or illustrations of the faith.

Mrs Jameson's labours, though evidently labours of love, have not been either brief or light, and must have involved a very large amount of research and exertion. Her plan is excellent, and it is conscientiously carried out; and our author takes care to make us understand all the accessories of the scene, and seldom fails to introduce the pretty and romantic legend, as well as the bit of history, real or assumed, on which it is grounded. For instance, we ourselves, being unlearned at once in art and in Catholic tradition, have vainly puzzled more than once over the action of a figure in a "Marriage of the Virgin"—a young man who is represented breaking a wand over his knee while the ceremony goes on. Was this a Jewish custom? No one could tell us. Mrs Jameson explains the matter at once by the fable, which describes how many candidates there were for the hand of Mary—how each suitor was commanded to bring a wand—how the wands, being solemnly laid up for a night in the temple, had the miracle of old repeated upon them—and how Joseph was chosen by the mystic sign of lilies budded and blooming upon his. Accordingly, in the picture, the disappointed suitor breaks his wand impatiently, and the bridegroom bears in modest triumph his miraculous lily. A very strange fable is this legend of the Virgin; and the old devout believers in it, if they ever permitted themselves to speculate upon the subject, must have found it extremely hard to account for the inveterate malice and obstinate unbelief of the later Jews, when, in the visionary world of this history, they saw how it fared with Joachim and Anna, and what a solemn love and expectation attended the maid Mary, already half-deified among her neighbours and in her nation; but they were not given to logic in those simple days.

The latest, and perhaps most popularly attractive of these volumes, contains the life of Mary, from its mystical and immaculate beginning, to its equally mysterious and supernatural end; but though we would not beset

her as to profess a lesser interest in one who—not to consider her higher claims—has been for so many ages the very type and impersonation of womanly love and suffering, we confess a strong leaning, for our own part, to the ruder saints who have no such dangerous fascination and pre-eminence as Our Lady. St Christopher, for instance, that burly, simple-hearted giant—what a capital "morality," manly and spirit-stirring, might be made of the earlier part of his history. Our familiar acquaintance with this antique worthy is confined, for the most part, to that one moment of his later career, which finds a counterpart in the life of almost every other saint with whom we have the felicity of being acquainted. Christopher, with his brawny limbs and his great club, in the middle of the river, carrying high upon his shoulder the wondrous child, whose importunity had roused him from his rest, is a well-known subject; but the story of that same Christopher, setting forth with his honest ambition to serve the greatest man on earth, and none but him, is by no means so familiar to us. The greatest man at that period, as the story goes, was one King Maximus, into whose service the manful pagan entered, to the mutual satisfaction of man and master; till one fine day, Christopher discovered that his great monarch stood in awe of a certain greater personage called the Devil, whom straightway our hero, in his plain and dauntless simplicity, went in search of, and found right readily, as men do in general who seek the satanic potentate. Thereafter Christopher, with zeal and devotion, did his service to this "black knight" for a period, until he made the discovery that his second leader stood in awe and trembled for One who once had hung upon a cross; whereupon Christopher, setting about his search once more, came at last to the service of the Greatest, and was converted and baptised, and became a Christian saint instead of a heathen man-at-arms, after which time the proper miraculous period of his history commences, and our interest in him fails. The story needs no symbolisation; it is as plain a parable as the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and we

know no stouter groundwork for a thorough schoolboy's drama, martial and warm-hearted, than this story of Christopher the pagan, and how he came to be Christopher the saint. By the way, it is a very odd circumstance in the concluding scene of all these martyrs, that after coming harmlessly through a dozen deaths and tortures, every man of them submits to be beheaded. Boiling baths and fire, wild beasts and poisoned cups, are successively triumphed over; but neither prayer nor faith seems able to blunt the sword of the executioner. Decapitation is the last resort, and invariably successful after everything else has failed.

We are afraid it is scarcely in our way to remark much upon the very judicious and sensible *Handbook*\* of Mr Leslie. It is a thoroughly readable book, written in an agreeable and modest style, without either pretension or pedantry; and, like most men who have made real experiment in the difficulties of this profession, and given a whole life, or the best years of it, to their study, Mr Leslie makes little assertion of superior wisdom, and never insinuates "I am Sir Oracle." An eminent painter, indeed—and the fact is worthy notice—is seldom an unkindly critic; and we scarcely can remember an instance—excepting only the waspish and ill-natured Northcote, whose malice was elfish and characteristic, and had little to do with his profession—of an old man, with any reputation in art, who has not been the most gentle and tender-handed of censors, willing to perceive excellence, and slow to condemn any honest effort. In art, at least, genuine experience seems the natural progenitor of patience and charity; it is only your amateur who can afford to make light of the exertions which in his own person he never ventures upon. But Mr Leslie's book belongs to the scientific, rather than to the light literature of art, and addresses itself neither to the general public, which reads books upon all subjects provided they be not readable, nor to the dilettanti public, which, in discharge of its self-imposed duty to society, laboriously

studies everything which bears upon art. Even the modest title—strangely at variance with the ordinary rule in the modern naming of books—gives an inadequate idea of this, which is not in reality a handbook, but a course of lectures, well-considered and worthy productions, to which any class of students might be glad to listen. The academical character of the work, however, precludes us from entering upon it, though we were much disposed to quote Mr Leslie's acute and able remarks upon the subject of imitation in art.

Lord Napier's little book† is a pure dilettanti production, one of those straws which show which way the wind is blowing. We cannot promise our readers either instruction or amusement from its pages, nor will its noble author derive much reputation from his work. It is a simple badge of a class greatly increased in late years, and will suffice to acquaint the public with the fact that another gentleman, hitherto unknown to fame, has united himself to the brotherhood of cognoscenti, and is qualified to discuss old pictures and new, to worship the great masters, and to snub the small, as occasion offers. But Lord Napier, unfortunately, has not been born with the gift of speech, and an odder specimen of writing could scarcely be found than this little biographical dictionary of his, in which any one interested may discover all about the painters of Naples, so far as mere facts—and these doubtless perfectly correct and authentic—can teach him. The different branches of the craft are conscientiously classified, moreover, and every man has his right place; also, we are favoured with an account of the means of study and chances of patronage under the government of King Bomba, which seem abundant enough, and worthy of a better fruitage: but Lord Napier must be content with the fact, that he has written a book, and so established his connoisseurship; for we cannot flatter him that he has done anything to increase our real acquaintance even with local art.

But the class which this little volume gives us an indication of, and

\* *Handbook for Young Painters.*

† *Modern Painting at Naples.*

which we form a much more dignified and worthy acquaintance with in the volumes of Lord Lindsay, an accomplished writer, whom we have neither space nor fit occasion to introduce here—the class of noble or wealthy travellers, men of a placid and refined temper, who find more pleasure in the byways of the artistic world than on the broader road of life—is far from an uninteresting one; and though there can be little doubt that this aristocratic and patronising amateurship is quite as like to harm as to encourage the natural development of art, yet the brotherhood has its uses, and provides an audience of refinement and discrimination within its narrow limits, with time to be enthusiastic and means to be liberal. We are brought immediately, by a natural and easy transition, from the field of painting to that of architecture, when we begin to consider these graceful illuminati, the special patrons of this reviving art. Among a large class of educated and polished people, Architecture is the fashionable study of the time; and a very fascinating study it is beyond dispute, especially when pursued in a snug rectory or hereditary hall, with a fine old church at one's door, full of ancient "examples," or, more attractive still, beginning to fall to pieces, and loudly craving to be "restored." Many a slumbrous rural parish, inaccessible heretofore to anything better than a heavy far-off rumble of echoed politics, has woken up, within recent days, to the most comfortable little agitation of its own, concerning its church and antiquities; and if this awakening has not been unattended by direful skirmishes of church-rate and anti-church-rate, it has doubtless been of use in its way, besides its primary advantage of raising a mighty pother and excitement in the countryside—undeniable blessings, which only rural people, who want them most, can fully realise. The question has a ridiculous side, of course; and it is not always easy to restrain a smile at the grand pretensions of Ecclesiological, and Archæological, and Architectural Societies, each one more ambitious than its neighbour; nor at the magniloquent phrases of the modern Dr Primrose, whose Whistonian controversy is a

controversy concerning "early decorated," or "perpendicular," or the "florid Gothic," in which these "severe" periods blossomed out and ran to seed. But there is also a great deal of sentiment, and that of no ignoble character, in this agitation; for though, unfortunately, we do not know very much of it on the northern side of the Tweed, few of us fail to appreciate the affectionate regard, half romance, half veneration, and a great deal more than half the love of home, which surrounds the old parish churches of England, the graceful relics of historic times; and we already owe a great many graceful books and picturesque things to the modern mania for church restoration and decoration, and the studies to which it has given rise.

In itself, Architecture is one of the grandest and most interesting of arts. We, for our own part, have little liking for the antiquarian investigations which are concerned with bits of broken pottery, or even with the speechless relics of that earlier heathendom which preceded Rome; but the science which reads articulate records of our own historic period—"sermons in stones"—from the differing pillars and diversified pinnacles of those familiar places, which have never before suggested to us their own gradual accumulation, demolition, and re-erection, gives reality to our actual "book-learning," and makes a vague information into a realised truth. To feel the presence of our sturdy Saxon forefathers in that massive low-browed rounded arch lingering at the further end of the light-springing columns and lofty vaulting of the more imaginative and later Norman, is quite a different thing from reading or learning the dull matter-of-fact statement, that "this building was begun in the reign" of some Osbert or Ethelwold, fabulous and undiscoverable—and the forlorn bit of antiquity, the sedilia boxed up into a squire's pew, or the old old morsel of window in some half-lighted corner, throwing down dull gleams of colour upon slumbrous peasants, buried in the high pews of the eighteenth century, connects our little rural church with the ancient ages, in a way far more potent and realisable than dates or figures. Besides all this, there is in universal

human nature an inherent delight in the art of construction, a primitive craft of which architecture must always afford the noblest and most substantial examples; and few of us are so dull as to feel no thrill or flush of natural and generous triumph (very different, however, from Mr Ruskin's snobbish "admiration of pride" which he confines to the rich), when we enter one of those glorious buildings—great epics, grown and effloresced out of stone—which forms our most magnificent evidences of that half-divine faculty of *making*, the shadow of His own sublime creative power, which God has given to man.

Yet hold! we speak of the art of construction, and of our instinctive human pleasure in it. But what says Mr Ruskin on the subject—a gentleman who has written as many volumes as we have written words, and knew all about it ere ever we were enlightened to discover the difference between flamboyant and perpendicular? It is a singular fact, and passes our dull powers of comprehension; but we stumble and stand aghast at the very beginning of the first book in which this great authority announces his opinions to the world. What is architecture?—something which demands the exercise of all our highest faculties—the spirit of sacrifice, of truthfulness, of obedience—the energy of life and power—the exercise of memory, the appreciation and production of beauty. Yes, that is all true, but that is no definition. What is architecture? Do Mr Ruskin's readers understand that he who has written so many splendid volumes on the subject, starts in his career by declaring it only a gigantic craft of case-making, and in reality of itself no art at all? It may be a degree of natural stupidity, not enlightenable even by the noble periods of Mr Ruskin—but we confess that we pause here in amazement and perplexity. Give us your counsel, kindest reader. Has it been your hap to "find," with Mr Ruskin, such following facts as these?—

"I found, finally, that artistical and rational admiration—the only admiration worth having—attached itself *wholly* to the meaning of the sculpture and colour on the building; that it was very regardless of general form and size, but in-

tensely observant of the statuary, floral mouldings, mosaics, and other decorations. Upon which, little by little, it gradually became manifest to me that the sculpture and painting were in fact the all-in-all of the thing to be done; that these, which I had long been in the careless habit of thinking subordinate to the architecture, were in fact the entire masters of the architecture; and that the architect, who was not a sculptor or a painter, was nothing better than a frame-maker on a large scale. Having once got a clue to this truth, every question about architecture immediately settled itself without further difficulty. I saw that the idea of an independent architectural profession was a mere modern fallacy, the thought of which had never so much as entered the heads of the great nations of earlier times; but that it had always, till lately, been understood, that to have a Parthenon one had to get a preliminary Phidias; and to have a cathedral of Florence, a preliminary Giotto; and to have even a St Peter's at Rome, a preliminary Michael Angelo."

This being the case, ascertained and concluded, it seems to us nothing but sheer superfluity and foolishness to speak any more about architecture. If architecture means simply "the association of sculpture and painting in noble masses, or the placing them in fit places," let us write about sculpture and painting under their true names, and not under a sham appellation—the mere ghost of a term, with no commensurate meaning. When we read this definition, we cannot help reverting in imagination to a little church on the Rhine, which seems to us quite a *beau ideal* of architecture in this sense of the word, though we fear us much it would not satisfy Mr Ruskin. When we entered within the walls of the Apollinarisberg, we were not tempted for a moment to think of the *building*. The architect—mechanical slave!—had raised his walls and put on his roof; and the "frame" was worthy of so lofty a conception, and never would attract any mortal eye or imagination if it stood till the end of time. But the soft frescoes of Müller were bright upon every wall; the pinky rounded draperies, the sweet angelic faces, filled the whole tabernacle with a flutter of habitation. Well; our admiration, though possibly not very artistic or rational, "attached itself *wholly* to" these;



but we never before conceived it possible that we could be paying homage to architecture in our gaze at the frescoes, then in the freshest, pinkest, prettiest stage of their existence, and warm from the master's hand. A very different feeling, if we do not strangely mistake ourselves, arrests us on the threshold of a grand Gothic cathedral, though the great nave lie bright in all the flush of noon-day, and there be no sentimental adjunct of "darkness, or music in a minor key." Who, if it be not Mr Ruskin, cares, at the first glance, for the saints in their sculptured niches, or the pictures over the altar? Who pauses to consider what flowers have budded in those capitals, or suggested those clusters of rich ornamentation, which at this present moment we see as if we saw them not? By-and-by, of natural necessity, we are thankful to take rest in the wealth of detail which prolongs and extends our interest in the magnificent erection; but it is the erection itself—the wonderful *thing* stretching its glorious arches over us—lifting its lofty shafts, so strong, and firm, and delicate, far above our heads, which takes our heart by storm.

But if Mr Ruskin really holds his own opinion, we cannot for our life make out what all this following din is about. Why knock down all our beautiful unfortunate Edinburgh, if "rational and artistic admiration" is "very regardless of general form and size"? Vines and jessamines, wood-bines and roses, can cluster just as well about a square window as about a pointed one; and if in reality the floral moulding be all that is needful, why anathematise the innocent angles of our square houses, which have very little to do with the matter after all? After this grand statement of principles, our author gives himself most unnecessary trouble by returning to the region of shafts, and vaults, and architraves—those mere matters of form, of which, being a "rational and artistic" critic, he ought to be "very regardless." Why did not Mr Ruskin, with the true originality of a hero, pursue and make a system of his own grand and picturesque suggestion which follows, and which certainly would be something practicable, and

could be tried at any rate? "As soon as we possess a body of sculptors, able and willing, and having leave from the English public to carve on the façades of our cathedrals portraits of the living bishops, deans, canons, and choristers who are to minister in the said cathedrals; and on the façades of our public buildings, portraits of the men chiefly moving or acting in the same; and on our buildings generally, the birds and flowers which are singing and budding in the fields around them, we shall have a school of English architecture—not till then."

We have found it; for who *could* study Mr Ruskin and not find inspiration at last? The "Working Man's College" has not found a building for itself yet, so far as we are aware. Friends and countrymen! heroes and patriots of undeveloped fame! will nobody hear one appeal for the love of art and honour, and a deed of derring-do? Let us have a Working Man's College; let us carve upon it the noble effigies of its founders, all of them in hats and frockcoats, their true and native costume. The honoured presence of Mr Ruskin, in habit as he lives, shall be our presiding figure, and we will build a bower of fretted stone, fashioned like boughs of poplar and branches of laburnum, with London sparrows, homely minions! twittering among the leaves. We never hoped to achieve immortality until this moment; but already we can see the amaranthine wreath approaching us, in honour of our suggestion; and so shall the school of English architecture, "very regardless of form and size, but intensely observant of statuary, floral mouldings, mosaics, and other decorations," have its beginning. We submit that it will be time enough for a new Exeter Hall, with a fringe of lecturers, headed by Lord John Russell, and choral groups of all the performers in all the Wednesday concerts; and also for new Houses of Parliament, "done" all over with Lord Palmerston, and Lord Panmure, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, when our experiment has achieved its legitimate and certain triumph.

But, alas! Mr Ruskin is not consistent. He *will* come back, after all,

to this mere vulgar question of form, actuated, as we suppose, by "sentimental admiration," since the rational and artistic has no concern with so inferior a matter. But here our author is *not* original. Few, we suppose, except professional readers, are likely to be acquainted with an extraordinary and whimsical little folio—a *jeu d'esprit*, very telling in its points, though one of the oddest pieces of literary composition imaginable—the *Contrasts* of the late Augustus Welby Pugin. This great architect and singular man was, as most people know, a Roman Catholic of the true antique faith, and his little treatise, with its odd illustrations, was made to prove the utter degradation and debasement of architectural art—the art of the "ages of Faith," under the combined barbaric influences of Protestantism and Paganism, the Reformation and the Renaissance. It would be worth any one's while, who knows Mr Ruskin's Edinburgh Lectures, to make himself acquainted with this older volume, in which the root of the eloquent critic's grand denunciations is to be found. Yet we will not be so ungenerous either, as to say "is to be found," for perhaps Mr Ruskin himself is not unaware of the unusual closeness of resemblance between his own remarks and the preceding observations of a man whom he does not hesitate to patronise with disdainful superiority. We recommend the volume to his notice, if he does not know it; it is not a great literary composition like his own works, but it throws a suspicious shadow over some very glowing paragraphs of his, and certainly exhibits a prior critic and an earlier insight than his own.

For our own part, we confess to a much greater sympathy with Mr Ruskin's inconsistency than with his principle. In our own judgment, it is impossible to entertain the most rudimentary opinion about architecture, and to be regardless of form and size; nor can we by any means permit ourselves to be persuaded that mere form, unpainted, unsculptured, and undecorated, has not a most subtle fascination—an influence more spiri-

tual and penetrating than ever can belong to floral mouldings or decorated capitals, however exquisite in themselves. We know a certain spire, for instance, which, if it has any ornamentation at all, hides it in the distance and the sunshine, through which its own fair outline is always visible; yet there is no steeple of our acquaintance so pleasant to our eye; and though we do not suppose a frequent contemplation of it has made us much "happier, holier, or wiser," yet we like our silent acquaintance, and would miss it were it gone. Nor will we allow that the architect of this piece of shapely balance and proportion, which cleaves the air with so light and natural a spring, is a simple builder no better than the man of brick and square windows, because it is possible that he could not design, to Mr Ruskin's satisfaction, a cluster of oak-leaves. But, whether it be form or ornamentation, let us only know *what* it is; for it is perplexing in the extreme to be told that "the only admiration worth having attaches itself *wholly* to the meaning of the sculpture and colour on the building," and straightway to find ourselves in the midst of a very *row* about square windows, which can have nothing to do with the higher question at all.

But, oh and alas, Mr Ruskin! Mr Ruskin! what have not your teachings to answer for? Here is an unfortunate young architect,\* deluded by so grand an example, who, in a hapless hour, has been persuaded that he too could write a book, and interest the world in the tour of his holiday, and the researches of his craft. True, he might still have written a book had there been no *Stones of Venice*, for this mania is certainly not to be attributed to the example of Mr Ruskin; but the chances are that this hapless youth would not have tried those wonderful bits of writing, if a grand panoramic sketch or dissolving view had not become the habitual chapter-conclusion of the great living "example" in whose steps his ambition aimed to follow. We are extremely sorry for Mr Street, but we are as intolerant of shams in *our* profession, as he has a perfect right

\* *Brick and Marble Architecture in Italy.* By GEORGE EDMUND STREET.

to be in his; and there are many things tolerable from Mr Ruskin, who is in reality a great master of language and expression, which are very doleful rubbish indeed in the hands of this neophyte. What does anybody think of such a piece of imitation as this?—

“The work of our modern sculptors is all foreign and unreal, and almost always involves the assumption that they are representing the proceedings of the Greeks or Romans, and not of the English: it is impossible, therefore, that such a school can be healthy, strong, or successful. It has not been enough considered how much the draperies of different countries always must and will affect the style of sculpture suitable for them. In the north, with our thick woollen garments and warm clothing, no figure, either nude or clothed in muslin, can hope to appeal to the mind of the world at large except as an unreal representation, which, as unreal, is wondered at and passed by without a thought of love or gratitude.”

Now, we repeat, it is just possible, in the glamour which genius always casts into our eyes, that we might lose our perception of the ridiculous if something to this effect had been said by Mr Ruskin. Let us be grateful when pure nonsense reveals itself in its own likeness, and when we come down to innocent bathos and the climaxes of Mr Street.

This book, as its title implies, is, barring the bits of *writing*, all about Italian architecture, and the buildings of those old cities whose very names it is excusable for youth and inexperience to rave about; and the illustrations are extremely creditable, and may be of use, we do not doubt; but we seriously advise Mr Street, when he takes his next holiday, to carry some one with him who can do the writing, and to keep by his pencil, which is a less deceitful and treach-

erous implement than the unfamiliar pen. Also, we venture to recommend to all new travellers that they should have some knowledge of other people's information before they essay too boldly to communicate their own. Mr Street permits himself to be drawn into a positive impertinence when he gives us his complacent little description of those far-famed monuments at Verona, which were known and celebrated many a day before his penetrating vision found them out. This book, however, is, we presume, a first offence: we hold it up as a warning to other enthusiastic young architects, who may also have made sketches and taken notes upon a holiday tour. We have already *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, and we really do not want all these twinkling little tapers, for there actually are such things as honesty, humility, and beauty necessary in our inferior craft of bookmaking, as well as in the elder and more substantial art.

We have fallen upon ambitious times—we must be philosophical, metaphysical, transcendental, even in our comments upon art; and that class of amiable and graceful writers, which we may well identify with the *Sketcher*\* of our own special fraternity, full of a tender appreciation and intimate acquaintance with gentle Nature and her refined attendant art, is much diminished in number of late days. The fashionable poet may be permitted to shroud himself in the elaborate twilight of mysticism, but it will soon be very needful for the fashionable painter, if art-criticism proceeds as it threatens to do, and if we are really favoured with the annual *Notes* of Mr Ruskin, to learn for himself the use of the literary cudgel, and take immediate lessons in “the noble art of self-defence!”

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[\* Alas! the writer here alluded to, our old friend and correspondent for a quarter of a century, is now no more. At the end of the present Number of the Magazine there will be found a short sketch, in which some attempt is made to do justice to a very fine character. We feel sure that all who knew the Rev. John Eagles will agree with us when we say that a better specimen of the highly-accomplished old English clergyman and country gentleman could not be met with.]

## COURTSHIP UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

## A HUMOROUS HISTORY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FERDINAND STOLLE.

WHEN I left the university of Jena, I went to live with an uncle—who, since the death of my parents, had supplied their place to me—at a pleasant country-house within an easy distance of his manufactory. Uncle Reinhold was much attached to me, and although he had not objected to my prolonging my university life rather beyond the usual age, when I finally quitted Jena he strongly urged me to turn my attention to industrial pursuits, holding out to me the prospect of becoming his partner, and ultimately sole proprietor of his profitable business. Accordingly, for upwards of a year I applied myself to master the mysteries of looms and shuttles, correspondence and accounts, although these were much less to my taste than the tranquil life I had led at Jena, studying little law, but diving deep into our noble German classics, and storing my mind from the works of the best prose-writers and poets. Before the year was half out, I fell deeply in love, but this I dared not tell my uncle. Minnie was the sweetest fairy that ever tripped over a lawn without doubling a daisy; her hair was of the richest auburn, her eyes were of the deepest blue, her mouth was a rosebud, and with my hands I could span her waist; but—alas! that terrible *but*—she lacked one thing which my uncle set above all the graces ever combined in a goddess. Her mother, the widow of a poor clergyman, lived upon a scanty pension, and Minnie was dowerless. So we kept our loves a profound secret, and trusted to time and the chapter of accidents. Both young, we could afford to wait, and, confident in each other's affection, the possibility of another union never entered the head of either of us.

My uncle frequently spoke to me of matrimony. He advocated my early marriage—perhaps a little from selfish motives, for he often joyously anticipated the charm a young and grace-

ful woman would bring into his dwelling, and the delight he should have in dandling a grand-nephew on his knee. Warm-hearted and generous, he yet in everything was completely the man of business, and he looked upon it as a settled matter, that, although I had very little fortune of my own, my expectations from him should insure me a rich wife. This idea seemed so rooted in his mind, that it sometimes occasioned me uneasiness. I foresaw some anger and much opposition when the day should come, and come it must, that I should confess to him my love for sweet penniless Minnie.

One morning, in the usual bundle of letters came one which seemed to give my uncle unusual satisfaction. I supposed it to contain a large and profitable order, for those were the letters over which he generally rubbed his hands, twinkled his eyes, and gave other unmistakable marks of contentment. To my surprise, instead of tossing it over to me, with an exulting "There, my boy!" he carefully folded it up and put it into the breast-pocket of his coat. All that day he was in a state of particular exhilaration. At dinner he said little, but something agreeable evidently occupied his mind. At last, when, at evening, he had established himself in his easy-chair at the open window, his meerschaum in his mouth, a flask of golden Rhenish at his elbow, a lovely landscape and gorgeous sunset before him, the mystery was revealed. The letter was from his old friend, Counsellor Frager, who lived on his pleasant domain of Wiesenthal, about a day and a half's drive from us. The counsellor, whom I had twice seen at my uncle's since my return from college, was a wealthy widower with three marriageable daughters, whom I had *not* seen. My uncle, it appeared, had lately been in correspondence with him respecting the propriety of bringing about a union between me and one of the young

ladies, who were reputed handsome; and that morning's letter contained the counsellor's full acquiescence in the scheme, and an invitation for me to pass a few days at Wiesenthal. In vain did I raise obstacles, and declare my conviction that none of the Misses Frager would suit me. Uncle Reinhold had the ready reply that I could not tell that until I had seen them. After making all possible objections, I felt that to persist longer might excite suspicions of a prior attachment. And, after all, it was but a week's absence, and no unpleasant escape from the monotony of the counting-house. All that I was required to do was, to go and see the damsels, who assuredly would not carry me off and marry me by force. But when I told Minnie of my approaching departure, I thought she would have broken her heart. Her confidence in me was great, but the circumstances were certainly trying. She could not endure my being thus driven into temptation. She had heard of the counsellor's daughters as very handsome and very rich. She doubted not my truth, but she had forebodings of evil, and implored me not to leave her. I had promised my uncle to go, however, and I could not retract my word. It took a great many vows, and not a few kisses, to console the little timid loving girl, and even then she was but half consoled.

Before my departure I had another grave interview with my uncle. "You will not regret your journey, Frank," he said. "The girls are pretty, witty, and well read. Not geese, such as one finds in our Kirchberg and other country villages. You must rub up your learning, I can tell you. And the chief thing is, that each of them will have her thirty thousand dollars. Bring me home such a golden niece as that, and I take you into partnership. A few years more, and I retire altogether, and you are a made man. My old friend the counsellor warmly desires the alliance. Not all wooers find their path so smooth. I ran myself nearly off my legs after my dear departed wife. The old people were against it, and would not listen to me. Luck lies before you, my boy; seize it with both hands."

"All very well," thought I, as I got into the gig and drove off; "but my hands are bound, and my heart too. What is money compared to Minnie? One lock of her lovely hair would make all the old counsellor's money-bags kick the beam! And even if she were not in the way, I hate these mercenary unions, got up by third parties, where everything is for the purse, and nothing for the heart. To pleasure my uncle, however, I can very well manage to get through a few days at Wiesenthal, and see the counsellor's graces on their best behaviour. I owe much more than that to my kind kinsman and second father. I will look at the ladies, but there is no fear of my marrying one of them. Poor dear Minnie! But if the Frager girls are such beauties, besides being fortunes, what on earth is the reason that none of them have yet got married? I should not wonder if the glitter of their thirty thousand dollars had somewhat blinded my worthy uncle. It would not surprise me if one of them squinted, and another had red hair. But there is no harm in going to see."

Thus communing with myself, I rolled pleasantly along the level road, in the warm autumn sun, through mile after mile of dew-spangled orchard. Those were my romantic days, and nothing would have pleased me better than to have met with an adventure or two by the way. These were denied me; but, upon the other hand, an abundance awaited me at the place of my destination.

It was between nine and ten in the forenoon when I reached the neighbourhood of the rich counsellor's fine domain. The morning was so fine, the country so beautiful, that I determined to leave my gig at a roadside inn, about a quarter of an hour's drive from Wiesenthal, and to proceed thither on foot. Perhaps, also, if truth be told, I was not sorry to stop at the inn to get rid of the dust of the highway, and arrange my dress a little. I had certainly no desire to please any one of the three Misses Frager, but that was not a reason for appearing to disadvantage before them. The disorder of my toilet repaired, I set out on my walk, and soon came in sight of the counsel-

lor's villa. A small birch wood lay before me, through which I had to pass, and then I should be in the garden, which stretched up to the house. As I proceeded I looked about me on all sides, thinking I might by chance descry one of the three graces from which it was my uncle's will, but not my intention, that I should select a wife. The only women I saw were two peasants toiling in a field. I was about to enter the wood, when, at some two hundred paces from me, the slender figure of a woman, attired in a fantastical costume, between a riding-habit and a hunting-coat, and bearing a double-barrelled gun in her hand, stepped out from among the foliage. Leaning upon her weapon, she seemed enjoying the charming landscape.

"If that be one of Frager's daughters," thought I to myself, "Uncle Reinhold was not so far wrong. A fine girl she seems."

Not wishing to disturb the graceful apparition in her contemplation of the scenery, I walked on as if I had not perceived her. I had taken but a few steps when a female voice, melodious but powerful, shouted "Halt!" That cannot be addressed to me, thought I to myself, and walked on. Then came a sound like the cocking of a gun, and the next instant a bullet whistled, as it seemed to me, close over my head, The hint sufficed, and I halted at once.

"The woman must be crazed," thought I, as I gazed at the reckless amazon, who walked slowly towards me. I had leisure to observe her, and to admire her remarkable beauty. Her graceful figure was set off to advantage by the close-fitting habit, and her blooming countenance by a profusion of fair curls. I thought to myself, what pity it was that so lovely a form should be that of a mad woman. When she arrived within twenty paces of me—

"Why did ye not halt," she asked in commanding tones, "when I ordered you?"

I really knew not what to reply to the imperious beauty; so I varied the subject.

"If I do not mistake," I said, "I heard a bullet whistle rather near me."

"Are you afraid of bullets?"

"Well—there may be cases."

"For shame! a man should never be afraid, least of all of a lady. You thought I should hurt you? Do you take me for an assassin, or for a bad shot?"

"Neither, upon my word."

"There is a fine apple hanging over your head. Lay it on your palm, stretch out your arm, and I will shoot it off. Will you bet that I don't?"

"I am not fond of such bets."

"Afraid again?"

"Every man has his moments of weakness."

"Poltroon!" scornfully exclaimed this demon in petticoats, raised her gun, and levelled it at my head.

"For God's sake!" I cried, but before the words were out of my mouth came the flash and report. I thought I should have fallen to the ground. To a dead certainty the monster had hit my hat.

"Take off your hat," said she. I mechanically obeyed. There was a hole close to the crown. I shuddered from head to foot.

"Where are you going to?" said the terrible markswoman.

Not to anger her, I replied, as courteously as possible—

"To Wiesenthal; to Counsellor Frager's."

"Beware of his daughters," said the female fiend, with a laugh that reminded me of the wild huntsman. And she disappeared in the wood. It may be supposed that I did not linger long in so dangerous a neighbourhood. The lady might take a fancy to load again. I made the best of my way towards the house, wondering, as I strode along, whether Wiesenthal was a Turkish province, or whether we were back again in the middle ages, when people shot at peaceable passengers for pure pastime. What could this semi-assassin be? Was she a goblin, a wood demon, whose occupation was to frighten men, or real flesh and blood? If the latter, where had she acquired this preternatural dexterity with the gun, and the abominable habit of firing at travellers? Handsome she undoubtedly was, but when the devil disguises himself, he does not assume the ugliest form.

And my thoughts reverted to my pretty gentle Minnie, a less imposing beauty, but a far safer companion than this lunatic William Tell, whose warning against the counsellor's daughters also recurred to my mind. I would not allow myself to suppose that the sharpshooter was one of Frager's daughters; but if she was, and her sisters resembled her, there was no danger of my falling in love with one of them. I should as soon have thought of becoming enamoured of a Zouave. I looked cautiously around me as I hurried through the wood, every moment expecting to see the terrible double-barrel peering through the bushes. Uncas in the forests of the Hudson, with Pawnees upon his trail, could not have reconnoitred more carefully. At last I emerged from the trees, and breathed more freely as I entered the garden. My wish had been for adventures, and I was punished by its fulfilment. Romance and danger were certainly combined in the one I had just met with.

The worthy counsellor gave me a hearty reception, and made me welcome to Wiesenthal. I 'must be hungry, he said, after my drive, and calling a servant, he bade him bring refreshment. Cold game and a bottle of Steinberger were soon upon the table, and truly I wanted something to revive me after my recent peril. My friendly host pledged me in a bumper, and lamented the absence of his daughters, whom he was most desirous to introduce to me. He hoped they would be back to dinner. I ventured a conjecture that they were on a visit somewhere. Not a bit of it, was the reply; each one of them had gone her own way, and on her own business. Business! thought I to myself, what business can these young ladies possibly have? And I fervently trusted it was not that of waylaying travellers, and shooting at hats with heads in them.

"Though I cannot show you my family," quoth the counsellor, when I had done eating, "if you will come with me into the next room, I will make you acquainted with their portraits."

I followed Mr Frager. Beaming out of their golden frames were three

of the handsomest female faces man's eyes ever rested upon. But my admiration was converted into something like terror, when I recognised in one of the portraits the redoubtable guerilla who, one short hour before, had sent a bullet within six inches of my head.

"This blonde," said Frager, playing the showman, "is my eldest girl, Louisa, a terrible madcap and hair-brained puss, who should have been a boy. I always call her my Nimrod, for she is passionately fond of hunting, and rides and shoots to perfection. I own that I am not partial to such tastes in young ladies, but youth and high spirits must be allowed their way, and as the girl is a real angel in every other respect, and has the best heart in the world, I tolerate her cavalier customs."

"As regards the young lady's shooting," I replied, "I have had some experience of it myself this morning. She sent a bullet through my hat as I walked up to the house." And I related my adventure. The counsellor tried to look indignant, but his frown melted into a smile.

"Just like the gipsy," he said. "But you had nothing to fear. Her hand is steady and her aim sure."

"I will take the liberty to remark that I do not think such masculine accomplishments particularly becoming in a young lady."

"Certainly not, certainly not," replied the fond father. "You are quite right, and I preach to her every day. But it goes in at one ear and out at the other. And if I get seriously angry, she throws her arms round my neck, and vows she will be a better girl, and leaves me no rest till I forgive and kiss her. Then off she goes, and good resolutions are all forgotten. I confess my weakness; I have not the heart to thwart the child."

The next portrait was that of the second daughter, Emily by name. It was that of one of the handsomest brunettes I ever saw—a lofty commanding style of beauty, but the features wore an unmistakable expression of masculine earnestness and decision. I stood lost in admiration before the beautiful countenance. The counsellor noted, with evident satisfaction, the effect it produced upon me.

"That is my Dieffenbach," he said.

"Your Dieffenbach!" I repeated, wondering what on earth the name of the renowned surgeon had to do there.

"The same," replied Frager, smiling. "Emily is the cleverest surgeon in the whole neighbourhood. She is just now down at the village, helping the doctor to amputate the hand of a gamekeeper who has had an accident with his gun."

"A fine profession," I remarked, not knowing what to say; and I turned, with somewhat altered feelings, from the portrait of the fair Esculapius. The third portrait was not less charming than the other two. Rich masses of brown hair shaded a countenance whose features were more delicate and its expression softer than in that of either of the other sisters. "Let us hope," I thought to myself, "that this one has no such extraordinary and unwomanly tastes as Nimrod and Dieffenbach. She looks milder and more feminine."

"That is my Oken," said Frager.

"What? The naturalist?"

"The same. This, my youngest daughter, was baptised by the name of Ernestine, but I always call her my Oken. No professor knows more of zoology, ornithology, ichthyology, entomology, and a few other hard-named sciences. She is passionately fond of the study of nature, notwithstanding the occasional disagreeables connected with it."

"Disagreeables?"

"Certainly. From her wanderings over hill and dale, through thicket and forest, the girl brings home so much vermin that I have repeatedly been quite angry with her. Snakes and lizards, frogs and toads, are continually crawling, writhing, and jumping about the house. She is particularly attached to spiders, of which she has a splendid collection. If you could procure her an American tarantula, which is the object of her most ardent desires, you would at once attain a high place in her esteem. You should see Oken's boudoir," concluded the happy father; "you would never think you were in a lady's apartment, but in a museum of natural history."

"My dear sir," I exclaimed, now completely astonished, "how is it that your amiable daughters have become

addicted to such extraordinary and unfeminine pursuits?"

"The cause is soon told, my dear Mr Frank," replied Frager; "they had the misfortune to lose their mother very young. My occupation rendered it impossible for me to attend to their education, and I thought I had done all that was necessary when I intrusted the girls to a tutor, highly recommended to me, but who brought them up like boys. Their only companion was their brother Bernard, since unhappily drowned when studying medicine at the university. From him the sisters learned and inherited their various passions—Louisa her riding and shooting, Emily her surgery, and Ernestine her natural history. I live in hopes that when they are well married they will be weaned from their strange fancies; housekeeping will not leave them much time for shooting and operating, or for collecting frogs and snakes. I feel that I ought to have been stricter with the girls, but the harm is done now, and I can but hope in the future."

I was far from displeased at the counsellor's revelations. The peculiarities of the three beautiful sisters justified opposition to my uncle's wishes. He could not expect me to take to wife a Nimrod, a Dieffenbach, or an Oken. The thing was absurd. No amount of gold and beauty could atone for such unwomanly eccentricities. At the same time, I was curious to see the two younger sisters. They must be very beautiful. I was less anxious for another meeting with Miss Nimrod. The whistle of her bullets still resounded in my ears. The female Freischütze was capable of shooting the cigar from my mouth, or the rose from my button-hole. I am not fond of such practical jokes.

We had hardly returned into the breakfast-room when there was barking of dogs without, and Louisa dashed into the court on a snow-white palfrey. Nothing could be more graceful and charming than this slender daring amazon in her well-fitting habit. She sprang lightly from the saddle, and hurried into the house. From the window the counsellor watched her with ill-concealed pride and satisfaction. The door flew open, Louisa darted in, and, without taking the



slightest notice of me, threw her arms round her father's neck.

"Mad girl!" cried Frager, with a most ineffectual attempt at severity of tone, "do you not see there is a guest in the room, a worthy friend of mine?"

Rearing her elegant form to its full height, the wayward beauty, glowing with recent exercise, measured me with a glance that spoke anything but friendly welcome. A sarcastic smile played about her beautiful mouth, which Diana might have envied.

"If I do not mistake," said she coldly, "I have already made the gentleman's acquaintance."

"I had the honour," replied I, with a bow, "to serve you as a target."

"I wish you had behaved better, Louisa," said the counsellor, with some displeasure; "you are really incorrigible."

"So he has blabbed already," said the damsel scornfully. "Only think, papa," she added, turning to Frager, "the young man was frightened, and thought I would kill him!"

"Louisa!" growled her father, now really angry, "I insist upon your treating my esteemed guest with proper respect."

Louisa answered nothing, but walked pouting to the window, and stood there fanning herself with her handkerchief. Suddenly she turned, and addressed me.

"Are you a good pistol-shot?"

"It is some years since I practised," I replied, wondering what on earth was coming next.

"Come with me to my gallery; we will shoot a match."

"But, Louisa," interposed the counsellor, "let our guest rest himself to-day; to-morrow, or the day after, you can shoot as much as you like."

"You are not tired, are you?" said Louisa to me. What could I say but that I was perfectly fresh, and quite at her orders? I added that I should certainly have no chance of equalling her shooting. "Never mind that," was her reply, and she carried off her victim. I had not fired a pistol for five years; she handled the weapons with a practised dexterity that made me look very clumsy. As I had foreseen, I had not the slightest chance with the expert markswoman. I considered myself very fortunate when I hit the target, which was as big as a

plate; whereas she put the bullet in the bull's eye at almost every shot. She soon got tired of that, and fired at birds, and at fruit upon the trees. At last she produced an ace of hearts, and bade me hold it out at arm's length. I inquired her object. She would shoot the ace out, she said. I expostulated; she was firm. "Attention!" she cried, "I fire." I threw the accursed card away.

"This is tempting Providence," I said. "I have not the least doubt of your skill. On the contrary—"

Louisa stood before me, with her pistol cocked, like a destroying angel.

"Will you instantly pick up that card, or I send a bullet through your hair."

This was worse than scalping. I tried to smile, and turn it off as a joke. "I do not joke," calmly replied the terrible Louisa, and took a steady aim at my head. I thought I should have fainted. Mechanically I stooped, picked up the card, and held it by the extreme edge, as far from my body as possible. I felt that my hand trembled, but I preferred a shot in the arm to one in the head. The pistol went off, and Louisa hurried up to me. The bullet had cut out the ace. My patience was at an end.

"Madam," said I, very seriously, and rather angrily, "I must inform you that I do not relish jests of this kind."

"All one to me," was her laughing reply; "I do. But you are only a Philistine," she added, in university phrase, looking down upon me as a student of five years' standing might upon some pusillanimous freshman. And away she tripped, discourteously leaving me by myself. I thought little of the discourtesy, and was glad to be rid of her at any price.

"A real blessing would such a wife be," thought I to myself. And I made up my mind that my stay at Wiesen-thal should be of very short duration. Passing through the garden, I met old Frager, who doubtless noted discomposure on my countenance.

"I fear," he said, "that Nimrod has played you some fresh trick."

"The young lady," I replied, "is undoubtedly an excellent shot; but I am no lover of such military exercises."

"You really have nothing to fear."

"The devil I haven't!" thought I to myself. "No one," I added aloud, "can always answer where a bullet shall strike. A quicker throb of the pulse, the sudden sting of an insect, may alter the direction of the weapon."

The doating father seemed struck by the truth of this; but he said nothing, and turned the conversation. Strolling together through the garden, we stopped to look at a gigantic sunflower, which I thought was the largest I had ever seen. As we stood admiring the enormous flower, a gun was fired close at hand; the bullet passed less than two feet before us, and went right through the sunflower, severing it from its stem. This was too much even for Frager's endurance. "By heavens!" he exclaimed, "you are right; the girl is intolerable!" and, turning to Louisa, whose lovely laughing countenance appeared through the branches of a rose-laurel, he ordered her, in an angry tone, to take the gun into the house, and not to touch it again for four-and-twenty hours. Nimrod forthwith disappeared.

"I hope," said the counsellor, apologetically, as we walked back to the house, "that my Emily will efface the bad impression her sister's pranks have made upon you. If Louisa, with her rage for shooting, risks inflicting wounds, Emily, on the other hand, is always ready to heal them."

In the dining-room the table was spread for five. A servant asked if he should bring in dinner.

"Are Emily and Ernestine at home?" asked Frager.

"Not yet returned."

"And Louisa?"

"Miss Louisa has just ridden out again."

"Well," said the patient counsellor, without a word of disapproval, "then we shall dine alone. I cannot imagine," he continued, when we had sat ourselves down, "what is come to the girl. I never saw her so unruly and reckless as to-day."

For my part, I did not at all regret Nimrod's absence. Had she been there, I do not believe I could have swallowed a mouthful. I made no doubt that, like the pirate captains of the Spanish Main, she dined with a brace of pistols beside her plate. Not-

withstanding the fright she had given me, I was very hungry; the counsellor's cook was good, and I was passing nearly the first pleasant moments I had had since my arrival at Wiesen-thal, when the door opened, and the dark-browed Emily entered. The portrait had told the truth. She was, if possible, still handsomer than Louisa. Quite dazzled by her beauty, I rose and bowed. Like her sister, she heeded me not, but hurried to her father, and embraced him.

"A most successful operation," she cried; "poor Arnold is saved. It was high time to amputate, however. See, here, the state the hand is in."

And as she spoke, she unfolded a linen cloth, and displayed the shattered hand with its raw stump. I have always had the greatest horror of operations, and aversion for everything savouring of the dissecting-room; and the sight of this dead hand made me quite sick. It was all up with my appetite for that day.

"But, girl!" the counsellor exclaimed, "we are at dinner; how can you bring us such disgusting objects?"

"*Naturalia non sunt turpia*," replied the female surgeon; "what care art and science about your appetite?"

"If you do not consider me," continued Frager, "you might my guest. This is Mr Frank Steinman, the nephew of my old friend, of whom I have often spoken to you."

Dieffenbach regarded me, as I thought, with no very friendly expression.

"Had I known," she said, speaking coldly and contemptuously, "that the gentleman shudders at blood, and cannot bear to behold an amputated limb, I would certainly have spared him the sight of the result of our operation. I thought he had been a scientifically educated man."

Miss Emily was gradually becoming as odious to me as her galloping pistol-firing sister. Her father scolded, but his words were mere wind, as regarded their effect upon Dieffenbach, who was far too much engrossed with her amputation to care a copper for paternal chidings. Again putting forward the abominable hand, she began to explain, in scientific phrase, the nature of the injuries, and the necessity of its removal, when Frager lost

all patience, and ordered her immediately to remove the abominable thing from his sight. Emily carefully wrapped up her hand in the cloth and left the room.

"The deuce take me," growled the counsellor, "if I know what is come to her to-day. She does not generally intrude her surgical learning. The successful amputation must have turned her head. Well, let's think no more of it, but return to our dinner."

To dinner, with what appetites we might. I could not swallow a bit. I had dined for a week—on that horrible dead flesh. Presently in came Emily and sat down to table.

"Fall to, my friend," said the hearty and hospitable Frager, who saw that I did but play with my knife and fork, and put nothing into my mouth. "This fillet of roebuck is done to a turn."

Desirous to conceal the fact that the amputated hand had cut off my appetite, I took out my handkerchief and held it to my mouth.

"What is the matter?" asked the counsellor. Dieffenbach looked inquiringly at me.

"I have a tooth that pains me," I replied.

"Do you suffer from a decayed tooth?" hastily inquired Emily.

One lie begets another. "At times," I answered, "when eating, one of my double teeth is very apt to ache."

"We must have it out," said Dieffenbach, in a tone of decision that made me tremble for the safety of my thirty-two perfectly sound grinders. And up she jumped, and, hurrying into the next room, returned instantly with an instrument-case.

"Pray give yourself no trouble on my account, Miss Emily," I said; "the pain already diminishes."

"We must have it out," repeated Emily, firmly. "A bad tooth is like a bad conscience, it may be stilled for a moment, but never rests. You are never sure of being an hour free from pain."

"I am really extremely obliged to you," said I, deprecatingly, and observing with horror that the desperate dentist drew from her case a hideous instrument, in form something between a boot-hook and a corkscrew.

"At least allow me to examine your teeth."

"Must really decline," I replied, setting my jaws firmly together. "If I once open my mouth," I thought to myself, "this demon is capable of breaking every bit of ivory I have in it." And I muttered a host of excuses, which sufficiently showed my aversion to operations on the teeth. Dieffenbach did not seem to listen to me, but drew an arm-chair to the window, and bade the servant bring in a basin and water. Then, with an angelic smile, she invited me to sit down in the chair.

"Satan himself," thought I, "must have brought me to this house;" and straightway I declared that I could not consent to submit to any operation, and that, as to tooth-drawing, it was clean against my principles.

"I will do nothing at all to your mouth," replied Emily; "but the teeth are one of my favourite studies, and I beg you will allow me to examine yours."

I thought it rather an odd wish, but I did not like to refuse, lest she should think me a coward. I did make some further objections—would not give her the trouble, and so forth; but all this was of no use. I at last had to sit down in the chair by the window, and open my mouth. Just as I did so, the counsellor left the room. My heart sank within me; I was now completely in the power of this fiend and her forceps. She took a sort of probe, and scraped and poked about my mouth in a manner that was anything but agreeable. I endured the pain, however, and said nothing. Then she took some other instrument, and scraped and scratched again. The sufferings of Job can hardly have exceeded mine.

"Have the goodness to wash out your mouth," said the operator, handing me a glass of water. I did as I was bid, and discovered, to my horror, that my gums bled profusely.

"Nothing more dangerous," said this infernal Dieffenbach, "than to have the gums growing too low down upon the teeth. I have separated them a little."

"Small thanks to you," thought I, and hoped, with a sigh, that my tortures were at an end. Not a bit of

it. Emily again rummaged in her instrument-case.

"I will not trouble you any more," I said, closing my mouth.

"Only one moment," said the determined dentist, and in an instant thrust some hideous piece of mechanism into my mouth, and grappled a tooth. Before I knew where I was, blue lights danced before my eyes, and I felt as if my jaw was breaking. The next moment a magnificent double tooth, with two prodigious fangs, was waved in triumph before my eyes.

"It must have come out very soon," quoth Dieffenbach, with imperturbable calmness; "decay had begun, and would shortly have spread to the other teeth, and caused you great pain."

I was more dead than alive. My tongue convulsively sought the horrible gap left by my departed and irreplaceable grinder.

"You have two other double teeth that will not last you long," continued Emily; "if you please, we will take them out at once, to save future trouble. My hand is in, and I should be of opinion to have them out." She flourished her diabolical implement, but I shouted with terror, and sprang from the chair as if a scorpion had stung me.

"As you please," said Emily with a charming smile, and, gathering together her instruments, left the room with a gracious gesture, leaving me spitting blood and musing over this new and most abominable adventure. Never was any suitor so infamously treated. Nearly shot through the head by one lady, and having his tooth wrenched out by another. I gazed sorrowfully at the recent occupant of my mouth, which had never caused me a moment's pain, when the counsellor, whose ears my shriek of agony had reached, hastily entered the room and inquired what was the matter.

"Your daughter," replied I, in no very friendly tone, "has been pleased to extract, in spite of my resistance, a perfectly sound tooth from my mouth; an exploit for which I am far from obliged to her."

"Perfectly sound," said Frager, shaking his head; "there I must beg to differ from you. Emily under-

stands teeth, and is incapable of such a mistake. You should rejoice, instead of lamenting. At the price of a momentary pang, you have been saved from much suffering. The operation has been highly successful, thanks to my daughter's skill. If you complain now, what would you have done had your jaw been broken, as sometimes happens in tooth-drawing? But you must need repose. A short siesta will do you no harm. If you will accompany me, I will show you your room."

I gladly accepted the offer, well pleased to have at last a refuge from Nimrod's gun and Dieffenbach's instruments. My host led the way to a comfortable and well-furnished apartment, wished me a pleasant nap, and departed. Left alone, I fell to musing on the events of the day, and as I gazed through the window on the beautiful landscape without, I thought to myself what a pity it was that such a charming residence should be rendered intolerable by the vagaries of the owner's daughters. The old gentleman was far too indulgent—very weak indeed—and seemed to think Dieffenbach had done me a great service by robbing me of one of my best teeth. I made up my mind soon to depart. I would wait to have a look at Oken, that my uncle might not be able to say I had not complied with his wish that I should see all three daughters. As to stopping a week, it was out of the question. Before that time elapsed I should lose a leg or an arm at the hands of Dieffenbach, or be laid low by the bullets of Nimrod. More beautiful girls I had never seen, and doubted that handsomer existed; but what is the value of beauty in whose presence there is no security for life or limb? My thoughts turned to the youngest sister, Ernestine. Judging from her portrait, she was of softer mood than her elders. Her father's account of her partiality to spiders and other vermin was not very encouraging, but at any rate with her one risked neither death nor mutilation.

I would gladly have smoked a cigar, my custom of an afternoon, but the state of my gums rendered it impossible. I was quite exhausted by the various extraordinary adventures

that in so short a time had occurred to me, and I felt inclined to sleep. The afternoon was very warm, so I pulled off my coat and laid myself down in my shirt-sleeves on a soft and excellent sofa. Sleep soon closed my eyes, but it was neither a pleasant nor a refreshing slumber. The incidents of the day were reproduced and exaggerated in my dreams. First came Louisa, and shot my nose completely off, as if it had been the beak of a popinjay at a shooting-match. Then Emily appeared, with a horrible screw, which she insisted on passing through my head. The dream was a succession of ghastly visions, each one more painful and oppressive than its predecessor. I tossed about, and groaned, and perspired with terror, but my persecutors would not leave me. After Nimrod had shot a hole right through my body, so that the sun shone through, and the landscape behind me was visible to those in front, Dieffenbach approached me, wearing a string round her neck, on which were strung my thirty-one remaining teeth. So that I was as toothless as an old man of a hundred, and grievously did I bewail myself. But my sufferings were not over. Dieffenbach produced a long slender sharp-pointed instrument of polished steel, and insisted upon operating upon me for disease of the heart. I naturally protested against this, and made a desperate defence, but all was in vain: invisible hands seized me, fettered me, so that I could not stir; my breast was bared, and with a fiendish laugh, my persecutor drove the iron into my heart. Thereupon I screamed out loud—and awoke. My dream was not all a dream, although it seemed one to me for some seconds after I opened my eyes. Emily stood beside me, a lancet in her hand; my arm was bandaged, and from the vein a dark-red streamlet gushed into a basin, held by a maid-servant.

“Merciful heavens!” I exclaimed, already weakened by the loss of blood, “what is all this?”

“Hush, hush!” said my murderess, for such I now held her to be; “keep yourself quiet, or you will bring on fever.”

“You want to bring me to my grave.”

“By no means. By this prompt bleeding I have probably saved you from it. Not aware that you were installed in this apartment, I accidentally entered, and found you in a high fever, quite delirious. There was nothing for it but the lancet. See how feverish your blood is.”

I saw nothing, but I felt weak. I let my head fall back upon the sofa-cushion and closed my eyes. “Bled to death,” thought I to myself, and stirred not, for I was quite resigned to my fate, and convinced that there was no chance of my escaping alive from Wiesenthal. I rather think my senses left me. At least I remember little of what passed, until, an hour and a half later, I found myself walking in the grounds with Frager. I walked but slowly, for the blood-letting had really weakened me.

“I go too fast for you,” said the counsellor, who observed that I had difficulty in keeping up with him; and he slackened his pace. “My poor friend,” he continued, “you little thought, when you started on a pleasure-trip to Wiesenthal, that you would leave some of your blood behind you. I cannot imagine what evil spirit has taken possession of my daughters. I assure you that they are usually the gentlest kind-hearted creatures in the world.”

I ascribed this astonishing statement to paternal blindness, and, to avoid contradicting my host, I held my tongue.

“You must have been in real danger,” said Frager, apologetically. “Emily has excellent judgment and a quick eye, and certainly would not have bled you had it not been necessary; and to lose a few ounces of blood never does any one harm.”

I began to lose all patience with this absurd old counsellor, who took his daughters’ mad freaks for so many proofs of skill and wisdom. I believe that if they had cut my head off he would have maintained them to be perfectly justified by the precarious state of my health. I examined myself to see if there were anything about me that could possibly afford Dieffenbach a pretext for another

operation. Commencing with my head, I travelled down to my feet, and rejoiced to find that, with the exception of my tortured mouth and punctured arm, everything was in a perfectly natural and healthy state. There was nothing to justify any further practice of surgery upon my unfortunate person. I resolved to be extremely on my guard, and to lock the room door whenever I was alone.

The day was near its close when we returned to the house, where we found the supper-table spread. The young ladies were all absent. Heaven only knew in which direction Nimrod was out shooting, Dieffenbach amputating, and Oken collecting spiders. I must confess to a greater wish to see Oken than Minnie, perhaps, would altogether have approved. At any rate, with her I should not be in bodily danger. She would hardly attempt to impale me on a corking-pin, like a beetle or a butterfly. I was very glad her two sisters did not make their appearance. To me their presence would have imbittered the meal. We waited a while, expecting their arrival, and the counsellor, who could not but remark or suppose that the impression made upon me by the occurrences of the morning was not particularly favourable, filled up the interval with praises of his daughters, lauding the excellence of their hearts, and pointing out how much better it was that they should have been suffered to grow up half wild in the country than that they should have been exposed, without the guidance and protection of a mother, to the corrupt atmosphere and dangerous refinements of the town. When upon this theme, Frager was inexhaustible. I never saw a man so much in love with his own children. At last he declared he would wait no longer for the girls, and we began supper. We had been at table about a quarter of an hour, when the door opened, and Oken, long expected, came at last. Very different was the impression she made upon me to that produced by her sisters. She was quite as pretty, but gentle and amiable in countenance and manner. She did not run past me, like Nimrod and Dieffenbach, as if I had been a part of the furniture, but bowed her head grace-

fully and courteously, apologised for her tardy arrival, and added that had she known I was at Wiesenthal, the most interesting researches in natural history should not have withheld her from returning home to welcome me. I was delighted to find her so pleasing a contrast to her sisters, and, but for thoughts of Minnie, I should at once have admitted myself vanquished by her charms. She was tastefully dressed—her hair just a little blown about by the evening breeze. In her hand she carried a covered basket, which she placed upon a chair beside her when she sat down. The conversation turned on natural history. Out of complaisance, and to win her good opinion, I feigned a lively interest in the science, about which I had never in the least troubled my head. We were a most harmonious trio. Counsellor Frager was in the seventh heaven. It was clear to the worthy man that Ernestine and I were born for each other. For my part, I forgot the disasters of the morning, and basked in the smiles of the lovely naturalist, who by this time was deep in the latest discoveries respecting amphibia. Concerning these I neither knew nor cared anything, but I pretended profound attention, and gazed with delight on the lovely mouth that spoke so learnedly. It was quite a little lecture on reptiles. Presently Ernestine opened the basket beside her, and the next moment an extraordinary object writhed and danced within a few inches of my face. Its appearance was so sudden that I did not at the instant recognise its nature, but when I did, I thought I should have fallen from my chair with terror. A living and very lively snake stretched out towards me its horrible head and forked tongue.

"Here you have a most beautiful specimen of the —." She wound up the sentence with some Latin name of a snake. I was almost beside myself. From my infancy upwards I had held serpents of every kind in extraordinary respect. Oken detected my discomposure. "What!" she exclaimed, laughing scornfully, "you would pass for a naturalist, and are afraid for a snake? Impossible!"

And the accursed head, with its quivering tongue and bright beadlike

eyes, drew nearer and nearer, Oken seeming to enjoy my manifest uneasiness.

"For Heaven's sake!" I cried, "take away that horrible creature."

"I see nothing horrible in it," quietly replied Ernestine. "Observe how gracefully its body undulates." And again the reptile writhed itself just before my nose. I jumped up and retreated. Ernestine followed me, snake in hand.

"I have never been able to understand," began the idiotic counsellor, in a doctoral tone, "whence arose the peculiar aversion with which men regard all kinds of reptiles."

"The deuce you have not!" cried I, still retreating from Oken and her odious pet. "The aversion is not very difficult to account for. For my part, I abhor the creatures."

"Pshaw!" said Ernestine, angrily; "you are but a counterfeit naturalist." And thereupon she slapped me across the face with the snake. I could not restrain a cry of horror and disgust. Then she returned to her seat, and put the vermin into its basket.

In my estimation the counsellor's third daughter had now fallen into the same category with her sisters. Frager, who saw that I was unable to conquer my innate horror of snakes, had ordered his daughter to discontinue her unseemly jest; but the poor old gentleman's authority was evidently at a discount that day, and Oken, with diabolical malignity, had continued to torture me until the perspiration rolled off my forehead.

"Now may Old Nick fly away with all three of you," said I to myself, as I passed my handkerchief across my dank brow. "You have seen the last of me at Wiesenthal. At daybreak I pack up my traps and leave this place of torment, worse than a cell of the inquisition, or a dungeon in Front de Bœuf's Castle. A nice place to come a-wooing!—snakes, bullets, and tooth-drawing!—pleasant welcome for a suitor!"

The evening wore wearily away. Miss Oken, having ascertained that I was no naturalist, adopted her sisters' system, and treated me with profound contempt; in fact, she hardly seemed aware of my presence. For my part,

the sympathy with which she had at first inspired me had completely vanished. Frager was quite put out by the change in his daughter's demeanour, and of course cast the blame of it on me. "I should never have thought," he said, "that you would be so alarmed by a little harmless snake."

"Who could have supposed it!" cried Ernestine, applauding her father's words. "We are different sort of people here."

"It is impossible to change one's nature," I replied.

"Nature!" repeated Ernestine; "what do you know about nature? For Heaven's sake hold your tongue."

This was really too rude. I was on the point of making a sharp reply, when I saw Oken extend her hand towards the reptile's cage. I kept silence, and prepared for flight.

Never have I passed two more irksome hours than those that elapsed before bedtime came. The counsellor proposed a cigar. I caught at the idea. With a glowing havannah in my mouth, I felt as if I should be safer from the assaults of that cobra de capello, or whatever else it was, that Oken kept beside her, like a greyhound in leash, ready to let slip upon her game. I vowed to myself to smoke the beast to death if possible. Again I was to be balked.

"Bless me, papa!" cried the naturalist, "you forget that my pet cannot bear smoke. Can you?" she said, raising, to my infinite alarm, the lid of the snake-inhabited hamper.

"True, my dear," placidly replied her father, "I did not think of it;" and, turning to me, "Excuse me, my dear friend," he added, "but the little animal really cannot endure tobacco."

It is bad enough to be henpecked, but to be chickpecked, to be the slave of three daughters, and they possessed of the devil, appeared to me the lowest depth of human degradation. So, because a wretched viper objected to the fragrant vapour of a cigar, I was to be deprived of my after-supper smoke. For a moment my impulse was to kick the counsellor, jump upon the basket, and bolt from the house; but calmer thoughts succeeded, and I sat resigned, merely secretly wishing that Oken and the snake were sitting *tête-à-tête*

in a Libyan desert or a Louisiana swamp, and that I was a hundred leagues from Wiesenthal. I had suffered so much all day that my moral energy was completely gone. I was overwhelmed by the rapid succession of unpleasant events. I started at every noise, expecting to see Nimrod or Dieffenbach, or both of them, enter the room and perpetrate some fresh assault upon me. Nimrod would of course begin snuffing the candles with pistol-balls; and Dieffenbach, as soon as she observed my state of nervous excitement, would insist upon blisters and mustard-plasters, and perhaps upon a little more phlebotomy. Hitherto I had had but one sister at a time to deal with. But if they formed a triple alliance, and set upon me in concert, I was lost, without hope of rescue. Fortunately neither of the elder sisters made their appearance, and at last the youngest, to my great relief, took up her basket and departed. No sooner was she gone than Frager, according to his custom, tried to remove the disagreeable impression she had made upon me. One got accustomed in time, he said, to her strange tastes and stranger pets, and when once she was married she would give up her researches in natural history, and settle down into an excellent wife. I was quite sick of the simple old creature's infatuation and apologies, and begged to be allowed to go to bed.

"At last," said I to myself, on finding myself alone in my room, "I shall have a little repose after the heat and burthen of the day, after all my dangers and adventures." So tired was I that I immediately undressed, blew out the lights, and sought my bed. Pulling back the clothes, I stepped in, and much more hastily jumped out again. I had come upon some hard substance which moved between the sheets. If I was not greatly mistaken, it was a live tortoise. Whilst I deliberated whether I should cry murder, sleep on the sofa, or dress and leave the house, something bit my great toe with such violence that I actually yelled with agony. A gigantic crawfish clung to my foot. I kicked about in so desperate a manner that I at last shook the creature off, and I heard it

go with a crack against the wall. I fled to the sofa. A horrible thought assailed me. What if Frager, through absence of mind, had ushered me into Oken's museum and menagerie. This appeared to me the more probable that on all sides I heard strange sounds, as if numerous creatures were crawling, trotting, singing, and humming around me. Something flew up to me with a buzz and a bounce, and caught in my hair. I clutched at it, and shuddered as I found in my grasp a beetle as big as a sparrow. I dashed it furiously from me, and had the satisfaction of hearing it smash against some hard substance. Scarcely was I rid of the beetle when I was bitten sharply in the calf of the leg. I put down my hand, but the creature had done his work and gone, leaving a severe smarting and irritation. I know not whether it was he or one of his friends who the next instant made an onslaught upon my ankle. I began to hunt about for the match-box, that I might at least see my enemies. I sought in vain, and was quite unable to conjecture the nature of the monsters that, during my search, pinched, bit, and stung, and assailed me in every conceivable manner. Once or twice I trod with my bare foot on hideous reptiles, whose cold slimy touch made me leap into the air. My capers would doubtless have diverted any who saw them, but to me it was no laughing matter. No martyr of ancient times or victim of the *vehm-gericht* ever suffered more than I did in that chamber of horrors. The monsters that congregate on the bottom of the sea can hardly surpass in variety the inmates of that room. The darkness and my excited imagination further embellished them. Presently I heard a hiss. "A snake, by all that's horrible!" said I to myself, "about to coil round and devour me." And I set up such an infernal clamour, shouting and cursing, like Ajax when wounded, that I must have been audible half a mile round the house. To add to the turmoil, in my eagerness to escape from something which I heard coming after me with a sort of clapping noise, I upset the table. Several large boxes which stood upon it were opened by the fall, and I immediately perceived a great increase



of animation around me. I continued to storm like a lunatic. It was all one to me whether anybody in the house slept or not. The awful row I kept up at last roused the counsellor, who made his appearance in his dressing-gown, candle in hand. He at once saw the cause of the disturbance.

"Hang the girl!" he cried; "she will soon fill the whole house with her zoological collection."

I put myself in mind of pictures I had seen of Adam on the sixth day of the creation, surrounded by all manner of beasts and creeping things. Frager led the way to another room, which as yet was not invaded by Oken's vermin.

"You have nothing to fear here," said my host; and added, true to his system of making the best of everything, "you will sleep all the better for your little misfortunes."

"Heaven grant it!" sighed I, and thought that I should have slept quite well enough without them. After searching the whole room, under the bed, in the drawers and closets, and satisfying myself that no specimens of natural history, either alive or dead, were there, I again got between the sheets—this time without encountering a tortoise, but not the less determined to fly Wiesenthal at cockcrow. With this wholesome resolve I stretched myself out and went to sleep, as I presume the tortoise did in the bed originally destined for me.

Scarce had Aurora, with her rosy fingers, tinged the hill-tops and bathed the plain in dew,

when I was afoot and packing. Whilst thus occupied, I reflected that, under all the circumstances, French leave was decidedly the best leave for me to take, otherwise I should have a regular fight with Frager, who would never let me depart. When I halted for the night, I would write him a letter, telling him that, with the best will in the world, I had been unable longer to endure the eccentricities of his charming daughters. I would put it to him as gently as possible, so as not to hurt his feelings; and I felt sure that when he reflected on all I had gone through under his roof, he would not feel surprised at my abrupt departure. Nor could my uncle blame me, when I told him of my tribulations, and re-

lated the conduct of the three mad women.

Whilst pondering all these things, I completed my packing. I made sure that nobody would be stirring in the house at that early hour, and at any rate that the ladies would be deep in their feather-beds. I was deliberating whether I should bravely shoulder my portmanteau or leave it to be sent after me, when the door burst open, and to my immense consternation, in strode Nimrod, a brace of duelling pistols in her hand.

"Merciful heavens!" said I to myself, "torture begins again. It must be owned that these amiable demons go to work early."

Without salutation or ceremony Nimrod strode up to me.

"Your conduct last night," she said, "your ill-treatment of my sister's property, and barbarity to several of her pets, are an insult to the family and demand atonement. I have taken the business into my hands. We will exchange shots."

"Are you out of your mind?" cried I impatiently.

"You will soon see that," replied Louisa, coldly and decidedly. "Answer me. Is it you who broke the claw of that rare specimen of the lobster tribe? Is it you who threw the horned beetle with such violence against the wall that the poor creature is still unable to walk or fly? And are you the delinquent who upset the cases in which colonies of spiders, earwigs, and centipedes had long led a tranquil and happy life? Do you confess all these offences?"

My politeness was clean gone. I had come to consider Nimrod as a man, and should as soon have thought of putting on white kid gloves to saddle a horse, as of using towards her that subdued tone and those guarded expressions one usually adopts with the gentler sex.

"May the devil fly away with the whole brood!" cried I, perfectly exasperated at being called to account for my defence against the menagerie.

"Follow me, sir," said Louisa; "such expressions as these can be washed out only with blood. Come, sir!"

"Nonsense!" I replied; "I do not fight duels with young ladies."

"Ha!" cried Nimrod, stepping up close to me, with raised pistol and an unwholesome sparkle in her eye; "Nonsense, did you say? Afraid, I suppose. But it won't do. Follow me, sir."

"I tell you again that I will not. How could I answer to God and my conscience for having levelled a pistol at you?"

"Need not to level it without you choose. Fire in the air. I am the aggrieved party, and will fire at you."

"A thousand thanks."

"For the last time I ask if you will follow me? If not, I declare you the greatest coward that ever trod the earth and called himself a man."

"As you please."

"Yes, but that is not all. You shall carry away a mark that will remind you, your life long, of your conduct this day.

"A mark," said I to myself; "what does the assassin mean? She is capable of any crime." And I confess I felt uneasy. Louisa came nearer and nearer, her pistol raised, her countenance threatening. In her eye there was something deadly and alarming. I began to retreat. As I drew back, she advanced, taking step for step with me, her pistol aimed at my head, her finger, as it seemed to me, actually pressing the trigger. I could bear it no longer.

"Fiend!" I exclaimed, "for Heaven's sake leave me in peace. I am about to quit this inhospitable house."

"You are going away?" cried Louisa, in a strangely joyful tone, and sinking the muzzle of her pistol.

"I heartily wish I had never come," was my answer; "nor would I but for my uncle's desire."

"Speak the truth!" said Louisa, resuming her threatening tone. "It was not your uncle's desire alone, but views of your own, that brought you to Wiesenthal. You wished to marry me or one of my sisters."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "marry you? I should as soon think of marrying a Minié rifle. Never dreamed of such a thing, I assure you. Besides, I am engaged to be married already."

"What!" cried Louisa, perfectly overjoyed. And she threw the pistol away, and herself almost into my

arms. "What! you are engaged to be married? Why did you not say so before?"

"I was not asked the question," replied I, quite taken aback by the sudden embrace and change of mood.

"You would have saved yourself a deal of unpleasantness, poor fellow!" continued Louisa. "I would not have shot at you, nor would Ernestine have tormented you with her snake, nor Emily have let you blood and drawn your tooth."

"I should have been well pleased to have been spared the last operation," said I.

"You would have found us all very amiable, good-tempered girls."

"I have no doubt of it, since you say so; but I really do not understand—"

"I will explain," said the transformed Nimrod, who each moment became gentler and more charming. "It is a secret; but we, too, are engaged to be married."

"All three?"

"All three. Notwithstanding our rather masculine tastes, we are women at heart."

"I am glad to hear it."

"Are you? And surprised, too, apparently. Well, never mind; you will learn to know us better. But our father, kind and indulgent though he be, is a great deal too practical in love matters. He thinks too much about what he calls 'good matches,' and unfortunately the men of our choice do not come under that head. One is a lieutenant with nothing but his pay, the other a clergyman without a living, the third an artist whose pictures nobody buys."

"May I venture to inquire which of the three the beautiful Louisa has honoured with her preference?"

"The clergyman."

"The clergyman!" I repeated, perfectly astonished.

"You think me rather too wild to be a parson's wife?"

"Well," I replied, as her sharp-shooting exploits recurred to my mind, "a preacher of peace and a daring sportswoman—"

"Love levels everything," returned Louisa, with enchanting frankness. "And do you think I cannot be gentle when I please?"

"I think that to you nothing is impossible."

"When it is to pleasure *him*—nothing!" she answered, with a touch of the old Nimrod energy. The next instant the woman resumed the ascendant. She cast down her eyes, and blushed divinely at the confession that had escaped her. Then, recovering herself: "Not a word, I entreat, to my father of what I have told you. He would never forgive us. We pray to Heaven day and night to improve the circumstances of the men of our choice, for whose sake we have already driven more than one wooer from Wiesenthal. When a danger of that kind approaches, we form our plans, and if one of us does not succeed in repelling it, another surely does. Confess whether, even if you had not already given away your heart, you would have sought one of us as a wife after yesterday's adventures?"

"Not if you had had provinces for your dowry," was my uncivil but honest reply.

"Many thanks," said Louisa, laughing. "An excellent proof of the efficacy of our measures."

I now had to tell my new friend about my love affairs, and how it was that I found myself nearly in the same position as herself, since my uncle had no idea of my attachment to Minnie, the poor widow's daughter. To make a long story short, I was introduced over again to Dieffenbach, who no longer menaced my masticators, or flourished a lancet, and to Oken, now unaccompanied by her viper, and I found the three sisters as amiable as I the day before had thought them detestable. I was obliged to promise to remain a few days longer at Wiesenthal. To confirm our alliance, prove my forgiveness, and heap coals of fire upon the heads of my tormentors, I volunteered to undertake the delicate task of interceding with the counsellor, and declared that I would not leave the house until he had given his consent to his daughters' marriage with the men they preferred. Upon receiving this promise, the sisters were near killing me with kindness and caresses. It was no small thing I had pledged myself to perform, but, thus encourag-

ed, I felt myself equal to any difficulty. We held a council of war, and that same day the siege began. I worked hard in the trenches, was repeatedly under fire, and had to repel several smart sorties. On the first day I made little progress, but, encouraged by the imploring looks and honied words of the female besieging army, I persisted, and held my ground. Frager proved an obstinate old fortress. Fond though he was of his daughters, and generally indulgent and easy-going, in some things he was stubborn as any mule. However, on the evening of the second day I had opened a breach, and on the third I headed the storming party. Thereupon the enemy hung out the white flag, and asked for a day's truce. This was granted, but a strict blockade was maintained. The truce expired, the storming party again advanced, capitulation ensued, and general rejoicings celebrated our triumph.

The betrothal of the three sisters was now officially announced, and the customary festival was to take place in a fortnight. I was to be there, and to bring Minnie with me. For, as a good deed rarely goes unrewarded, Frager, my conquered foe, undertook to intercede with my uncle and obtain his consent. And so, after another happy day at Wiesenthal, I departed, a tooth the poorer than on my arrival, but radiant with victory and rich in hope.

It was long since I had seen my worthy uncle laugh so heartily as at the narration of my adventures with the counsellor's daughters. It put him in such a fine humour that when Frager, true to his promise, made his appearance a day or two later, he had much less difficulty than I expected in obtaining his consent to my union with Minnie. A fortnight afterwards, a happy party was assembled at Wiesenthal; I made the acquaintance of the parson, the dragoon, and the painter, and was obliged to admit that Nimrod, Dieffenbach, and Oken had shown both good taste and good judgment in their choice. My day's adventures at Wiesenthal were of course again brought upon the tapis, and were a source of never-ending mirth. The three young men

who, indirectly, were the cause of my misfortunes, cordially consoled with me. But Dieffenbach, the operator, declared (and let this be the moral of my tale) that the loss of the tooth was but a just punishment for going to look at other women when I was already a plighted and accepted lover; a sentiment in which her sisters and Minnie (especially the latter) most cordially concurred.

Before a year was out, there were four weddings at Wiesenthal. Since then, two more years have elapsed, bringing on their wings various changes, most of them for the better. Although I did not marry exactly as

my uncle wished, he did not the less make me his partner. Nimrod, engrossed with gentler cares, is no longer a sporting character; much to the satisfaction of her husband, who has a pleasant country living. Dieffenbach has long since retired from medical practice, and the dragoon, now a captain, is quartered a few miles from Wiesenthal. Oken pets a baby instead of a snake. The painter has thrown away his unprofitable palette, has taken to agriculture, and lives with his father-in-law, whose estate he manages. Such are the satisfactory results of my "Courtship under Difficulties."

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#### OUR RURAL POPULATION AND THE WAR.

A GREAT revolution is taking place in the character of our population. For fifty years it has been going on rapidly, changing alike the physical and moral constitution of the British race. The old preponderance of the rural element in our population has vanished, and every year the nation is becoming more purely *urban*. What such a revolution portends, we shall see in the sequel; in the mean time, let us express our satisfaction that the phenomenon has at length, in some measure, attracted public attention. The rough-and-ready processes of a season of war doubtless engender abuses of a certain kind; but peace is quite as good a shelterer of error. Peace and war come by turns upon the world, that each may make manifest the errors and abuses that have grown up under the other. No kind of suffering is all loss,—in fact, suffering never fails to be its own recompense if we do but learn the lessons it is fitted to teach. This is true even in the case of individuals, who live but their short threescore years and ten; how much more true is it of nations, to whose existence as free and happy agents nature has fixed no term save that imposed by their own foolishness. Yes, a New Zealander, as it has been fancied, may yet stand upon London Bridge, and, gazing upon a stagnant stream beneath him and a mouldering city around, be lost in awe at the

wreck of the mightiest civilisation that ever dominated the world. Yes, a foreign foe may yet set his heel upon England's neck, and annex her as a tributary isle to his far-spread Continental realms. But never will that hour come—never will the Queen of the Seas, the parent of half a world's civilisation, thus totter to her fall, until her own children have betrayed her,—until the British race have lost its manliness—have sunk its physical and moral vigour in the heated atmosphere of an over-civilisation and all-pervading town-life, and have abandoned the free generous spirit of its prime in an absorbing desire for the mere creature-comforts of existence.

After forty years of peace, we are again at war; we want an army, and recruits come in but slowly. We cannot even keep our handful of militia regiments at half their complement; and for service abroad, we have been hunting for the last twelve-month for foreigners—Germans, Italians, Poles, Turks, Americans—and have got into all manner of political *désagrémens* by our desperate efforts to procure their services. We do not wonder that France should have begun to mutter discontentment at our efforts, and doubts as to whether we do not design to shirk our part in the war-alliance. During the present year, our army in the Crimea has not averaged above half the strength of the native British

troops which Wellington led into France in 1814; and yet the number of males at the military age in this country has nearly doubled since then. The number of men who ought to be capable of bearing arms is in round numbers 3,200,000; and yet, after two years' recruiting for as arduous a contest as ever Great Britain engaged in, our army in the Crimea does not exceed 50,000 men! This is a curious and certainly startling phenomenon, and sundry minor circumstances of a similar complexion intensify the unpleasant aspect of affairs. No one who has read the Biography of Sir John Sinclair by his accomplished son, can have forgotten the conduct of that patriotic Scotchman in 1794, when the national defences were the subject of as anxious thought to the Government as they are at present,—how he offered Mr Pitt to set the example of raising a regiment on his own estate, and to command it himself—and how, in seven months' time from the acceptance of his offer, the "Caithness Regiment" passed a favourable inspection at Inverness before General Monro. "The battalion," we are told, "was at first 600 strong, but Sir John subsequently increased the number of his men to 1000. They were dressed in a handsome Highland uniform; and it was noted that nineteen of the officers averaged above six feet high."\* A thousand stalwart men in a few months from estates in barren Caithness! How are we fallen! Several Scottish counties united fail to produce half as many militiamen now.† What is the cause of this? Is it the people, or the people's leaders that are failing? Is it the gentry, or their tenantry? Alas! where are their tenantry? A few big names scattered at long distances—that is all we find,—

"Rari nantes in gurgite vasto!"

The cottars and yeomen—the free tillers of the soil, the essence of our rural population—are gone; and a thin race of hirelings and vagrant workers is what we now find in their room.

Several times during the last ten years has the Magazine, aided by the brilliant pen of Sir A. Alison and the earnest contributions of his philanthropic brother, endeavoured to direct attention to this change in our population, and to the disastrous results which it forebodes to the power and wellbeing of the empire. The present is a favourable season for recurring to the subject. The difficulty of finding recruits for the army is a fact at once so patent, so novel, and so startling, that general attention is being drawn to the depopulation of our rural districts as the prime cause of this difficulty. It is so unquestionably,—but the subject is of still wider and profounder significance than this; and we gladly avail ourselves of the present awakening of the public mind, to examine briefly into the whole matter, and to set forth some evils of the change at present at work in the character of our population, other and far more abiding than the difficulty of finding soldiers for the war.

A recent slapdash haphazard article in the *Times*, directed against the Highland landowners for their "clearances," and the consequent want of recruits for Sir Colin's brigade in the Crimea, had the good effect of setting people to talk and think of the matter. The subject, as we knew would be the case, has proved a much graver one than people imagined. The Census tables have been looked into, and the question of the depopulation has been looked at from almost every point of view,—and what is the result? What are the facts now thoroughly esta-

\* This noble corps was disbanded in 1806,—their Colonel taking leave of them in front of his house in Charlotte Square, Edinburgh; upon which occasion not a man was unfit for duty. General Vyse well said that "he had often heard of a regiment of 1000 men, but never till then had he *seen* one." The greater part of the regiment immediately afterwards enlisted in the line for foreign service.

† The complement fixed for the militia regiment furnished by the three counties of Roxburgh, Selkirk, and Dumfries, is 500 men, and the regiment, though a fine one as regards *physique*, is 100 men short. Most of the other regiments are much more deficient; so that instead of 10,000 men, the Scottish militia at present only musters about 4500!

lished? We shall not speak of Ireland, where the decrease of a million and a half of the rural population is too notorious to need remark, and produced by causes too exceptional to be treated as part of that steady revolution upon which we desire to comment. Let us look merely at Scotland and England, and in the changes there observable we shall find ample cause for reflection.

Take the northern half of the kingdom first,—and what do we find? *One-half of the parishes, and two-thirds of the area, of Scotland are decreasing in population!* The fact, which we may well call astounding, is established by the last Census Returns, and is acknowledged by all parties to be indisputable. Over two-thirds of its extent, Scotland has suffered a positive diminution in the number of its inhabitants,—a diminution not merely relative (that is to say, with reference to the increase of the population generally), but absolute,—the population in those parts falling short of the amount which it once reached. And what deserves to be noticed is, that the decrease is *UNIVERSAL throughout the rural districts*. The wastes of Sutherland, the bleak mountains of Argyll, are hardly (if at all) decreasing faster than the rich straths and carse of the Lowlands—than the

green hills of the Borders, or the Arcadian region of the Etrick and Yarrow. Bonnie Teviotdale with its sunny haughs, and the sheltered valley-land of the bright-running Tweed, exhibit the same phenomena as do the bleaker valleys of the Nith and the Spey. “The Flowers o’ the Forest are a’ wede away!” The lament for the loss of the bone and sinew of the country after the disastrous fight of Flodden, may be renewed now with still more justice and not less regret. War made the first clearance,—Peace and false theories have done the last. War has swept away its thousands, but Peace its tens of thousands. The so-called “progress of society” is sweeping our peasantry from the fields. The acres which their fathers rented or owned, are now merged in the *latifundia* that are creeping over the country; and they themselves have either emigrated, or gone to swell the pauperism and sink into the physical degeneracy of the factory-towns. A Juggernaut civilisation is crushing them beneath the wheels of its onward car.

It is hardly a century since a rebellion of the Highland Clans sufficed to shake the British throne to its base,—where is that host of matchless soldiers now? We have it on record\* that in 1745 there were upwards

\* The following *Returns*, prepared by the Lord President Forbes of Culloden for the information of the Government in 1745, give the number of able-bodied fighting men the Clans could bring to the field on three days’ notice—(See Brown’s *History*, p. 130) :—

Argyll . . . . .	3000	Brought forward,	16,100
Breadalbane . . . . .	1000	Seaforth . . . . .	1000
Lochnell, and other Campbells	1000	Laird of Menzies . . . . .	300
M’Leans . . . . .	500	Munroes . . . . .	300
M’Lauchlans . . . . .	200	The Rosses . . . . .	500
Stewart of Appin . . . . .	300	Sutherland . . . . .	2000
M’Dougalls . . . . .	200	Mackays . . . . .	800
Stewart of Grandtully . . . . .	300	Sinclairs . . . . .	1100
Clan Gregor . . . . .	700	M’Donald of Sleat . . . . .	700
Duke of Atholl . . . . .	3000	M’Donald of Clanranald . . . . .	700
Farquharsons . . . . .	500	M’Donnell of Glengary . . . . .	500
Duke of Gordon . . . . .	300	M’Donnell of Keppoch . . . . .	300
Grant of Grant . . . . .	850	M’Donald of Glencoe . . . . .	130
Mackintosh . . . . .	800	Robertsons . . . . .	200
Macphersons . . . . .	400	Camerons . . . . .	800
Frasers . . . . .	900	M’Kinnon . . . . .	200
Grants of Glenmorriston . . . . .	150	M’Leod . . . . .	700
Chisholms . . . . .	200	The Duke of Montrose; the Earls	
Duke of Perth . . . . .	300	of Bute, and Moray; Macfar-	
Cromarty, Scatwall, Gairloch, and		lanes, M’Neills, M’Nabs,	
other Mackenzies . . . . .	1500	M’Naughtons, and Lamonts,	5600
Carry forward, . . . . .	16,100		31,930

of 30,000 able-bodied clansmen in the Highlands, fit for home or foreign service,—every man of them, alike in frame and spirit, a warrior. There is not a tithe of that number now; and many districts which furnished their 500, 700, or 800 soldiers in time of the wars, are now without a single human being in them but a shepherd or two and a brace of gamekeepers. Even the Western Isles, now noted only for their poverty, were once a nursery for brave soldiers;—and it is stated that the Island of Skye alone furnished during the Peninsular War, no fewer than 21 lieutenant-generals and major-generals, 48 lieutenant-colonels, 600 majors, captains, and subalterns, 10,000 foot-soldiers, 120 pipers—besides 3 persons for the public service, 4 Governors of British colonies, 1 Governor-General, 1 Chief Baron of England, and 1 Judge of the Supreme Court of Scotland. Well might the clergyman who made the statement\* ask if it was credible that a people who have manifested so much spirit, industry, and enterprise, are the supine indolent race which some, who know not the untoward condition in which they are now placed, have asserted. “He had been a parish-minister there,” he said, “for a number of years, and a more loyal, peaceable, patient, and well-disposed class of men were not to be found in her Majesty’s dominions, though at present they are in the very depths of poverty.”

Races do not change their character in a day; and if the energy and martial spirit of the Highlanders have disappeared from view, the cause of the phenomenon is to be found in the untoward change that has been imposed upon their outward condition. The Highlands were once, to all intents and purposes, the property of the Clans; but, says Hugh Miller, “by the introduction of the English doctrine of property, the old system of customary occupation was entirely superseded, and a new system substituted, which threw vast territories into the absolute control of single individuals, who had previously been only the *representatives* of their tribe,

and who had held the lands not as their own, but in virtue of their office as chiefs or petty sovereigns, who ruled over a given district, and administered the public affairs of the clan.” Some of the Highland Chiefs have not been forgetful of this; and the late M’Neill of Colonsay, (father of the excellent Lord President of the Court of Session) once astounded some “man of progress” who was advising him to make clearances, by answering, more emphatically than we need here print, that “his people had as good a right to the land as himself!” The gradual result, however, of the introduction of the English doctrine of property into the Highlands has been, that the lands, instead of progressing in fertility under the care of their hereditary occupiers, have been in a great degree thrown out of cultivation. “The cottage and the croft have been herried to make way for grouse and deer; and, so far as the production of food is concerned—food available for the ordinary purposes of life—hundreds of thousands of acres that once grew, and supported soldiers second to none who ever stepped, might as well be sunk in the bottom of the sea. Not only are they not cultivated, but, in some cases, they are not even to be *seen*.” To say that the aggregate population of the Highlands has not decreased, only serves to bring out more forcibly the contrast between their past and present condition. The men are there, but of what sort? The general population of the kingdom has *trebled* since 1750, but what has been the fate of the Highlanders? They have been removed from their glens in the interior, where they and their fathers had lived for centuries, and planted forcibly on the sea-shore, sometimes on as barren spots as could be selected. Although naturally indisposed to a seafaring life, and without any previous training or experience, they were forced to depend for subsistence on the sea and a niggard patch of the neighbouring muir. The only escape from this stern lot has been by Emigration; and the consequence is, that the po-

\* The Rev. Alexander M’Gregor, late minister of the Gaelic Church, Edinburgh, and now in Inverness.

pulation has been riddled, as it were, by emigration-agents,—removing the strong and able-bodied, and leaving behind the weak, the aged, and the helpless to famine and destitution. “Battling for years with hunger, cold, disease, and discomfort in every shape, attributed—right or wrong—to the original forcible removal from their ancient hearths, who can wonder at a pauperised population, at a dearth of military spirit, at the extinction of the feelings of clanship? The population is there; poverty even tending to fecundity—not spread, however, over the country according to the ordinary mode, but gathered in patches along the sea-coast—sheep and deer being the only denizens of the inland straths once gladdened by the busy hum of men.”

“The conversion of small holdings into large farms, which ruined Rome, has destroyed Scotland,” says the French historian Michelet, who has learnt from a study of the past that military strength and a free rural population are indispensable to the lasting prosperity of a country. Curious signs are still to be seen of the extent to which corn-culture was carried under the old cottar-system of Scotland. Every one has heard of the “Fairy rings” in pasture-ground,—those strange markings on turf or amidst the heather, which erewhile were held to indicate the place where fairies in their green mantles had been tripping in the pale moonlight. These elf-furrows cannot of themselves tell the date at which they were first formed—whether they are memorials of a time almost beyond tradition, and of the enterprising agriculture of the early Dalriadic ages,—neither do they determine explicitly the time at which cultivation receded from these upland altitudes, but they suffice to show how corn was grown once on districts now resigned to the grouse and the plover. “If the parts of Scotland south of the Forth were submerged to the depth of 800 feet, all the wheat-growing districts would disappear,—and on the ground left uncovered there would be presented some patches of barley and rye, some pease and potatoes, a large

breadth of good oats, and for the sake of the sheep, a still greater extent of fair turnips; but, perhaps, nine-tenths of the dry land would be covered with heather, bent, and pasture. In the lowest parts of this pasture, however, elf-furrows would appear; and especially on the sides of the *hopes*,—i.e., valleys having only one end, the other being lost as they rise up amongst the hills. Many south-country sheep-farms retain this word in the names by which they are distinguished,—such as Charlieshope, Corsehope, and Blackhope. The marks of former culture observable in these districts may tell the time when the outfield and infield system of culture prevailed, and also of the time when, by the enlargement of farms, a sufficiency of ground for culture was found in the infields, or lower part of the *hopes*, and the outfields were allowed to revert into permanent pasturage. Many portions of inferior soil went out of culture in this way, when the prices of grain had fallen after Waterloo.”\* In the Highland districts these elf-furrows sometimes occupy positions so bare and exposed as to render it evident that sheltering forests must in former times have risen still higher on the hill-sides; and in so far as these woods have disappeared, cultivation cannot now be carried so high up as formerly, unless the woods be replaced. Nevertheless it is the abolition of the rights founded on the old Scottish system of “customary tenure,” that has been the main agent of destruction, by sweeping away the small fertile crofts, and merging them into estates which bear too much the character of vast solitudes.

Sheep and black cattle may be more remunerative to the large Highland farmer of the present day than corn; but it is still to be desired that corn-culture were restored to some parts of the Highland glens, so that the independent race of Highland crofters may not altogether disappear. It is stated by Mr M‘Intosh in his *Book of the Garden*, that the peach, the apricot, and many of our finest apples and pears, ripen in some parts of Ross-shire better than

\* Quoted from an article on “Elf-furrows” in the *Perthshire Courier*.



they do in many districts of Northumberland, even at the same height above the sea ; and it may safely be concluded that the lowness of the cultivated zone in the West Highlands, confined as it is to a few crofts near the sea-shore, is caused by something else than distance from the equator. Some proprietors are restoring the plantations that formerly sheltered the face of the country. Let them restore also the inducements to pains-taking industry which formerly lent vigour to the peasant's arm as he worked in his little field, and they will render no light service to their country. Without a proportion of small farms in the Highlands, the shepherds, the ploughmen, and the labourers can never rise above the rank of servants,—there will be no inducement for them to save money for the purpose of stocking a small "haddin" of their own, in their old days ; and as men have already disappeared before feathered and four-footed game, so will the ancient feeling of Highland independence vanish before rapidly increasing poor-rates. To show (if proof be needed) that we advocate no impracticable scheme, and to pay a tribute where tribute is richly due, let [us select a few sentences from a letter from Mr Dempster of Skibo, which lately appeared in the newspapers,—and let it be remembered that the estates of this painstaking and patriotic proprietor lie in the most northerly part of Scotland. Opposing the system of enlarging farms to the exclusion of all small ones, he says :—

“ A part of my own estate in Sutherland is held by a tenantry paying from five pounds a-year, and even less, to fifteen. These families have in many cases been on the estate for generations ; they live in very considerable comfort, as is testified by their annual purchases of groceries, broadcloth, and the like ; they pay with average punctuality rents which, though moderate, are not much less than large farms would yield, after allowing for the cost of a superior style of buildings ; and they are, I say it most positively, industrious and sober. Would it be right in me to remove these hundred families for no reason than that their numbers are distasteful to some politico-economist or statistician ?—or because he would tell me that, after maintaining

themselves, they cannot contribute much to the general food-resources of the empire ? That they do not fulfil this last requirement is true ; but I maintain that they contribute very largely to the prosperity of the neighbouring towns and villages, and through these to that of many other classes.

“ Again, the condition of mere labourers—let noble lords and mechanics' institutes do their best—is still one from which these useful individuals may well hope, by frugality and exertion, to rise to something better ; and to what can they look but to the occupancy and improvement of a small farm ?—and why should this resource be closed to them, and to many other humble and contented citizens, to whom a lease of ten acres of tolerable land—even though hitherto uncultivated—is a perfect heaven of happiness, if not of rest, for the remainder of their lives ? *I hold that a gradation of ranks, even among the industrious classes, is essential to a thriving and improving community.* It is true that care should be taken to prevent these small farms being still farther reduced. And I readily admit that I take advantage myself of opportunities as they rise, to enlarge these little farms where the juxtaposition of a thriving and an unthriving tenant seems to invite me to do so ; and I have also removed tenants, though generally only from one part of the estate to another, where their chance location stood in the way of well-considered plans of tillage or planting. To be deterred from doing this would be to surrender the rights and to abdicate the duties of property ; and had I yielded to abuse or clamour in one or two cases such as I have named, I should never have been able to create those woods which have so much added to the beauty of the district, and, let me add, to the convenience of the inhabitants, as well as to the income of the owner.

“ Any person doubting these statements may easily verify them by looking at the tenantry I have named. He will find them growing turnips and using lime ; and if their surplus labour is often employed elsewhere, its produce returns home with themselves. While this is the condition of so many respectable and comfortable people, it will require better argument than any I have yet heard to induce me to reverse the system on which I have all my life acted ; and I earnestly hope that such will be the resolution of the owners of estates in this part of Scotland generally.”

But it is not the Highlands only that have been depopulated. The

diminution of the rural population is almost as great in the Lowlands. In the five Highland counties of Argyll, Inverness, Perth, Ross, and Sutherland, 156 out of their 211 parishes show an actual decrease,—a proportion one-fourth greater than that exhibited by the country generally; and in the rural districts of Sutherland there is only one person to each 59 acres,—being the thinnest population in Scotland. But even in the most fertile of the mainly agricultural counties of the Lowlands, more than a *half* of the parishes are decreasing in population. Excluding in both cases the town-population, so as to get at the state of the rural territory, we find that the population to the square mile in the shires of Selkirk, Peebles, Kirkcudbright, and Dumfries, is only a shade less sparse than it is in Inverness, Ross, Argyll, and Perth; and the population of the bleak isles of Lewis and Skye is nearly three times greater in proportion to their extent than that of the infinitely more fertile Selkirkshire! M. Michelet's statement, it will thus be seen, is no exaggeration. False theories, and the consequent sweeping away of small holdings, is ruining, not merely the Highlands, but the best districts of Scotland. "With the extension of sheep-farming," says a writer, detailing the successive steps in the work of depopulation, "much land in the Border counties employed in raising inferior grain was thrown into pasture. Small farms at the same time were swallowed up in large ones. On each farm, however, there was almost always found a resident tenant; shepherds, labourers, cotters, were scattered in fair proportions throughout the district. Other changes, however, occurred. Farms were added to farms already too large; labour, except what was indispensable to tending the flocks, was altogether dispensed with; population was discouraged; houses, unlet, became ruinous and disappeared." In the Highlands, difference of language presented for a while a formidable barrier to emigration, but in the Border counties no such obstacles existed. Educated, enterprising, and self-reliant, the Border peasants began to quit as the field of exertion became narrowed. Resi-

dent tenants in those pastoral districts became the exception, and Emigration set in on so enormous a scale as to drain the very life-blood from the country.

Turn to England, and we find the same sad spectacle. Between 1831 and 1841 not a single county (though many parishes) showed a decrease of population; but in the ten years which followed—namely, from 1841 to 51—as we learn from the last Census, no fewer than *twenty-seven entire counties have undergone a diminution!* If the abolition of the old system of customary occupation paved the way for the Highland "clearances," the enclosure of the commons has not been without a similar, though lesser, effect upon the rural population of England. "Both measures," says Hugh Miller, "had essentially the same result in one respect,—essentially a different result in another. They both left a country population composed of a very small number of great landed proprietors, surrounded by a dependent and almost subject tenantry, outside of which remained the mass of those who live by labour alone,—who have been cast loose from all interest in the soil, and who are regarded as machines for the execution of work." In England, it is true, the enclosure of the commons brought these lands *into* cultivation,—unlike the corresponding measure in the Highlands, which threw the lands *out of* cultivation. "Still, even supposing that the produce after the enclosure was five or ten times greater than before, it was more advantageous to the peasantry, (that is, to the great body of the rural population) to have only the fifth or the tenth as their own, than to be deprived of it altogether, and to see ten times the produce passing into the hands of the great landlords and great agriculturists. The landlords and farmers acquired wealth, the peasants went on the parish, and were supported by the parish-rates." Besides the decline in the numbers of the English peasantry, there has, we regret to say, been a simultaneous lagging behind in their comforts and condition. Take the case of Lincolnshire,—the best-cultivated district in England, and the very paradise of the agricultural labourer. Comparing the

rate of wages and price of provisions in that county in 1797-8-9, the period over which Arthur Young's report extends, with those current in 1849, when Mr Clarke's prize-essay on the farming of Lincolnshire was written, we find that the labourer's command over the necessaries of life has remained stationary, if not retrograded, while the rental of the county has increased 87 per cent! Thus the only parties benefited by the improvements in farming and general progress of the county have been the landlords and tenants, while the farm-labourers are no better off than they were half-a-century ago. Can we wonder that our rural population should emigrate, when they thus find themselves stationary in comfort, while not only their employers, but every other class of the community around them, have immensely improved?

With the help of Mr Clarke's prize-essay, and Mr Young's report, let us look a little closer into the condition of Lincolnshire now and at the close of last century. In 1799, Mr Young spoke of Lincolnshire as the county in which wages were higher than in any other part of the kingdom, poor-rates lower, and able-bodied paupers fewer. And he thus writes of the condition of the labourer: "It is impossible to speak too highly of the cottage-system of Lincolnshire, *where land, gardens, cows, and pigs are so generally in the hands of the poor.* On views of humanity and benevolence, it is gratifying to see that class of the people comfortable, upon whom all others depend. *Wherever that system is found, poor-rates are low.* And another object yet more important is, *the attachment men must inevitably feel to their country when they participate in its prosperity.*"

Here are the same "small holdings" whose disappearance we have recorded in the case of Scotland,—we have likewise to record their disappearance in England. In 1800-1, Mr Gourlay (as we learn from the *Annals of Agriculture*), visited forty villages chiefly in Lincolnshire, averaging 326 inhabitants, or sixty-five families each, and in each he found at least fifteen cottagers (or every fourth family) keeping cows, and occupying on the average  $6\frac{1}{2}$  acres. "At the

present time," says Mr Clarke, writing in 1849, "gardens are very generally attached to the cottages; but the six acres of ground have been much curtailed, and the cows are comparatively rare." Mr Gourlay tells us that in those parishes where the cottagers had a croft and cows, the poor-rates averaged 1s. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. in the pound; while in those where there were few or no crofts and cows, they were four times as much, or 5s. 11d.; and he gave, moreover, a table showing that the poor-rates increased in exact proportion as the number of cottagers keeping cows diminished. In several articles on this subject in the *Mark-Lane Express*, a return to the cottage-system is very strongly advocated. Speaking of the English farm-labourer, that journal says:—

"The clearing system has deprived him of a home; he has rarely a cow, and, instead of a warm supper, he eats dry bread, after the fashion of some counties where wages are low, or bolts raw bacon with it, after the fashion of others where they are high. The amended Law of Settlement will restore that home of which the 'clearing-system' has deprived him, and by so depriving him has greatly contributed to drive him to the beer-shop. He who trudges, daily, miles enough to constitute of itself a day's work, between the farm on which he toils and the town or village where he 'bides'—for one of this class well knew the distinction between biding and living—must not be judged too harshly if he seeks in beer, rather than in wholesome food, a stimulus to his flagging spirits and exhausted strength. The fault is with those who pulled down his cottage, and sent him within the reach of temptation. A Union-rating will correct this evil, and will cause dwellings for the labourer to arise on the farm at which he works, with gardens attached, with which to amuse his leisure hours. And the farmer will in time find it his interest to adopt the northern system, which we have so frequently recommended, of keeping a cow for him.

In every district, whether wages be paid by the year in kind, or by the week in money, a number of cottages with five or six acres of land attached, are desirable, *as a source whence occasional labour may be derived for that work which is now performed by itinerants, or by residents who are mercilessly dismissed to the parish when the busy season is over.* They are desir-

able also as an humble kind of independence, to which the labourer may hope to raise himself; but the keeping of cows by the population who labour on large farms, will, in the present state of things, be more generally and easily effected, by making the keep of a cow on the land of the farmer part of their wages."

With these striking facts before us in England and Scotland, we need not go to Ireland, and point to the altogether unparalleled flight of a million and a-half of the peasantry from its unhappy shores. That Exodus was a reaction from the former abnormal social condition of Ireland, where absenteeism and a dozen other baneful influences had given birth to a state of things without a parallel in the civilised world. But we must caution Irish landlords against the natural mistake of now flying to the other extreme; and, with all deference to young Lord Stanley, we agree with Mr Dempster of Skibo in thinking that it would be a very great evil indeed were the system of enlarging farms, which his lordship inculcates, to be allowed to extirpate the small holdings, and inflict on Ireland that undue thinning of the rural population which it has already accomplished in Scotland and England.

Such, then, are the facts of this depopulation of our rural districts,—facts carefully collected, and, we believe, most impartially stated. Let us consider their import. Firstly, it is manifest that *an entire change is taking place in the relations of the British people to the British soil.* Instead of several millions of our people having a share or direct interest in the soil of their country—as would have been the case had small properties and the cottage-system continued until now,—the number of proprietors is dwindling down to a handful, and the tenants, owing to the enlargement of farms, are undergoing a corresponding diminution. This separation of them from the soil, takes away the independent spirit which used to characterise our rural population, and also raises an insurmountable barrier to their rising in the social scale,—consequences in some respects unjust, and in every respect to be regretted. Nor, to our mind, is the position of our landed proprietors improved by this

change. To judge of the real character of a change, you must consider the future as well as the present; and, to one thus calmly considering the matter, the question suggests itself,—though their estates are enlarging, is the position of our proprietors so secure? Are they not like mountains scarping away their own base,—inverted pyramids trying upon how small a support they can stand? Any system that severs the landed proprietors of a country from the direct sympathy of, founded upon a community of interest with, the rural population, will be viewed askance by the patriot who loves his country, and by the philosopher who foresees the future. A landed aristocracy need not trust its rights and privileges to the guardianship of the towns,—yet our people are becoming every year more urban; it must ever rest mainly on the rural population, yet these we are yearly sweeping away.

Thus there is a present social deterioration and a future political danger in the change now at work in our rural districts. Secondly, *there is a physical deterioration taking place among our people.* We need not say that rural life and rural labour in all countries produce the healthiest and most robust portion of the people. That is beyond question. But look at the manufacturing towns into which so large a portion of our peasantry have of late years been compelled to seek refuge. Stand on Glasgow Bridge at two o'clock, and in the crowds of artisans and factory workers that hurry past you, see how weak is the *physique*, how degenerate the type of the British race. The descendants of many a stalwart ploughman—of peasants driven from the fields in their old age—pass you by; yet where now the brawny limb, the stalwart frame, the honest look of single-mindedness and contentment that marks the British peasant? Go to Manchester, and a far worse spectacle presents itself. Those thin sharp faces, old before their time, joined to limbs that look shrunk beneath their covering clothes, tell of unhealthy labour too early begun,—of a vitiated temperament, that will have vicious stimulants,—and in many cases of an embittered nature, that sees no hope of rising in the world, and rushes

madly and despairingly into "strikes" against their masters, or conspiracies against the Government. Early marriages, a quick one-sided development, and premature decay,—that is their lot; each generation breeding one still more degenerate. Hume reckoned it one of the advantages of manufactures that they maintain a surplus population which can be drafted into the army in times of war,—an idea which must horrify Messrs Bright and Cobden; but manufactures a century ago were very different from what they are now, and a glance at the mill-workers of to-day would have made the Scottish philosopher revise his somewhat inconsiderate opinion. Look at the mortality-tables for our great manufacturing towns, and see how fearfully their rate of deaths rises above the average mortality of the country. Nothing but the influx of peasant-families from the surrounding districts prevents these factory-cities from devouring themselves—from extinguishing their own population. They are useful—very useful,—and in time we hope means may be found to lessen the rate of mortality which there prevails. But not even a millennial Manchester, Glasgow, or Birmingham would produce anything like so healthy-conditioned a race as our rural population; and at present, with all their usefulness in other respects, these huge centres of manufacturing industry act upon the population simply as vast machines for lowering the physical, and in many respects also the moral tone of our population,—Moloch-temples ever attracting fresh crowds of victims,—furnaces burning out the stamina of the British nation. Again we say, we do not overlook the national benefits accruing from these vast marts of industry,—they tend to accumulate capital, by which the country at large is benefited. But it is not less certain a fact that this wealth is coined out of the sacrificed health and strength of our labouring-classes,—and that into these marts our peasantry are yearly being more and more drafted from the healthy fields, in consequence of the ties which have so long attached them to the soil being more and more sundered or extinguished.

From this physical deterioration and moral enfeeblement of our people necessarily ensues *a decline in their military character, and in the war-strength of the empire.* It is not merely that physical robustness diminishes in an urban and especially manufacturing population, but moral robustness tends likewise to disappear. And this from no fault on the part of the factory-workers and even shopkeeping classes of our towns. Even where the physical health remains good, the habits of a town-population—so founded upon indulgences compared with the simplicity and open-air life of the country—render them averse to engage in the rude life of camps, and undergo the hardships of actual campaigning. The history of all nations testifies to the superior fitness of a rural to an urban population for the career of arms. It was the cottars of the Campagna—the five-acre men—the sturdy tillers of the *pente jugera*—that formed the bone and sinew of the Roman armies; and with their disappearance—with the spread of large properties and the gradual absorption of the rural population into the towns, the proud Eagles drooped, and the barbaric hordes of the North, slaughtered with ease a hundred times as long as Rome had soldiers, broke in unopposed into the desert fields of Italy. Who but peasants have won the most striking victories of modern Europe? It was the hardy peasant-proprietors of Switzerland, fighting for their free homes, that again and again overthrew the chivalry of Austria and the bold lances of Burgundy. It was not the mountains, but the healthy life and independent proprietorship of the people, that made the Tyrol so long an impregnable country to the French. And who was it that won Crecy, and Agincourt, and Poitiers, but the free yeomen of England,—the race of small proprietors, whose bold hearts and stout arms made their country redoubtable abroad, and whose rustic abundance and cheerful hearts then made England what it was, "merry England!" England then beat the world with her bowmen, for no other country at that time possessed the class from which such stout "experts" could be drawn.

The softening of the feudal system in England centuries before any such relaxation took place on the Continent, allowed of the growth of those peasant-proprietors; and so we got the start of modern Europe in this matter, and in a hundred ways reaped the benefit. But now England has abandoned the position. Having been first up, she is now resolved to be first down. The present aspect of these Islands in relation to the rest of Europe is not a pleasant one as regards the future. The eastern half of Europe (namely Russia), still thrall'd by a gigantic feudalism, has not yet reached the era of small holders and peasant-proprietors, but will reach it,—Germany has entered it,—France is fully in it,—*Britain is past it!*

A vast town-life looms in the distance, and threatens to obscure the future of England. And it *will* obscure it, unless, by one of those happy reactions so frequent in free States, we turn the current on which we are floating onwards into another channel. The course which things are taking with us is quite a natural one,—and hence its danger. We say it is a *natural* course, but we do not say it is either a right or an inevitable one. The saddest thought that enters the mind of the philosophic historian is to observe how ceaselessly the Progress of humanity ever brings the race face to face with new evils,—how the dawn of Light ever brings new shadows,—and how mankind, taught by suffering, no sooner abandon one class of errors than they stumble afresh into others of a different kind. The whole world has no sadder truth than this. How it chills with despair the heart, and shakes to its deep centre the faith of those who, yearning to their kind, and knowing that the world's history is but God's plan, yet seek in vain for some bright star of the future—for some clear path along which the race may advance indefinitely, with no check, towards the goal of millennial happiness which the heart believes vaguely and Revelation declares! But progress and decay, in the moral world, happily own no bond of union save that created by our own foolishness. When a certain regime of affairs has long continued,

its faults, owing to the suffering they entail, impress us more than its excellences,—and in reacting against the former we generally sacrifice the latter also. The new evils thus arising for long escape observation; and even when they have begun to make themselves much felt, danger is so little apprehended in that quarter, that their effects are generally attributed to other causes than the real ones. We believe that this is very much the case in the present instance. Impressed with the immense advantages arising from manufactures and town-life generally, we are forgetting the other side of the question. We are giving to our civilisation a *one-sided development*. The “progress of the age” is entirely of an urban character; and if we men of progress do not change our carriage, or “shunt off” into another line, we shall arrive in due time, as a terminus, at an age of monster cities and deserted fields,—when we shall have abandoned the healthy and permanently-enriching pursuits of agriculture for those of Commerce, which may pass from us as it has done from Tyre, Egypt, Venice, Holland, and many another before us,—and those of fluctuating Manufactures, which debilitate and pauperise the many almost as much as they enrich the few.

We have said that the main danger of the change that is going on amongst us, is its naturalness. False theories have helped it, and the love of adding acre to acre has intensified it; yet the error was to be expected. Civilisation breeds Capital and the Division of Labour, and these twin-offspring of progress ever tend to produce the centralisation of man in vast *foci* of industry. Individual labour, or small establishments, cannot compete with the monster ones which capital erects in the towns. Hence domestic manufactures and the tiny trades of rural towns die out, especially when railways have annihilated distance, and opened the whole country to the goods of the urban capitalists. Thus a certain amount of employment is taken away from the rural population; and, *if no fresh industrial openings are afforded them in the country*, they are forced to ebb off the face of the land into the towns, there to swell the very monster

trades and factories which have destroyed them. Thus every influx of the impoverished rural population is but the precursor of further rural impoverishment and depopulation. And so the fearful work of centralisation goes on—the towns growing more and more plethoric as the country declines.

Observe the exemplification of this in our own islands. Down to the beginning of the present century, the rural population manufactured for themselves. The cottars not only grew their own flax and wool, but spun, wove, and clad themselves in them. Countless small mills and kilns by the burn-sides, and numerous village-breweries, supplied the peasantry with food and drink, their oatmeal and whisky; while the greater part of their household furnishings were made in the village. Now, matters are totally changed. Every description of handicraft or manufacture is removed to the towns. A shrewd but anonymous writer, who signs himself “A Mid-Lothian Farmer,” thus comments on the change: “You may travel the length of the Lothians without seeing a spot of flax; whereas at one time every labourer conditioned to have so much of it as part of his wages; and the birr of the spinning-wheel or sound of the shuttle is heard no more; the din of the waulk and the lint-mill disturbs no one; and, save for the local demand for oatmeal, the milling-trade is concentrated in the hands of large mill-owners in the towns. There is scarcely such a place as a village-brewery now. The brewers and their men have betaken themselves to the towns. Even the tailors and cobblers feel the effects of the town-competition; for enter any small market-place or large village, and, dangling from the shop-doors, are to be seen ready-made clothes, boots, and shoes. The period, in fact, seems fast hastening on when the whole of the wants of the labouring population, save what the soil produces to their hands, will be supplied by the towns. As to agriculture itself,—formerly the village wright and blacksmith furnished the whole of the implements required. But now the steam-engine and iron-castings, spades, shovels, chains, ropes, sacks, come from the towns; the linseed and rape-cakes

from the sea-ports; so do the guano and the artificial manures; and seeds are supplied by merchants in the towns. Railways, also, have diminished the number of the rural population,—the stations not making up for the inns shut up, or the carriers superseded, or hostlers, waiters, and strap-pers driven away.”

The great obstacle to progress in early States is the sparseness of population, and the purely agricultural pursuits of the people. The first step in civilisation is the founding of cities, and the commencement of commerce. As commerce increases, cities grow; while agriculture receives a great impetus, alike from commerce, which exchanges its surplus for the goods of other lands, and from the urban population, who, maintaining themselves by other occupations, are just so many new customers for the farmer. But as commerce—sustained by, and in turn sustaining agriculture—brings wealth into the country, a third phase of the national life commences; and the capitalists, no longer content to purchase articles from other countries, begin to manufacture them for themselves. This era once fairly established, a depopulation of the rural districts (as we have shown above) is apt to ensue. If such a depopulation do not ensue, it promises an eternity of duration to the State; for it shows that the relation of the rural population to the soil is just, stable, and attractive,—and that therefore civilisation is not likely to assume a pernicious one-sided development, by the sacrifice of the all-parent Agriculture to the less stable and healthy pursuits of manufactures and town-life.

The age of great cities is ever a perilous one for civilisation. It is the fatal plethora that precedes corruption and decay. The phenomenon has been witnessed in the past, and may be realised again in the future. It is hard, through the veil of remote ages, to ascertain with certainty the real *inner* causes which worked the ruin of Egypt, Assyria, and the old primeval empires of the world; but the history of one far greater than they lies clearly before us, and in it we see a warning for all times. It was the death of its rural population that produced the fall of Italy. Rome had

become the plethoric head of a lifeless trunk, and had not a hand to lift in defence when the peasant hordes of Alaric came knocking at its gates. But it was not a mere city, great as that city was, that fell thus. The fall of Rome typified the death of that last and greatest of Pagan civilisations. The same cause that wrought the ruin of Italy, produced, it seems to us, the fall of the whole old Roman world. It is the *natural death* of so-called "over-civilisation." For many centuries the Roman world, spreading around the Mediterranean Sea as around an inland lake, had formed a vast whole, linked together in all its parts by commerce, and enjoying, under the protecting sword of the Cæsars, a peace so stable and enduring that Gibbon regards those centuries as the happiest the world has seen. But gradually, from causes which we have shown at work among ourselves, population ebbed from the rural districts, and gathered in fermenting and enfeebled masses in the cities,—where great riches in a few coexisted with grinding poverty in the masses, and the military spirit died out in the latter, not more from physical enfeeblement than from the feeling that they had nothing to fight for, nothing to lose! The Roman Civilisation, in its last phase, gathered into vast urban centres, where the arts, luxury, and intellect still flourished, but from which all robust strength was gone, and which, once prostrated before the Saracen, the Turk, or the Northman, never made even an effort to rise again. So perished the Roman world, the Roman civilisation; and whenever any civilisation dies a natural death, it will expire in the same manner. M. Sismondi some years ago expressed a fear that Europe (he meant its western and southern States,) owing to the gradual decrease of its rural population, had entered upon a period of decline and fall. Means of regeneration, it seems to us, are open to Europe which were not possessed to the same extent by the Roman world; but clearly, if Sismondi's dogma be applicable to any one country more than to another, that country is our own,—for nowhere in Europe has the rural population so greatly diminished, urban life so rapidly increased, or excessive division of

labour so much impaired the bodily and mental robustness of the people.

The culminating point of a nation's decline is evidently still far distant from us; but there are precursor evils whose advent it is not difficult to discern. *An excessive urban population is fraught with great political peril to the State.* In old States, Town and Country constitute the opposite poles of the political world. The former is as innovating as the latter is conservative. Acute, theoretical, and fault-finding, the intellect of towns is in striking contrast to the slow-moving, easily-contented, yet generally sensible judgment of the country. The two, therefore, naturally balance one another; and as, when either is plainly in the right, it always finds support from a section of the other, the course of legislation moves steadily and cautiously onward. But in the British Islands we are now approaching a period when this balance will be destroyed, and legislation, falling wholly into the possession of the towns, will become one-sided in character and reckless in speed,—hurrying along the State like a machine that has lost its balance-wheel—a railway-car without its driver. Let it be recollected, too, that it is in the rural population of a country that Order, that prime blessing of society, finds its main support and most steady defenders; whereas the masses in towns—the *classes dangereuses* of French writers—ever tend to discontent, unruliness, and, in their poverty, to a disregard of the rights of property. These qualities are the results of their condition, and can never be eradicated. Look, for instance, at the example of France. Although the cities of that country have hardly reached half the proportions of ours, such is the excitable character of the people that the French urban population has again and again plunged the country into terrible convulsions. But for the conservative and order-preserving spirit of the rural districts, Paris, Lyons, and Rouen would turn things upside down every ten years. Twice already (in 1830 and 1848) have the peasants of the provinces interposed to aid in repressing the revolutionary excesses of the terrible mob of the capital; and, looking to the increased wide-awake-



ness of the rural population, and the augmented facilities of communication by means of railways and telegraph, we will hazard the prediction that the *next* time Paris makes a revolution (probably within the next fifteen or twenty years), the national guards of the provinces, arrayed on the side of Order, will teach the bloody revolutionists of the capital a lesson, and at length make them feel that France is more powerful than Paris. But observe, the rural inhabitants of France amount to two-thirds of the entire population,—ours barely to a half; there, the peasants are in most instances proprietors—in nearly all, tenants,—whereas ours are rarely even tenants, and in almost all cases mere hirelings on the soil they cultivate. Had our people the temperament of the French, our liberty must ere this have been exchanged for the strong bridle of a despotism,—or a huge standing army, eating up the vitals of the State, have been the sole preservative of order and property from the mighty mob of the towns. British phlegm stands all things,—“*nec tamen consumebatur!*” Like asbestos, it seems to have the property of living cool and unharmed through conflagrations that consume all else. But do not let us try it too far, lest we meet, although not annihilation, disintegration,—lest society be dissolved, though its atoms remain.

Civilisation in its decay returns, in the rural districts, to the condition from which it emerged. But its last state is worse than the first. Overcivilised Italy became what nascent Russia is now. A few immense proprietors, living in luxury in the towns, and drawing their revenues from a wilderness of serfs—that was the last state of Rome, and the present one of Russia: but in Russia they grow grain,—in falling Italy they reared only flocks; and hence the overcivilised land became still more thinly peopled than the barbarous one. And so, what with deserted rural districts, and plethoric, corrupt, and pauperised towns, the Roman world fell—as a lesson to future ages. Our theory on this point is not an imperfect, one-sided one; it applies to the States that have stood, as well as to those which have fallen. A purely urban civi-

lisation, and the reign of great cities, is ever insecure, and tends to destruction, from external foe acting upon corruption and disorder within. The old empires of India, Assyria, Egypt, Persia, and Rome have passed away—vanished utterly from the face of the earth. One empire only of the primeval world still endures—China, pre-eminently the empire of cottars, of small holdings, of tillers of the ground. Agriculture there is the mainstay of the State; sheep and cattle are almost proscribed, large properties are rare, and the whole face of the immense territory is covered with five or ten acre farms, cultivated with a skill and care that might claim approbation even from Mr Stephens. Great cities there are in China; the division of labour is carried in many pursuits as far as it is here,—sometimes further; and luxury finds no want of delicacies. But these things are all balanced, and more than balanced, by the immense numbers of the sturdy, simple-living, order-loving, rural population—face to face with whom the dangerous mob of Peking and the unruly one of Canton are perfectly impotent to affect the fortunes of the State. It is a land-tax (or rent to the State) upon these countless small holdings that constitutes the chief portion of the imperial revenue; and out of this revenue are defrayed the expenses of a vast system of national Education, in comparison with which even that of the United States is fragmentary—which to cottar and artisan alike, brings home the rudiments of reading, writing, and practical morals—and from whose higher schools and colleges, rising in numerous gradations, are selected by competition the men who are destined to fill the myriad posts in the civil service of China. For four thousand years—for thrice the length of mighty Rome's duration—has this empire of cottars stood, changing its dynasty about once in three centuries, as the reigning family grows effete, but Society and the State remaining ever the same. And so it will last. The rights of property are in every heart. The guardians of an Order which is founded on Justice are overpoweringly in the ascendant; and so far as human judgment, enlightened by a study of

the past, can discern, this Empire, in character standing alone in the world, is destined yet to endure for indefinite ages.\*

The evil change which is taking place in our own population is not the result of evil intention. In some respects it is a change which was almost sure to supervene with the progress of civilisation, if the nation and its leaders were not on the outlook to prevent it. In other respects, and chiefly, it has been the work of error—of False Theories. Alas, how many a mile on the road to ruin have nations been hurried by the false speculations of those who assume to guide their course! Never was there a greater or more practical intellect than that of the first Napoleon, and we do not think his usual discernment failed him when he said—"Give these 'political economists' an empire of granite, and they will reduce it to powder." The history of France bears witness to the general justice of the remark, and the recent history of our own country furnishes additional illustration. Adam Smith was a man of sense; but how many crotchet-mongers have affected to wear his mantle! The fundamental error of this pestiferous sect is, that they are profoundly insensible to moral causes. Rapt in contemplation of material agencies, they are blind to the potency of moral influences, which, in truth, are the prime movers to human action. Such men are as bad judges of human nature as mathematicians are of evidence,—both of these parties can judge well of what is material and definite; but of the moral, the indefinite, and the fluctuating elements, which constitute one-half of human nature, they can form no correct appreciation.

It is the Large-Farm theory of these *doctrinaires* that has done so much to produce the depopulation of our rural districts. A very fatal heresy for a country in the condition, and at the particular life-period of ours. Granted that large farms produce more surplus wealth than small ones—and that such surplus wealth is exceedingly valuable

for breeding more wealth of the same kind, or for advancing civilisation by allowing of a large national expenditure upon literature, the arts, and luxury,—or even as a reserve from which the State may draw heavily in times of need. We readily grant all this,—for what we aim at is not special pleading, but an exposition of the truth. But do these, as the economists seem to consider, embrace all that is necessary to a nation's wellbeing? Far from it. The production of surplus or concentrated wealth, in some advanced stages of society, is much less to be attended to than a proper diffusion of wealth. Old societies ever tend to produce great wealth in a few, and great poverty in the many,—and this is the rock ahead which our own country must steer clear of. The economists overlook this. They do not perceive that what is good in one stage of national development, may become bad, because in excess, in another. It is a good thing to inculcate economy upon a youth,—it is seldom desirable to preach it to octogenarians. Any one may see that whatever be the matter with England, it is not the want of surplus wealth. We have surplus wealth equal to that of any other two nations in the world,—and what is more, the whole tendency of things amongst us is, to produce this kind of wealth every year in still greater abundance. Capital has a rare fructifying power—it increases in a compound ratio. It will always hold its own against labour; and hence it ever tends to concentrate itself more and more in few hands. This power, we say, is in full force amongst us,—it will continue to operate under any circumstances,—and, we fear, under any that are practicable in this country, it will still operate too powerfully for the general wellbeing of the community, and the lasting interests of the State.

What we need to attend to, then, is not the production of surplus wealth,—that takes care of itself,—but rather a right diffusion of wealth.† In truth, a real shortsightedness is involved in

\* For detailed corroboration of these statements see the articles on China in the numbers of this Magazine for January and May 1854,—also "Agriculture in China" in the *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture* for January 1851.

† "When we look at a regiment," says Hugh Miller, "we must ask not only what

this preaching up of "surplus wealth" as the prime good. For how does the case stand in regard to the general community? The only way to produce surplus wealth is to concentrate it in few hands—that is indisputable. Well, then, in what state do you leave the masses? You achieve this surplus wealth by extinguishing small trades and small farms, and by concentrating all commerce, manufactures, and agriculture in as few hands as possible. By so doing, you tend to extinguish the independent spirit of the masses, who can no longer rise in the world, and, losing the power of self-action, tend to become dependent upon the fluctuations of a few great businesses in towns, —or of large farms in the country, ever tending to become more pastoral and deserted. The result is, that between these two causes—between the great fluctuations of trade in towns and the gradual thinning of the rural districts—we have produced, either permanently or at intervals, vast masses of pauperism, which not only menace the foundations of order, but —O shortsighted economist!—tend to consume the very surplus wealth which out of their misery you have been seeking to create. Are the Poor-rates of the United Kingdom a trifle? are our Prison-rates a trifle? or is it a light thing, either in a political or philanthropic point of view, to see such masses of squalid misery, reckless poverty, and crime growing up in all our large cities? Coexistent with all the wealth, and charities, and luxuries of London, what misery! The very houseless there would form an army, — so would the criminal population—so, in number, would the prostitutes; while, so precarious and

artificial are some of the avocations plied in that mighty place, that Mr Mayhew states that "three wet days will bring the greater part of 30,000 people to the brink of starvation!" What a Babylon! Is there no danger for the future, think you, in the growth, side by side, of such reckless masses and so much wealth? Washington wisely fixed the capital of his infant Republic in a spot where the growth of a large city was impossible, and so freed the American Legislature from the immediate pressure of the masses. The British Legislature is not so happily situated,—and the French Government has to redeem its weakness in this respect by a standing army in Paris. Looking at the overgrown dimensions of London, on the one hand, and the gradual diminution of the orderly and conservative rural population on the other, it is impossible to forget that the Roman mob was for long a power in the State, or to dismiss the apprehension that their extortionate cry for "*panem et circenses!*" may yet in future ages be heard from the monster mob of the English metropolis.

Small holdings, especially when the tenant is also proprietor, benefit a country in many ways. It is indisputable that they *produce more* than the large-farm system; and hence, the produce being divided among many, they can support a greater population in greater comfort and independence than is possible under the other system. No slight advantage this, in the present times. It appears, also, that small holdings often pay a higher rent than a single large farm of the same extent,—so that, in a pecuniary point of view, our proprietors would be rather gainers than

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is the condition of these young men, but what is the condition of their wives, their children, and their aged parents? Muster the whole on parade, let us inspect the whole, and then we shall be able to form an opinion as to the success of the system. And so also, when Mr McCulloch tells us to look at the success of our large properties and large farms,—let us look at the whole population,—let us look at the fact, that at the very moment of his writing, about *every tenth person in England was a pauper*,—let us look at our prisons, our poor laws, our union workhouses, our poisonings for the sake of burial fees, our emigration, as if our people were flying like rats, helter skelter, from a drowning ship. Let us sum up the whole, and then perhaps we should find that our boasted system of social distribution was no more successful than the muster of one regiment, where we should find on the one hand, order and competence; on the other, rags and tatters, wives abandoned, parents neglected, children left to the hazard of casual charity, and too often a dark shadow of vice and wretchedness following in the train of our vaunted institutions."

losers by adopting the system. True, it would cost them more care and providence in the management of their properties, than under the wholesale large-farm system; but men who, like Mr Dempster of Skibo, are intent to fulfil the duties of their station, will find themselves amply recompensed, and placed in a prouder and more influential position, by being the chief and honoured guardians of a population of thriving small tenants, filling up the interstices of larger farms, than by being lords of desert pasture-ranges, or of a few monster farms worked by hirelings. In truth, a reaction in this respect must soon set in. The large-farm system is a mere transition-period in the progress of agriculture. You cannot have "high farming" with a thin population. The more you weed, and drain, and harrow, the more hands you must have to do it. Already our farmers feel this want. For the last two years they have hardly been able to find hands enough to cut down the crops, and the rate of wages has been exorbitant. The work, too, is worse done now than of old. The vagrant population from which the farmers now draw so large a proportion of their labourers, are far inferior in skill to those who used to be bred to the work. Large farms, too, won't do with high farming. Let a young farmer consult Henry Stephens, and his first advice will be, "Don't take too much land." Large farms take too much capital to work them properly, and every farm imperfectly worked is so much loss to the nation.

If we wish to do justice to our country, and develop the resources of the soil in the same way as we have developed our commerce and manufactures, we must have a more numerous rural population,—both as an end and a means. As a means,—because you never can have really high cultivation, no more than great manufactures, without a numerous population; as an end,—because a numerous population, existing in comfort, is the country's best strength and most reasonable pride. Both of these objects are quite attainable in this country. Hear what that acute observer Mr Laing says. First, as to the possible increase of our rural

population. An estate of sixteen hundred acres in Scotland, divided into eight farms, will employ labour equivalent to that of eighty people all the year round; but, says Mr Laing, under another system, every acre might have its man. For example:—

"Take under your eye a space of land in Flanders, that you judge to be about 1600 acres. Walk over it, examine it. Every foot of the land is cultivated, dug with the spade or hoe where horse and plough cannot work, and all is in crop, or in preparation for crop. In our best-farmed districts there are corners and patches in every field lying waste and uncultivated, because the large rent-paying farmers cannot afford labour, superintendence, and manure, for such minute portions of land and gardenlike work as the owner of a small piece of land can bestow on every corner and spot of his own property. Here the whole 1600 must be in garden-farms of five or six acres; and it is evident that in the amount of produce from the land, in the crops of rye, wheat, barley, rape, clover, lucern, and flax for clothing material, which are the usual crops, the 1600 acres, under such garden-culture, surpass the 1600 acres under large-farm cultivation, as much as a kitchen-garden surpasses in productiveness a common field. On the 1600 acres here in Flanders or Belgium, instead of the eight farmers with their eighty farm-servants, there will be from 300 to 320 families, or from 1400 to 1600 individuals, each family working its own piece of land; and with some property in cows, sheep, pigs, utensils, and other stock in proportion to their land, and with constant employment and secure subsistence on their own little estates."

Or, again, as to the superior fertility attainable by small holdings. Pay a visit to Flanders, Holstein, the Palatinate, or some of the northern provinces of France, and you will see that, despite the boorish look of the owners and the clumsiness of their implements, crops are produced there which in excellence you will search for in vain on this side the Channel. Speaking of Flanders, Mr Laing says:—

"The clean state of the crops here—not a weed in a mile of country, for they are all hand-weeded out of the land, and applied for fodder or manure—the careful digging of every corner which the plough cannot reach—the headlands and ditch-slopes, down to the water-edge, and even

the circle round single trees close up to the stem, being all dug, and under crop of some kind—show that the stock of people, to do all this minute hand-work, must be very much greater than the land employs with us. The rent-paying farmer, on a nineteen years' lease, could not afford eightpence or two shillings a-day of wages for doing such work, because it never could make him any adequate return. But to the owner of the soil it is worth doing such work by his own and his family's labour at odd hours, because it is adding to the perpetual fertility and value of his own property.

His piece of land to him is his savings-bank, in which the value of his labour is hoarded up, to be repaid him at a future day, and secured to his family after him."

A more recent, but anonymous writer, whose prepossessions were in favour of the large-farm system, thus bears testimony to the excellence of the cottar-system in France:—

"As the valley of the Seine is reached before the town of Rouen is seen, and as the high lands on both sides of this valley are cultivated up to near the summits, the small patches occupied by the respective crops give a very curious appearance to the country. The division of land is carried to nearly its utmost limit, especially near to towns and villages, and exhibits a desire to cultivate the soil which can scarcely be understood in England, where other objects of pursuit for the enterprising are more open than in France. Still it is due to state that, where the peasantry are to be seen in the fields, whether tending their single cow or labouring the soil, they wear an air of contentment and unwearied industry arguing well for the individual happiness of the population. Fences in such districts are all but unknown. The divisions are marked by stones partly visible. These are inserted by the authorities, and while pains and penalties await the disturber of such landmarks, public opinion—a still stronger check—brands the man who dares to violate these outlines of property."

Almost nothing of this kind, we regret to say, is to be found in our own country,—save in the exceptional position of the immediate vicinity of London. There, indeed, we have a striking exemplification of the profitability of the *petite culture*, and of the dense population it is capable of supporting. As we approach, from whatever quarter, the suburbs of that monster city, large farms disappear,

and the fields give place to hedgeless gardens, in which, to use the phrase of Washington Irving, "the furrows seem finished rather with the pencil than the plough." Acre after acre flashes with hand-glasses, streaks of verdure are ruled in close parallel lines across the soil with mathematical precision, interspersed here and there with patches as sharp cut at the edges as though they were pieces of green baize. In these far-famed market-gardens, manure and spade-husbandry compensate for lack of space, and four and sometimes five crops are extracted from the land in the course of the year! A recent writer in the *Quarterly Review* says:—

"The care and attention bestowed by the market-gardeners is incredible to those who have not witnessed it. Every inch of ground is taken advantage of—cultivation runs between the fruit-trees; storming-parties of cabbages and cauliflowers swarm up to the very trunks of apple-trees; raspberry bushes are surrounded and cut off by young seedlings. If you see an acre of celery growing in ridges, be sure that, on a narrow inspection, you will find long files of young peas picking their way along the furrows. Everything flourishes here except weeds, and you may go over a 150-acre piece of ground without discovering a single one.

But the very high state of cultivation in the metropolitan market-gardens necessitates the employment of a large amount of labour; and it is supposed that no less than 35,000 persons are engaged in the service of filling the vegetable and dessert dishes of the metropolis. This estimate leaves out those in the provinces and on the Continent, which would, we doubt not, nearly double the calculation, and show a troop of men and women as large as the Allied army now acting in the East."

This, as we have said, is an exceptional case. We cannot have a London everywhere to stimulate such painstaking production. But in many parts of the Continent, as formerly in our own islands, there exists a talisman which supersedes the presence of great cities, and replaces the external stimulus by one within. The secret of the marvellous industry that has converted the barren sands of Flanders, the scantily-covered rocks of the Tyrol, the acres of the Black Forest, of Holstein, and of Northern

France, into blooming fields of amazing fertility, is the sense of Property. It has been accomplished by what we may call spontaneous, in opposition to hired, labour. When the labourer is himself the owner of the soil, work assumes a different aspect,—the spade goes deeper, the scythe takes a wider sweep, and the muscles lift a heavier burden. It would be a good thing for Britain if there were more of this class amongst us,—a class at once enriching the soil, strengthening the fabric of society, increasing the healthy population of the country, and rearing their children in regular habits of rural industry from their earliest years. In any case, it is indispensable that small holdings on lease should be multiplied. And as fragmentary instances of what these can accomplish, read (in the *Quarterly Review* for July 1829) how Thomas Rook did his hired work regularly, and yet made £30 a-year out of a little bit of land; and how Richard Thompson kept two pigs and a Scotch cow on an acre and a quarter, worth, when he got it, only five shillings per acre of rent; and how the widow Hasketon brought up her fourteen children, and saved them from the degradation of the parish, by being allowed to retain as much land as kept her two cows;—and mark, on the other hand, how poor-rates and degradation have always followed the severance of the peasantry from the soil.

We believe we have already sufficiently demonstrated the desirableness, alike in a political, social, and patriotic point of view, of not only checking the alarming decrease of our rural population, but of sedulously recruiting its numbers. Before concluding, however, let us fortify our position, as well as remove the silly but

too general depreciation of the peasantry in comparison with urban labouring-classes, by quotations which, we think, will suffice to put the question in its true light. Sir John M'Neill—who has had ample opportunities of testing the truth both at home and among our soldiers in the Crimea—in his recent address at the opening of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, gave utterance to the following very striking remarks:—

“The minute division of labour, which is a result of high civilisation, has a tendency to carry men back to a condition analogous in some respects to a state of primitive barbarism. That kind of helplessness in our soldiers to which I have referred, arises from the similar helplessness of the classes of our population which furnish the recruits. The minute division of labour in a highly civilised community reduces the individuals of whom it is composed to a condition as helpless, whenever they are separated from it and thrown upon their own resources, as if the arts of civilised life had not yet been invented. But that is not its most important influence. This restriction of a man's daily occupation to what may be truly described as the production of the fractional part of a unit, must have a tendency to narrow and cramp his intellect, and prevent him from acquiring versatility of mind and variety of ideas, unless active and efficient educational measures are employed to counteract the effect of his ordinary occupation, and to expand his mind. . . . Consider the condition of a person employed in repeating, day after day, the same mechanical process of making the head or the point of a pin, or joining the broken threads of bobbins—passing every day along the same street to the same workshop or factory—where the range of observation is confined for successive weeks and months, or even years, to the same unvarying objects.\*

On the other hand, a shepherd on the

\* A correspondent of the *Times*, in reference to these statements of Sir John M'Neill's, claims exemption on behalf of the artisans of Sheffield; and the reason which he gives for the “greater general expertness” of these workmen, strikingly corroborates the truth of Sir John's opinions, and of our own general statements. His explanation is as follows:—“Sheffield is surrounded on nearly all sides by hundreds of garden allotments, from 500 yards, or less in extent, upwards. These are in great part cultivated by artisans. Here they spend some hours almost every summer day. They generally have a summer-house or tool-house of their own erection, constructed with degrees of solidity varying with the means or energies of the proprietor. In many cases they sink a well and rig a windlass, or put down steps, to reach the water. They plant fences, make doors, fix locks and fastenings, pitch or macadamise walks, set edgestones, erect seats, and, in short, make a practical acquaintance with the

hill-side may be unable to read a printed page, but the phenomena of nature are continually before him. Every change in the face of heaven or on the surface of the earth is an object of his careful contemplation. He watches the continual succession of regeneration and decay—the instincts and habits of all living things attract his attention—it is his business to notice the variety of plants that clothe the earth, and to know their seasons—he has learned orally the great truths of revelation, and during his solitary night-watches recognises in the starry firmament God's mighty handiwork, as the Chaldean shepherds did of old. In the lonely glen, the thunder, as it were the voice of Heaven, awes his soul to reverence—the lightning and the tempest, the cataract or the crash of the ocean-wave that makes the rocks tremble under his feet, teach him the feebleness of man and of his works. In the unvarying succession of the seasons, he acknowledges the guidance of Him who set the sun to rule by day and the moon by night. His dependence upon the course of nature—the seed-time and the harvest, the sunshine and the rain, over which he has no control—teach him his dependence upon the bounty and goodness of that Being whose will and whose laws they obey. Speak to him, and if there be no sneer on your lip—if you be a man to whom he feels that he can open his heart without risk of ridicule—you will find that in his own simple and untutored way he has speculated upon the high mysteries of Nature, and tried to divine many of her laws. That man may be altogether illiterate, but who will venture to say that he is uneducated?

Though he were unable either to read or write, says Mr Laing, such a peasant has an educated mind,—a mind trained and disciplined in the school of nature,—trained also, let us add, in the moral qualities of patience, self-restraint, and thought for the future. But in case the disciples of our modern “economists” should harden their hearts against the testimony of men not belonging to their own sect, let us give them an extract from old Adam Smith himself, who knew a great deal more of political economy than those who prate so much about it nowadays. Hear how emphati-

cally he awards the palm to the rural labourer, when compared with the corresponding class in the towns:—

“After what are called the fine arts and the liberal professions, however, there is, perhaps, no trade which requires so great a variety of knowledge and experience as farming. The innumerable volumes which have been written upon it in all languages, may satisfy us that amongst the wisest and most learned nations it has never been regarded as a matter very easily understood. And from all those volumes we shall in vain attempt to collect that knowledge of its various and complicated operations which is commonly possessed even by the common farmer,—*how contemptuously soever the very contemptible authors of some of them may sometimes affect to speak of him.* There is scarce any common mechanic trade, on the contrary, of which all the operations may not be as completely and distinctly explained in a pamphlet of a very few pages as it is possible for words illustrated by figures to explain them. The direction of operations, besides, which must be varied with every change of the weather, as well as with many other accidents, requires much more judgment and discretion than that of those which are always the same, or very nearly the same.

“Not only the art of the farmer, the general direction of the operations of husbandry, but many inferior branches of country labour, require much more skill and experience than the greater part of mechanic trades. The man who works upon brass and iron, works with instruments and upon materials of which the temper is always the same, or very nearly the same. But the man who ploughs the ground with a team of horses or oxen works with instruments of which the health, strength, and temper are very different upon different occasions. The condition of the materials which he works upon, too, is as variable as that of the instruments which he works with, and both require to be managed with much judgment and discretion. The common ploughman, though generally regarded as the pattern of stupidity and ignorance, is seldom defective in this judgment and discretion. He is less accustomed, indeed, to social intercourse than the mechanic, who lives in a town. His voice and language are more uncouth, and more difficult to be understood by those who are not used to them. His understanding,

tools of the labourer, mason, and carpenter; and, besides this, often obtain no inconsiderable skill in cooking a bit of dinner or snack, to save the time it would occupy to go home for it.”

however, being accustomed to consider a greater variety of objects, is generally much superior to that of the other, whose whole attention, from morning till night, is commonly occupied in performing one or two very simple operations. *How much the lower ranks of people in the country are really superior to those of the town, is well known to every man whom either business or curiosity has led to converse much with both.*"\*

When such is the relative character of the urban and rural population, nothing at first sight appears more singular than that the favour of our legislators should have hitherto been almost entirely bestowed upon the former. But then, the urban classes are united and clamorous,—the rural are scattered and quiet. The former have already usurped the superior share in the legislation of the country, and it is the votes of the burgh Members that a Ministry is most desirous to secure. Hence a grievance in the towns is quickly remedied, and even imaginary urban grievances receive most respectful consideration. But alas for the country districts,—for the land,—for the peasants! They are kept subject to their old difficulties, while all else goes free; and although depopulation goes on, and the hope of rising, or even of maintaining, their position, is under the present system taken from the peasantry and small tenants, our legislators coolly close their ears against complaints—on the ground, forsooth, that certain would-be authorities in political science have imagined such a state of things to be the best! As if hardship and injustice to the many ever yet conduced to the security of the few,—as if a nation every grown truly rich by the impoverishment of its producing-classes,—as if a country ever grew strong by the flight of its population!

Let it be clearly understood what we advocate. There is nothing utopian—nothing extreme in what we propose. Happily the course of things has not yet flowed so far in the wrong channel as to need other than simple remedies. Do not let it be said that we desire to see this country overspread exclusively by small holdings. Even if we were to

desire it, the thing is impossible. In this age of great capital and urban centralisation, there is as little fear of our agriculture reverting simply to the cottar-system, as there is of the nation returning to bows and arrows, and the rude life of the chase. Let this reassure trembling speculators of the closet, who too seldom give their wits an airing to see how their theories work among the population for whom they prescribe. *A mixed system is what we desire.* Let small holdings and small properties interlace with the large farms and monster estates. Farmers would gain by this arrangement. Every year, as farming advances, more hands are required for the work. Draining, turnip-husbandry, extra manuring, all require additional workers; and these small holdings would form a reservoir of labour, from which at regular intervals—at the busy times of hay-making, turnip-singling, or the grain harvest—a supply of skilled labourers would pour forth to supplement the ordinary corps of the farm. The peasants would benefit. These small holdings ever before their eyes would be a constant stimulus to exertion; they would furnish an inducement to save, an opportunity to rise, a home for the domestic virtues, a prospective asylum for their old age. And the cruel sight would no longer be seen of ploughmen, cast off as hirelings when past their prime, wending their way, with every bit of manly feeling crushed out of them, into the towns—there, with their families, to swell the mob, and share in the pauperism of factory-life.

The present system is a wrong to the peasants, a damper to the farmers, a loss to the nation. "If any man retain land which he has not the power to improve," said Lord Stanley lately, "and will not sell, he is a wrong-doer to the community." The remark is just. And there are too many proprietors at present, who go on adding field to field, and estate to estate—from a most mistaken pride of acreage—and yet cannot make those outlays, in conjunction with their tenants, which are necessary to the right cultivation of

\* *Wealth of Nations*, book i., chap. x.



the soil, and which never fail amply to repay themselves. Let no great proprietor allege that fresh purchases of land are necessary as an investment for his surplus wealth,—for that wealth would be quite as profitably spent (and more so) in helping his tenants to improve the land he already has. To leave the fertility of thousands of acres only half developed, for the sake of adding neglected acres to those already neglected, is neither wise nor patriotic. It is, indeed, a wrong which law cannot touch, but it is an error which public opinion can enlighten. But if Lord Stanley's remark be applicable to individuals, how much more applicable is it to the Legislature, which is the very fountain-head of the wrong? The Legislature has been kind enough to give us free trade in all kinds of foreign produce, yet it still keeps fettered the land, the prime producer at home. In a country like this, where the population is fast pressing upon the means of subsistence, it is neither right nor expedient to retain any of those laws, dues, or customs which impede the free cultivation of the soil,—which at once oppress the labouring-classes, and do injustice to the whole community. A relaxation of the laws of entail would render proprietors more willing to make a proper outlay on their estates, and so at once lessen the amount of waste grounds, and render more fertile those already under cultivation. But no reliance can be placed on such a measure for checking the spread of large properties; without a change of opinion, we fear it would only increase it. In the present condition of things, the abolition of entails would be quite as likely to throw the land into fewer hands as into more; because the great proprietors, who have large revenues or unlimited credit, will often give more for the land than its actual mercantile worth; so that the estates of impoverished fami-

lies would, in many cases, only be transferred to those already possessed of extensive domains. The offer of ten thousand pounds for a small property that was only worth five thousand, would be no difficulty to a lord or duke, who has perhaps a clear income of a hundred thousand a-year, and whose object is not to get money, but to get more land. If he can duly cultivate, or develop the resources of all that land, good and well; but if he cannot, let him leave it to others who can. A bad pride may counsel an opposite course, but his true interest is identical with that of the community. At present there are lying waste in the United Kingdom no less than fifteen million acres, which are capable of improvement and cultivation; while there are thousands of individuals who would sooner invest their small capitals in land than in manufactures or the funds. What prevents this capital and these waste lands coming together, but, firstly, the pernicious land-mania of the great proprietors; and, secondly, the unjust burdens placed on the soil by the Legislature. Trade and commerce are free. A man has every facility for opening a shop, purchasing a factory, or commencing to trade. He may easily buy the ship he trades with, the shop or the factory where he carries on his business. But the land is shut against him. Who ever heard of a farmer being allowed to purchase the land which he cultivates? The very buying and selling of land is like nothing else. Corn, manufactures, everything, passes from hand to hand in the simplest manner possible; but the transfer of land is shackled by technicalities and expenses, that make it evident that free-trade is a thing still monopolised by the towns. The simple processes in the Encumbered Estates Courts of Ireland might well be made of wider application;\* and as to the extra burdens

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\* In a recent letter to the *Times* (Nov. 19), Dr Leisinger directs attention to the very simple, cheap, and well-tried method of conveying land that is adopted throughout Germany. He says:—"All landed proprietors are registered, and their properties accurately, but briefly, described in public State records, easily accessible to any inquirers. In like manner, the names and claims of all mortgagees upon the properties are registered in other public books. In case of sale or transfer, the parties concerned appear personally or by their attorneys before the registration authorities, and, the terms of the contract being duly inspected, the name of the new proprietor,

upon land, we trust the Legislature will soon come to see that, in carrying out the principle of exempting raw produce from taxation, they have hitherto too much overlooked the greatest "raw material" of all—the soil itself.

In conclusion, let us beg the great proprietors to give to this subject a serious attention. It is in their power to increase the rural depopulation,—it is in their power to check it. As we wrote long ago, "people do not crowd into towns of their own choice. Give them their free will and the means of subsistence, and one and all of them will prefer the fresh air, and the sights and sounds of nature, to the stifling atmosphere, the reeking filth, and the discordant cries of the city lanes and courts." Give to peasants an inducement to stay on estates, and they will not migrate; give capital an opportunity to settle there, and it will come. Small holdings is what is wanted to secure the first object,—an abandonment of the passion for adding acre to acre is requisite for the second. If there be one quality more than another for which the landed aristocracy of Great Britain are distinguished, it is the noble one of self-sacrifice. Of late, by the abolition of the corn-laws, they have been well tried, and they have come out pure. If the present question, so momentous to the last-  
 ing interests of Britain, required any sacrifice on their part, we doubt not it would be accorded. But no sacrifice is required; the interests of the landholders are peculiarly those of the country at large. Their regard for the rural population, though it have lost the warm ties of clanship that once held lord and peasant in affectionate union, has never ceased,—we hope soon to see it manifest itself more unmistakably. We hope soon to see a large increase of small holdings for the peasantry,—a freer opening for the growth of small proprietors. By so doing, the political power of the Land would be greatly increased. Property and Numbers are the real

elements of weight in the political scale, and it will not do to rely on the former alone. The Land has been slighted of late, its rights endangered, *because those interested in it are few*; but its rights would stand secure for all time were the properties many, and the rural population interested in the land which they till. The Conservative Land-societies are doing some little good in this way; but it is in a national, not in a political, light, that we would now view their labours, and trust to see their efforts lead to wider results than those originally contemplated. No time more favourable than the present for commencing this re-peopling of our rural districts. Rents are high, prices are high,—both landlords and tenants are prospering. After a long depression, the Land enjoys a much-needed access of prosperity. Let it be turned to account. Let the landed proprietors add to their declining political weight by a timely accession to their numbers;—let the farmers be benefited by having around them a population adequate to the increasing labour-wants of an advancing agriculture; let the peasantry benefit, by a great increase in the number of small holdings, which are just so many opportunities for them to rise in life, and to find asylums in their old age amidst the fields they had helped to till. Finally, let the Legislature set free the land by relieving it of its undue burdens. They will be slow to do this as long as those interested in the land are few,—they will do it at once if the demand become a national one.

Here let us close. We cannot go back to the still larger question respecting the power, welfare, and stability of the empire as affected by the purely urban tendencies of the present regime; but, despite the many shortcomings of our exposition, we trust, for the sake of our country, that these matters will not be overlooked by those who enjoy the high privilege of affecting, by direct action, the fortunes of the empire.

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with the date of the transaction, is simply entered by the appointed officer under the name of the last one in the State register aforesaid, and his claim is thenceforth legally secured against all future question. The only objection to introducing this easy and inexpensive plan into practice here," drily adds the writer, "would be, that it would render impossible a monstrous amount of complicated litigation and still more monstrous lawyers' bills.

## DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN EAGLES.

WE have to mourn the death of a gifted contributor of twenty-five years' standing, which took place on the 9th of the past month. The Rev. John Eagles, best known to many of our readers as the author of "The Sketcher" papers, has passed from us at the ripe age of seventy-one, but in the full vigour of his singularly versatile genius, and the undiminished exercise of his intellectual activities. His bodily frame suddenly gave way under the pressure of a complaint which, with but slight external symptoms, had been for some time undermining his constitution; but, like that of the patriarch of old, his end came upon him with his eye undimmed, and his natural force unabated.

That his years should have been cut short in the midst of a prolonged fruit-season, without passing under the oppression of wintry decrepitude, which, if he had been longer spared, would certainly at some time have ensued, may to some be an occasion of regret. Let us rather be thankful that so much has been granted, and not repine for the want of those supplementary years which are at best but a questionable boon to humanity, but which it certainly has no right to expect. As we must count the soldier happy, who, whatever may be his worth, dies full of strength and flushed with victory, because he passes through the dark gateway of the Unseen with dignity sustained to the end; so let us not complain that the Artist and the Man of Letters has passed from Time into Eternity with undarkened spirit and untarnished honours. It might have been otherwise, for instances to the contrary, no less painful than striking, have occurred.

Checking, on these grounds, any feeling of impatience which may give to grief for the departed a complexion less sacred than its proper one, we are led to look back from the boundary of a life, the value of whose acts is enhanced by the limit now assigned to their multiplication, in order that we may recall some points in that course at the end of which we now stand. Mr Eagles was not only himself an important contributor to this Magazine, but the son of a contributor, whose productions appeared under the signature of "Athenæus" in some of our older numbers. He was born at Bristol in 1784, and began his education in the school of Mr Sayer, eminent as an antiquarian. He became a Wykehamist at twelve or thirteen, and passed from Winchester to Wadham College, Oxford, where he took his degree, and entered Holy Orders in the Church of England. His first curacy, which he held for twelve or fourteen years, was Halberton, in Devonshire, the Rev. Sydney Smith having been his rector for the last five years of this time. It is remarkable that he was cut off while preparing a review of Sydney Smith's Memoirs for the pages of this Magazine. He removed from Halberton to the curacy of Winford, near Bristol; but in the year 1841 relinquished this charge for a residence in or near his native city, which continued till his death. His life, like those of many others of similar pursuits, appears to have been free from any very startling incidents, while it was fertile in mental impressions, and at some periods active and busy beyond ordinary powers or opportunities. To us his literary character naturally assumes a prominent position.

But his writings were chiefly the expression and interpretation of his thoughts and feelings as an artist. The bulk of his papers were written on subjects connected with painting. His contributions to the Magazine extend from 1831 to the present time, his last paper being a review of *Once upon a Time*. But in 1833 and the two following years the admirable papers called "The Sketcher" appeared—a series made up of critiques on schools and exhibitions of painting, descriptions of scenery, elucidations of the principles of art—all full of truth and beauty; pieces of poetry being judiciously introduced in such measure and manner as only to give piquancy to the prose; if indeed that be truly called prose which is but poetry unfettered by metre, a "linked" sweetness, long drawn out, "of luxuriant fancies and harmonious imagery."

But he also wrote on subjects political, social, and purely literary, in a style changing from grave to gay, but in all its changes attractive. Many of his papers were written in the form of "Letters to Eusebius"—a name which stands for that of an old and still surviving friend. All of them are distinguished, not only by rare erudition and exquisite taste, but by a novelty of treatment and a racy humour, which, while it enforces respect for the author, opens a wide fund of interest and entertainment to the reader. A living and sparkling wit accompanies the course of his subject in every direction, playful and innocuous as summer lightning, occasionally breaking into stronger flashes of satire, too much tempered with charity to sting, but touching the salient points of our weaknesses, and making vulgarity and pretence ashamed, by simply throwing light upon them. An enthusiastic scholar, he made those immortal authors the teachers of his boyhood, the favourite companions of an age which perhaps alone is capable of fully appreciating them; and his mind showed itself, in all that he spoke, wrote, or did, thoroughly imbued with their spirit, but without the slightest tinge of pedantry. In this we may compare him to a living author of nearly the same age as himself, and whose friendship he enjoyed—Walter Savage Landor. His translations of *Homer's Hymns* are well known to many of our readers; and his happy illustrations of Horace, Catullus, and others of the ancient poets, are not easily to be forgotten. He was also the author of original poems of great merit, inspired by the classic models, and showing the capacities of the English language as a vehicle of antique modes of thought.

No man has ever had a right to speak on the subject of Painting with fuller knowledge, and on the strength of more practical experience; for few amateurs, if any, have ever plied the brush with greater perseverance and success. Having formed his style principally on that of the great Italian masters of landscape-painting, as well as by studies pursued during travel in their glorious country, he painted English scenery with great truth, but ever in its best aspects. He had a rare faculty of seeing the latent picture in every form of nature, drawing out, as it were, the soul of the scene, and putting it on canvass by itself, apart from all vulgarising accidents.

As a parochial clergyman, Mr Eagles earned the respect of all who knew him, and was especially beloved by the poor, for the patient good-humour with which he attended to their wants, and interested himself in their occupations. But all that the world knows of such a man is trivial in the eyes of those who had the privilege of his friendship. When his countenance became animated in conversation, the great intellectual beauty with which it was endued became for the first time apparent. Then first was seen the full effect of his eloquent eyes, noble forehead, and most expressive mouth. His figure, though not very tall, was majestic, from the fineness of the bust, and the manner in which he carried his head. Though of strongly pronounced opinions, a Tory of the old school in matters both of Church and State, he was able to count some of his staunchest private friends amongst the number of his political and polemical enemies; for all knew that in controversy he never exceeded the bounds of the most delicate courtesy.

Of retiring habits, in consequence of a sensibility which shrunk into itself when exposed to assumption and intrusion, and thus begrudging the riches of his converse to general society, he was a charming companion to the few before whom he chose to unveil his mind, delighting especially, by illustration and argument, in drawing out the young, and leading the old back to youth again—teaching ever that Poetry is the fairest side of Truth, and Charity the highest law of action: above all, by living as an example of buoyancy of mind and freshness of feeling, at an advanced age, and thus unconsciously furnishing to any that might need it, one of the least fallacious proofs of the indestructibility of the soul.

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