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W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

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To whom all Communications for the Editor are to be addressed.

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This day is published,

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THE SECOND NUMBER OF

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, Esq.

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CHAPMAN & HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF NORTH AMERICA, IN 1849-50-51.

BY. W. E. SURTEES, D.C.L.

PART I.

If you would know the form of the rock at Dover, you need only look at that at Calais; and if you would acquaint yourself with the composition of the soil at Calais, you may learn it by analysing that at Dover. They were once united, but afterwards torn apart by a convulsion :—

——Cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between;
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The trace of that which once hath been.

The accidents of culture may make some little, and temporary, difference in the appearance between the farms on each side; but the same plants are indigenous to, and will flourish best in, both.

It is thus morally with the inhabitants of Great Britain and those of the United States of North America. Both people have the same Anglo-Saxon, Danish, and Norman foundation, carrying with it the same skill in navigation, and the same enterprise in war and commerce; both retain the same love of liberty, obey the same common law, and respect the interpretation of the same judges. The faults, too, and vices of both (amiable weaknesses shall we agree to call them?) are pretty nearly the same. Both people have unbounded self elation—the citizens of the United States from overvaluing themselves; the English, from underestimating the rest of the world. And it must be acknowledged that in regard to the mental process by which that pleasing result is attained, our transatlantic cousins have the merit of being, if not less ridiculous than ourselves, at least less offensive. But such are our reciprocal misapprehensions, and so desirable is it to remove them, that, in any trial of skill between us, the worst thing for ourselves would be that we should beat, and the worst thing for our rivals that we should be beaten. Again, to the paw of the lion and to the claw of the eagle belongs the same tender disinterested instinct to cherish and protect, to endow with what we justly call the advantages of our free institutions, as large a portion of the world as possible. This is evinced on the part of the United States by a continual expansion which knows no parallel, except in our own colonial augmentation, or in the deadly, noiseless, Upas-like growth of despotic Russia; and it is illustrated by their nation arrogating to themselves, and having conceded to them, the name of Americans; whereas the other inhabitants of America are called Canadians, Mexicans, Peruvians, &c., from the name of the limited country, not that of the vast quarter of the globe on which they live. Now, in the United States, in the ordinary

transactions of business, Mexican and Spanish money is current; but the money of the United States only is taken at their post-office; and, should you there offer a Mexican dollar in payment, you would be asked, as a matter of course, whether you had "no American money with you."

Respecting a great people, having so much of our own blood and character, to whom our grandchildren emigrating may belong, as their emigrating grandsires belonged to us, we must naturally entertain no ordinary curiosity. Much has been written on this subject. Something, however, probably remains to be told; both because some tourists have composed their travels as if they supposed that, by always turning up their noses, they should pass for having an aristocratic organisation; and because that which was written on the United States ten years ago is as obsolete now as it would have been had it been written on an old country of Europe a hundred years since. Under this impression, a few random recollections of a tour in North America, principally in the United States, but not confined to them, are thrown together with a haste which demands apology.

In the July of 1849 I arrived in New York from Liverpool, and in the September of 1851 I returned to Liverpool from New York. The time devoted to my tour was comprised between these periods.

I went out to America in the English mail-steamer *Europa*,* belonging to the Cunard company, and returned by the American mail-steamer *Atlantic*, belonging to the company named after Mr. Collins. I am bound to mention that in the *Europa*, in consequence of a small cistern which supplied the passengers' cabin not having been cleaned out when a large cistern supplying other portions of the vessel was cleaned out, the water served in the passengers' cabin, though filtered through a sponge, to make it look clear, was intolerably disgusting to the taste. The effect was distressingly obvious from the first: the cause, and the fact that all the time the cabins of the officers and crew of the ship had been supplied with good water, I only learnt towards the end of the voyage. But, of the *Atlantic* steam-ship, and all connected with its management, I could speak only with unqualified praise.

With the appearance of New York and its bay the British public is already familiar, from descriptions and from pictures; and I will merely mention that I have never seen anything of its kind so beautiful as the prospect of the two seen together; and that the best view which I have had of them is from a hill in Statten Island, commonly called, from the residence of a New Orleans lady, Madame Grimes's Hill. This view, I am assured, reminds Eastern travellers of a view of Constantinople from the Golden Horn.

As Washington is the political, so New York undoubtedly may claim to be the commercial, capital of the United States. What Lombard-street is to London, Wall-street is to New York; and, according to the wills or exigencies of its bankers, money is scarce or abundant, credit is easy or inaccessible, and trade is slow or brisk, throughout the Union.

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* An arrangement may here be pointed out, showing at once to which of the two great Atlantic steam-navigation companies any vessel may belong. The names of all the vessels of the Cunard company end with an *a*, as *Arabia, America, Europa*; while those of the Collins company end with a *c*, as *Pacific, Baltic, Atlantic.*

Though the commercial superiority of New York is acknowledged, it is far from having a social or literary supremacy conceded to it by all, either of the more northern or southern cities. And the Englishman, who should form his judgment of the American character merely from the fashionable parties of New York, and from the large hotels of the northern watering-places, such as Saratoga and Newport, would do injustice to its more sterling, and to its more engaging traits.

In their speculative character, in their vast commission business, in their love of ostentation, in their amusing habit of praising their city and themselves, the New Yorkers (as the inhabitants of New York are called) must remind one, who has ever mixed in Liverpool society, of something that he has seen before. In New York, as in Liverpool, the young ladies walk out in the streets (or, according to the common phrase with the Americans, which I wish they could be induced to alter, "on the street") with the very thinnest shoes and the very gayest dresses, such as in London or Paris it would be unusual, not to say improper, to wear in a morning, except in a carriage, a horticultural fête, or a concert. In New York, too, you occasionally see a *brusquerie*, or pertness of manner, which is not very bewitching, but of which I think I many years ago observed traces amongst some of the "Lancashire witches" of Liverpool. And as the people of Liverpool have not always their pretensions allowed by the neighbouring Cheshire squirearchy, so those of New York do not invariably pass current at their own value with the well-bred gentry of Virginia and South Carolina, or the literary coteries of Boston. Yet New York and Liverpool contain charming individuals and families; and some I should name (would it not be an unpardonable liberty) that would grace and honour any society, either of America or Europe. But it must be admitted that in most of the sets of New York, and especially in that which is considered the most fashionable,* the gold and the silver, and the brass and the iron, and the clay, are sometimes, as in Nebuchadnezzar's image, rather incongruously intermingled. The New Yorkers require excitement; they delight in a lion, whether it is an author or a singer, a hero or a heroine, a prince or a princess. They are often taken in; but in these cases,

> Doubtless the pleasure is as great
> In being cheated as to cheat,

for both parties have their amusement out of the deception.

Yet it must make any honest and observant person, acquainted with both nations, indignant to hear, as I have heard, a disposition to run after lords reproached by the English against the Americans. I do not believe that in any portion of the Union does that (as *Punch* so happily calls it) "flunkeyism" prevail, which is so common amongst that particular section of English and Scotch society that styles itself the upper, but is styled by others the middle class; and as for the Irish, the one only matter in the British constitution which many of them seem to comprehend is, that an hereditary legislator is an object of respect. In the United States, no doubt, a lord is regarded with some interest and curiosity, from historical associations. A lord founded the state of Maryland; several able governors of particular states, in the colonial times, adorned the peerage;

* From the loud talking, exaggerated manners, and self-sufficient airs of some of the members of this company, it has been styled by the French *les comédiens*.

a lord was one of the ablest advocates of the rights of the colonists at the commencement of the revolutionary war, and his speeches are at this day studied as those of a classic, by every educated American, from the schoolboy up to the President. But in the United States, as contra-distinguished from England, his excellency and my lord take their chance with the author and the singer, and the last interesting importation of the day; and—which no doubt seems to the ambassador and his lordship very *bizarre*—are probably beaten out of the field. I know a case in which the family of an English peer, who, in the country, are on visiting terms with the family of a neighbour, a very rich manufacturer, do not condescend even to bow to them in London; and this state of things the manufacturer has endured. At the time that the late Sir Robert Peel was summoned from Italy by William IV. to form an administration, I myself heard the younger son of a newly-made peer exclaim aloud, in the library of a London club, that things had come to a pretty pass, when the government of this country was kept at a stand-still a fortnight "for the son of a cotton-spinner." And if there were any sons of cotton-spinners present—and they were as likely to be as not—it is not improbable that they thought this speech as fine and spirited as the speaker did himself. Verily there are some points on which the United States have much to learn before they can venture to compete with an old country like England!

In New York ostentation of wealth is more important to social position than it is in any other great city in the Union. Many private houses have large and richly-furnished suites of reception-rooms, in which, nevertheless, the establishment is exceedingly small, and the family, on ordinary occasions, dine in a little back parlour on the area-floor. Very costly dinners are given by persons who can afford them; and I have heard of a ball in the winter, for the flowers to decorate which as much was paid as 1000 dollars—a little more than 200*l*. These *fêtes* are imitated by persons who affect the same station, but cannot afford the same expenses. A crisis comes, and the pretender to wealth goes down; but he rises again in the west, somewhere on the Ohio, Mississippi, or great lakes; and there the tourist will recognise him engrossed in his schemes, to acquire the means once more to cut a dash.

Respecting expenditure, I will observe that you never, in New York, hear any one say openly, "I cannot afford it;" a phrase which, in England, is occasionally in the mouth of almost every one who has a character, and is accustomed to have money.

The great northern watering-places of the United States remind an Englishman of Harrogate; but they are more fashionably attended than Harrogate has recently been. In these there are immense hotels, and the ordinary mode of living is, in one of them, to take a bedroom only, and, using the public drawing-room and dining-room, to have your meals at a vast *table d'hôte*. At Harrogate, by the prescriptive usage of the place, you are permitted—and, indeed, expected—to speak to your neighbour at dinner, without any introduction; though it is commonly understood that a mere Harrogate acquaintance need not afterwards be kept up. But at these northern watering-places, should a gentleman, or should a lady, attempt to enter into conversation with a lady occupying the next chair, the person making the advance would stand a good

chance of getting a rebuff. This system, so different from that of the *tables d'hôte* of France and Germany, involves, unless you have your party with you, the restraints, without the amusements, of society. You must not, between the courses, take out of your pocket a book or a newspaper, as you can in an English coffee-room; and you had better not run the risk of speaking to the lady who may be sitting next you. Yet, perhaps, this reserve may be justifiable in its origin; since, for such peculiarities as I have seen in the habits of the United States, I have generally found, upon investigation, that there were satisfactory reasons. It may be, that it is more difficult there than in Europe to terminate an undesirable acquaintance, or check the forced growth of an acquaintance into an intimacy.

Of the innumerable sets of New York, probably each set has its representatives at these watering-places. The keeper of the retail store, the keeper of the wholesale store,* the retired merchant, the newspaper editor, the descendant of governors and senators, and the son of the petty farmer, who, through his own honourable exertions, now creditably occupies their place, all having come, perhaps, from the same city, and having had some little intercourse in business, converse together under the balconies of the hotels. But their wives and daughters commonly reciprocate the most repulsive frigidity towards each other, unless they fancy their neighbours to be in quite as grand a set as themselves. This would not be a pleasant spectacle in a monarchy; and it is not a pleasant spectacle in a republic. Their own illustrious Washington, who always thought and acted like a gentleman, lays down in his "Rules of Behaviour," that "every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present." † And one cannot help fancying that personages, who are unavoidably constrained by their superior position to act on a different principle, would do well to incur the expense of taking private lodgings, or private rooms in an hotel, rather than dine at a dinner-table, sit on a sofa, and play on a pianoforte, common to those to whom, nevertheless, they are bound to display, in a marked manner, the graceful proportions of their backs.

To the great southern watering-place, the White Sulphur Springs of Virginia, I have not been. But I am assured, and believe, that this mountain-retreat is characterised by ease, want of pretension, and all the essentials of good-breeding. And I only trust that the railroads, which are each year rendering it more accessible from all portions of the country, will not obliterate its distinctive social charms.

Albany is the political capital of the state of New York; and to it, whoever visits the city of New York, is sure to ascend in one of the Hudson River steam-boats. The Hudson, or North River, as it is often called from the direction from which it flows, rivals in its scenery the wildest and most beautiful portions of the Rhine; and, if it has on its banks large hotels, handsome country-seats, and neat villas, almost all built of wood, and painted white, and looking in the clear air and

* Both what the English call shops and what they call warehouses, the Americans call stores. It would seem as if the Americans were anxious not to be called, as we were by Napoleon, a nation of shopkeepers; for, with them, you seldom hear any place, except a barber's room, spoken of as a shop.

† Sparks's "Life of Washington," p. 513.

bright sunshine, as if made of Parian marble, instead of the gloomy ruins of castles—and hence, to the mere artist, it may be the less attractive of the two—it has associations which, to an Englishman, should render it far the more interesting.

At Tarrytown, on its banks, is the spot where the ill-starred Major Andrè was captured; and not far off is the village of Tappan, where he was executed, while

His mourners were two hosts—his friends and foes.

A little higher up the river than Tarrytown, modestly hiding itself amongst the trees, yet, as you change your position, playfully peeping out from them, as if it had caught something of the vein of sly humour which enlivens the charming fictions of its owner, is the residence of Mr. Washington Irving. Again, a little higher up, is West Point, the strongest military station on the river, which Arnold, its commander, would have betrayed to the British for gold. Here has been established a military academy, where, both discipline and instruction being considered, the best education in the United States is said to be given. Though the national government keeps but a small standing army, it here educates a great number of young gentlemen for officers; well knowing that, what with the numerous militia of the various states, and with the spirit of the people, soldiers could at any time be made, were there officers fit to command them. No man enters the United States' army as an officer, unless from West Point; and, consequently, no private can obtain a commission. And in the United States' army there is no promotion by purchase.

Leaving West Point, we soon pass Newburg, where is a house used by General Washington as head-quarters during a portion of the revolutionary war. Then you pass Kaatskill. And what schoolboy does not know that in the woods above Kaatskill, Rip Van Winkle supped with the fairies, and afterwards slept for twenty years? And as the traveller in Switzerland ascends the Rigi for the prospect, so should the traveller in the state of New York spend a day, or a week, or a month, at the Mountain House, a large hotel on the summit of the Kaatskill mountains.

But I will no longer linger over the charms of the Hudson. You eventually disembark at Albany, the capital of the state, where very agreeable society is to be found. The comptroller, a sort of state chancellor of the exchequer, who has his office in Albany, mentioned to me an excellent law, which the New York legislature had of late years enacted, requiring the various banks in the state to give a security to the state, and, through it, to the public. Any one in the state of New York may establish a bank, and may issue notes; but the notes must be supplied through the office of the comptroller, who must supply them to that amount, and only to that amount, that the security in United States' stock or New York state stock deposited with him by the banker will cover. Thus, in the event of a bank failing, the public would be protected from any loss through its notes; as the state would sell the stock and redeem the notes with the proceeds.

From Albany you may catch a glimpse of Troy, on the opposite side of the river, a little higher up.

> Procedo, et parvam Trojam, simulataque magnis
> Pergama, et arentem Xanthi cognomine rivum,
> Agnosco.

But the good taste of the community is now generally preferring Indian to classical names.

At Albany I took the railroad train, or, as it is commonly called in America, "the cars," and proceeded to Auburn. A car consists of a carriage in the shape of a long saloon, with a passage down the centre, and, on each side, running at right angles from the passage, a number of benches stuffed and backed, each of which will hold two persons. In the winter there is a stove near the middle of this saloon. The trains in the southern and middle states are not divided into first, second, and third-class carriages, as with us; for on the introduction of railroads it was, in these found, on trial, that no native American would condescend to travel by any class except the first. There is, however, a separate car in front for negroes and all others tainted with African blood; which is only reasonable, as the offence of "coloured people" against the senses is often not confined to the eyes. Occasionally a cheaper train, called "an emigrant train," is run. In the New England states they generally have a second-class car, but no separate car for negroes. The fuel generally burnt by the engines is wood, which is stacked at intervals by the side of the railroads. On coming to the station from which you start, you find at most of the railroads a porter, whose duty it is, after having ascertained where you are bound, to append by a leathern strap to each article of your luggage, or "baggage," as it is commonly called in America, a tin ticket, on which is stamped a letter for the place of your destination, and some particular number in figures; he then gives you a duplicate of each of these tickets; and, on your arrival at your journey's end, you may hand these duplicates to the porter of your hotel, or to any servant who may meet you; and to the producer of these, but to no one else, will your luggage be given up. Would not the introduction of this system be a great improvement upon ours, in which persons of all sexes, and ages, and positions, have, on the stopping of a train at a great station, to crowd up together against a railing to recognise and claim their boxes?

Auburn is one of those huge villages in the western part of the state of New York, which, were they in England, would be dignified with the name of towns. It has a large "state prison;" from the discipline pursued in which, the silent, is often called the Auburn, in opposition to the Pennsylvanian, or separate system. Those who wish to go over it must pay a small fee on entering; and I believe it was the first and last time that, in the United States, I found anything charged for permission to inspect any public property, whether belonging to a state or to the nation. Nor are previous applications nor written orders as generally necessary as with us. Over the United States' armory at Springfield, and over the United States' dockyard, or, as the Americans with greater precision call it, "Navy yard," at Boston, you may roam unquestioned at any reasonable hour; and the workmen at both places seem to think that it is incumbent upon them to show the duties of hospitality by answering, as completely as they can, any question which a stranger may put. Though in such matters we ourselves are improving, we have still much to learn from the Americans. Again, though probably you cannot hurry through

a crowded street in any of the principal cities of the United States without justling against a general and half a dozen colonels and majors of militia in plain clothes, and can hardly enter into a shop or an hotel without hearing the book-keeper addressed as captain (for the population of every state seems to take to militia-soldiering as a holiday amusement), you never see a soldier of the national army out of his proper place. The other day, at the British Museum, I was paying a hack-cabman, who had driven me there, having brought with me a few specimens which I had collected in America as presents for the institution, when a soldier, walking as sentry, told the cabman that he must move on. His cab was not occupying room that was wanted, as there was no carriage behind. It is not pleasant to be reminded, by the intrusion of a soldier with a bayonet into a business, which, if done at all, should be done by a policeman, that one has returned to one's native land; but this an American never need fear.

But to return to the New York state prison at Auburn. The only separation in the workshops seemed to be that caused by the difference of sex, and the difference of work; but silence was enjoined. All the prisoners were made to work: those, who had any trade of their own before they came there, as shoemakers, carpenters, &c., were made to work at that; and those who knew no trade were taught one. What the prisoners produce is sold to pay the costs of the establishment; and I was told by the guide that this now realises a sufficient sum to pay its current expenses. When a prisoner leaves, he is presented with a small sum of money (two dollars was, I think, the sum mentioned), and a suit of clothes, in order that he may not be driven to crime by destitution: but a larger sum, it had been found, was likely to induce habits of idleness.

But the penitentiary at Albany is generally considered the most perfect specimen of the working of this system. Here not an eye was raised, as the party that I accompanied passed through the rooms. The men, I think, were principally engaged in plaiting cane-bottomed chairs, and the women in covering glass bottles with wicker-work to "send west." Probably the prisoners here were generally confined but for a short time, and the arts in which they were employed were such as could be quickly acquired. In the silent system almost everything must depend upon the tact of the manager; and the penitentiary at Albany is fortunate in having secured the services of Mr. Pilsbury, who has inherited the skill, as well as the occupation, of his father.

Of the father I will copy an anecdote, from a biography of the son, published in Albany; merely premising that, whereas it is very unusual for an English gentleman to be shaved by a barber, it is the ordinary course adopted by all classes in the United States:

"A desperate fellow of the name of Scott, alias Teller, was sent for fifteen years to Wethersfield (a prison in Vermont, of which Captain Pilsbury was warden); he had previously been confined in Sing-Sing and other prisons. He was determined not to work or submit to any rules. Of course, Captain Pilsbury treated him accordingly. He very soon cut one of his hands nearly off, on purpose to avoid labour; but his wound was immediately attended to, and, in less than one hour afterwards,

he found himself turning a large crank with one hand. It was then that he declared he would murder the warden on the very first opportunity. Soon after this, the regular barber of the prison being sick, Scott, who had, it was said, when young, worked at that trade, was directed by the deputy-warden to take the place of the barber, and shave the prisoners throughout the establishment. Captain Pilsbury, on going into the shop soon afterwards, was told by one of the assistants that the prisoners did not like being shaved by this man; that he had behaved very badly ever since he had been an inmate; and that they were afraid of him. Captain Pilsbury immediately took the chair, and directed Scott to shave him.

"From that moment he became one of the best behaved convicts in the prison, and remained so until Captain Pilsbury left it, in November, 1832. Soon after the appointment of a new warden Scott tried to escape, and murdered one of his keepers. For this crime he was hanged, at Hartford, in 1833."

Captain Pilsbury was the chief promoter of the silent system in New England; and seems to have been peculiarly endowed with the talent of producing the strictest discipline by persuasion. In a notice of him in a Philadelphia newspaper, it is stated that he seldom punished: but, when he did, he took special pains to show the criminal that he regarded him as an unfortunate human being, not as a brute.

At Philadelphia, the principal city, though not the political capital, of Pennsylvania, there is a vast prison called the "Eastern State Penitentiary of Pennsylvania." Here also the prisoners are made to work; but they work in their solitary cells. A recent report acknowledges that "the commonwealth is not an immediate pecuniary gainer by the maintenance of the present system of discipline;" but maintains, that it is "believed to be better for all the purposes of reformation." It adds, that "the inspectors have denied that the system, as there administered, had any tendency to produce the disease" of insanity; but acknowledges that, "where hereditary predisposition to it has existed, they have admitted that its effect has been, in some instances, to develop it more speedily."*

In going over the cells of the penitentiary at Philadelphia, I was introduced to one of them, which had been occupied by a young gentleman, who had thrown away all the advantages of birth, education, and talents. Confined here as a criminal, he had endeavoured to relieve his solitude by the composition of some touching and beautiful verses, alluding to his own sad fall. From his clothes he had succeeded in extracting some dyes, and with these he had painted the verses in a sort of fresco style upon the wall of his cell, where they still remain, to claim the admiration and the regrets of the stranger.

It is time to return to Auburn, from speaking of the penitentiary of which I have been led into my digression. From Auburn the railroad takes you to the "village" of Geneva, situated on a beautiful little lake called Lake Seneca. It has a college, and several places of public worship, and is one of the sweetest spots for a residence that I ever saw. It is built on the side of a hill at the lower part of the lake; and, though its wooded hills have nothing of the rugged grandeur so conspicuous in

* Report of 1849.

the distant scenery of its Swiss namesake, it is not without some pretension to the ambitious comparison which it suggests.

From Geneva a short railroad journey brings you to Niagara.

Who, visiting the United States, would not see Niagara? but who dare attempt to penetrate the thick cloud, which its spray ever raises before it to the heavens, and depict in words that awful image of the power of God?

A few hundred yards below the Falls of Niagara, on the United States' side, there is a ferry, which in ten minutes will take you to Canada; and, a few miles above, or a few miles below the falls, you may get Lake Erie, or Lake Ontario steamers, and may start for the Upper or Lower Canadian provinces.

In the autumn of 1849 I made a short sojourn at Montreal and Quebec; and a few observations respecting Canada, as it seemed then, may not be objectionable.

After having descended a considerable portion of the St. Lawrence, the steamer in which I was a passenger landed me at a village called La Chine. It derived its name from the first French navigators of the stream, who fancied, when in their ascent they had arrived at this point, that they were approaching China. From La Chine, however, half an hour's railway ride takes you, not to Peking, but to Montreal. Montreal, in its straight narrow streets, and substantial stone houses, still bears all the appearance of what it formerly was—an ancient French city. Here at the time I made no stay, but, intending shortly to return, I embarked once more on a steamer and descended the St. Lawrence to Quebec, the Gibraltar of America.

Joining on to the western fortifications of this city are the Plains of Abraham, with their deep precipitous bank, sloping to the river. What patriot could visit Quebec without traversing the battle-field where Wolfe "died happy," and where Montcalm rejoiced that he should not survive the surrender of the city which had been committed to his defence?

In an open space in the upper part of Quebec, an obelisk has been erected, with an inscription, thus commencing:

WOLFE. MONTCALM.
mortem virtus communem,
famam historia,
monumentum posteritas
dedit.

So far the inscription is perfect; but, alas!

That maiden's bust, as fair as heart could wish,
Should foully end, with scaly tail, a fish!

The inscription proceeds at considerable length to tell you that the monument was put up when Lord Dalhousie was governor; that he had promoted the undertaking by his patronage and liberality, and asks you triumphantly, what could be more worthy than this of "duce egregio," an illustrious general. In fact, the greater part of this inscription is a monument to the bad taste of the late Earl of Dalhousie. Is there no friend of his family in Canada who will do it and the public the kindness to get three-quarters of the inscription chiselled out?

The villagers about Quebec speak nothing but French, if at least a dialect may be so called which the modern Parisians cannot understand. They are primitive, poor, ignorant, well-disposed, and contented. Of confiding and flexible characters, they are governed by the village priest and the village doctor. Their custom is of small value to us, as they produce, or make nearly all that little which they consume or use. They call their Indian neighbours *les sauvages;* and the Indians might, perhaps, without much injustice, retort the appellation.

Returning to Montreal, I there made what inquiries I could respecting the general feeling and condition of the colony. Several circumstances had recently occurred to create a strong desire for annexation with the United States in the breasts of many of the Canadians. By the free-trade principles, which England had recently adopted, she had deprived her colonies of the monopoly of supplying the home market. The Canadian merchants had for some time been losing money; but they thought money was to be made again, if they could get the advantage of the New York market without being subjected to the duty (20 per cent. I believe) which they now have to pay; and that they could raise funds for public works on better terms, when they should have passed what they considered as a transition state. In the rebellion of 1837, the humbler of the Scotch emigrants were in favour of annexation, and the corresponding class of Irish were opposed to it; from either of which circumstances it might fairly be assumed that the land would increase in value if the country should become a portion of the United States. To those who were influenced by mere mercenary motives was now to be added (if at least we may judge from the tone of their speeches and newspapers) a considerable number of a class, which had hitherto been considered the warmest advocates of the British connexion; but which was now goaded in an opposite direction by party rancour and disappointed ambition. A Conservative ministry having dissolved the Canadian parliament, and being outvoted in their own new parliament, Lord Elgin could not do otherwise than construct a ministry on different principles out of the radical and French-Canadian parties. Its measures gave great dissatisfaction to the Conservative party; but they seemed to consider their greatest grievance to be that the governor-general, in his anxiety to conciliate the partisans of the new ministry, had unnecessarily slighted, in the intercourse of private life, the chiefs of the English Tory party, who had been instrumental in putting down the former rebellion. Probably these slights have been much exaggerated by the watchful suspicions of the Tories; for I heard so trifling a matter as that he had at his own table asked a Radical to take wine with him, and then asked one of the recognised Tory leaders to join them, alleged in Montreal against Lord Elgin as a mortal offence. Be that as it may, the effects of his unpopularity are serious. Some straggling soldiers, at the time of the rebellion, had been caught, and killed, with wanton cruelty, by the Canadian Radicals. This is still remembered throughout the army; and officers and men sympathise with the Tories in their dislike to the governor-general, whom they regard as the friend of the butchers of their comrades. In the spring of 1849, the parliament-houses at Montreal were intentionally, and publicly, set on fire and burnt down, with no opposition from those who are usually counted upon as the

friends of order. The ruin was spoken of, when it was pointed out to me, as the "Elgin Marbles."

The British connexion would probably receive the support of the Roman Catholic priests, who have generally been protected in the possession of the large property originally granted to them by the French government. I understand that the priests are considered moral and charitable; but they leave the people in ignorance.

Wages are not so high in Canada as in the United States; but money, being less plentiful, goes further. A farmer or a farm-labourer may do well in the western portions of Canada, where the best wheat-growing lands in America are said to lie. Provisions there are cheap and plentiful; but the difficulty for the farmer is to turn into money that portion of his produce which he does not consume, as neither the markets nor the roads to them are as good as those of the United States, and the steam-boats on the St. Lawrence charge highly for the conveyance of stock. A man, therefore, who settles in Canada, should be slow to part with his money, knowing that he will have a great difficulty in getting it back again; but, if cautious in this respect, he will probably do well.

At a *table d'hôte* in Montreal I sat next a gentleman advanced in years, a magistrate, and person of great intelligence and considerable property, farming his own estate on the Ottawa River. It was his honourable boast that as a boy he had arrived in Canada, from the Western Islands of Scotland, with only one shilling in his pocket. He informed me that on his farm he payed his male labourers from 25*l.* to 30*l.** a year, with their board, giving them four meals a day; and added, that, what with making potash, fencing, &c., in the winter, he contrived to keep his men employed all the year round. He was satisfied with Lord Elgin, and well pleased with the English connexion.

I will add another anecdote of a Highlander. The tourist in Scotland has probably seen a small river-island, near the village of Killen, where sleep the rude forefathers of the clan of Macnab. Its chieftain having sold his land to the Marquis of Breadalbane, the Marquis of Carrabas of the neighbourhood, migrated to Canada in the early part of this century, taking with him the greater part of his little clan. It was told me that the chief, attempting to transfer his hereditary dignity from the Old World to the New, left on Sir Allan Macnab a card, on which his name was written as "The Macnab;" and that thereupon Sir Allan wrote upon a card, "The other Macnab," and left it in return.

On the 1st day of October I entered New England, and passed through the states of Vermont and New Hampshire to Massachusetts.

Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, in her very interesting "Travels in the United States," asserts, and with good grounds, that "Massachusetts boasts of Mr. Webster as one of her children." But he is a child of Massachusetts by adoption, and not by birth; for he was born, and spent his boyhood, in New Hampshire. I believe the same distinguished authoress alludes to, and quotes rather loosely, a sentence from one of the speeches of Mr. Webster, which deserves, from its magnificence, to be presented

* I presume of Canadian currency, in which four dollars, or a trifle more than sixteen shillings English money, make a pound.

with accuracy. After stating that, in the attempt to impose taxes without granting representation, the Americans saw the germ of an unjust power, the great orator adds: "On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet far off, they raised their flag against a power to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared; a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts—whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England."

In 1830, Mr. Webster's oratorical powers were put to their severest test. He had spoken in the United States' senate, and Mr. Hayne, a senator of great distinction, from South Carolina, had been pitted against him to answer. Mr. Hayne's speech was agreed by the friends of both sides to be most successful; and all parties said that poor Webster was smashed and done for. But Mr. Webster proved to be one,

That, where the meaner faint, can only feel;

and, ever since his reply, he has been regarded as the ablest speaker in the United States; and is, perhaps, at this day, the most impressive living orator that wields the English language.

Some years ago, Mr. Webster visited England, and it would be interesting to learn what he thought of the English speakers. His opinion of those in the House of Commons I did not hear; but, after his return, he told his Boston friends, the best four speakers in the House of Lords were Lord Brougham, Lord Lyndhurst, the Bishop of Exeter, and the Bishop of London.

But I must revert to my own tour. When I last took my bearings, I was in the New England railway "cars," bound for the state of Massachusetts. I stopped at its chief manufacturing city, Lowell.

To the philanthropist, Lowell is the most interesting city in the world; proving, as it does, that the manufacturing system need not produce the moral or physical degradation of the operative. The greatest precautions have been taken to render it here the parent of as much good, and as little evil, as possible to those employed. The zeal of friends—the warning of enemies—have conduced to the same result. The whole ground on which the factories are built belonged originally, and the magnificent waterworks by which all the mills, cotton, carpeting, calico-printing, &c., are supplied, still belong to one corporation; and certain general rules are observed by all the companies using the ground and the water of that corporation. According to these, an operative dismissed for misconduct from one mill is never employed in another. Each company possesses long rows, or "blocks," of boarding-houses, some for males, some for females. Respectable persons are sought out, upon whom dependence can be placed, to exercise a supervision on the morals of the boarders. To these the lodging-houses are let at very low rents, averaging only from one half to a third of those produced in other portions of the city by similar houses. In return, the board charged weekly to the mill operatives, who alone, unless by special permission, are to be taken in, is very small—being 1* dollar 75 cents for a man, and 1 dollar 25 cents for a woman, the week.

* An English sovereign is worth 4 dollars 84 cents. A cent is worth about an English halfpenny.

It was stated that the average earnings, after deducting board, were—of a man 4 dollars 80 cents, and of a woman 2 dollars, the week. But, in some cotton-mills there, called the Merrimack mills, one remarkably good work-woman, who had long made, besides the price of her board, 6 dollars each week, was pointed out to me. The boarding-housekeepers are required to prohibit intoxicating liquids, to lock the outer doors at ten o'clock at night, and to see, as far as may be, that on Sunday the operatives attend some place of public worship. All persons working in a mill are compelled to lodge in one of its boarding-houses, unless they obtain an exemption under special circumstances, such as having friends living in the city. It had previously been told me that the factory girls spent too much on their dress; but, though they were generally dressed with neatness when working in the factories, and with smartness on Sundays, I never saw anything ludicrous or extravagant in their appearance. I was at Lowell on a Sunday, and went to one of the churches, where was a large and well-conducted congregation, of which, I believe, a considerable proportion were factory girls. In Massachusetts there is no act of the state legislature limiting the hours of labour; but in the adjoining state of New Hampshire, a ten hours bill has been carried. In the manufacturing town, however, of Manchester, in the latter state, its provisions have been evaded, as the Lowell people told me, by means of special agreements with the operatives. The manufacturing population of Lowell is not like the corresponding population in England—stationary. To Lowell a girl comes from the country, and works for three or four years in a mill; sometimes to support herself, sometimes to assist her parents, and often that, when she marries, she may have more than her face for her fortune. When the mills are out of work, she generally returns with a full purse and good character to her old home; which all along she has continued occasionally to visit. Whereas our operatives, having no other home to which to go, must remain idly in the town, with little advantage to themselves, and less to the neighbourhood, waiting for the mills to be once more set to work. The New England people greatly prefer working in factories to going into service. Hence the domestic servants there are principally supplied from the Irish and the free negroes; but these two races do not agree well together.

The "public," that is the free, schools of Lowell, as of Massachusetts generally, are excellent. It is, I understand, considered in New England, and most properly so, to be no degradation for a young lady of excellent social position, who may fancy that such is her vocation, to teach in a public school as a salaried schoolmistress. There are three classes of schools in Massachusetts in which children are educated free of expense. They are called the primary, the grammar, and the high schools. In the lowest the boys and girls are educated together by females. When they rise to the higher schools they are separated; and the sex of the teacher follows that of the pupil. And teaching in the common school-rooms of Massachusetts you may see young ladies with acquirements, manners, and personal attractions, superior to the average of those to be found in the fashionable drawing-rooms of a European metropolis. The sons of all classes attend the public schools: but these schools are not generally frequented by the daughters of wealthy persons. The standard of general education is much higher in the northern parts of the United States than it is in England.

On my road from Lowell to Boston I passed through Lexington, where, according to the inscription on an obelisk on its common, fell "the first victims of British tyranny and oppression, on the morning of the ever memorable 19th of April, An. Dom. 1775. The die was cast!!! The blood of these martyrs in the cause of God and their country was the cement of the union of these states, then colonies." And I saw an old gentleman who, as a boy, had taken part with the colonists in that fatal and pregnant skirmish, and had two relatives and namesakes killed on the field. This village gives name in the west to another Lexington.

Boston, the Athens of America, unites the characteristics possessed by Edinburgh, and its port Leith, in the early part of this century. Prescott,* Ticknor, Everett, Winthrop, Longfellow, Sparks, Choate, Sumner, Curtis, Agassiz, Guyot, shed the variegated lustre of their high intellectual attainments over the capital of the "Bay State." But Mr. Bancroft, the historian of the United States, has recently removed from here to the city of New York; where, also, I believe, lives Mr. Bryant, whom the most intellectual of his countrymen consider the first of their poets.

The merchants of Boston are enterprising. They are eager to acquire wealth; desiring to show, by the success of their combinations, their superior intelligence; but they bestow it on public charities with princely liberality. They aspire not, as with us, to found a family, but a hospital. Men who inherit wealth do not for the most part prosper, either in the free states of the Union or in Canada. They are not from their very position thrust prominently into politics or the magistracy; nor is there a class of such men, having fixed habits and modes of living, with whom they can amalgamate. The most sensible heads of families in the northern cities of the United States have said to me that they were anxious to observe the bent of the geniuses of their sons, to train them, in correspondence with that, to a business or profession, and to give or leave them enough to start them in life, but not enough to make them independent of their own exertions. In Boston, the notions of decorum are unusually strict. This is not without its disadvantages as well as advantages; for a youth, who may have once got the character of being a little wild, loses, without the slightest chance of redeeming, his social position. And, as the celebrated university of Harvard, sometimes called Cambridge, from a village, within five miles of Boston, in which it is situated, collects young men from all parts of the Union, there must here be ample temptation to get into scrapes.

The Revere House at Boston is, as far as my experience goes, the best hotel in the United States. Apropos to which, I will add a few words about the American manner of living at hotels, elsewhere than in the watering-places. Every hotel has two entrances, a public and a private one. The public entrance is for gentlemen, the private is for ladies and those gentlemen who may attend them. It is not usual to take private

* At the Liverpool custom-house the American copyright edition of Mr. Prescott's "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," for which I had within the previous fortnight given six dollars at New York, was taken from me, as Mr. Prescott had sold the copyright for England to an English publisher, who had placed the book on the custom-house prohibited list. If in the United States a corresponding privilege were granted to our authors, Mr. Macaulay would be the richer man by some thousands of pounds.

sitting-rooms; but there is in every hotel a large, comfortable, well-furnished drawing-room, for the exclusive use of ladies and those gentlemen appended to them: and there is a sitting-room, commonly very uncomfortable, though very comfortable at the Revere House, for all other gentlemen. In the large hotels, the ladies and their cavaliers dine often in different rooms, and at different hours, and almost always at different tables from the gentlemen who have the misfortune to be unattached. The dinner hour varies at the best hotels from two to five; but the most general dinner hour is three. A gong is sounded all through the hotel, to give notice when the meals are ready. At dinner, the waiters put on the courses, take off the covers, and remove the courses, altogether; and not quietly, but with a great flourish. Abundance of newspapers are taken by the hotels for the benefit of their guests. Two dollars a head per day is paid for board and lodging at the Revere House, exclusive of wine. On their wine the landlords, called in America "proprietors," make a great profit; for they charge two dollars for a quart bottle of good wine of the ordinary descriptions. They would, probably, in the end, make more by their wine, if they charged less; as the majority of persons now do not call for it at all. You may have private sitting-rooms and meals if you like; but you must pay very dearly for your exclusiveness. The hotel accommodation at the great cities is not sufficient for the public demand; and, therefore, the "proprietor," who assigns you a good room, confers, rather than receives, a favour. As soon as you arrive at an hotel you should enter in a book your name and residence. Opposite to them will immediately be written the number of your bedroom; and you will soon learn not to be surprised when the numerals are hundreds. Boots is the only servant who has a positive claim upon your purse; but, if you stay any length of time, or receive from a chambermaid or waiter any particular attention, it is common to give them each a trifle as a matter of favour. What an improvement upon the English system of exorbitant payment to (substantially charges for) hotel servants! In almost every hotel there is, as far as possible removed from the drawing-room, a bar-room, where liquors, and all sorts of preparations from them are sold. In most parts of the country, and particularly in the south and west, it is the custom, and especially with young men, to treat each other at the bar. One young man asks his male friends to take a drink, and pays for all. The next time any of them meet him, he is asked in return. The original motive, probably, in both cases is kindness and hospitality; but a habit of drinking may be thus produced. Nor can it be doubted that the bar-room has been, to many a noble-hearted young fellow, the vestibule to the grave. To treat at a bar is in England considered ungentlemanlike. Would to God it were so throughout the United States!

But the space which I have occupied warns me that I should think of drawing my article to a conclusion, though some of the more prominent subjects of interest remain to be noticed.

More than once have I visited all the principal "Atlantic" cities; and in the spring of 1850 I steamed up, and in the commencement of the following winter I steamed down, the Ohio and the southern Mississippi.

Of the Atlantic cities, proceeding southward from Boston, I will first mention New Haven, in the State of Connecticut. It contains the university of Yale College, which is adorned by a collection of historical

paintings and valuable minerals, and by the cabinet and conversation of the venerable Professor Silliman. One sweet, calm summer's night, as I was passing in a steamer through Long Island Sound, which flows between New Haven and New York, the idea of scribbling a few verses occurred to me. May I venture to transcribe the lines?—

The ripple it trembles and kisses the strand,
To the sea-weed bends loving the bough from the land;
And in silence the trees with their arms interlace,
As we glide past the hills that the ocean embrace.

The moon 'mid the stars, sure she looks like a bride,
Who loves to see glitter her maids by her side:
She's too kind to outshine her young sisters that pass,
And smile on the ocean, like girls on their glass.

And old Ocean, he smoothes down his billow the while,
To reflect on his surface their delicate smile;
But broad gleams the moon's image his bosom above,
'Tis for her throbs in tides the strong pulse of his love.

Let us now proceed from New York by "the cars" to Philadelphia. In the "Quaker City," as might be supposed, ease and comfort seem more regarded than show. The society is very agreeable, and the prevailing taste rather literary, though far from pedantic. In no other city of the Union does the female voice so much resemble that of England. It is more sweet than that of New York, less sweet than that of Virginia. I was introduced to a lady of the Jewish persuasion, residing in this city, from whom Sir Walter Scott is said to have drawn, on the information of Mr. Washington Irving, his character of Rebecca. Here a club of distinguished gentlemen of the city, meeting in each other's houses, assembles every Saturday evening in the spring. The members have the privilege of bringing strangers; and often, by their kindness in using it, they give them a general and very agreeable introduction to society. The meetings are called "Wistar Parties," in honour of their founder. Respecting Philadelphia, I will only add that, though in a state of commercial prosperity, it does not grow as rapidly as its enterprising neighbours on either side, New York and Baltimore.

Baltimore is the first important city in a slave-owning state that the traveller from the north reaches. The houses of the principal gentry are very large, as much for the accommodation of the numerous slaves as the master; and behind these houses are substantial out-buildings, in which the married domestic slaves have separate bedrooms assigned them. The word "slave" is banished from the vocabulary of a Southern, and "servant" is substituted in its stead. On the hackneyed subject of slavery there is not space to enter; but I am bound in candour to state, that, having spent altogether nearly a year in the slave-owning states, I have not seen one single case in which any slave has been treated with cruelty by his master or his master's agent; and I have universally found the domestic slaves treated with what, were it shown in England to our own servants, of the same race with ourselves, would be considered unreasonable indulgence. Let who may support a cause, abstractedly good, with pious frauds; I will not.

From Baltimore a two hours' journey on the railroad takes you to

Washington. The federal city is most happily raised above the waves of popular agitation by its entire want of manufacturing or commercial importance. It is the conception of a great city very partially executed. Its public buildings are magnificent, its streets are broad; but its private houses are irregular, poor, and often of wood. If this picture does not quite realise the impression which an American entertains of his national capital, he may perhaps forgive me when I add that it corresponds almost exactly with the description given by Montesquieu of Rome, long before it had been adorned and enslaved by the Cæsars: "Les maisons étoient placées sans ordre et très petites; car les hommes, toujours au travail ou dans la place publique, ne se tenoient guère dans les maisons. Mais la grandeur de Rome parut bientôt dans ses édifices publics. On commençoit déjà à bâtir la ville éternelle."

When staying at different times in Washington, I frequently attended the United States senate, which is not "degraded" from the position of the most dignified and intellectual legislative assembly in the world by the open "reception of a regular stipend"*—a custom which it derived from the English parliamentary practice of an age when lands were not sold to railway companies, nor allotments of shares received from railway companies, by members of either house!

In February, 1850, I was present in the senate house, when Mr. Clay made his great statesmanlike and conciliatory speech, with the hope (which I trust will prove to have been entirely realised) of producing a compromise between the opposing interests and prejudices of the northern and southern states. In the following March, I was present, when Mr. Walker, the distinguished senator from Wisconsin, with that kindness of feeling with which he has recently won so many hearts in England, resigned his claim on the floor to Mr. Webster; who rose and delivered a speech on the compromise, of which the manner and the matter were worthy of the best days of the Roman senate. I was present, too, on the 17th of July, in the same year, when Mr. Webster made another great speech on the compromise, in which his remarks on the subject of dictation by the represented to the representative are especially worthy of the consideration of the statesman.

From Washington, continuing on the west side of the United States, and proceeding southward, we arrive at Richmond, the capital of Virginia. This handsome city was named from its resemblance in situation to Richmond, in Surrey, which had been named by King Henry VII., in honour of his castle and earldom of Richmond, in Yorkshire. And it is satisfactory that some place in the New World should derive its name, however indirectly, from him under whose auspices the European foot was first planted by Cabot on the continent of America. Richmond, viewed socially, reminded me of an English cathedral city in an agricultural district; but it has the advantage of being the seat of a state legislature and the residence

* "The National Assembly [of France] was degraded by the reception of a regular stipend"!—Leading Article of the *Times*, 10 December, 1851. A United States' senator is paid 8 dollars a day during the sitting of Congress. A judge of the Supreme Court of the United States receives 6000 dollars, or a little more than 1200*l.* a year. The President of the United States receives 20,000 dollars, or a little more than 4000*l.* a year, and is provided with a house. It is to be regretted that in the United States no pensions are given to retiring judges.

of an accomplished bar. Whilst I was at Richmond, a convention was held there, to form a new state constitution: on the basis on which future representatives should be elected the eastern and western members differed; and the views of one party were advocated by Mr. Stanard, and of the other by Mr. Somers, in speeches of great ability. In personal appearance, the members of the convention resembled a large bench of West Riding magistrates assembled at Pontefract sessions.

From Richmond, proceeding south, we arrive at Charleston, the principal city of South Carolina; for whose gallant sons and fair daughters I have too much regard not to hope (as indeed I believe) that they will not much longer feel bound to trouble themselves or the Union with projects of secession. In South Carolina I spent some time very agreeably under the hospitable roof of an opulent rice-planter. It is in the slave-holding states only that you meet with large landed properties, there called plantations. The planter of consideration is a compound of the feudal baron, the well-bred English country gentleman, and the farmer. Those who would know something of life on a plantation may be referred to an interesting novel by Mrs. Gilman, of Charleston, called "Recollections of a Southern Matron," and published in New York.

Let us now pass in a south-westerly direction to New Orleans, the great port of the Valley of the Mississippi—the future bread-basket of the world.

I happened to be there on the 8th of January, 1850, the thirty-fifth anniversary of the battle of New Orleans. An opportunity for processions and speeches is, in the United States, seldom lost. Such national celebrations must be useful in keeping up patriotism to fever heat; but the speeches delivered by the mob-orators sometimes evince an extraordinary bad taste, and must be intensely humiliating to the more polished of their countrymen. Of such a nature were some of the addresses made at New Orleans on this occasion. I will add a few words, therefore, on the victory of New Orleans.

On the morning of the 8th of January, 1815, the forces under General Jackson have been computed to have been about 20,000 men, principally recruits; those of Sir Edward Pakenham about 8000, principally veterans General Jackson's camp, lying between New Orleans and the British army, was strongly fortified by ditches, by high outworks, and by a breastwork made of cotton bales. The British in vain had endeavoured to provoke the Americans to leave their camp, and engage in open fight. The camp they then determined to storm. Now General Jackson had consulted General Adair, the commander of the Kentucky volunteers, as to what would probably be the British mode of attack, and how it should be repelled. General Adair had answered that he knew the material of which the British army was composed, and that there was no mode of repelling the troops but killing them, and that he presumed an assault would be made at night; and in several divisions, in order to divert attention from that which should be the principal point of attack. The commander-in-chief replied: "Then do you act as you may think best; you will receive no orders from me." In the grey of morning, before daybreak, the British came to the assault in three divisions: and General Adair put his ear to the ground; and, having heard in what direction the tread of the greatest number of feet came, there directed his unerring Kentucky

riflemen.* But the British colonel, to whom the duty had been assigned of seeing that the scaling implements were brought up, had forgotten it. Yet, without these, three times did the British advance to the works; and three times were the first ranks swept away to a man by the fire of an unseen foe. At length they retired unpursued; their commander-in-chief being killed, and two of their generals wounded, one mortally, and about 2000, officers and men, having been killed or wounded. On burying the dead, nearly a thousand bodies in British uniforms, without one American corpse among them, were found within the space of a few hundred yards. One soldier succeeded in getting to the top of the innermost works, and he expired of his wounds the next day. His dying request was that his colonel might be informed that he had mounted the rampart.† It was complied with by the Americans, by whom, indeed, the wounded were very kindly treated. I endeavoured in vain to learn his name.

And now a word to the people of New Orleans.

I had rather lie with the slaughtered in the dank swamp below your city, than—as a son of those who took their aim from behind a rampart of cotton bales with the cool deliberation of perfect safety—be the man to insult and trample upon the graves of heroes. *Siste! Heroes calcas!* If not,—let the Persians exult in Thermopylæ!

The battle of New Orleans was the last of those conflicts—may it ever continue to be the last—in which we were engaged with our American kindred. The impulses of the heart, and the reasonings of the head, alike call for our fraternal union; and on that, perhaps, under Providence, may hang for untold ages the constitutional liberties of the human race.

If the tourist should desire to proceed from New Orleans to New York by "the western waters," he may ascend the Mississippi and Ohio rivers to Pittsburg, in magnificent steam-boats, with an uninterrupted navigation of 2025 miles; and then, from Pittsburg may proceed, in a journey of about two days and nights, partly by coaches and partly by railroad-cars, to the great commercial city of "the Empire State."

The traveller, according to this route, leaving the sugar plantations of Louisiana, with their adjacent orange groves, and their evergreen oaks, the branches of which are laden with a long grey moss, resembling at a distance the nets of fishermen hung to dry, soon arrives at "the bluff," or high bank, of Natches; where fields of cotton take the place of those of sugar-cane, and where are country houses, with grounds kept in as good order as those around an English gentleman's seat. He has been told of the snags, and sandbanks, and double-pressure engine-boilers, which endanger him who confides himself to the Mississippi; but has disregarded the warnings. Yet at Natches he remembers with a sigh, that he is near the spot, where, worn out by disease, fatigue, and disappointment, died, on the 21st of May, 1542, Ferdinand de Soto; and that, ominously for his race, the discoverer of the Mississippi was buried beneath its waters.

The most wonderful characteristic of this great river is, that, for much more than a thousand miles, it continues, in its progress, to swallow up

* The facts connected with General Adair I was told by his son-in-law, a distinguished judge of one of the United States' courts.

† Idem.

immense rivers without disclosing on its surface the slightest accession to its mighty bulk. Along the banks of its southern portion, grows, self-planted, in the greatest abundance, a tree, called the cotton-wood, something resembling our lime-tree. It is a regular business to cut and stack this wood, and then to sell it at so much a cord to the steam-boats to burn in their furnaces. Fortunately it is of most rapid growth, or the supply could not equal the demand. I was assured (however paradoxical it may seem) that a steamer makes her journey more rapidly up than down this river; for every time that, in descending, she has to stop, she must make a wide sweep in order to bring her head up against the stream. The water is muddy, and of a leaden colour, but is considered very wholesome. And the paternal duties of "the father of waters" seem to be more extended than his name denotes, as the beverage (if it may be whispered without scandal) is said also to be very prolific.

After leaving the southern Mississippi, with its generally low banks of rich alluvial soil, ten or twelve feet in thickness, and entering the hilly, yet not mountainous, district watered by the beautiful Ohio, we lose sight of cotton-fields, but a fine maize-growing and grazing country presents itself to the view.

Space forbids me to describe the three great cities of the Ohio, Louisville, Cincinnati, and Pittsburg; the last of which, being in a neighbourhood where coal and iron are to be procured, has become the Birmingham of America. Neither may I dilate upon the warm true hearts and open hands of Kentucky; nor the hospitable roofs of its sweet inland town of Lexington, surrounded by the straightest and tallest oaks and the richest grass* that I ever saw, and honoured by having its neighbourhood selected for his residence by the venerable statesman Mr. Clay. I will, however, just add a few remarks on a business to which we have nothing parallel in England, and turn one lingering retrospect to my impressions of the Mammoth Cave.

In the rich lands of the state of Kentucky and the State of Ohio, great quantities of Indian corn, called by the Americans simply "corn" *par excellence*, are raised; and, in order to save the expense of drawing it in waggons a great distance over indifferent roads to Louisville and Cincinnati for exportation, the inhabitants keep large droves of pigs, called by the Americans "hogs," in their woods during the spring and summer, and at the end of autumn turn them for a month into the fields of Indian corn, to tread down and eat up the crop. This they call "giving the crop legs." They then, as soon as the first frost of winter sets in, drive the fattened animals to their river ports, where they are killed, salted, put in barrels, and shipped off.

On the 5th of September, 1850, I went over the pork-house of Messrs. Jackson, Owsley, and Co., in Louisville. They were then killing 1400 pigs a day, but they had been killing as many as 2000 pigs, and can kill as many as 2500, a day. The pigs were driven up to a narrow point, where they were let into a raised slaughter-house one by one. There

* This grass, from its tint, is commonly spoken of as "the blue grass of Kentucky." It rises spontaneously when the undergrowth of cane has been cleared away from the woods. I have been told that after a time it dies or changes its qualities; but this curious statement I had not an opportunity of satisfactorily authenticating.

they immediately received a violent blow on the head (just behind the ear, I believe) from a hammer, having a circular iron or leaden head, when—how unlike, alas! the killing of a pig with us—they "died, and made no sign." As soon as they fell, a knife was stuck into their necks to make them bleed. They were then pushed forward into a large trough of hot water, and deprived of their bristles by scraping; then taken out at the other end, disembowelled, passed on to another portion of the building, and hung up to cool. The next day they were in a minute cut up, and packed with salt in barrels, for exportation to New Orleans and New York—thence to be distributed over the world.

From Louisville, a sixteen or eighteen hours' journey takes the tourist to "the mammoth cave of Kentucky." It is situated in a hilly district of limestone rock; and has waters where swim fish, in which, through the reasonable thriftfulness of nature, that bestows nothing in vain, the eye has never been developed, but is entirely covered beneath the skin.—Would their descendants, if removed into the light, obtain their sight? Ay! and would the foot, the skin, the hair, the skull, and the intellect of the negro, if his race were for countless ages engrafted on Europe, develop the European peculiarities?—Well, in the mammoth cave I proceeded by torchlight nine miles under ground, occasionally in boats across rivers, but mostly on dry land. It was sometimes rising to the height of hundreds of feet, sometimes so low that I had to stoop in walking; at one time awful with solemn aisles filled with stalactite pillars, at another time terrible with rocky roofs which had fallen, or were threatening to fall; it was one while black with manganese, another while resplendent with gypsum spars. Now Tartarus—now Elysium—now Pandemonium—now fairyland—it gives the traveller new ideas, and illustrates old ones.

In my expedition I was accompanied by a negro slave of considerable intelligence, who acts as guide; and who, according to the will of his late master, Dr. Croghan, is shortly to be emancipated and sent to Liberia. He had been one of an exploring party that had discovered in the cave a river, which has been named the Echo River. His voice is good; and, as we crossed that river, he sang a song, which was exquisitely reverberated. I asked him if he should not, when in Africa, often think of the mammoth cave; he answered, in a voice of much feeling, "Often." Suggested by these incidents, the few following lines were written by me, as "Stephen's Adieu to the Echo of the Mammoth Cave." They have been published by the editor of the *Washington National Intelligencer*, to whom they were given by one of my friends:

The silent darkness of the grave
  Had held thee, Echo! ages bound,
When first I waked thee in thy cave
  And taught thee love notes sound for sound.

I now must seek far Afric's lands
  Across the broad Atlantic sea;
Yet 'neath her palms, or 'mid her sands,
  Sweet songstress! I will think of thee.

But thou, thou sportive light coquette,
  Wilt answer each gay passing rover,
With voice as sweet as ever yet
  Thou breathedst on thy first fond lover.

YOUNG TOM HALL'S HEART-ACHES AND HORSES.

Chapter XIV.

The county papers, after coming out blank, or as good as blank, all the summer, at length gave symptoms of returning animation, and Eureka Shirts, Parr's Pills, and Dental Surgery advertisements found themselves "slap by cheek," as Colonel Blunt called it, with "Hunting Appointments." Three varmint-looking short-tailed pinks that had long been ornamenting Scissors and Tape's window, disappeared; Felt, the hatter, had imported some best-made London caps; Corns, the bootmaker, exhibited rows of variously-tinted tops; while Gag, the saddler, placed a whole sheaf of highly-finished whips, and long lines of glittering spurs, in his bay-windowed shop. A few frosty nights had brought the leaves showering from the trees, while four-and-twenty hours' rain had saturated the ground, making it fit for that best of all sports, fox-hunting. Big-breeched, knock-kneed, brandy-nosed caitiffs began to steal into towns from their summer starvings, offering themselves as grooms, or helpers, or clippers, or sinegars, or shavers, or anything—anything except honest work. All things bespoke the approaching campaign. Our military friends partook of the mania.

"Let's give old Cheer a benefit," exclaimed Colonel Blunt, from the right of the president of the mess, on the evening the fixtures appeared —"let's give old Cheer a benefit at his Park meet. Let's cut a dash with the drag, and I'll drive," added he, the above being roared out in his usual stentorian strain, slightly impeded by the quantity of roast pig he had eaten, or rather devoured.

"I vote we do," lisped Major Fibs, from the opposite side of the table, adding, "Who'll stand an orth?"

"Goody Two-shoes is much at your service, sir," observed Captain Dazzler, who wanted a little leave of absence.

"That's right!" exclaimed the colonel, with a thump of his fist on the table.

"Cockatoo also," bowed Adjutant Collop, who was in strong competition with Fibs for the colonel's favour.

"I'll stand Billy Roughun," observed Pippin, from the bottom of the table.

"That's right!" repeated the colonel. "Goody Two-shoes, Cockatoo, and Billy Roughun, that's three—only want another to make up a team."

"You are welcome to old Major Pendennis," squeaked little Jug, "if you don't mind his knuckling over knees."

"Oh, hang his knees!" responded the colonel; "four horses are four horses, and if he does tumble down he'll get up again at his leisure; but when the weight's off their backs there's no great temptation to tumble. Well," continued he, "that'll do—Goody and Cock for wheelers, and the Major and Roughun for leaders; or s'pose we put Roughun at the wheel, and Cock and Pen leaders?"

"Nothing can be better," observed Fibs.

"Nothing," ejaculated Collop.

"We must have the drag overhauled," observed the colonel; "and I vote we have the ballet-girl—Taglioni, or whatever you call her—painted out, and a great rattling Fox with a 'tallyho' painted in. It'll please old Cheer, and p'r'aps get us invited to the Castle—they tell me the old man has an undeniable cook."

"I'll tell you what we'll do!—I'll tell you what we'll do!" continued the colonel. "We'll go and breakfast with the old boy. He gives a spread—cold pies, pork-chops, pigeons, porter—all the delicacies of the season in short,—at least he did the last time we were quartered here, and make no doubt he does still."

"We'd better not go on speculation, I think," observed Captain Mattyfat, who was very fond of his food. "How would it do to have a jolly good breakfast here and lunch with his lordship?"

"And have that fat Hall up and make him mumry," suggested Jug, helping himself to an overflowing bumper of port.

"Oh, Hall's a good fellow," growled the colonel; "I won't have him run down."

"We don't want to run him down" squeaked Jug, "we only want to make him comfortable."

"I'll make *you* comfortable," roared the colonel, his blood-shot eyes flashing with indignation—"I'll make *you* comfortable," repeated he, "with an extra drill on that day;" a threat that produced a hearty guffaw from the company.

Jug bit his lips, for he saw that Hall was the favourite, as well with the colonel as with Angelena and mamma.

"Well, but about the wrag," resumed the colonel, "how shall it be? Breakfast or no breakfast—that's the question,"

"Oh, breakfast by all means before you start," exclaimed several voices.

"A man's good for nothing without his breakfast," observed Captain Pippin.

"Have your breakfast before you go, whatever you do, and what you get extra will be all so much gained," assented Mattyfat.

"True," replied the colonel—"true. Pass the bottle, and I'll tell you what we'll do—I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll make a day of it—we'll make a day of it; we'll have a light breakfast here—slops (catlap, you know) and so on—then drive there and have a regular tuck-out; broiled bones, sherry coblers, sausages, and so on." The colonel munching and smacking his lips, as if he was engaged with a plateful.

"And send the horses on, I suppose?" observed Mr. Gape.

"Oh, of course," replied the colonel—"of course you wouldn't disgrace the regiment by riding your own horse on—that would never do. No, send them to Heartycheer's, get them fed, and so on: cost nothin'—old man has plenty of money. One groom will take two horses. Servants will come back in the drag, you know."

"That'll do capitally, thir," observed Major Fibs.

"*Capitally!*" exclaimed the opposition toady.

"You've a wonderful talent for arrangement," observed Major Fibs.

"*Wonderful!*" echoed the other.

"Yes: I don't think I'm deficient in that way," replied the self-satisfied colonel, taking double toll of the port as it passed.

Conversation then became general and brisk, turning altogether upon hunting—or rather upon riding—each man having some wonderful recollection of some wonderful feat he had performed in some other country. The colonel's heretofore pig-impeded voice presently rose to the ascendant in details of the doings of his day; when he used to ride—when he used to beat everybody—when nobody could hold a candle to him—Heavens how he used to go! And he turned up the whites of his eyes as if lost in amazement at the recollection of his temerity.

Fibby and Collop egged him on, as if they had never heard his lies before; while Mattyfat, and Pippin, and Dazzler, and Gape, and all the jolly subs winked and nudged each other under the table.

"Yeth, thir, yeth," observed Major Fibs; "I've alwayth heard that you were firtht-rate acroth country."

"*Heard it!*" exclaimed Collop, "I *know* it. 'We've ridden side by side'—as the song says."

"So we have, Colly! so we have," roared the colonel, dashing at the port as it again passed up. "You know how I used to show them the way in Warwickshire—Ladbrooke Gorse, to wit!"

"Ah! but Northamptonshire was the country you shone in most, wasn't it, thir?" asked Fibby, determined not to be outdone by his detested rival.

"I believe you," replied the colonel, "I believe you: one doesn't like speaking of oneself," continued he, striking out with his right fin, "but I believe it's generally admitted that there never was a better man in the Pytchley than I was."

"They talk of you yet, sir!" exclaimed Collop. "I've an uncle lives in that country."

"I make no doubt they do—I make no doubt they do," replied the colonel. "I firmly believe, if you were to go into the market-place at Northampton, and ask who was the best man they ever had in the county, they would exclaim—'*Blunt, of the Heavysteeds!*'"

An announcement that was received with the most mirth-concealing applause.

"You *set* the squire, didn't you?" asked Fibby, as the noise subsided.

"*I did*," replied the colonel, with an emphasis, his eyes glistening as he spoke,—"I did. That was the last time I was there," continued he, attacking the sherry now, in mistake for the port. "It was in the Harborough country—met at Arthingworth—the man—I forget his name—who lived there gave a spread. Took a thimbleful of brandy—not a gill, certainly—half a tumbler full, p'r'aps," the colonel showing the liberal quantity on a tumbler before him—"rode a famous horse I had called Owen Swift—a horse I refused no end of money for—immense field—Goodricke and a lot of the Melton men down, the Pytchley men looking at the Melton men, as much as to say, 'What's brought you here?' and the Melton men looking at the Pytchley men, as much as to say, 'What a rum-lookin' lot are you.' However, before they'd got the question of looks settled—indeed, before they'd got well clear of the premises—there was the most aggravatin' tallyhoing that ever was heard from a whole regiment of foot-people, and in an instant the squire was capping his

hounds on to a great dog-fox. Well, we all rose in our stirrups and prepared for play, for it was clear there would be a tussle between the two hunts, and though in noways implicated, military men not being expected to subscribe to hounds, I got Owen by the head, and tickled him to the front. There, as I lay well with the hounds—next to Jack Stevens, in fact—I looked back, and saw such an exhibition of industry—such hitting, and holding, and ramming, and cramming, and kicking, and scolding, and screeching. However, that was no business of mine; Owen kept me clear of the crowd, and, as we got upon the great grazing-grounds, he extended his stride, and seemed equal to anything. Presently we came to lower ground, and I saw, by the bluish-green of the grass, that there was water, and just then the sun shone under the planks of a foot-bridge—as it might be thus"—(the colonel placing a knife and fork on each side of a plate)—"showing that the path was liable to be flooded. 'Hold hard, one minute!' exclaimed the squire, holding up his hand, as the hounds, having overshot the scent, now spread like a rocket to recover it. 'Yooi, over he goes!' screeched he, as they swept short to the left, and took it up again, full cry. The squire then backed his horse, and crammed full tilt at the fence—a great high, ragged, rambling, briary place, with an old pollard willow hanging over. No go; horse turned short round. At him again; same result. 'Let me try,' cried I, seeing we should soon have the whole field upon us. I took Owen back," continued the colonel, "about as far as the squire had done, and giving him a taste of the Latchfords, crammed him at it full tilt, and *ab*-solutely flew it like a bird."

"B-o-o-y Jove! how you must have crammed at it!" exclaimed Collop, as if he had never heard the story before.

"I went at it like a cannon-ball!" roared the colonel, ducking his bull-head, and putting his fins together, as if getting his horse by the head.

"I think I thee you," lisped the major.

"Biggest leap on record, isn't it?" asked Collop, determined not to be outbid by the major.

"Mytton's leap over the flying-higgler's tilt-cart, in the Tewkesbury-lane, was perhaps more marvellous, but, for real sporting spirit, mine, I believe, is unsurpassed," replied he, giving his great chin a dry shave with his hand.

"You'd sell the orth for a good prithe after that, I imagine, thir," continued Fibs, leading the gallant officer onwards.

"Goodricke said to me, 'Blunt, I'll give you any money for that horse.'"

"And what did you say?" asked several.

"I said, 'Goody, my boy, money won't buy him!'"

"Bravo! bravo!" exclaimed several voices; Pippin muttering to Mattyfat, "The last time the colonel told the story, he said he got three hundred and a horse Goodricke gave two hundred for."

As, however, the colonel admitted that he had taken a thimbleful of brandy, he could not be expected to be always telling the story the same way.

"What's the use of partin' with one's comforts?" exclaimed the colonel, staring down at the now approving audience. "Couldn't do it!—

couldn't, by Jove!" continued he, lashing out with his left fin, and knocking the president's wine into his lap.

This caused a little interruption, and by the time the president had got himself dried, the mess allowance of wine was discovered to be done; but the party seeming stanch, a fresh supply was ordered, without reference to the fact. So they went on sipping, and drinking, and running their runs, or rather riding their ridings over again, and making magnificent arrangements for astonishing the Heartycheerites. At length they all passed the bottles, except the colonel, who, having finished them, and more than once, in the excitement and forgetfulness of the moment, applied to the water-bottle, whose contents he spluttered out like physic, he got himself raised, and, telling them to mind and not forget about the horses for the drag, bid them good night, and rolled off on the heels of a pair of terribly creaking high-lows.

Arrived at home, he found the ladies absorbed in the metamorphosis of some meretricious finery, and, after blinking for a while at the candles, to see that they were not burning four, he gave a hearty dive into his trouser pocket, and, scooping out the contents, laid it reef-ways on the table.

"There!" exclaimed he, as he surveyed the dancing coin,—"five half-crowns, two half-sovereigns, and a whole one, mixed up with threepence-halfpenny worth of copper, some shillings, sixpences, and fourpenny-pieces. There!" repeated he, as he withdrew two cob-nuts, a piece of ginger, and a key that were mixed up with it, "g—g—go to Mrs. Flounceys in the mor—mor—mornin', and get new b—b—bonnets, and I'll take you to see old Cheer's hounds throw off—get somethin' neat but not ga—ga—gaudy, you know—red and y—y—yellow, or somethin' of that sort," he continued, sousing himself on to the old horse-hair sofa.

And before the ladies recovered the astonishment into which his unwonted generosity had thrown them, he had commenced a melodious strain on that musical nightingale his nose.

Chapter XV.

The amiably-disposed reader will now have the kindness, by the hop, step, and jump process, to arrive at the opening day with Lord Heartycheer's hounds.

Who shall describe the hunting costume of a non-hunting cavalry corps—the modern coats, mediæval breeches, and ancient boots, or the modern boots, mediæval breeches, and ancient coats.

The officers of the Heavysteeds were not even uniform in their uniforms; consequently, little could be expected from them out of it. They were not a hunting corps. We will just take a glance at a few of them.

The colonel, being the first to get into his "togs," as he called them, we will begin with him. His coat was above a quarter of a century old, and was made by a tailor at Dorchester, when, as a stripling, he joined the Heavysteed Dragoons there. Through its subsequent patchings, enlargings, and alterings by the various regimental tailors, it still retained the character of its original cut. The collar, at first a soapy, but now a black-with-grease scarlet one, was right down upon the nape of the neck, while the closely-set-together waist-buttons were half way up his back. Two sword-like swallow-tails divided down a back that required

no little stretch of the imagination to conceive they could ever have covered. Below the arms, "where it would never be seen," as the respective snips said when they put them in, palpable varieties of cloth appeared, chiefly the pick of cast-off uniforms; the colonel's creed being, that the older and more battered a hunting-coat looked, the varminter and more appropriate it was. The coat had also been lengthened in front, with a view of bringing it in closer proximity with the drab smalls—if smalls, indeed, the capacious garments that girded up his loins could be called. These were met in turn by a pair of lacklustre, rhinoceros-hide-looking Napoleons, his intractable calves having long declined tops. His waistcoat was of the scrimpy order, coeval with the coat—a washed-out buff, step-collared stripe, with a much-frayed broad black binding, and forlorn, pewtery-looking buttons. All the buttons were of the dull order in the middle, lighting up a little towards the sides, like so many moons in a haze.

Pippin dressed the old English gentleman. He had no taste for hunting, but a great one for dressing the character, and now appeared in the orthodox cut and costume of the order. From the subdued, not to say sombre character of the garments, it was not until after the first glance of recognition that one was sensible of the extreme care that had been bestowed upon the getting up. His cap came well down upon his closely-cropped head; he wore no gills, but a puddingey cream-coloured cravat, fastened with a gold fox's head-pin in the old diamond tie, which had the effect of showing off his swelling, huntsman-like chops to advantage. He had a groomish-looking step-collared drab waistcoat, with dead gold buttons with a bright rim, which he also sported, in a larger size, on a roomy, round, slightly cut-away single-breasted scarlet, that looked as if it had undergone frequent wettings to get it sobered down to purple. A smart blue watch-riband, with a bunch of family-looking seals, dangled over his gosling-green cords, which were met by a pair of stout-soled mahogany tops—dog-skin gloves, painted wristbands, heavy spurs, and a hammer-headed whip, completed the equipment.

Mattyfat, on the other hand, was of the bright-coloured, highly-polished, satin-tie order of sportsmen, and looked as if he was got up for a ball. He sported a new dress-cut scarlet, a voluminous blue-flowered satin tie, secured by beadle-staff-looking pins; bloodstone buttons adorned a canary-coloured vest, that was crossed diagonally by glittering chains, from the heavier one of which were gibbeted sundry miniature articles of utility—a pencil-case, a make-believe pistol, watch-keys in great abundance, and some mysterious-looking lockets. Matty was chief lady-killer of the regiment. His delicate doeskins now vied with the lustrous polish of his Napoleons. Old Fibs set all field propriety at defiance, for he absolutely sported a woolly white hat, a dressing-gown-looking old frock-coat with a blue collar, an old black satin waistcoat, while his iron-mouldy smalls were any colour but white. His tops, which had been intended for pink, had come out a bright orange colour. His wide-extending red moustache gave him the appearance of having caught the fox himself, and stuck its brush below his nose.

The rest of the Heavysteedites were of the mixed order—some having good coats and shocking bad breeches, others having shocking bad coats

and good breeches. We must, however, wave further description of them in favour of our Tom.

If the old stager takes more time to get into his old clothes the first day of the season, how much more must a youngster require who has never been in hunting-clothes before? Above all, how much must he require if said clothes have been made in the country? Our Tom, with a laudable regard for the interests of the bank, ordered his of tradesmen who kept their accounts there; the consequence of which was, that they were neither punctually delivered nor yet so easy as they might be. The boots, indeed, did not come till the morning, just as he sunk exhausted in a chair, after hauling on leathers that were sadly too tight for him. Then, as Tom eyed the knees, and thought how he should ever get them buttoned, the solemn tramp of a strange foot was heard ascending the stairs, and, in obedience to a "come in" that followed a slowly delivered tap-tap, the door opened, and the phlegmatic Mr. Corns appeared, with a green bag under his arm.

"Your servant, Mr. Hall—Mr. Thomas Hall, that's to say," said the aggravator, ducking his head, little dreaming of the blessings Tom had been invoking on his head, equalled only by those that were to follow his misfit.

Wonderful is the audacity of a country bootmaker, and inexpressibly touching is the way a youngster perseveres with his first pair of tops.

"There, sir—now, sir—another try, sir, and I think we'll get it on, sir," exclaimed Corns, working away at the foot, in aid of Tom's hauling with a pair of hand-cutting steel hooks. "Now, sir, the foot's getting in, sir," continued Corns, giving the sole a hearty slap as the foot came to a dead lock at the instep. "S'pose you stand up, sir, and work your leg about a bit, sir," continued Corns, showing Tom how to do it.

"Work my leg about a bit!" exclaimed the now profusely-perspiring Tom,—"work my leg about a bit! why, I can hardly move it."

"Oh, sir, stamp your foot, sir—stamp your foot, you'll soon get it on. It don't do to have them too easy at first, sir—must have them smart, sir—genteel, that's to say, sir."

And Tom takes a determined hold of the hooks.

"H-o-o-ray!" A desperate effort lands his foot in the boot, and gives him courage to attempt the other.

"I wish you health to wear your boots, sir—that's to say, Mr. Hall, sir—Mr. Thomas Hall, I mean to say," observed Corns, scratching his head, and eyeing the tight, oppressive leather, looking as if it would burst from the oversized feet.

"I wish I *may* be able to wear them," replied Tom, waddling across the room, adding, "I can hardly walk in them."

"Oh, but they're not meant to walk in, Mr. Hall, sir—that's to say, Mr. Thomas Hall, sir; they're only meant for ridin' in, sir. Just knock your toe again the chimley-piece, sir, and you'll make them a deal easier, sir."

Tom did as he was told, and, after sundry lusty assaults, felt some little relaxation of the tightness. Having taken breath after his great exertion, mopped his perspiring brow, and washed the chalk powder from his hands, he now eagerly proceeded in his dressing.

Corns put on his spurs for him, buckling them outside instead of in,

as Tom would have done, and giving the strap the orthodox Heartycheer lap over the buckle.

"You'd better copy my Lord Heartycheer in everything, sir—that's to say, Mr. Hall—Mr. Thomas Hall," observed Corns, scratching his head, as he eyed Tom's rebellious calves beginning to bag over the tight tops. Corns made for Lord Heartycheer's men.

Tom now adjusted a wide-extending sky-blue Joinville, whose once round tie afforded ample exposure of his fat throat. One would think that colds and sore throats were banished from the category of illnesses, so reckless and improvident are men in exposing their necks. A shaggy, many-pocketed brown waistcoat quickly followed the Joinville, and then —oh! crowning triumph of the whole!—the joyous scarlet, a short, square, loose-fitting jacket sort of coat, double stitched, back stitched, cross stitched, with all the appliances of power and strength peculiar to an old stage coachman's upper one.

And Tom, having taken a good front view, side view, and back view of himself in the glass, receiving the assurance of Corns that he was quite "the ticket," with renewed wishes for health to wear his boots, proceeded to waddle down stairs, to the imminent peril of his neck, from his spurs catching against the steps. How he astonished his beloved parents, now waiting for him at the well-supplied breakfast-table.

Old Sivin-and-four, as our readers may suppose, had not any very defined ideas of the chase, his experience in that line consisting solely in seeing certain indifferently-mounted Fleecyborough gents, whose "paper" he would not care to cash, parade the streets in their red or black coats. Indeed, his commercial experience rather prejudiced him against hunting, and when, first, Cropper, the horse-dealer, then, Sticker, the surgeon, and, after them, Seesaw and Slack, the opposition woolstaplers (all of whom sported their scarlets either openly or on the sly), appeared "successfully," as he called it, in the *Gazette*, he chuckled and rubbed his hands, and jerked his head, and fumbled his silver, and winked his eye, and said to friends, "Well, thank goodness, I've never either hunted or gammled." "Hunting and gammling," therefore, it is clear, he looked upon as synonymous, and though he did not join the saint party, who wanted to put down racing, he took good care never to put his name down to any of the stakes, and would stand with his nose on the dusty bank window-blinds, looking at those who were going, and thinking how much better they would be at home. Indeed, so little did he know about hunting, that, when Tom's scarlet came home, he thought it was the yeomanry uniform, and it was not until he saw the fox, with an "H" below, on the button which Tom had mounted, in anticipation of Lord Heartycheer making him a member of his hunt, that he found out his mistake.

"Well," mused he, with a shake of his head, as he eyed it gravely and demurely, "I *hope* there'll no harm come of it—I *hope* there won't; but you know as well as I do, Sally," addressing his wife, "that I've never either hunted or gammled—never either hunted or gammled," repeated he, letting fall the sleeve to brush a rising tear from his eye. And he almost repented having made our Tom a gent.

Not so Sally, who saw in Tom's rise the germ of future eminence; and when our fat friend rolled down from his bedroom in the glowing equipments of the chase, her exultation knew no bounds.

"Well, now he was a buck!—he was a beauty!—he was a love!" and she hugged and kissed him like a child.

The first transports over, Sarah the maid, and Martha the cook, and Jane the housemaid, were severally summoned to the presence, and while laudations were yet in full flow, Mr. Trueboy, the cashier, arrived for the keys of the bank safe. And whilst they were still fingering Tom, and feeling him, and admiring him, and turning him about, the notes of a cornet-à-piston, mingling with the noisy rattle of wheels, sounded in the market-place, and, turning into Newbold-street, a heavily-laden coach presently pulled up at their door with a dash.

"Who is it?" exclaimed Mrs. Hall, rushing breathless to the window, which was nearly on a level with a cardinal-like hatted monster, enveloped in the party-coloured shawls and upper coats of a coachman. The roof was crowded with men in caps, and men in hats, muffled in every variety of overcoat and wrapper, some smoking cigars, some flourishing hunting-whips, some dangling their booted legs over the lacklustre panels of the vehicle.

It was a shady affair, on which even putty and paint, those best friends of dilapidation, were almost wasted. The history of that old drag, from the day when it rolled with a sound drum-like hum under the gateway of the London builders to take its place with the Benson Driving Club, through all its vicissitudes of town and country life, its choppings and changings, its swappings and sellings, its takings for debts, and givings for bets, down to the time when the grasping Sheriff of Middlesex seized it for taxes, when it was bought by the officers of the Heavysteeds for sixteen pounds, would form an instructive example of the mutability of earthly grandeur and the evanescence of four-in-handism. It had been yellow, and it had been blue, and it had been green, and it had been queen's colour, and it had been black with red wheels, and red with black wheels, and was now a rusty brown picked out with a dirty drab. It had had an earl's coronet on the panels, a baron's coronet, a red hand with three crests, next two crests, then a single one, after that a sporting device, two race-horses straining for a cup, followed by a ballet-girl, which the colonel had now had painted out, and a great wolf-like fox painted in. Coach, horses, and cargo, were now quite of a piece. The horses were of the shabbiest, most unmatching order: Billy Roughun was only half clipped, while old Major Pendennis stood knuckling as if he would lie down in the street. The harness was made up of three sets, one bridle having a unicorn on the blinder, another a greyhound, and a third a bull. Nevertheless, it was thought a very swell turn-out, and great was the excitement it caused as it rolled through the now coach-deserted streets of Fleecyborough to the music of the cornet-à-piston. Seeing it pull up at old Hall's was enough to turn the heads of half the young men in the town.

"Oh, it's the colonel! it's the barrack drag!" exclaimed our Tom, pushing past his mother, and, throwing up the sash, he elicited a round of view-holloas, "Tallyhos!" "Who-whoops!" and "Yea yups!" from the muffled passengers on the roof.

"I'll be ready in five minutes, colonel!" exclaimed Tom, speaking out of the window, like a candidate at an election—"I'll be ready in five minutes, colonel; I just want a cup of coffee and an egg."

"Time's hup!" roared the colonel, flourishing a pig-jobber-looking whip over his cardinal-like hat, adding, "I'll give you your breakfast at Heartycheer's."

"Oh, but take something before you go!—take something in your pocket, whatever you do!—you'll be starved! you'll be hungered! you'll be famished!" exclaimed Mrs. Hall, darting at biscuits, and buns, and cakes, and dry toast, and whatever came in her way, amidst renewed clamour from the cornet-à-piston, and exclamations of "Now, Mr. Slowman, look sharp!" "Who-hoop!" "Tallyho!" "Can't wait!" "Harkaway!"

"Well, I must go!" exclaimed Tom, thrusting three buns into one pocket, and half a dozen biscuits into the other. "I must go!" repeated he, tearing himself away from his mother, who hugged him as if he was going to have a turn at the Caffres instead of the foxes. Seizing his hat he hurried down stairs, and out at the now crowded street door.

"Room inside!" roared the colonel, pointing downwards with his whip, as Tom appeared; and while Mrs. Hall was congratulating herself that he would ride safe, the draught caused by the opening of the coach-door floated some lavender-coloured flounces past her eye, carrying consternation to her heart. She felt as if Tom was kidnapped. The coach door was quickly closed, the colonel gathered his weather-bleached reins for a start, and as Tom put his head out to nod his adieux, Padder, who was passing to the office, exclaimed, "He hoped they'd have a good run." And Trueboy, who was watching the unwonted scene from the window, responded with a groan, "He wished it mightn't make a run upon the bank."

Chapter XVI.

Lord Heartycheer was a haughty man, proud as Lucifer, rich as Cresus, keen as mustard. He was the head of a long line of Heartycheers, whose original ancestor came over with the Conqueror, though whether the ancestor rowed, or steered, or was sea-sick, and sat still, is immaterial to our story. Suffice it to say that his lordship was so satisfied with his pedigree, that he would rather be a dead Heartycheer than a live anybody else. As a sportsman he was first-rate, and hounds had been kept at Heartycheer Castle time out of mind. The memory of man, indeed, scarcely ran to the time when his lordship didn't keep them. He had seen through many gallant sportsmen—many men who began hunting as if they could never get enough, and who had long subsided into family phaetons. It is, perhaps, no exaggeration to say, that he had seen through a dozen fields. So much for his sporting career; now for his private one. Though his lordship was proud and haughty with the men—with all but his intimates, at least—he was a great patron of the fair sex, among whom he enjoyed a great reputation for gallantry, though they all laughed and shook their heads when his name was mentioned, from the beautiful Mrs. Ringdove, of Cupid Grove, who said he was a "*naughty* man," down to the buxom chambermaid at the Crown, who called him "a gay old gentleman." They all felt pleased and flattered by his attentions. It stamped them as being handsomer than their neighbours. Indeed, his name was a sort of by-word throughout

the country, and any unfortunate Candle who was supposed to be sweet upon a Prettyman, was sure to be threatened with the Heartycheer retaliation.

There had been as great a succession of favourites at the Castle as there had been of sportsmen with his hounds. His lordship, who was now well turned of seventy, used to talk in his confidential moments of having sown his "wild oats," and as being only waiting for the fair one's husband (whoever he was talking to) to be summoned to a better world to make her Lady Heartycheer. So he kept half a dozen variously handsome women in anxiety about him and their husbands; the husbands, we need hardly say, having the worse time of the two. He, however, by no means confined his attentions to the married ladies—he was too staunch a free-trader for that—and there wasn't a pretty girl in the country but he knew all about her.

In this interesting pursuit he was ably assisted by his huntsman Dicky Thorndyke. Dicky had been with him all his life, and thoroughly identified himself with his master. Indeed, he always spoke in the plural number. If any one asked how his lordship was, Dicky would reply, with a purse of his mouth, and a pleasant smile, "Well, sir, I really think we are very well; indeed, I think we are better than we have been for some time." Though his lordship Dicky'd and Dicky Dyke'd him, it was a freedom our huntsman allowed to none below the rank of a baronet. Our friend, the prosy knight, tried it on one day, when Dicky replied, "M—o—y name, sir, is *Thorn*dyke," making a mighty mouthful of the thorn.

Better huntsmen there might be than Dicky, but none so eminently qualified for the double pursuit of the fox and the fair. Indeed, as regards the fox, having a capital pack of hounds, he early came to the conclusion, that if they couldn't smell which way the fox was gone, he couldn't, and he never interfered with them as long as they would stoop. The consequence of his non-intervention was, that he nailed up a considerable number of noses. He looked like a nobleman's servant. In addition to a comely, well-conditioned person, he had a mild, placid expression of countenance, well befitting his delicate duties. He had a great deal of tact and manner, too. He didn't come blurting, open-mouthed, with an "I've seen a devilish fine gal, my lord," or "Mrs. Yarker's husband's been whopping her again," but as he trotted from cover to cover he would direct his lordship's attention to some hound or some horse, or some object that would enable him to draw up to his point.

"Old Conqueror's gettin' slow, my lord," he would say, pointing to an old hound trotting along less stoutly than the rest.

"The more's the pity," replies his lordship, throwing the old favourite a bit of biscuit.

"Been a good 'un," observes Dicky, regarding him affectionately; adding, "We've had more good hounds from Cloverly Banks than any walk we have."

"What, he was from Cloverly, was he?" asked his lordship, remembering what he saw the last time he was there.

"Yes," replied Dicky; "we always have good 'uns from there. They take so much care of them—never clog them or tie them up. The gals

are so good to them, too. Cardinal's killed all their turkeys this year, and they never as much as said a word."

"Ah! I must ride over and see them, and make them a present," replies his lordship.

And so, on the last day of cub-hunting, before the season upon which we are now entering began, Dicky pointed out a horse, with a "That's the horse, my lord, I was a-telling you about last Tuesday that I was looking at for us. I thought he would do to carry Will or Sam. I didn't buy him on 'count of the splents," pointing to a booted fore-leg.

"Who's got him?" asked his lordship, who knew how to cap Dicky on the scent.

"A townsman—the man they call the Emperor of Morocco." Then, sinking his voice, he added, in an under tone, as he drew his horse nearer his lordship's, "They say the emperor and her majesty have had another breeze."

"What, *another?*" exclaimed his lordship, who knew what the first one was about.

"Yes, another," replied Dicky, with a wink of his eye. "*Last Sunday.* But p'r'aps you'll have the kindness not to mention it, as I had it in confidence from their coachman."

And his lordship stored Dicky's hint up in his mind for future use. Indeed, for so great a man, it was wonderful what a quantity of gossip and scandal he collected.

Hunting a country undoubtedly gives "gay old gentlemen" great opportunities, for the "meet" brings forth all the youth and loveliness of a place; while, under pretence of looking for his fox, a master of hounds may rummage anywhere from the cellar to the garret. And so people found, for what with setting out covers, looking at puppies, paying for poultry damage, complimenting preservers of foxes, and so on, there was no such thing as keeping Lord Heartycheer out of their houses.

And great grumbling his visits frequently occasioned, for he had a knack of making them on market-days, board of guardian days, petty-sessions days—days when the lords of the creation are necessarily absent, who ill-liked to see the imprints of his horse's hoofs stirring up their Kensington, or, perhaps, river-gravelled rings. But to the chase.

Our friend Colonel Blunt has already intimated that his lordship opened each season with a magnificent spread at Heartycheer Castle, where year after year he received, with almost regal grandeur, the homage and adulation of the country. A truce seemed to be drawn over all his little "piccadillies," as Dicky Dyke called them, and people who had been loudest in proclaiming them, now cried "Shame!" and said "They didn't believe there was a word of truth in any of them."

Time would seem to run the reverse way with his lordship, for the older and greyer he got, the younger and more captivating the ladies declared him. Anxious mammas, who had reproved their ardent daughters for thinking of old men of five-and-thirty, openly encouraged his lordship's advances, assuring the dear girls that a man is never too old to marry.

Perhaps we ought to describe the lordly Adonis.

He was a tall, slim, fresh-complexioned, handsome-featured man, blending the stately grandeur of the old school with a slight flourish of

the French. His snow-white hair seemed almost out of keeping with his light, youthful figure, and the beaming radiance of his eagle eye. Having begun hunting during the last advent of mahogany tops, he had never wholly adopted the white ones, and was now—neither in the fashion nor out—with rose-coloured ones. Neither had he ever abandoned the white cords, for whose milky purity he was always remarkable. His new scarlet coat was of the single-breasted, slightly sloped-away order, with a step-collared toilonette vest, a starched striped cravat, with a small plaited frill to his shirt.

And thus the reader will have the kindness to consider our great lady-killing master of hounds attired for the reception of company on this his—we know not what number—opening day. His lordship, having breakfasted in his sanctum, and passed his silk-stockinged, state-liveried establishment in review, now proceeded to take his usual post of reception, before the blazing entrance-hall fire—a splendid hall beaming with ancestral honours and trophies of the chase.

And here we should observe, that the morality of the country divided itself into three classes. First, the desperately improper ones, who didn't care what people said, and who boldly entered the castle, partaking of the sumptuous fare, and calmly surveying the statues and voluptuous paintings with which the beautiful rooms and corridors were studded; secondly, the more prudish ones, who could only drive up to the door; and thirdly, the tight-laced ones, such as old Miss Fozington, who would not even enter the park, and merely took a drive "that way" to take the chance of seeing the hounds, with which, somehow or another, they generally fell in.

First among the forward ones on this occasion was our superb friend the Empress of Morocco, who, despite a tiff with the tanner about coming, drove up in her well-built but badly-appointed barouche, gorgeous in purple, ermine, and lace, with the slightest possible touch of rouge on her plump, beautiful cheeks. Often as Lord Heartycheer had greeted her, he thought he never saw her look so bewitching, and he inwardly cursed the grinding of wheels that preceded the announcement of Mrs. and Miss Marplotte. How low and courteous was the bow that received them! How different to the seizure of both hands and earnest *empressement* that marked his addresses to the beaming, gazelle-like eyes of the empress! The Marplottes soon obeyed the obsequious flourish of the well-drilled groom of the chamber, and passed onward to the banqueting-room. They were quickly followed by Mrs. and the Miss Hoeys; then came Captain and Mrs Horridbore; after them the Beddingfields, then the Mountfields, then the Honeyballs, next the Gathertins, the Freckletons, and the Buckwheats, all in a file; after which there was a pause, and then a rush of hungry fox-hunters, ready for anything.

In less than twenty minutes from the first setting down, the splendid dining-room rang with the popping of champagne-corks, the clatter of plates, and the joyous hilarity of unrestrained freedom. All went merry as a marriage-bell, till Captain Horridbore, who was to the Whig party what Sir Thomas Thimbleton was to the Tory, rose to propose the health of their noble host. Being one of those hungry, hard-bitten radicals, who come out great at elections and then merge into nothingness, he had the gift of the gab, and strung words together with amazing volubility. On this occasion he was so laudatory, that one might almost have thought he was

laughing at his lordship. Every virtue was freely attributed to him, and a stranger hearing him talk would have thought Lord Heartycheer was a perfect saint. The applause that followed the announcement of the name was the usual signal for his lordship to leave the post of reception before the entrance-hall fire, and repair to acknowledge the compliment; but it so happened that the Empress of Morocco, who, we forgot to say, had brought her little boy Freddy to see the "fine house," having made the tour of the reception-rooms, by the "greatest chance in the world" forced herself in the entrance-hall by the reverse door at which she had left it, and the coast being clear, all except a few footmen, who of course nobody cares about, his lordship waylaid her, to renew the attentions the Marplotte arrival interrupted. Having sent Freddy to look at the pretty pictures at the far end of the hall, she placed her beautiful foot on the broad fender, and slightly raising her velvet dress, as if to give her foot the benefit of the warmth, she was very soon whispering her domestic grievances into the ear of this fine old fox-hunting father confessor. There, as he stood looking into her eyes and imbibing her every word, listening to the Turkish despotism of the tyrannical tanner, and thinking how best to avenge her cause, the loud cheers of the health-drinkers burst unheeded on the scene, and it was not until Mr. Snuffertray—the pompous butler—twice intimated the honour that had been done him, that his lordship awoke to the necessity of the occasion.

Offering the lovely empress his arm, he hollooed, "Here, e—lope! young 'un, e—lope!" as if speaking to a hound, and, being now followed by Freddy, they entered the banqueting-room in state.

What a commotion their appearance created.

"Brazen woman!" ejaculated Mrs. Sowerby, half-choking herself with a chicken-bone.

"Would not have come if I'd known," muttered Mrs. Mealymouth.

"Did you ever!" "No I never!" and other disparaging exclamations succeeded, which, however, were soon drowned by the applause that followed.

His lordship, of course, was quite taken by surprise at the unexpected compliment, and after expressing the embarrassment he felt, and the inadequacy of language to convey the sentiments of his heart, he branched off upon the subject of hunting, expatiating upon its advantages in a social point of view, its life-lengthening, health-giving properties, and its beneficial influence in promoting our breed of horses, which, however, he took the opportunity of observing were not so good as they used to be, adding, that if he continued to have a difficulty in mounting himself, he should have to set to and breed a few—a declaration that was thought very plucky for a "gay old gentleman" turned of seventy.

And now, whilst his lordship is plying the empress with noyeau jelly, and Freddy with fruit, the slight crack of a whip, followed by a musical rate, is heard, and Dicky Thorndyke is seen in his new cap and coat, rising corkily in his stirrups, piloting the glad pack round the castle corner, followed by the whips, similarly attired.

"How are you, Dicky?" "How are you, Thorndyke?" "How are you, Dicky?" bursts from the now crowded ring before the castle, as Dicky guides the pack on to the grass-plat, a salutation that Dicky acknowledges just as he thinks the speaker's intimacy with his lordship entitles him to Dicky or Thorndyke him.

Similar inquiries are now made of the whips, after which the gentle-

men begin identifying the horses, and the ladies to lisp their admiration of the hounds. "*Such* pretty creatures!" "How many were there?" "All so much alike,—wondered they could tell the difference!" And so on—the usual observations, in fact.

A diversion having been caused in the banqueting-room by the passing of the hounds, his lordship availed himself of the opportunity to withdraw with the Empress of Morocco, and having presently wrapped her proceeded to mount a magnificent anything-you-like-to-call-it-worth up in her splendid Armenian cloak, and handed her to her carriage, he white horse, to take his place in the centre of the hunting *tableaux* before the castle. The hounds raised a glad cry, and dashed forward to meet him, while the men made aërial sweeps with their caps instead of reproving the ardour of the pack. His lordship bowed low and condescendingly to the second-class morality-mongers, whose sense of propriety would only allow of their partaking of refreshments at the door. The sherry and maraschino, the Crême de Vanille and Parfait Amour, seemed to have exercised a mollifying influence on their prudery, and, instead of the "Horrid bad mans!" "Shocking old dogs!" that generally accompanied his name, there were skilfully-directed murmurs of "How well he looks!" "What a handsome man!" "Younger than ever!" with a great disposition to catch his eye.

The day was bright and fair. A glittering flag floated proudly from the topmost tower; while the expanding river, refreshened with November rains, swept impetuously through the park, a slight sprinkling of snow capped the summits of the far-off hills. Here, as his lordship sat at the receipt of custom, the compliments flying about him like *bouquets* round a favourite actress at a theatre, the notes of a cornet-à-piston suddenly sounded through the air, causing the steady pack to cock their ears, and all eyes to turn in the direction of the sound. Presently a heavily-laden coach emerged from behind a long screen of densely-crowded evergreens upon the open carriage-way through the park, exposing the weak-leg weary state of the horses, who with difficulty were kept at a trot, with the "Jip, jip, jippings," "Jag, jag, jaggings," "Crop, crop, croppings," and double thongings of the driver.

"Who have we here?" asked his astonished lordship of Dicky Thorndyke.

"Don't know, my lord," replied Dicky, shading the sun from his eyes, and straining in the direction of the comers. "Player-folks, I should say, by their noise," added he. "No, my lord; no. I see; it's the cavalry colonel—it's the cavalry colonel and his captains."

"Do I know them?" asked his lordship, who made it a rule never to speak to any one who was not properly introduced.

"You'll know the colonel," replied Dicky. "Was here some years back." Adding, in an under tone, as he leant forward in his saddle, "The corpulent captain that used to be."

"I remember," replied his lordship, with a significant jerk of his head. "Great, fat, vulgar fellow."

"Just so," said Dicky.

The corpulent captain had been one of his lordship's horrors, and the recollection of his impudent *brusque gaucheries* flashed upon his mind as he watched him "Jip, jip, jipping," whip, whip, whipping, "Jag, jag, jagging," and stamping on the splash-board, to get the leg-weary screws

to trot becomingly up to the door. By the time he arrived, his lordship had got himself screwed into the imperative mood—very stiff. A dead silence followed the drawing up of the drag, all eyes being on the watch to see how the party was received.

"How are ye, Heartycheer?" roared the monster, now slackening his reins, and casting a triumphant glance over the scene.

His lordship made a slight bow.

"How are ye, Heartycheer?" repeated he, in a still louder key, nothing daunted by the failure of the first inquiry.

His lordship now nearly kissed his horse's ears, so deferential was his bow.

"Hope we haven't kept you waiting long," continued the colonel, putting his clumsy whip into the socket by his side.

"Precious little fear of that," thought Dicky Thorndyke, looking at his master with a laughing eye.

"Couldn't get our people started," continued the colonel, standing up and looking over the crowded roof—"take such a deal of combin' and gettin' up some of these young fellers—waxin' their ringlets and corkin' their snouts—however," continued he, "let me introduce them to you now that I've got them here. This chap on my left," jerking his fin towards his white-hatted companion on the box, "you know, old Fibby; came out of the ark with Noah—*haw—haw—haw; he—he—he; ho—ho—ho.* The boy behind me on the roof is young Shuttleton, son of Mr. Shuttleton, the great Manchester manufacturer—makes the Coburg cloth that looks so like merino—sixteen-pence a yard. The man next him is Jaycock, a very promising officer, with great expectations from an uncle. This is Mattyfat, and that is Gape. No, not the beetle-browed one," continued the colonel, seeing his lordship's eagle eye fixed to bow to the wrong one—"not the beetle-browed one," repeated he, "the foxy-faced 'un next him." And so the gallant officer proceeded amidst much laughter to trot out the young gentlemen in front of the coach, just as the facetious recorder trots out a newly-elected lord mayor before the barons of the Exchequer. When, however, he turned to deal with those behind, he found they had taken fright at the examples made of their brethren, and cut off, so, sousing himself down on his seat, he crossed his legs and proceeded to take a leisurely survey of the surrounding scene.

"And how have you been?" roared he, addressing Lord Heartycheer in the most familiar way. "How have you been?" repeated he, in the same tone, not getting an answer to his first inquiry.

"Pretty well, thank you, colonel," replied his lordship, with a smile at the unwonted familiarity.

"And how are you, Billy?" said he, addressing Dicky Thorndyke. "Don't get any younger," continued he, returning to his lordship, not getting any answer from Billy.

"Few people do," replied his lordship, tartly.

"Ah, but some people wear their years better than others," roared the colonel, in reply. "You show age desperately—your hair's as white as snow."

"Indeed," replied his lordship, making him a very low bow.

"However," continued the colonel, nothing daunted by the frowns of all around, "you are a remarkable man of your years—a *very* remarkable man—few men of your age can get on to a horse, let alone go

a-hunting." An observation that met with no reply, and caused a momentary pause.

"Have seen your hounds look better, I think," continued the colonel, returning to the charge.

"*Indeed!*" exclaimed his lordship, boiling up. "I was just saying to *Mister* Thorndyke"—with a strong emphasis on the mister—"I was just saying to Mister Thorndyke, that I thought I *never* saw them looking better."

"Ah, well," rejoined the colonel, slightly disconcerted, "I don't mean to say that the general wouldn't pass them, I mean to say that I don't mean to say they are not looking—healthy, wholesome, and so on—but I've seen them look better, I think—evener, I mean," added he, with a jerk of his right fin.

"*Evener!*" replied his lordship; "*evener!*" repeated he; "show me an uneven hound in the pack,"—his lordship waving his hand as he spoke.

"Why, there's one!" roared the colonel, nettled at the challenge.

"Where?" asked his lordship.

"*There!*" roared the colonel, "under Billy's horse's nose."

"Why, man! *that's the terrier!*" exclaimed his lordship, to the infinite mirth of the meeting. Unable to bear with him any longer, his lordship now gave Dicky a nod, who forthwith whistled his hounds together and moved briskly from the meet. The scene then became a dissolving view, and the colonel was soon left high and dry at the door.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

The beautiful, the beautiful, it is the first to fly,
'Tis transient as the rainbow hues which glorify the sky;
The very flowers feel not so soon the summer of decay,
As the beautiful, whose smiles can chase all earthly clouds away!

The beautiful, the beautiful, yet where is beauty found?
Not 'mid the festive halls of light, with music's thrilling sound,
But on the hills which smiling beam with glories of the day,
And on the brow of infancy—the pure—the bright—the gay.

The beautiful, the beautiful, what is the happy hour
When beauty sways the feelings with the magic of its power?
Go watch the ruddy streaks of morn first flashing in the sky,
Or linger when the pensive eve spreads out each varied dye.

The beautiful, the beautiful, who loveth beauty, say?
The old man with his silv'ry locks, or the merry child at play?
It brings to one sad mem'ries of the long departed years,
It gives the other hopes undimmed by sorrow's bitter tears.

The beautiful, the beautiful, oh! would I were a boy,
To spread its halo of delight around some useless toy—
To spurn the cold reality that seems to dwell around,
And tread once more the beauteous paths of childhood's fairy ground.

Oh! soon the beautiful departs, it is the first to fly,
As transient as the rainbow hues which glorify the sky;
For even as we gaze upon some flow'ret fresh and gay,
And breaths a prayer for one so fair, its beauty dies away.

ÆDES HARTWELLIANÆ.*

The inscription, which Captain Smyth has set over the door of the manor-house, successively held by the Peverels, the De Hertewells, the Lutons, the Hampdens, and the Lees—or, what is nearly the same thing, over the title-page of its history—is, appropriately enough, a hart drinking at a well. The rebus-seal of the hart and well appears in several of the old documents in the muniment-room at Hartwell House. Gorgeous peacocks have also from time immemorial been cherished in the vicinity of the mansion; the peacock's head having been the crest of the Hampdens, and was in their seal stuck on the back of the hart.

It is probable that the rich vale of Aylesbury once teemed with harts and bucks, and roes and does; and there was more meaning than at first sight appears in Charles V.'s observation, when the Duke of Buckingham was beheaded at the instigation of Cardinal Wolsey, that "the butcher's dog had run down the finest buck in England."

There is great tendency in everything connected with Hartwell to run into the epigrammatic form. Over the fountain is an inscription, ΑΡΙΣΤΟΝ ΜΕΝ ΥΑΩΡ, which a distinguished testotaller, at one of the festivals held in Hartwell Park, translated—"Aristocrats are men in bad odour!" A cartouche on the same fountain, in which are sculptured a twisted cord, two oblique lines, a cup, a collar, a knot, a lion, two oblique lines again, and an eagle, proved itself, however, a perfect puzzle even to the members of the Peace Society, till they were told that so amiable and harmless a person as her Majesty Queen Victoria was depicted under these uncouth hieroglyphs.

A grateful quaffer of the Hartwell water has sung—

> Stay, traveller! Round thy horse's neck the bridle fling,
> And taste the water of the Hartwell spring;
> Then say which offers thee the better cheer—
> The Hartwell water or the Aylesbury beer?

In 1822, a paper was found wafered over the fireplace of the room which the unfortunate Duc de Berri occupied when at Hartwell, on which are the following epigrammatic verses, by Count Marcellus:

> Hartwell! nous conserva la Royale Famille
> Qu'entourent nos respects, nos vœux, et notre amour.
> Le Roi cher à nos cœurs, son adorable fille,
> Ensemble ont habité cet auguste séjour.
> Combien pour les Français cet asyle a de charmes!
> Il me rappelle aussi nos maux et nos allarmes.
> Et je me sens frappé d'un cruel souvenir:
> Ils etoient cinq hélas!—mais—essoyons nos larmes:
> Nous en avons sept à chérir.

Situate in the northern portion of the celebrated vale of Aylesbury, lying directly opposite the fine chain of hills, called the Chiltern, upon rocks of the upper oolitic group, and at an elevation of about 500 feet

* Ædes Hartwellianæ; or, Notices of the Manor and Mansion of Hartwell. By Captain W. H. Smyth, R.N., K.S.F., D.C.L., &c. Printed, for private circulation, by J. B. Nichols and Son.

above the level of the sea, Hartwell is at once salubrious and fertile. The Hartwell meadows realise Drayton's panegyric:

> —— her soil throughout so sure,
> For goodness of her glebe, and for her pasture pure,
> That as her grain and grass, so she her sheep doth breed,
> For burden and for bone all other that exceed.

A fine grass farm on this estate, of 200 acres, will support forty-five cows, each of which, according to Captain Smyth, will yield 5 lbs. of butter a week, or, in all, 11,700 lbs. of butter annually. Under the usual husbandry, an acre of land produces annually 160 lbs. of ox-beef, 160 lbs. of mutton, 1440 lbs. of wheat, 22,400 lbs. of potatoes, or 2 tons of hay. The produce of the highest cultivation is, for 2 bushels of wheat sown 28 gathered; and the general produce of corn is from $3\frac{1}{3}$ to 5 quarters per acre; though it is not unusual in round terms to hear it asserted that the average crop of wheat is generally nine times the seed. But this is so much larger than the mean proportion of the apparently more favoured climes, as to show the advantage of moral over physical causes, and the triumph of industry over passiveness; for, barring the poetical hundred-fold of the Leontine fields, even the nine for one is above the average given by the old farmer, Columella, for the Italian regions.

The abele, or white poplar, flourishes here in such luxuriance, that the well-known Martyn says the finest he ever saw were at Hartwell. There are also in the manor, at the present day, elms, 90 feet high and 47 inches in girt; oaks, 60 feet high and 23 inches in circumference; ashes, 95 by 27; limes, 65 by 32; cedars, 90 by 30; pines, 60 by 17; and an old yew, near the church, 30 by 24. The Portuguese laurel, which in Miller's time grew no higher than 10 to 12 feet, attains at Hartwell a height of 25 and 30 feet. There was formerly at Hartwell a walnut-tree about 21 feet in circumference. It was supposed to be 200 years old, and had long been the pride of the neighbourhood; people computing that its wide-spread branches shaded half an acre of ground. This noble sylvan object—for which Sir George Lee had refused 100*l.*, offered by the musket-stock makers, in the late war with France—was allowed by Dr. Lee to decay *in situ*, till it was blown down by a gale of wind in 1835.

"Hartwell's green retreats," as Lord Byron poetically designated them, have been invaded by the capriciousness of fashion. They were once a well-wooded and well-stocked emporium of game of all kind; next, they were cleared into numerous plots and interminable avenues, with woody spaces between; then they were squared out around the house, divided by walls and well-clipped evergreen fences, with prim yews cut into architectural forms, and watered by canals as straight "as a pike-staff." Stowe and Hartwell were two of the earliest manors that were emancipated from such villanous taste, and, after many minor alterations, under the present kind-hearted proprietor, the game has been allowed to seek a home elsewhere, for fear of tempting some poor Hartwell peasant into crime, while the trees, disposed in clumps and groves, form a very paradise for numerous legions of noisy gregarious rooks, which perform their morning and evening flights with singular

regularity—save in the breeding-time—committing audacious robberies, or making reparation, according as they feed on grain or grubs.

Hartwell, wrested from Thane Alwyn, by William of Normandy, was bestowed by the Conqueror upon his natural son; or, as Sir Walter Scott has it, his supposed son, William Peverel, and others. In 1155 the lands of the Peverels were seized by King Henry II., and granted to his son John, Earl of Montaigne. This alone serves to show the high estimation in which this property was held in olden time. Very soon after the accession of King John it appears in the possession of feudatory tenants, who derived their name—De Hertwelle—from the place. Among the documents in Dr. Lee's muniment-room,* there is an undated charter of William, son of William de Hertwell, conveying the manor and appurtenances to Alice de Luton, and William, her son. It appears also from the charter, that even in those early times the scapegrace William de Hertwell had become involved through "Jacob, son of Master Moses, the Jew of Oxford, and certain other Jews."

The estate remained with the Luton family about 160 years, when Death—"that mighty huntsman," as Young calls him—had earthed all the heirs male. Eleanor de Luton then carried the manor to Thomas de Stoke. Stoke had issue an only daughter, Agnes, who was married to Sir Thomas Shingleton or Singleton, and he thenceforward held Hartwell in her right. He was sheriff of the county in 1443, and knight of the shire in 1450. Agnes's daughter, Elizabeth, married John Hampden of Kirnbell, a younger branch of the very ancient family of the Hampdens. Thus Hartwell passed into the hands of the Hampdens, even then one of the most ancient and opulent families in the county. The Hampdens remained in possession of Hartwell upwards of 180 years, when Sir Alexander Hampden—a cousin of the celebrated patriot, and who had received the singular honour of being knighted by James I. at his own house—having no surviving issue, made his will in 1617, by which Eleanor, Sir Alexander's sister, who had married Sir Thomas Lee, knight, of East Claydon, and Morton (Moor-town) in Dinton, brought the manor and estate into the possession of that ancient family, an off-set of the Lees or Leighs of High Lee and Lyme in Cheshire, in which county they have a common saying that there are "as many Lees as fleas."

The Hartwell line of Lees presents several celebrities. Thomas Lee, the eldest son and heir of the patriarchal Sir Thomas and Dame Eleanor his wife (who bore him twenty-four children), was high sheriff of the county in the fourth year of King Charles I. The fourth Lord of Hartwell, of the same name, was chosen to represent the borough of Aylesbury in the convention parliament, which met at Westminster on the 25th of April, when he directly voted for Charles II.'s restoration. For these services he was raised by the monarch to the rank of baronet, by the style and title of "Sir Thomas Lee, of Hartwell," and created a K.B. The fifth Thomas, and second baronet of the name, was also returned to parliament for Aylesbury, and was a Lord of the Admiralty in 1690 and 91. This baronet incurred the sneer of Gilbert Burney, the cele-

* There is an excellent drawing of the paneled and richly-carved Elizabethan muniment-room at Hartwell House in the book now before us, and it is gratifying to hear that its treasures are being chronologically arranged under the able inspection of Mr. William Henry Black, of the Roll's House.

brated Bishop of Sarum, who, in his well-known history, with acknowledged prejudice against a Tory gentleman, declares "that Sir Thomas Lee was a man that valued himself upon artifice, in which he was a great master, without being out of countenance when it was discovered." Captain Smyth says he has not been able to trace the slightest ground for this bit of spite. One of Sir Thomas's sons rose to be Chief Justice of England, another was a Judge of the Prerogative Court and Lord of the Admiralty, and a third was a Colonel in the Guards.

The third baronet, Sir Thomas Lee, the elder brother of those useful and eminent public characters, Sir William and Sir George Lee, was highly esteemed as a landlord and magistrate; and he served in three parliaments for the county of Bucks, and in three others for the borough of Chipping Wycombe, in a time of much local political fermentation.

Sir Thomas was succeeded by his second son Sir William, who was completely what is termed "a man of business;" and his management of the farms and farming buildings has been followed by lasting benefit to the property. He was the builder of the church on its present elegant plan, and he finished the south and east fronts of the mansion, which had been erected partly by Sir Thomas Lee, and partly by his son, Thomas Lee, Esq., at the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign and the beginning of James I., in what was termed, by rather a free licence, the Greek style.

Sir William Lee married Lady Elizabeth Harcourt, a lady of the highest acquirements, of whose love for the fine arts and literature many specimens remain at Hartwell, and some are given in the present work. Sir Alexander Croke, on visiting Hartwell in 1830, jocosely remarked of this lady, that he had often scorched his fingers at the fireplace before him, toasting bread and muffins, as Lady Elizabeth always insisted on the party present "cooking" for themselves. Such was also the custom at the well-known public breakfasts of Sir Joseph Banks.

Sir William Lee was succeeded by his eldest son, William, the fifth baronet, who, as colonel of dragoons, pursued a military life, and ultimately died at Madras in 1801, unmarried. He was succeeded by his brother, Sir George Lee, who had originally studied both in London and Edinburgh for a physician, but who afterwards entered into holy orders. Sir George Lee died, like his predecessor, unmarried; but he employed the leisure afforded by a single life—the gifts of fortune and cultivated intellectual powers—in the discharge of his professional duties and in active beneficence to his neighbourhood. Sir George Lee, dying without issue, he bequeathed the mansion and estate to the next heir male in blood, the present lord of the manor, John Lee, Esq., LL.D., a member of the College of Advocates, and fellow of the Royal, the Antiquarian, the Astronomical, the Geographical, the Syro-Egyptian, and various other learned and scientific societies. Dr. Lee is the representative of both branches of the Lee family, and is seized of the estates in Hartwell, Totteridge in Middlesex, and Colworth in Bedfordshire.

Dr. Lee, on his accession, made no alteration whatever in the establishment, retaining the tenants, followers, servants, and even animals of his predecessor; but he commenced the required work of repairing cottages, improving grounds, portioning allotments, and looking generally to everything except game. Economical and prudent in his private expenses, he

is yet liberal enough in his expenditure upon objects and ends of public utility; in which spirit he patronises every charitable, literary, and moral institution of a generous tendency, steering equally clear of exclusiveness, intolerance, and bigotry. His grandest exploit in the cause of suffering humanity is unquestionably the establishment of the county infirmary, of which benevolent institution he must be truly called the founder, without any disparagement to his excellent colleagues.

Hartwell House is built of white freestone; it is as stout as a fortress, the cellars being like garrison bomb-proofs, and notwithstanding the many alterations it has undergone at various times, it still retains a large portion of its old structure. The east and south façades have each a columned portico, but the usual entrance is by a low porch on the north which opens into the fine old manorial hall, from whence the whole mansion is open and accessible. The older division is laid out in halls and offices on the ground-floor, with the muniment-room and a gallery or museum above; the modernised portion contains the general apartments, the library, study, and chapel below, with a range of capacious sleeping rooms over them; and the whole is surmounted with a story of attics, most of which are commodious, without pretensions to elegance. The elaborate decorations of the ceiling of the hall are represented in the headpiece to the quarto edition of Addison's works, from a drawing by Sir James Thornhill. The spacious and lofty dining-room, with its richly wrought ceiling, its numerous paintings, and the properly distributed window light, has a very noble aspect. The library is at once spacious, and airy, and light, and there is also a private study, with a fire-proof strong room attached for deeds and valuables.

In the centre of the house is an excellent semi-circular vestibule, leading on the one hand to the offices and old dismantled chapel, on the other to the apartments, and in the centre to a handsome stone flight of steps, which lead to the upper apartments. Twenty-four biblical, heathen, and historical personages—a semi-battalion of heroes and heroines—rather rudely cut in oak, and thirty-two inches in height, stand on pedestals; rising above the handrail of the grand staircase, eight armed warriors guard the first flight of steps, mostly with drawn swords and charged shields, the rest wielding rods of office aloft.

We shall not stop to enumerate paintings of which few houses of the age and extent of Hartwell do not furnish to gratify the visitor. There are heads by Rembrant, Vandyck, and Van der Helst; landscapes by Cuyp, Weeninx, and the brothers Ruysdael; a fine marine view by Adrian van Diest; boors by Ostade; scripture subjects by Sebastian Bourdain; and fruit and flowers, and insects and flowers, by Witthoos, Van der Vaart, and Otho Venius, and some by Van de Bilt. There are also a host of family portraits by Sir Peter Lely, Sir Godfrey Kneller, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others.

The library, which comprises the Hartwell, Colworth, and Totteridge libraries, together with the constant additions which have been made by Dr. Lee, comprises all the best works in the ancient and modern languages in every department of intellectual culture, and it is so extensive that the doctor has been driven to distribute his books in classes among the various apartments of the house, even up to the attics. Dr. Lee also made a valuable collection of Arabic, Persian, and Turkish works,

when travelling in the Levant, and in making which he was assisted by Burckhardt. Of this curious and rare portion of the library we possess an interesting catalogue, printed for private circulation.

The ante-room to the museum is enriched with an extensive collection of maps, drawings, and engravings; the corresponding room at the end is reserved for manuscripts, medals, and coins, and is the depository of the Arabian, Coptic, Hebrew, and Sanscrit treasures. The museum is appropriated to a miscellaneous collection of articles culled from the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms; as well as antiquarian relics, and works of industrial art. Among the more interesting objects are a fine marble head, an Atys or Paris, bearing the Phrygian cap, and obtained by Dr. Lee from the ruins of ancient Tyre. Among the terra cottas, obtained by Mr. W. R. Barker from Tarsus, there are several heads and full-length figures (in miniature) of the unfortunate Phrygian shepherd. All wear the mitra, or Phrygian cap.

Among the Greek marbles are some very beautiful works of art, presented to the Hartwell museum by Captain Graves, who has been so many years engaged in the survey of the Archipelago and coasts of Asia Minor; several exquisite sculptures brought home from Greece by Dr. Lee himself; as also a Babylonian brick, remarkable for the sharpness and high preservation of its cuneiform character; and a favourable specimen of art in the time of Zenobia, brought by Dr. Lee from Aleppo. A valuable collection of antiquities, obtained by excavations in the island of Ithaca, was presented by the doctor in 1848 to the Society of Antiquaries. Subsidiary to the antiquities may be classed the carved weapons, paddles, and cloth of the South-Sea Islanders; and the other implements, arms, and articles of attire which appear in the miscellanea of the collection.

The specimens of the animal kingdom in the museum are rather select than numerous. In the vegetable world are many curious wax and wooden models made of fine curiously-shaped or anomalous fruits or roots. The mineral cabinets are also well stocked, and in this collection is a black meteoric stone that fell at Launton, in Oxfordshire, on the 15th of February, 1830. The collection of fossils is especially rich.

Historically and chronologically speaking, one of the choicest of the Hartwell treasures consists in the noble collection of coins and medals. They are arranged in six cabinets, two of which are filled with Greek coins and Greek-Imperial, relating to places visited by Dr. Lee during his travels in Spain, Italy, Sicily, Malta, Greece, the Ionian Islands, Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor, and the Greek Islands. Many of these are extremely rare, as well as beautiful in design and execution; and all of them of such interest, that a published *catalogue raisonée* would be a welcome boon to literature. There is, moreover, a large cabinet of excellent casts of celebrated cameos, intaglios, and other engraved gems of Egyptian, Persian, Etruscan, and classical art: it is fitted with drawers for the reception of 4400 specimens, selected from the best collections in Europe, and disposed in order of time and style. Hence the reference to facts, dates, portraits, costumes, arms, and matters of taste, is at once most extensive and trustworthy.

The Egyptian collection, however, both by the magnitude and interest of its objects, most astonishes the visitor to Hartwell. Dr. Lee, who was the first to take views and make plans of the town of tombs around the

great pyramid, has both largely collected himself and added still more to his collection by purchases made and presents received during many years; and Captain Smyth, whose ardour for Egyptian antiquities is only equalled by his zeal for astronomical and numismatic pursuits, enters into the subject with warm and enthusiastic feeling. The gallant captain had during his professional career much personal intercourse with Muhammad Ali, for whom he entertains the highest respect. He even says that he manifested an interest in remains of antiquity, and would be very jocose upon the matter. Captain Smyth having told the Pasha that he had explored the catacombs at Alexandria till he was almost exhausted, "Then," said he, "it will require you to air yourself on the column (Pompey's Pillar) after that!" Another specimen of his Oriental humour was his sending the captain a female mummy, with a message that, as his wife was not on board, he had sent an Egyptian lady to preside in his cabin. Captain Smyth, it is well known, was the first to carry a theodolite to the top of Pompey's Pillar, and reap a round of angles from its summit; so that he did after all air himself on the top of the column!

Among the various objects in Dr. Lee's Egyptian collection, there are none in which the possessor has taken more interest than in his extensive collection of papyri. He even sought out the plant—a species of Cyperus—which is no longer met with on the Lower Nile—at the only place it was till lately known to grow—the Fountain of Cyane, in Sicily. It has, however, since been met with in abundance on the Bahr-al-Abiyad, or White Nile. Mrs. Lee has acquired by frequent practice unrivalled adroitness in unrolling manuscripts in papyrus, with the assistance of steam. The sheets of some of the papyri thus unfolded by that lady, being laid between two thin panes of glass, with a paper-guard round the edges, have thus been consulted at perfect ease by Dr. Tattam, the late Professor Schwartz, and by many members of the Syro-Egyptian Society; but they have been found in many instances to consist of fragments of writing on various unimportant subjects, and in no case to yield such valuable historical results as were expected from the careful manner in which they had apparently been made up and preserved.

"Looking at the innumerable mummified creatures in Dr. Lee's museum," says Captain Smyth, "the unpractised spectator will, perhaps, deem the preservation of such numbers of young crocodiles among the strangest of those vain and fanciful superstitious *deliramenta doctrina* ascribed to the Egyptians. And it is a knotty point in theory." The captain then enumerates these sects into which crocodile worship broke up into from respect to the brute as a scavenger, to fear of him, as the symbol of an evil power. But he neglects the chief of all, and which was handed down in the Axio-Kersus of the Samo-Thracian mysteries, and in which the crocodile was worshipped as the emblem of fecundity. There is a river in Cilicia, called Kersus by Xenophon, and Kersias by Ptolmey *(Crocodilen Flumen)*, and which, from this association of ideas, was called by Pliny, Andricus. The crocodile worshipped by the Syrians was also called Succo, or Succoth; and the learned annotators of Pancouckes' Pliny suggest the identity between the Syriac Kersus and the Egyptian Kamses, or Kampsa. The Greeks, struck with the timidity of the saffron-coloured lizard of their own country, gave it the name of ΚΡΟΚΟ-ΔΕΙΛΟΣ; and, on their arrival in Egypt, finding a huge aquatic

creature of similar shape and hue, they applied to it the same designation. Hence there cannot be a greater misnomer than *crocodile* to the Egyptian Kampsa, which is a ferocious animal. In like manner, in more recent times, the lizard of the Portuguese, *al ligarto*, became alligator.

The wooden idols, sepulchral stelæ, funeral slabs, and tablets of various shapes, are full of interest to the student; but to the occasional spectator they fade into insignificance before the colossal, cat-faced sitting statues of basalt of the great deity Pasht, or Bubastis, which, being too great both in weight and magnitude for reception into the museum, are accommodated with a roomy hall at about a couple of hundred yards to the north-west of the house, where they sit in grim array. The first impression on being introduced into the presence of these deities, seated so solemnly on their massy thrones, is a feeling of awe; and the spectator can for a moment sympathise with many an Egyptian who lived three thousand years ago, at his entrance into one of the colossal and mysterious temples which at that time adorned the long valley of the Nile. There are also in the Hall of Bubastis, at Hartwell, a fond little couple—husband and wife—united after death by the hand of the sculptor; a crouching statuette of a priest; the mummy case of a lady, who once bore the euphonious name of Smantennofre, from, observed a person who could unblushingly trifle with things so ancient, having refused of "man ten offers." There is also a large funereal statue of "the lady of a house," and "a medalist," says Captain Smyth, "would deem her a full-grown and well-spread woman."

The two little statuettes united are, according to Mr. Bonomi, of sandstone, from the quarries of Jibal, Sizili. The crouching statuette is carved out of the grit-stone of the same quality as the so-called vocal statue and its companion on the Plain of Thebes, and therefore supposed to have been obtained at the quarries of Jibal Akhmar, between Heliopolis and Cairo, the only known place in that region where this stone is procurable. The statues of Bubastis are of basalt. The recumbent statue of Rameses II., the Sesostris of the Greeks at Memphis, is of limestone. It is well known how many Egyptian monuments are carved out of the granite of Syene, and which has been called Syenite, from mica being replaced in that rock by hornblende; and we cannot conclude this notice of the Egyptian relics at Hartwell without suggesting that it would be well worth while investigating if a different stone used in monumental sculpture did not indicate a different era, and might not be thus brought to assist in chronological inquiries.

The Egyptian antiquities have had the same effect upon ourselves as upon Dr. Lee and Captain Smyth, and have led us to be so diffuse that we scarcely know how to describe with suitable brevity one of the most important establishments at Hartwell—the observatory, founded by Dr. Lee, with its admirably-mounted transit-room, and its noble terminal equatorial tower! As well might we attempt to discuss Mr. Epps' meridional observations, the double stars measured by Captain Smyth—and to determine whose colours ladies' fair eyes were brought into requisition—the "story," as it is called, by a little licence very allowable to those whose studies are not of the most enlivening character, of γ Virginis—to track the path with Professor C. Piazzi Smyth of that mysterious gaseous wanderer, Encke's comet, or to depict the improved system of observing and recording meteorological phenomena introduced at Hart-

well by Mr. James Glaisher. Of such subjects, and the insight which they give into the most wondrous works of the Omnipotent Creator, we can only say, in the words of the poet:

> Then speak thy humblest thanks, that thus 'tis giv'n
> To thee (a worm, a mite, an atom!—plac'd
> On this small earthly ball, to th' universe
> Like dust of balance, or the bucket's drop),
> To read, to trace, to know His glorious works.

Certainly, take it all in all, Hartwell, with its library, its collection of Oriental MS., its maps, engravings, and various documents; its museum of natural history; its collection of coins, medals, and gems; its works of art, its Egyptian and other antiquities, and its astronomical and meteorological observatories; has been brought by its enlightened possessor to be without its equal in the land.

Very different was the state of the house in 1807, when his Most Christian Majesty Louis XVIII.—"Le Sage de Hartwell"—took up his residence there, with a whole crowd of followers and servants, who filled every hall and apartment in the place. Everything was turned upside down, and the poor queen even took a dislike to the grotesque warriors that had so long adorned the great staircase, and they were for the time being removed. The inconvenience was added to when, in August, 1808, the said queen arrived from Russia with a suite of seventy persons:

These, as well as the king's party, together with their numerous attendants and servants, were all quartered on the Hartwell premises, where they were occasionally visited by the other French princes and emigrant nobles. The residents in the house and grounds generally amounted to about 140 in number, but they sometimes exceeded 200. So numerous a party required such extensive accommodation, that the halls, gallery, and larger apartments were ingeniously divided and subdivided into suites of rooms and closets—in some instances, to the great disorder and confusion of the mansion. Every outhouse, and each of the ornamental buildings in the park that could be rendered capable of decent shelter, were densely occupied; and it was curious to see how the second and third class stowed themselves away in the attics of the house, converting one room into several, by an adaptation of light partitions. On the ledges and in the bows of the roof they formed gardens, which were stocked with plants, shrubs, and flowers, in boxes containing mould to the depth of eighteen or twenty inches; and they, moreover, kept fowls and pigeons there; so that the superstructure was thus loaded with many extra tons of weight. But all was well conducted and cheerful throughout a residence of six or seven years; and in the evenings there was much mirth, music, and dancing kept up at the cottages around.

It will be easily imagined that much deference was not paid either to the feelings or the interests of the worthy proprietor of the mansion, Sir George Lee, in effecting these transformations. Small windows were pierced through the walls, fixtures needlessly unfixed, and the ornamental balustrades of the parapet removed in those parts where they interfered with the Adonis's gardens, or with the prospect. So little did there appear among the occupants either of respect for the arts or of homage for the sex, that all the time the royal family occupied the house, a French mirror, of extraordinary magnitude, was placed before the portrait of the beautiful Lady Elizabeth Lee, by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The king's own rooms were the study and adjoining strong closet.

The apartments for the accommodation of the queen were those immediately over the library, and are notable for aspect, convenience, and command of view. Her majesty died in the large room of this subdivision of the house, and was laid in state therein for several days, during which it was open to the public, when a large concourse of spectators were admitted. The same apartment was afterwards occupied by the ex-King of Sweden; the north-west angle of the same front of the building was occupied by Monsieur the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X. And although he, of all the party, was most accustomed to appear in public, by riding about the country, still, somehow or other, none of the Buckinghamshire gentlemen liked him. The room next to the chamber of the Comte d'Artois, and south of it, was assigned to the unfortunate Duc de Berri. His good qualities greatly endeared this sensible, affable, and brave young prince, to those who were about him.

The handsome apartments at the south-west angle of this floor were inhabited by the Duc and Duchess d'Angoulême and their principal attendants. The fact of sleeping in the room once tenanted by the suffering orphan of the Temple, the ever-pious yet spirited "daughter of France," actually converted the staid astronomer and dusty numismatist into a poet, and ten stanzas, of six lines each, commemorate the "story" of the modern Antigone, in verse of more than average merit. The writer of the present little *résumé* of the "Ædes Hartwellianæ" has also had the honour to occupy the apartment once tenanted by a Queen of France; and although it was impossible to suppress all tragic recollections conjured up by association of feelings, still by far the most prominent feeling was one of pleasing sympathy for the person who used to read those little books which make up a library of themselves—not quite a chiffonier full—close to the bedside, and which are evidently religiously preserved by the present lord of the manor.

King Louis led so retired a life at Hartwell, that little was heard of him beyond the limits of the mansion. Whenever he met any person in the grounds, he always returned their salute by taking off his hat, and he would often hold a light conversation in tolerably good English; and to one gentleman he pointed out, with much pleasantry, that each side of the great doorway of Hartwell House bore a *fleur-de-lis* in the old carving, as if in anticipation of his coming. The style in which he lived was unostentatious, and very suitable to the rank he assumed of Count. His majesty, family, and suite, about twenty-five in number, generally dined together in the large dining-room; and once in about three weeks the inhabitants of the adjacent parts were allowed to walk round the table during the repast, entering at one door and retiring by another, in conformity with the custom of the old French court. The regular drawing-room being occupied as an apartment for sleeping and sitting in by the Prince and Princesse de Condé, on their visits, the library was used as its substitute, with the king's sofa raised on a little *dais*, or eminence, and here he used to see company and hold small levees. The Marquis de Généthons, contemplating this site, in 1824, wrote:

> Vrai sage, soit qu'il perde ou porte la couronne,
> Il fut pendant l'exil ce qu'il est sur le trône.

PICTURES OF MY BARRACK LIFE.

BY A GERMAN SOLDIER.

CHAPTER V.

THE MARCH AND ITS DISAGREEMENTS.

My promotion happening to coincide pretty nearly with the advent of summer, in a short time after that happy epoch we marched out of garrison to cantonments on the large heath by Wilhelmstadt, there to practise and perform evolutions on a large scale. It was a magnificent July morning when we left Dolmar, in heavy marching order, and rejoiced in the change of our routine; for the first hour or so we laughed and sang right lustily, Von Teschenschech having granted us that liberty, in the superabundant fit of exhilaration caused by the near prospect of activity. But by degrees, as the sun rose higher, and we advanced further upon our way, the general uproariousness was cooled, or, to speak more correctly, was melted down to a lower key. The snatches of Punschlieder, Minnelieder, Vaterlandslieder, and Lieder of every denomination, together with the bursts of hilarity which accompanied them, were succeeded by a listless silence, interrupted now and then by monotonous grumblings at the sun, a schako, or the sempiternal solitude of the *chaussée* which we were traversing. Our horses' hoofs stirred up innumerable clouds of dust, which enveloped the whole brigade in a murky canopy, and overlaid our arms, uniforms, and faces, with a yellowish-white powder, by no means conducive to comfort or cleanliness. The mouth became parched, and the voice, as Dose correctly observed, was very rusty.

Here and there some thirsty soul made another attempt to extort a few drops more from his canteen, or pocket-pistol, which, when he set out, had been charged to the muzzle with his favourite beverage, but which repeated calls had long ago drained of its contents, though its owner was loth to believe he had positively had the last. Among those who suffered most from the parching effects of the blazing luminary was Von Teschenschech and servant. The latter bore as usual a portly bottle of some potent restorative for his master's especial behoof, and I remarked, as I rode close to him, that the colonel's calls for his comforter were both close and frequent; I saw, too, by the man's face, every time that he took the bottle back and held it up to the sun to take a mental admeasurement of what was left, that his master's bibbing capabilities by no means harmonised with his own previous calculations on the subject. In this deplorable disproportion I perceived the portentous indications of a hurricane, and ere long my forebodings were fully verified. The much-dreaded moment came when the servant consigned the empty bottle to its holster, and not many minutes afterwards Von Teschenschech, all unwitting of the fact, exclaimed: "Frederick, another draught; this dust makes me thirsty." Ill-starred Frederick, with a full foreknowledge of his fate, could only answer with a hesitating air that there was no more in the bottle. This announcement immediately evoked the tempest which I and Frederick, and all acquainted with our colonel's idiosyncracies, had accurately fore-

seen. We first perceived it brewing in his breast, then gurgling up through his throat, as if the outlet were too small for its pent-up vehemence, and it was then disembogued on poor Frederick's head in such a rapid string of vituperations, as nearly took away our breath in listening to them. I felt real compassion for the colonel's drought, as he seemed so much disturbed, and being, at the same time, not unwilling to ingratiate myself with him, I felt a desire to replenish his exhausted flask from my own, which had not been touched. As, however, it would have been contrary to all the rules of discipline and etiquette to ride up to him and offer him a pull, as if he were a boon-companion or a jolly toper, I turned over my brains to discover some way of accomplishing it in a more appropriate manner, and at last I hit upon what I thought was a most notable idea. I imagined, in my innocence, that though I could not offer it to him, I had only to direct his attention to my well-furnished flask, and he would immediately request me to favour him with a draught. With this end in view, I took the bottle in my hand and consigned it towards my mouth, making it glitter in the sun, at the same time glancing towards Von Teschenschech, and taking care that the movement should be seen, and hoping that it would be appreciated by him. But, alas! for my calculations. My friendly glance was met with such a scowl, that all the philanthropical intentions I had entertained were withered by its acerbity, and scattered to the winds. He had evidently been watching all my manœuvres, but had interpreted them in a very different sense from what I intended them to convey. Though I did not divine the cause, I saw perfectly well that I was not in a friendly region, and therefore sought by degrees to withdraw myself from his dangerous vicinity. It was not so easy, however, to escape his lynx-like eyes; I was just commencing a cautious sidling movement to the left, when I heard: "Nun, nun; where's the bombardier going? Oho—oho, there! I've seen that slovenly saddle. Look here, captain; has this man been inspected by his sergeant this morning? No, that he hasn't. Look here! his cloak-buckles are not in a line. Dismount, you Millionenhund! You may go on foot to the next halt." After this eruption he subsided into a mocking laugh, and I dismounted with the most contented face in the world, though not a little nettled at receiving such a scurvy recompense for my intended generosity; and, actuated by that feeling, I took care on my descent to stir up such a cloud of dust, as made us all resemble Raffaelian angels with heads emerging from a cloud. It occurred to me a moment afterwards that the colonel had mistaken my stratagem with the full-fraught flask for a tantalising ludification of his misfortune, and prompted by this idea I did now take a long swig with somewhat of a triumphant look, though I neither wanted nor relished the stuff. My pedestrian performance was not of long continuance, for in about a quarter of an hour we saw the little town of Machenheim before us. We halted not far from the town, round a windmill in which head-quarters were provisionally established, till the quartermasters had arranged the allocation of the brigade in the town and its environs. My company was stationed in a neighbouring village, but I myself, happening to be clerk *pro tem.* to our adjutant, received orders to accompany the staff into the town. When all was arranged, and the men were dismissed for the

night, the colonel and a few more officers loitered on the spot to arrange the proceedings for the next morning. Not being inspired by any late rencontre with any peculiar predilection for, or confidence in the colonel, I took care to give him as wide a berth as possible, but as he soon dismounted, and called out for some one to hold his horse, I was constrained, the rest of the assembly being officers, to come forward and offer myself. As soon as I took the bridle out of his hand, he walked round me and my steed, to take a minute survey of our appearance, and finding that I had providently occupied my leisure time in putting my saddle-housings into excellent order, his countenance assumed a more beneficent expression.

"Ah, ah! now I like to see that—I like to see a fault remedied so readily. That is very good."

This unexpected commendation somewhat assuaged my excessive spleen, and when he inquired, a few minutes afterwards, if there was a schenke near, I was emboldened to offer him my flask, observing, at the same time, that I had intended to offer it to him before, but had not ventured, thinking it too great a liberty. He took the proffered flask with a stare of astonishment, and a most gracious "Ich danke;" and when I explained to him what my intentions had been, he seemed to feel some compunctious visitings of conscience at having rewarded them so badly. After taking a hearty draught, he returned the flask, with "Ich bin sein wohlwollender oberst" (I am your well-wishing colonel), so that we parted the best friends in the world after our brief estrangement.

On my quartierbillet stood, "Street, Mühlen-street. House, No. 18. Mr. Mathew Mückeberg, merchant, will receive one man and one horse for one day, with board. Signed, &c." When parting for the night from my worthy Mentor, Sergeant Dose, he favoured me with a multifarious mass of directions on the course I was to take with regard to this same quartierbillet. I was by no means to allow myself to be cajoled by representations that the house to which I was assigned was cram full; that not a corner was unoccupied, and that they could provide me very comfortable quarters elsewhere. I should in that case be taken to some miserable hole, where they took in as many soldiers as they could get, in order to secure the five silver-groschen per diem which is allowed for the board and lodging of a soldier, and where, to enhance their profits, the soldiers are starved or half poisoned by the villanous board. With this advice impressed upon my mind, I entered Machenheim, having put on an impenetrable panoply of adamant against all excuses, though the most plausible that human ingenuity could invent, and fully resolved that not a mountain of invincible obstacles, or smooth words, should induce me to quit No. 18, Mühlenstrasse.

After a little research, I discovered the street and house, but was somewhat surprised to see the shutters closed, and a livery-servant standing at the door, seemingly on the look out for my approach. With an air of importance I dismounted, and demanded entrance, at the same time exhibiting my billet. He read it slowly through, and then remarked,

"Yes, it is quite correct, but you will have to be quartered out to-night, as the family has been gone on a journey these two days, only

they forgot to notify it to the police; but I can take you to the gentleman's cousin, where you will find everything as comfortable as you would here."

"Ah, ah!" thought I, rejoiced at being able to put Dose's recommendations into such speedy execution; "you are at your tricks already, are you? but I'll be even with you."

So putting on a would-be-imposing air, the effect of which was somewhat marred by my sword being too long for me to lean upon, and consequently causing me to make a plunge head foremost, as if about to assail the abdominal regions of the lackey, I replied, in a grandiloquent tone,

"So ho! be quartered out, must I? At the gentleman's cousin's? Ah, yes! the cousin has an eye on the five groschen, I have no doubt, but I am billeted on No. 18, Mühlenstrasse, so there I shall pass the night."

"Sehr gut, sir, if you like to bivouac in the area, you can; but I can assure you that Herr von Querfurth does not take in soldiers for the sake of the five groschen."

"Either this house or none," I replied; and, leaping on my steed, I expressed my determination of going to the town-hall to procure redress. The flunkey was inexorable, and to the town-hall I went. There the matter was inquired into, and, to my infinite annoyance, it was found that the servant's allegations were correct, and I was consequently billeted on "the cousin's," Herr von Querfurth. Thither, therefore, I betook myself, and, to my still greater annoyance, who should open the door but my antagonist from No. 18. He grinned and chuckled most obstreperously at my discomfiture, but, to avoid all badinage on so nettling a subject, I assumed as serene a physiognomy as possible, and desired to be shown where I could dispose of my steed. He then conducted me to a capacious and comfortable stable, where I housed my Rosinante by the side of Herr von Querfurth's carriage-horses. This done, I inquired for my sleeping apartment, and, to my great disgust, was shown a small triangular hole in the corner of the stable, of such an eminently inconvenient shape as to render it impossible to lie at length in it without putting one's feet out of the door, and separated from the horses merely by a thin partition of boards. Nor was this all. As if the solitary occupation of such a fœtid kennel were not a *quantum sufficit* of discomfort, I was calmly informed by my friend the footman that this "chamber" was to be shared with himself and the groom. Of course I protested with the utmost energy against this close companionship, and expatiated on the enormity of packing three mortals into such a downright fleaery, where we could hardly fail to be reduced to a pulp before the morning, or half devoured by those ravenous bestioles, of whose incisors I had entertained a most wholesome dread, ever since my first acquaintance with them in his rattish majesty's apartments. But in vain. All my representations were met by the most imperturbable civility, which aggravated and provoked, rather than allayed my resentment.

Imprecating, from the inmost penetralia of my heart, their confounded politeness, which deprived me of the satisfaction of abusing them, I issued from the house, to seek advice from some one who had had more

experience in such matters. I had not gone many steps, when I stumbled most opportunely on my merry comrade, Von Beeren. This roystering junker, whose purient genius was never at ease, if not concocting or executing some mischievous plot, was a bosom friend and councillor of mine, who had been my associate in many a madcap freak. He was best known in the brigade by the name of Weiszkopf (Whitehead), on account of the extremely light colour of his hair, a peculiarity which often proved very dangerous to himself and his copartners in mischief. For it frequently happened, when some worthy burgher's powers of endurance had been tasked to the very utmost by our escapades, and we were ultimately denounced at head-quarters, that the complainant's answer to the question, "Do you think you could describe any of the delinquents?" was, "Oh, yes, Herr Kapitän!—one of them had very light hair."

"Ah, ah! Herr Beeren has been at his old trade again, and where he is, there you may be sure that the Boy-Bombardier (which was my *nom de guerre* in the brigade) and Herr Schmackenlippen (another congenial spirit) are not far off."

Messrs. Von Beeren and Schmackenlippen, with the Boy-Bombardier, would then be hauled up to the judgment-seat, and confronted with the accuser, who, in most cases, found them to constitute the worthy trio he was in quest of.

To the Weiszkopf, then, I imparted my perplexity, telling him how I was doomed to be the occupant of a bug-haunted mouse-hole, with two serving-men for bedfellows, and asked his advice in this awkward dilemma. He listened to my tale with evident delight, his countenance brightening at the glorious opportunity it afforded for the exercise of his plot-loving genius.

When I had finished, he rubbed his hands, and remarked, "Ho! that's it, is it? Then I'll trouble you to walk about the town for a quarter of an hour, and then return to your quarters. I'll warrant you, you shall meet with a very different reception."

With that he left me, to do as I was directed, and make serabund guesses at the scheme which he had so suddenly improvised. In due time I approached Herr von Querfurth's door, anxiously looking for the *dénouement* of this mysterious stratagem. In mounting the steps, I caught a glimpse through the open door of a young lady looking at a card, which had just been given to her by the servant who stood near. As soon as she became conscious of my presence, she hastily returned it, and vanished from my gaze through a side door. I entered, and my intended bedfellow giving me the card with a much more respectful demeanour than he had previously shown, inquired whether it was for me. A young soldier had called, and inquired whether a bombardier, of such and such appearance, was not quartered there, and then had left the card, and a message that he would call again in a quarter of an hour. I took the card, and nearly drew blood from my lips in struggling to restrain the smile which involuntarily arose to them when the superscription met my eye. There, set forth in most unimpeachable caligraphy, I read, "Count Weiler," a name of course totally unknown to me. The plot was now unravelled, and I plainly discerned the Weiszkopf's drift. So, assuming

an air of the utmost nonchalance, I thrust the card into my pocket, saying, "Ah, Count Weiler! pray conduct him to me when he calls again," and sauntered away to my stable-corner, to keep my charger company, and listen to the music of his munching; while the servant followed the lady into the front room, evidently to report the position of affairs. In a few minutes there came a loud ring at the bell, and, on the door being opened, Count Weiler inquired if Baron von Stein had returned. With an obsequious air, the lackey answered in the affirmative, and requested the count to walk into the Gesellschaftszimmer, and wait till he had announced his arrival to the baron. But the count most condescendingly declared he would seek me in my own apartments, and asked to be conducted thither. I accordingly received Count Weiler, *alias* the Weiszkopf, at my stable-door, with a hearty greeting, but many regrets that I had not better quarters to receive him in; and then grumbled at my unlucky lot; was sure my servants had better quarters in the villages, &c., &c.

The count shrugged his shoulders, and, glancing with a contemptuous air over the stable and the servant, said,

"But where are you to sleep? Not in the manger I hope, eh?"

"There is my spacious apartment," I replied, throwing open the door of the "chamber" before mentioned.

"Lieber Himmel! you are joking. You don't mean to say that they have given you that cupboard for a bedroom? It is perfectly ridiculous."

"No less true than ridiculous. It is remarkably strange, that in their large house they can't find me better quarters than these."

"Strange!—ah! vraiment—ridicule, trop ridicule! By the beard of the Prophet! my dear baron, there must be some monstrous misunderstanding here. They cannot, surely, mean to insult you, eh?"

During this deceptive colloquy, the astonished footman, his eyes wandering from one to the other with a stare of stupefaction, stood all agape at the stable-door. His thoughts seemed to have taken leave for a time of all mundane matters, and having flown into our baronies, to be held there by some unseen agency, which prevented them from returning to the more plebeian purlieus of Herr von Querfurth's stables. When his wits were ultimately restored to their proper locality, he made an awkward bow, muttered something about "a mistake," said he would inform the Herrschaft, and left us.

"It is done," said the Weiszkopf. "Come, take my arm; we will have a walk, and if you haven't comfortable rooms by the time we return, confound it! I'll rub down every horse in the battery to-morrow morning."

Gesagt, gethan. I took his arm, and we marched through the house into the street. On passing the door through which the lady had disappeared, Count Weiler remarked, in a drawling tone, aping most successfully that hybrid lingo and peculiar twang which is affected by the good citizens of Berlin—

"Ja, baron—ma foi! sehr ridicule! sehr ridicule!"

We loitered about the town till it was nearly dusk; and then, parting with the count, I returned to my quarters, to see how his predictions would be verified. On entering the house I was proceeding forthwith to

my closet, when the footman interposed, and begged me to follow him up-stairs, where an apartment had been prepared for me; they had made a sad mistake; hoped I would excuse them, and so forth. I made but brief responses to all his apologies, as I felt that any elaborate attempt to sustain the hoax so ably commenced by my audacious comrade would inevitably prove fatal to my risible nerves in their excited condition, and produce a cachinnatory explosion, which might seriously endamage both our reputations. I was then led into a handsomely-furnished room, where, on a small table, stood two candles, flanked on either side by a plethoric bottle of Rheinwein, and surrounded by all the paraphernalia of an excellent supper, the principal dishes only waiting my arrival to make their appearance. Supper was then served, and I set to work with the appetite of a trooper, speedily transubstantiating a tolerable share of the viands that were placed before me, and tossing off bumpers to the health of my useful friend, Count Weiler, who, soon after I had despatched the supper, rejoined me, and assisted to dispose of the Hochheimer which his felicitous ingenuity had procured for me.

A CHAPTER ON GAMBLING.

VERY little doubt can be entertained that gambling is rapidly falling from its pristine eminence in the fashionable world: we seldom or never hear of thousands being now lost at a sitting; and those of the present generation can scarcely credit all that is said or written of the doings of their forefathers, or that whole estates were set on the hazard of a game of piquet, as a certain Irish writer veraciously informs us. Railway coupons have usurped the place of the cue and the dice-box, and the greedy passion finds an outlet in Capel Court. We do not for a moment mean to assert that gambling is dying away—the countless betting-lists in town and country furnish a melancholy proof of the widely-extended contagion—but still we do say that its very universality has brought it out of fashion, and that it is not regarded with that indulgence it formerly claimed, but is rather looked upon as the "dernier ressort" of the hard-up man about town.

Such being the case, it may cause our readers some surprise, on referring to the heading of this paper, to find it termed a chapter on gambling. Let them not expect any piquant details of English folly, or a peep behind the scenes of Club life. We have no wish to lay bare the secrets of our own land; and, indeed, too much has already been written on the subject; be it our task to give an account of the doings in foreign countries, and for this purpose we must ask them to accompany us across the Channel.

After the villanous dens in the Palais Royal were rooted out, the proprietors, who found the business much too profitable to be tamely resigned, turned their gaze beyond the Rhine, where a fair field for their exertions in the pursuit of a livelihood presented itself. After

many weary negotiations with the several governments, a company of banquiers, with M. Chabert at their head, simultaneously opened their establishments at Baden-Baden, Wisbaden, and Ems. It was a very hard contest between the Regents and the Frenchmen before the terms were finally settled, and they had to expend much money and many promises in getting a footing. But they eventually succeeded, and a few years saw their efforts richly rewarded. As they had a monopoly, they could do pretty much as they pleased, and made very stringent and profitable regulations relative to the "aprés" and other methods of gaining a pull. On the retirement of M. Chabert with an immense fortune, the company was dissolved, and M. Benazet became ostensibly sole proprietor of the rooms at Baden-Baden. The terms to which he had to subscribe were sufficient to frighten any one less enterprising than the general of an army of croupiers: he was compelled to expend 150,000 florins in decorating the rooms and embellishing the walks round the town; and an annual sum of 50,000 florins was furthermore demanded, for permission to keep the establishment open for six months in the year. The company, which leased Wisbaden and Ems, was treated much in the same manner, but still they progressed most successfully, till they were frightened from their propriety by Monsieur le Blanc. This gentleman, after struggling against immense opposition on the part of the Frankfort merchants, who were naturally alarmed at the danger to which their "commis" and cash-boxes were exposed by the proximity of a gambling-table, obtained a concession from the Elector of Hessen to establish a bank at Homburg-an-der-Höhe, which he speedily promulgated to the world, with the additional attraction of being open all the year round, and only a "trente et un aprés" for the players to contend against. Some time after, Wilhelmsbad was opened as a rival to Homburg, with no "aprés" at all, and the above mentioned, with the addition of Aix-la-Chapelle and Cöthen, form the principal establishments where "strangers are taken in and done for" through Germany.

The games universally played are "rouge et noir" and "roulette," the former also denominated "trente et quarante," though both titles insufficiently explain the tendency of the game, especially as "noir" never has any part or parcel in the affair, all being regulated by "rouge" winning or losing. The appointments are simple in the extreme: a long table, covered with green cloth, divided into alternate squares marked with red and black "carreaux," and two divisions for betting on or against the "couleur," three packs of cards, half a dozen croupiers armed with rakes, and a quantity of rouleaus and smaller coin constituting the whole *matériel*. A croupier commences the pleasing game by dealing a quantity of cards till he arrives at any number above thirty (court-cards counting as ten), when he begins a second row, the first representing "noir," the other "rouge." The "couleur" is determined by the first card turned up. The two great pulls in favour of the bank are, first, the "aprés"—that is, when the two rows amount to the same number, and the croupier calls out, "Et trente trois," or any other number "aprés,"—the stakes are impounded, and can only be released by paying half the money down, or else by the same colour winning; and secondly—the chief thing—*the*

bank never loses its temper. As a martingale, or continual doubling of the stakes after losing, would infallibly cause a player to win in the end, there is a law in force that no stake can exceed three hundred louis-d'or without the permission of the banque: a permission it very rarely grants, except in extreme cases, as, for instance, at Homburg, when the Belgians so nearly broke the bank; but then it was "conquer or die." The lowest amount allowed to be staked is a two florin piece. The expression, "V'la banque!" which we so frequently hear quoted, has its origin from this game. After a player has passed, that is, won, on the same colour two or three times consecutively, the croupier, to prevent any possible dispute, asks whether he wishes to risk the whole of the money down; if he intends to do so he employs the above cabalistic formula.

Roulette is a very much more complicated affair; for this, a table is required with a basin in the centre, containing a spiral tube with an orifice at the top, through which the ball passes, and falls into one of the thirty-eight holes in the basin, which are respectively marked with figures, and alternately painted red and black. There are four projecting pieces of iron, one of which the croupier twirls, crying, "Faites votre jeu, messieurs;" when he says, "Le jeu est fait, rien n'va plus," no more money can be put down. In the middle of the table are the numbers, from one to thirty-six, going regularly downwards, in three rows, while at the head of them are the two "zeros"—rouge single and noir double. On either side of the numbers are three divisions; on one hand, marked "rouge, impair et passe," on the other, "noir, pair et manque." Besides these, there are three compartments at the end of the columns, for the purpose of backing the numbers contained in the column; and three others on each side of the numbers, in which to bet on the first, second, or third series of twelve. The odds are regulated in the following fashion. If a player back a single number, he receives thirty-five times the amount of his stake, in the event of its coming up; if he back three at once, he only gets eleven times; if six, only five times the amount. For either of the other compartments he receives, if he gain, the simple amount of his stake, with the exception of the divisions at the end of the columns, and the series of twelve, when he receives double if he win, as the odds are two to one against him. The banque has a most iniquitous advantage in the two zeros, which are calculated to recur once in nineteen times: if the single rouge turn up, they sack all the money, except that placed on the red; if double zero, they take all.

The amount of the stakes at roulette is limited to two hundred louis-d'or on a colour, and six on a single number; the lowest stake allowed is a florin. Though it may be supposed that a run at "trente et quarante" would be a much more likely occurrence than at roulette—and, indeed, we can remember at the former game the "noir" passing two-and-twenty times, though no one had the courage to take advantage of such an extraordinary circumstance—yet it is a very frequent thing at roulette for the ball to have a predilection for a certain series of numbers—probably through the croupier twisting the machine with the same force each time—and on such occasions a good deal of money may be won by a careful observer. One young Englishman, who was perfectly

ignorant of the game, we saw at Wisbaden place a five-franc piece on the last series of twelve, and he left his money down six times, winning double the amount of his stake every turn. He then discovered the money was his, by the croupier asking him if he wished to stand on the whole sum; but he never gave the banque another chance, for he picked it up, and quickly went off with it.

Every player at roulette seems to have a different system: some powder the numbers with florins or five-franc pieces, in the hope of one coming up out of them; others speculate merely on the rouge or noir. One Spaniard at Ems, we remember, made a very comfortable living at it by a method of playing he had invented. He placed three louis-d'or on the manque, which contains all the numbers to eighteen, and two louis on the last series of twelve; that is, from twenty-four to thirty-six. Thus he had only six numbers and two zeros against him. If manque gained, he won three louis and lost two; if a number in the last twelve came up, he won four and lost three; but a continuation of zeros would have ruined his calculation. Some, again, back the run, others play against it; a very favourite scheme, and one generally successful, being to bet against a colour after it has passed three times: but then, again, there is no law on the subject, and a man may lose heavily in spite of the utmost caution. In short, the best plan by far would be, if play one must, to stick to "rouge et noir," which bears some semblance of fairness.

The *habitués* of the rooms are well known to the croupiers. At Baden-Baden we had for many years the old ex-Elector of Hesse, who made his money by selling his soldiers to England at so much a head, like cattle, during the American war, and who was easily to be recognised by the gold-headed and coroneted rake he always had in his hand. He was, indeed, a most profitable customer to Monsieur Benazet. But, alas! the superior attractions of Homburg led him away, and we never saw him again in Baden: the revolution of 1848 frightened, or angered, him to death. Wisbaden boasts of a banker from Amsterdam, who usually plays on credit—that is to say, he pockets his winnings, but, if he loses, borrows money of the banquier, squaring his account, which is generally a heavy one, at the end of the week; and an English baronet, who always brings a lozenge box with him, which, when he has filled, he retires with; and this he frequently contrives to accomplish, for he possesses his own luck, and that of some one else in the bargain. Ems is the principal resort of Russians, who play fearfully high, and a good deal of private gambling is done there on the quiet; while Aix-la-Chapelle appears only destined as a trap for incautious travellers, many of whom, in consequence, never see the Rhine, and return to England with very misty ideas about Germany.

Aix-la-Chapelle will never be erased from our memory, on account of a most ludicrous scene which happened on our first visit to Germany. Being unacquainted with German at the time, and our French being of the sort which Chaucer calls "French of Bow," we had selected one of our party, who boasted of his knowledge of most foreign tongues, and installed him as "Dolmetscher." His first experiment was in ordering supper, which he proceeded to do in something he was pleased to call German.

"Plait-il, M'nsieu?" said the waiter.

The order was repeated.

"Would you have the kindness to spik Angleesh?" remarked the garçon.

Though this raised some doubts in our minds as to our friend's capacity, yet one of our party, feeling indisposed, invoked his intercession for the sake of procuring some Seidlitz powders. However, in his indignation, he refused to have anything to do with it. In this dilemma, the sick man called in the English-conversing waiter to his aid, who readily offered to help him, and soon returned with a bottle of Seidlitz *water*, which he persuaded our unwary friend to make trial of. Now this water happens to be the strongest of all the mineral springs in Germany, and the consequence was, the poor young man became very shortly alarmingly unwell. In his anxiety, he fancied himself poisoned, and summoned the waiter once more. On his reappearance, he compelled him to finish the whole of the bottle, which contained nearly a quart, to prove it was not of a dangerous nature; but, in point of fact, he proved it to be so by nearly killing the wretched garçon.

The company to be seen round the table consists usually of Russians and French, both male and female, with a sprinkling of Germans, who escape from their own police in order to satisfy their itching for play. Thus, for instance, we have Nassau and Darmstadt people at Baden-Baden, while the Badese and Suabes rush to Homburg and Wisbaden. There is a very salutary law in every land where gambling is permitted, that no inhabitant of that land be allowed to play at the public table, and if any one is caught red-handed, he is usually imprisoned, and his winnings, if any, confiscated. We can call to mind a laughable instance of this at Wisbaden. Two old peasants, who had probably come for a day's pleasure and to see the sights, managed to find their way into the Kursaal, and stood all entranced before the roulette-table. One of them, imagining it a right royal way of making money, and much better fun than ploughing, lugged out his leathern purse and began by staking a modest florin on the rouge. In the course of about half an hour he had contrived to win a very decent sum, and was walking away in great glee, when a gendarme, who had been watching him all the while, quietly collared him and dragged him off to the Polizei, where, as we afterwards learned, he was incarcerated for three weeks, and his "addlings" employed for the good of the state.

It may naturally be supposed that the presence of so much circulating medium in one place, and the *prestige* attaching to the banquier's coffers, which are currently supposed to contain a sum

> More precious far
> Than that accumulated store of wealth
> And orient gems, which, for a day of need,
> The sultan hides in his ancestral tombs,

would induce many depredators to make an attempt on them, but we generally find that cunning is much more in favour than any open attack. Thus, for instance, Monsieur le Blanc, who, we may add, has been more assailed than any other banquier, was nearly made the victim of a stratagem, which might have entailed serious results. A fellow contrived to get into the "Conversation Haus" by night, and blocked up all the low numbers in the roulette machine in such a manner that the ball, on falling in, must inevitably leap out again. On the next day he and his accom-

pieces played and netted a large sum by backing the high numbers. They carried on the game for two or three days, but were fortunately overheard by a detective while quarrelling about the division of their plunder, in the gardens behind the establishment. They were arrested, and the money recovered. A very dangerous design was also formed against him by one of his croupiers, who, being discontented with his lot, determined to make his fortune at one *coup*: and the plan he contrived was this. He procured a pack of pre-arranged cards, which he concealed in his hat, and when it came to his turn to deal he intended to drop the bank cards into his *chapeau* and cleverly substitute the others; but this artfully-concocted scheme was disconcerted by one of his confederates considering he might make a better and safer thing of it by telling Le Blanc beforehand. His most imminent peril, and the occasion when his very existence as a banquier was at stake, was the affair with the Belgian company, of which Thackeray has given us such a detailed account in his "Kickleburys up the Rhine."

The "propriétaires," besides, suffer considerable losses by the dishonesty of the croupiers; for, although there is a person expressly employed to watch them, who sits in a high-backed chair behind the dealer, yet they are such practised escamoteurs, that they will secrete a piece of gold without his seeing it. One fellow was detected at Baden-Baden, who had carried on a system of plunder for a long time with security. He used to slip a louis-d'or into his snuff-box whenever it came to his turn to preside over the money department; he was found out by another *employé* asking him casually for a pinch of snuff, and seeing the money gleam in the gaslight. These croupiers are the most extraordinary race of men it is possible to conceive. They seem to unite the stoicism of the American Indian to the politeness of the Frenchman of the *ancien régime*. They are never seen to smile, and wear the same impassive countenance whether the banque is gaining or losing. In fact, what do they care as long as their salary is regularly paid? They seem to fear neither God nor man: for when a shock of the earthquake was felt at Wisbaden in 1847, though all the company fled in terror, they remained grimly at their posts, preferring to go down to their patron saints with their rouleaux, as an evidence of their fidelity to their employer. Perhaps, though, they regarded the earthquake as a preconcerted scheme to rob the banque, the only danger they are apprehensive of. You may beat them, and yet they smite not again; for when a young Englishman, of high repute and bearing an honourable name, vented his rage at losing by breaking a rake at Baden-Baden over the croupier's head, he merely turned round and beckoned to the attendant gendarme to remove him and the pieces, and then went on with his parrot-like "rouge gagne—couleur perd."

The most amusing thing to any philosophical frequenter of the rooms, is to see the sudden gyrations of fortune's wheel. One gentleman at Baden-Baden, a Russian, was so elated after an unparalleled run of good fortune, that he went out and ordered a glorious feed for himself and friends at the restauration; but during the interval, while dinner was preparing, he thought he would go back and win a little more. His good fortune, however, had deserted him, and he lost not only all his winnings, but every florin he was possessed of, so he was compelled to countermand the dinner. On the arrival of his remittances, determined not to be baulked of his repast this time by want of funds, he paid for a spread for twelve beforehand; but his luck was very bad, and he actually

went back to the restaurateur, and, after some negotiation, sold him the dinner back at half-price. The money he received was, of course, very speedily lost. Another, a student of Heidelberg, won at a sitting 970 florins, but disdaining to retire without a round thousand, he tempted fortune too long, and lost it all back, as well as his own money. The most absurd thing was, that not having any friends in Baden, he was driven to return "per pedes" to his university, a distance of more than 100 miles. It is a very rare occurrence for the banque to be broken, though the newspapers state that such a thing happened three times at Baden-Baden during the present season,—a statement which we are inclined to place in the same category with the wonderful showers of frogs and gigantic cabbages which happen so opportunely to fill any vacant corner. When, however, it really takes place, the rooms are only closed for an hour or two, and the play soon commences again.

The most painful incident is, the frequency of suicides during the season, any account of which Monsieur Benazet, for obvious reasons, prevents reaching the public. When anything of the sort occurs, the place most commonly selected for the tragedy is a summer-house a little way out of the town, on the road to the Alt Schloss, whence the poor victim can take a last lingering look on the scene of his ruin. One young man, in our time, attempted to blow out his brains at the roulette-table, but was fortunately prevented, and a fortnight's detention in the House of Correction very much cooled his ardour for making a "dem'd disgusting body" of himself. Indeed, it has ever been a passion with your Frenchmen to cause a scene when dying: they would not give a "thank you" to cut their throats in private.

On the 31st of October, the day on which the rooms close for the season, an immense quantity of players throng to the Kursaal; for though they have withstood temptation for so long a time, they cannot possibly suffer the season to go past without making one trial. On the 1st of November, those birds of ill-omen, the croupiers, set out to hybernise in Paris, and the rooms are closed, not to be reopened till the 1st of May.

It has long been a question most difficult of decision whether, leaving morality entirely out of sight, the watering-places of Germany are benefited or injured by the continuance of gambling. We are inclined to the latter opinion; for, though it may be said that it brings a deal of money into circulation, yet your true gambler is a most unsocial and inhospitable fellow, and one of the worst visitors an hotel-keeper can have. Besides encouraging, as they do, all the riffraff of Europe to pay periodical visits to Germany, they thereby prevent many respectable persons from settling in that country; for any wife or mother who has the interests of her family at heart, would fly from a place where gambling is allowed, as from a pest-house. At the same time, a very lax tone prevails in these towns, and every finer feeling is blunted—in many cases irreparably—by constant association with hard-hearted, callous, and unscrupulous gamblers. That this was a view taken by the more enlightened of the Germans, is proved by the fact that the parliament of Frankfort decided on the abolition of all gambling-houses by a considerable majority, but unfortunately there was no time to carry such a salutary measure into effect. Had it been otherwise, the Regents in all probability would, through very shame, have hesitated in giving their assent to the re-establishment of such a crying evil.

THE SEA-SIDE RECREATIONS OF MR. JOLLY GREEN.

CHAPTER I.

I RETIRE TO A QUIET WATERING-PLACE.

CIRCUMSTANCES of a painful nature, into the details of which I may be excused if I do not enter—though I dare say they are as fresh in the recollection of the public as in my own—having induced me to withdraw from the metropolis in the middle of last summer, I retired for a short time to the sea-side, to recruit my exhausted faculties and restore the tone of a constitution somewhat shaken by recent occurrences.

The spot which I selected was a mild kind of watering-place on the coast of S—ss—x, which, for reasons of State, I shall only partially designate, as the meditations which occupied me during a part of my stay had so intimate a bearing on the future prosperity of my native land, that a premature disclosure of what my thoughts were might possibly be detrimental to the maturity of my plans. My reason for fixing my temporary abode at W—rth—ng was, partly because I have a species of ancestral claim on the county, my grandfather having been born there, and partly because I was personally unknown to any individual in the place.

It was something, I felt, to tread upon the soil which my grandsire's foot had pressed—something also to be able to take refuge in a retreat where the clamour of the multitude found no echo. I was weary, as well I might be, of popular applause, and yearned for the solitude which waits upon a judicious *incognito*. Had I worn the old family surcoat in which my renowned ancester, Roger de Greyne, fell, fighting beside the Black Prince, at the battle of Marston Moor; had I spread my *penoncelle* to the blast, embroidered with the arms of my house, by the fair hands of Jacqueline de Cornichon, my great-great-grandaunt (who, of course, came over with the Conqueror); had I even nailed my card on one of my boxes, I know full well what the consequences would have been.

A deputation of the principal inhabitants of W—th—ng, headed by the mayor and borseholders, the high-water-bailiff and other functionaries, would have been in attendance at the railway station, to invite me to a public dinner and present me with the freedom of the town, and, very probably, invite me to stand for the representation on the first vacancy, or, at furthest, at the dissolution of parliament. I should have been besieged by admiring crowds during the whole of my stay; my time would have been engrossed by getting up speeches and delivering them; my political and social opinions would have been torn to pieces in the daily leaders of the *Times;* I should have been denounced by one party as too aristocratic, by another as too ultra-republican; in short, I should have led the life of a K—ss—th or a C—bd—n, of a dog with a kettle tied to his tail, or a fellow in perpetual hot water.

To obviate all these inconveniences, I determined to adopt the strictest *incognito*, and, as the passport system does not prevail in this land of freedom, I was at liberty to assume any name I chose; and, accordingly, shrouded my blazing patronymic under the ignoble *sobriquet* of Brown,

and buried my baptismal appellation beneath the quiet and gentlemanlike designation of Plantagenet. That my secret might be religiously kept I took with me none of my retinue, not even my faithful dog Growler, whose very bark might have betrayed me; and merely desiring my butler, old faithful Blithers, to direct my letters to the care of P. Brown, Esq., post-office, W—th—ng, till called for, I took a tearful farewell of my household, and, throwing myself into a cab, drove off to the S—th E—st—n Railway Station, from whence I was speedily borne to my destination by a special train, another of my careful precautions.

Having thus completely cut off the trail—as we sportsmen say—I felt that I was once more a free agent, and gave myself up without control to the delights of a dual existence. I could now, like the Caliph Haroun Al-raschid, walk abroad in the name of Brown and listen unrestrained to the glowing eulogiums which men would pronounce upon the celebrated Jolly Green, and if a blush arose to tinge my swarthy cheek or mantle on my sunburnt forehead, the world would still be ignorant of the cause of that emotion. I could not help inwardly smiling—it may be with a shade of bitterness—when I engaged a suite of apartments at "Ocean Cottage," to hear the landlady address me, for the first time, as Mr. Brown.

"Who," said I to myself, as I ruminated, cow-like, over my destiny:

—— "who would read in that name
The high soul of the son of a long line,—
Who, in this garb——"

(I wore a Prince of Wales's black-glazed straw hat and pilot-jacket)—

—— "the heir of prince lands,
Who in this——"

(not "sunken" and "sickly" but)

—— "careless, jovial eye, the pride
Of rank and ancestry?"

It was altogether a case of Werner Redivivus, except that he had no money in his pocket and I had plenty, and that he plunged into obscurity to save himself from the clutches of Bohemian bailiffs or Silesian sheriffs'-officers, whereas my seclusion was for the sole purpose of avoiding popular ovations.

Yet although I had no reason to doubt the impenetrability of my disguise, it was not without a slight sensation of nervousness that I entered the reading-rooms on the esplanade of W—rth—ng, to which I became an immediate subscriber; nor was it without a certain tremor that I took up the *S—ss—x Adv—rt—s—r*, whose lynx-eyed fashionable reporter would, I feared, have unearthed me in my lonely lair. But, strangely enough, though—of course—greatly to my satisfaction, my arrival was unnoticed either by the whisperings loungers of "the establishment" or the Argus of the county paper.

What a hollow mockery is the breath of popular favour! Not four-and-twenty hours before, and I stood within the walls of a police-office, the cynosure of every eye for a deed of daring without a name, and now—having taken the magistrate's advice and left London—only sixty miles apart and a day scarcely gone by—and no one appeared to know, no one seemed to heed the gap in society which my absence had caused.

"Welcome, then," I exclaimed, "the obscurity of Brown! a better name had been thrown away on the boors of S—ss—x!"

It soon, indeed, became quite clear to me that, unless I exercised a good deal of discretion—which, fortunately, I possess in an eminent degree, though I am sure it is not necessary for me to say so—the name of Brown would probably very soon efface the recollection of every other in the good town of W—rth—ng.

It could not but be satisfactory for me to witness the eagerness with which my appearance on the esplanade was hailed every morning; how anxious the rival bathing firms of Dipps and Limpet—both of them "The Original"—were to secure my patronage; how solicitous the weather-beaten owners of the *Sea-Lark*, the *Skimmer*, and the *Sky-Scraper*, were to engage me to sail with them on every occasion; how warmly the donkey-boys saluted me, offering me their choicest animals; how politely the flymen requested me to engage their vehicles by the day or hour! Nor was it less agreeable to me to notice how that portion of the fair sex, to whom are confided the out-of-doors' education of infants—the race of nursery maids, in fact—how they used to titter and glance unutterable things, as I paced along the pebbly promenade. I might even go further and tell how their mistresses—but no, not a breath shall escape my lips to cloud for an instant the fair fame of the S—ss—x matrons.

I may just as well describe the costume I generally wore when not rigged for buffeting the yeasty waves with my brawny arm, or ploughing the briny ooze beneath my clipper's keel.

It consisted of a purple coat bound with scarlet braid, with narrow white stripes, three and three, cut well into the shape; white trousers with a scarlet stripe down the outside seams; brown hat lined with green (symbolical some will say), and bound with scarlet; white cambric handkerchief, with a deep crimson body; cream-coloured gloves; violet silk neckhandkerchief *semé* with golden bees; and, to complete my turn-out, glazed boots with scarlet heels.

The marine inhabitants of W—rth—ng must have been more or less than man or woman if they had seen me approach them without sensation. I am perfectly convinced that they knew I was, to a certain extent, masquerading, and the proof of it was that the boatmen, the flymen, the donkey-boys, the bathing-men, and all the young ladies at Miss Coachman's library, invariably saluted me by the title of "Captain." The fact is that since the days of Coriolanus no great man has ever succeeded in disguising himself so completely as altogether to escape detection. Something of the ore *will* shine through the earthiest envelope, let one do what one may.

It may readily be imagined that, with my energy and enterprise, I did not confine my operations to the promenade or the library. I had not come to the sea-shore, like Julius Cæsar, merely to fill my pocket with oyster-shells. I meditated other trophies, and it was not long before I set out in pursuit of them.

The first thing I did was to provide myself with a couple of good telescopes—one for day and one for night—which I got, a great bargain, only ten pounds each, from a retired preventive-service man, who, having become nearly blind from being constantly on the look-out, had no further occasion for them. An excellent fellow was Bill Smirker, and

many a long yarn he used to spin to me as he sat smoking his pipe on the bottom of a boat turned upside down on the beach, about a stone's throw from the Salutation public-house, just handy enough for me to send now and then for a glass of gin-grog to moisten the old seaman's clay. It was the only thing, the poor fellow said, that "*seemed* to do him good" after the hardships he had gone through, one of which, as he told me in confidence, was his abrupt dismissal from the coast-guard on a most unfounded charge, that of being addicted to the use of ardent spirits when on duty.

"I defies any man," he used to observe to me—"I defies any man, let him be the first leeftenant his-self, to prove that he ever see me the worse of liquor; them as takes they fancies into their heads, which its inferiors in rank they auleys practyses upon, is sure to be a bit cranky theirselves; ain't it so, Cap'n—you've seen the world and you knows it. Here's *towards* your good health! As to ardent spirits I dont't know such a thing. What I takes I auleys mixes—dyloote it with water, like this here—that's my plan."

This was perfectly true as I could myself bear witness, and it used to make my blood boil with indignation when I reflected on the condition of this poor victim of official tyranny. However, I did my best to alleviate its effects, and I seldom parted from the veteran without bestowing on him a substantial proof of my sympathy; and this I will say for him, he never seemed weary of telling me his artless tale, and always made the same imposing asseverations. Bill Smirker was a thoroughly practical man, and convinced me of the fact every time I saw him, for though not quite certain of the beneficial effects of the gin-grog, he never flinched from the experiment of testing its efficacy. Such men, happily for the British nation, are not rare amongst our "old salts." Without them, indeed, how could our wooden walls be manned?

But Bill Smirker was not the only authority whom I consulted in my thirst for maritime information. There was another hardy tar, a relation of his, whom—with that object in view—I indeed took into my pay. It is a singular fact, by-the-by, how widely spread the tie of relationship always is amongst the poorer classes at a watering-place. Every one seems to be connected in some way or other. The donkey-master marries his cousin, the daughter of the red bathing machines, and her uncle, who goes shrimping, is the father-in-law of the woman who sells fowls and mushrooms, her brother being the driver of the fly that stands opposite the Hope and Anchor, kept by the donkey-master's nephew. This is a curious statistical fact which ought not to be concealed from the Registrar-General. To return, however, to my narrative.

Bill Smirker's relative—the particular one of whom I speak—was a hardy son of Ocean, named Thomas—or, as he was more familiarly called—Tom Capstan. He had followed the profession of the sea, he told me, ever since he was a boy "not half the height, nor much thicker about the waist, than a marlin-spike," though I confess that definition did not convey to me a very clear idea of what the faithful Thomas resembled. He had seen a great variety of service,—quite remarkable indeed, considering his age, which could hardly be more than five-and-thirty. Here is his own account of one of the adventures of his surprisingly chequered career:

"You see, sir—I begs your pardon, Cap'n," said Tom, giving his trousers the true nautical hitch, and pulling the end of a long curl that straggled over his manly forehead,—"you see, Cap'n, this was how it was. My parents—poor folks, but respectable tho'f they was poor—couldn't afford to make a gentl'min of me—there was eleven on us, and I was the youngest, warn't I, Bill?—you seed us all in our cradles."

"Ay, ay," replied Smirker, without taking his pipe out of his mouth, "that's true enough. I did—you was."

"Well," continued Tom, freshening up like a sou'-wester coming on (my own idea), "as they couldn't make me a mitchitman, and as the sea was to be my wocation, the first thing as they done was to clap me into one of these here fishin' boats arter mackrel, or whitin', or what-not. This lasted till I was twelve years old when I was prest and went afore the mast. There I staid till I was rated a able seaman on board the *Callyopy* which I was cap'n of a gun when took by three French friggets arter a yardarm and yardarm fight for nineteen hours, the cap'n and two of the leeftenants, besides the purser, the carpenter's mate, and ninety-five of the crew being killed, and all the rest sewerely wounded, and taken into Brest, where we was all clapped into the bilboes, or bangyoes, or whatever be French for a pris'n."

"You fought to the last, then, my fine fellow," exclaimed, I, kindling.

"We did our dooty, sir, as Brittish seamen ought for to do," replied Tom,—"I fell at my gun with a boardin'-pike clean through my body and my skull split open by one of the mounseer's cutlaces, but I didn't lose my senses for all that, for just as they was agoing to toss me over into the deep to feed the sherks, 'Avast heavin',' says I,—and as they found I warn't dead they took me pris'ner, and steering noath-west-by-noath-half noath, with just a pint or two free, the three friggets made all sail with their prize in tow. If I'd had the use of my limms and could have crorled as fur as the magazine I know what I'd ha' done. Blest if all on us shouldn't ha' gone sky-high! Hows'ever, that warn't to be, and, as I said before, we was shopped in Brest, and when my wownds was healed they set me to work on the fortifycations along with about ten more of my shipmets. The French are crule fellers, sir!—I dar' say I'd a matter o' twenty pun' weight of iron on my preshus limms, and I warnt the worst off neither, but for all that we was forced to work just as if we'd been free. Well, sir, one day when we was a rollin' some blocks of stone, pretty nigh as big as the hull of that boat as you're a sittin' on, Smirker, I spied a wessel in the offin', and I know'd by her figur'-head, tho' she was a' most hull-down when I see her first, that she was English. So I give the word to my shipmets in an under tone, and so soon as the sentry's back was turned down to the beach, we scuttled just like a lot of lively turtle, and into the sea we plunged to make our escape."

The daring seaman paused at this point of his story to dash away the big drops that trickled from his brow, took a pull at the glass which Smirker held out without speaking, and then, eyeing me attentively—for he noticed the emotion which I could not conceal—proceeded:

"When the sentry saw that we was off, bang goes his musket, and bang—bang—goes twenty more a minnit arterwards, and out comes the whole ridgemint and fires away as fast as they could prime and load, and we a swimmin' away for dear life. They wasn't content with small arms,

but they opened a battery of ninety-six pounders on us,—double-shotted, too, they was."

"And did they hit any of your gallant companions?" demanded I, eagerly.

"I'm grieved to say it, sir," said the manly fellow, burying his knuckles for a moment in his bony orbits,—"but I was the only one that got safe off. The rest of my comrids was shot down man by man, as soon as the 'tillery had got the range, and if I hadn't kept divin' like a shag or a guillemot, my head would have been knocked off as clean as a snuff-box at Greenwich fair."

"And did not the weight of your shackles impede your movements?" I asked.

"I'm free to say, sir," returned Tom, frankly, "they did. Howsever, I got on somehow, tho' p'r'aps I should never have reached the ship if she hadn't heard the firing, and stood in to see what it was all about. As soon as she was within hail, when I must have swum about four mile and a quarter,—it warn't over that—I lifted my head, and 'Ship, a-hoy!' I shouts as loud as I could. Well, they sees me, and up goes their enson, —the old rag, sir,—and out I strikes and meets the jollyboat half-way, and they hauls me in and has me aboard in no time. The wessel, sir, was a British privateer from down by Dartmouth,—*The Wasp*, one hunderd and forty-two tons admeasurement, seven men and a boy, two short carronades abaft the mainmast, and one stern-chaser, a six-pounder, —John Luff commander. Nothin' could ever shake the particklers of that wessel out of my mem'ry, if I was to live a hunderd year! I a'most think I'm a standin' on her quarter-deck now, the impression on my mind is so wivid! But what am I a doin' of? Belay and haul taut,—helm hard down! I must be joggin', Cap'n. What a blessed arternoon for fishin';—there aint a cat's-paw on the water! Just ezackly the weather for gettin' a sight of the old one-eyed conger that you've heerd me tell on, cap'n. I've plenty of strong hooks and lines ready,—won't you come, sir?"

I was so stirred by the exciting narrative I had just heard, that, overcoming a slight sensation of uneasiness which had hitherto deterred me from excursions of this nature, I at once gave in my adhesion, and, expressing my readiness to take my first lesson in deep-sea fishing, followed him down to the water's edge.

Chapter II.

I go out conger-fishing.

I ought perhaps to have stated that the conversation which I have just recorded took place after I had been about a fortnight at W—rth—ng, when I had already made some progress in a negotiation, under Mr. Capstan's auspices, for the purchase of a yacht that had greatly taken my fancy, the property of an uncle of his, but which the owner evinced no inclination to part with, unless, indeed, he should be strongly tempted by the figure I was willing to offer.

She was—landsmen will excuse me if I speak technically—a clean, copper-rigged, water-tight, trim, fore-and-aft craft, sailed well upon her

beam-ends with two jibs, a lug, a spanker-boom, and a gaff-tawpsle, was dingey-built, had a splendid list to port, wore up into the wind's-eye at the slightest touch of the tiller, was as sharp as an arrow abaft the binnacle, and had a tremendous shear. Tom said she would have beaten the *America* all to nothing, only give her fair play, plenty of sea-room, and a four-and-twenty knot breeze. He gave me to understand that she had formerly been employed in the sm—ggl—ng line, and, on that account, was called *The Tub*. I confess that this fact influenced me more than anything else, for I thought what a spurt it would be, in times like these, when there is such a want of excitement, if I could "run" a few ankers myself some moonlight night—at the risk, even, of a brush with the coastguard. In the mean time, while the purchase was pending, Capstan's uncle, Mr. Cutwater, obligingly allowed me to have the use of her—on trial, as it were—though of course I handsomely remunerated the crew whenever I took advantage of his offer.

"*The Tub*, sir," said Tom to me one day, when I had been asking him what he thought would be a fair price to give for her, "*The Tub*, sir, tho' she's small—nine tons is the outside of her admeasurement—is worth her weight, I won't say in gold, for few vessels is, but I'll stand to it she's worth her weight in silver—to them as knows how to handle her. If I'd two hundred and twenty pounds of my own I know what I'd do, I'd lay that money down for her, and when I'd got her, if so be as her owner parted with her for sich a sum, I'd jest clap a new figger-head on her—your's now, cap'n, would be just the thing—and I'd henter agin the werry best in the yot club, to sail round the Wight, or Europe for that matter. But don't you go for to be guided by what I say, becos as Master Cutwater's my uncle you may 'spose that I'm a interested party. You jist judge for yerself. You knows wot's wot as well as any man. Blest if ever I seed a gent as hadn't been brought up to the sea pick it all up so quick as you do."

There certainly was no denying this fact. I *did* get along surprisingly. However, as I felt convinced that Tom was speaking sincerely, I told him I would put the affair in his hands, and if he could get me *The Tub* for a couple of hundred pounds, I'd give him ten per cent. on the purchase as a *douceur*. He fought shy of the thing at first, and vowed he wouldn't touch a penny of my money, but at last he yielded to my representations and, though he had, he said, a good deal of difficulty in persuading old Cutwater to sell the craft, succeeded at last in buying her for the sum I had named, so that, in point of fact, the *buonomano* that I gave to Tom didn't after all come out of my pocket—the vessel being worth, in his opinion, two hundred and twenty.

As soon as the purchase was effected, I had her, by Tom's advice, brought into dock—that is to say, hauled up high and dry on the beach, for there are no docks at W—rth—ng—to have her bottom examined; and after Tom had fairly surveyed her, he reported to me, that when the limpets were all scrubbed off her hull, and her timbers had been made all right with a nail or two and a few coats of tar, there wouldn't be a better sea-going boat on the coast. Her sails and spars, he added, were a little the worse for wear and tear—a proof of her having weathered a few stiffish gales—but they could be easily replaced; so I gave him a

carte blanche to make all straight on board *The Tub*, and he set to work with "a will," as they say at Portsmouth and Sheerness.

While these operations were going on—or, rather, during the intervals of paying the vessel off with pitch, and letting her dry in the sun—Tom Capstan pursued his usual occupations, and it was in consequence of fishing being a part of his calling that he proposed to me to witness the sport.

There being, as Tom had observed, no wind, we were obliged to make use of a row-boat, in the "starn-sheets" of which I took my place, while Capstan and the boat-keeper—a cousin of his, a young man with a very red face and neck, and bright-yellow hair, whom he called "mate"—seated themselves "amidships," and took the oars. There was a boy, too, named Jack, a nephew of Smirker, who sat "forrard," and completed the crew.

"If we'd had ever so little wind this arternoon," said Capstan, when we had got about a hundred yards from the shore, and I began to manage the tiller rather dexterously—"if we'd only had a capful, I should have said 'whitin'' or 'mack'rel,' for it's a gentle motion as doos best for they fish to take the bait—a leetle *towards* you, sir, if you please, that keeps her away nicely—they seems to be following on it a swimmin'. But when I see the sea like glass, and I don't b'lieve there'll be much wind to-night, leastways between this and sundown—what do you say, mate? you don't think so neither—away from you, sir; that brings her to; you're good at the helm, cap'n, you can turn her round—then, thinks I, now's the time for congerin'—steady, sir; right fore and aft; keep her end on with your elber—so—if the cap'n wants to see what fun is."

"What sort of a—a—a thing," said I, "*is* a conger? I don't happen to know—exactly."

"What! didn't you never see a conger, sir? It's a sort of a great big heel."

"Do you mean an eel?" I asked, correcting him quietly.

"Well, sir, a neel, if you likes to call un so. We calls 'em heels here away. Take care, sir, with that 'ere tiller; if you alue the boat round that way, no oars can keep her straight."

I saw that Tom, who had rather a hasty temper, was slightly irritated at my correction of his pronunciation, or he wouldn't have alluded in that way to my mode of steering. However, I spoke soothingly, for the crew were three to one, and my foot was *not* "on my native heath."

"And how large," I inquired, "are these animals?"

"The general run," said Tom, who had recovered his temper, "is from four to five foot long, and about as big round as that boy Jack's thigh. But the old feller as lives in the rocks where we're a goin' to is ten foot long if he be a inch, and as thick as my body—ain't he, mate?"

"Thicker," said Tom's yellow-headed cousin.

"God bless me!" I exclaimed. "Why, he must be a marine boa-constrictor!—quite a—a—sea-serpent! Is it—altogether—safe—to disturb him?"

"Oh no, he ain't no boar, sir, nor no sarpent, that ever I heerd on; he's nothin' but a heel. He's preshus strong, though, and it takes good tackle to hold un; but I never know'd of his doin' anyone a mischief, not

of his own head, though he could, p'raps, if he'd a mind? What do you say, mate?"

"He'd take a feller's leg off if he got it between his jaws," observed the yellow-headed one, coolly.

"I heerd tell that he once bit a man in two," shouted Jack, who had been listening with avidity to the account of this brute of a conger. "My mother told me so."

"Did she?" said Tom. "Well, that may or may *not* be. I don't mean to say it aint, and I don't mean to say it is. Congers is wappin' big things, and the way they holds on when they feels the hook is somethin' surprisin'; but if ever a conger *could* swoller a man—you said swoller I b'lieve, mate?—oh, 'leg off,' that was it, was it?—well, this here's the one to do it. He's grey with hage, cap'n—a hunderd year old for what I know—but his witality and lissumness is wonderfle. And then what a eye he has! He can see as much out of that as most folks can out of two."

"Ah! and more," said the mate, who seemed to have even a greater notion than Tom of the conger's capabilities.

"Do you mean to say," I asked, "that this monster has only got one eye?"

"That's all, Cap'n," returned Tom.

"Was he laid—that is—born so?"

"Lord bless your heart, sir, not a bit of it. He lost it thro' a boat-hook—about five year ago, warn't it, mate?"

"Four," said the yellow-headed one. "He took the boat-hook clean down with him into his hole. It didn't come out agin for ever so long, and when it did, 'twas only the shaft as was found floatin'. People *do* suppose that the iron's still somewheres in his head, but he don't seem none the wuss for it."

If it were not perfectly well known to the world that I am thoroughly lion-hearted, it might be supposed that I quailed at the thoughts of an adventure with a creature so formidable as these men described this conger to be. But, though that was not precisely the case, I admit that I did not altogether relish the prospect before me, for after all, as Shylock says, a boat is only made of wood, and may be upset, and in a struggle with a monster ten feet long, nothing seemed more likely. Had it been on dry land I should have cared nothing for the conger, but would have snapped my fingers in its face as readily as looked at it; but the case was different when the thing was in its native element and I was out of mine. However, it didn't do to express any doubts on the subject, as I saw that the crew looked to me for an example, so I smiled carelessly, and the only observation I made was, "Pull away, my hearties!"—the words which, if I remember rightly, were used by Nelson at the battle of the Boyne.

Still, as we drew near the scene of action, I thought there would be nothing derogatory to my manhood if I made inquiry as to the most feasible mode of capturing the conger, and I asked Capstan how he proposed to set about it.

"Why, sir," he answered, "the best way will be to reckonyter him a bit before we shows him the line."

"The line!" said I. "Then I fancy you mean to try him with a fly.

What kind do you use—the May fly, the red hackle, or the grey Palmer? These are all good," I added, with an air that was intended to make Tom aware I was not ignorant of the appliances of fly-fishing.

The poor fellow, however, did not appear to understand me, for he paused from his rowing and stared me very hard in the face, without speaking. At last he said:

"Lord bless your heart, this 'ere conger never see a fly in his life, much less swaller'd one. When I says 'a line,' I means summut as one might move a rev'noo cutter with, and as for a hook, the flukes of that there anchor wouldn't be strong enough to hold *him*!"

I saw at once the impossibility of tying a fly under such circumstances.

"What bait, then, do you use?" I asked. "Wouldn't a Bath bun, now, be a good thing? I've tried the fish in the Serpentine with that, and they seemed to like it very much."

"A bun!" said Tom, hastily; "well if——" But what he was going to say he stopped short in, and went on somewhat slower. "The best bait is a nice bit of dogfish, about the size of the palm of your hand, doubled well round the hook. Congers likes that. When dogfish ain't to be had, which is our cas now, I gives him the tail of a mack'rel."

"Don't you think," said I, "that it would have been a good plan to have brought some harpoons? That's the way they catch whales."

"That may be," replied Tom, "but harpoons wouldn't be of no use here. Congers ain't like whales; they ain't got no sich surface to expose. You couldn't find where to bury one in a conger; they never shows nothing as they can't help."

"What do you say to a landing-net?" I observed, resolved to let Capstan see that I was, at all events, a good fresh-water sailor.

"I'd just as soon try to net a sherk as a conger!" exclaimed Tom. "Why, one riggle of his backbone would break all the meshes as ever was made. But come, mate," he continued, turning his head over his shoulder, and addressing his yellow-headed cousin, "we must give way if we're to get a sight of the conger this arternoon."

The two men, accordingly, bent over their oars, till their faces were quite red with fatigue; and Capstan exerted himself so much, that, from the sounds he emitted from his throat, I feared he was throwing himself into convulsions, and advised him to moderate his ardour.

"Oh, never fear, sir," said the honest fellow, laughing hysterically; "it's only hiccups. They does me good when I'm at work." And he laughed again at his own weakness in the most light-hearted manner possible.

After about twenty minutes more of hard rowing, Capstan gave a signal to his companion, and they rested on their oars, the boat still shooting along with the way they had given her.

"We're close upon the ground now," said Tom. "You see, sir, the water's gettin' more shallerer; it's where the rocks begins. There's a shoal just hereaway where they ketches the prawns and lobsters. Hand in the oars, mate; we'll just unship the rudder, Cap'n, and scull a bit. Here, you boy Jack, come aft, and lend a hand!"

The word "scull" surprised me, but the mystery was presently explained, by the boy seizing one of the oars, which he thrust over the

stern of the boat, and began wriggling it right and left in the water, just as a cat wriggles its tail. It seems that this process, called "sculling," imparts an onward movement to the vessel to which the invention is applied. It is a very useful discovery, and ought to be patented; if not, the French will be sure to get hold of it, and then they may cross the Channel any night they please, without the slightest fear of making a noise—if they can only hold their tongues.

While the boy was sculling, Tom went into the bow of the boat, and his mate pulled out from beneath the place where he sat several strong lines and hooks—not near so thick and large, however, as they had given me reason to expect—and began to bait them with the mackarels' tails.

"Hold hard, Jack," exclaimed Capstan, after he had attentively surveyed the water for a few minutes, "we're close upon his harnt now. There, you keep her steady, that's all. Just step this way, sir; take care of that thawt; keep off from the side, sir; lend a harm, mate—that's you, sir; there you are."

It is no slight stroke of seamanship, I can assure any landsman, to pass safely from the stern-sheets to the bow of a boat when she is in motion. It requires an extremely nice eye, the foot of a cragsman, and the nerve of a chamois-hunter; without these requisites, few can do it properly. The stupid mate nearly threw me off my balance by his interference, but, in spite of his officiousness, I reached the spot where Capstan stood.

"Do you see him?" said I, eagerly, for the glow of anticipative combat was kindling in my veins; "do you see him?"

"Not exackly, sir," replied Tom, peering over the gunhole, as the edge of a boat is called. "What was that? I'm blest if I don't think I see his tail just there, up among them seaweeds. There he goos—right into his hole under that 'ere rock."

I looked anxiously in the direction in which Capstan pointed, but, though I am tolerably sharp-sighted, I failed to discover any traces of the creature, and I expressed myself to that effect.

"Ah, sir, they're uncommon swift is congers," was Tom's reply, "unless you happens to be used to 'em, it's not easy even to say you see 'em when they hides themselves like this'n."

"You are sure he is in his hole, Tom?" said I.

"Sure on it, sir," he answed, unhesitatingly.

"How will you get him out? Poke him up, hey, and then make him eat the bait, is that it?"

"If we know'd where to poke him, cap'n, that might answer, but congers is werry sly creturs, werry sly indeed they is. He's a watchin' on us now at this blessed minnit I'll be bound, with that there one eye of his. We must inweagle him, that's what we must do. Hand the cap'n a line, mate. Now, sir, you just turn one end on't round this 'ere tholepin to make all fast, and drop the line into the water, keeping a few coils in your left hand to play him with after he's taken the bait—but when once you has him, whatever you do, don't let go."

I followed his directions, and, fixing my eyes attentively on the rocks, waited for the appearance of the conger. Tom and his mate also lowered

their lines, and there we sat, three as determined men as ever spliced the mainbrace.

Fishing is a very pleasant thing, when you have plenty of sport, but when you haven't, I am free to confess that I think it rather slow. For upwards of half an hour we remained silent and motionless, except a little bobbing up and down to make the bait appear lively, but though I managed my part of the business admirably, the conger never stirred.

"Perhaps he has had his supper," I suggested, "and isn't hungry!"

Tom put his left hand horizontally above his eyes, and had what he called "a bright look-out to the west'ard."

"No, sir," he said, after a pause; "that 'ere conger's supper's not yet cooked; they never eats nothin' much afore sun down; it wants a good bit of that yet."

"How long will he be, do you think, before he comes out?" I inquired, for I was beginning to get a little tired of doing nothng.

"That's altogether onsartin', sir, it depends on his temper; they've a deal of temper has congers. I've watched 'em myself for eight and forty hours of a stretch, and never see nothin' at all, tho' I know'd they was there as true as I knows that this'n a list'nin' to what we're sayin' now."

"I've sot longer nor that," observed the yellow-headed mate, "and never caught nothin' but the roomatticks."

"At that rate," said I, "we shall go back no wiser than we set out."

Tom answered, with a singular kind of smile,

"Oh yes, Cap'n, somethin's auleys to be larnt, whatsomnever one doos. I see summot a stirrin' them weeds agen; did'nt you, mate? Keep the boat off a bit, boy, to the edge of that 'ere rock. Rise your line a little, Cap'n. Now lower him agen. Steady."

But while he was offering me this unnecessary advice, I took a course of my own. The conger, I was assured, was hidden somewhere in the rocks. Now if the brute was obstinate, and wouldn't come out to eat, the only way was to make him. It was useless offering him a mackerel's tail for supper if he hadn't any appetite. "I'll tickle it for him," thought I; and while Capstan's head was turned to give some directions about the boat, I raised the bait to the surface of the water, tore it off, and quickly sunk my line, which was heavily leaded, amongst the rocks, where I jerked it about in every direction, feeling pretty confident that I should get hold of him that way, if he was to be had at all. Nor was my expectation disappointed. I had not flourished my arm half a dozen times before I felt a sudden tug.

"I have him!" I exclaimed. "Now then!" And remembering Capstan's instructions not to let go, and grasping the line with both hands, I pulled away with all my might. "He's confoundedly strong," I cried, after struggling for some time, now slackening a little, and then making "taut," as I had been advised. "He's a tremendous fellow! I shall hardly be able to haul him on board."

"Let me keep him steady for you, while you take breath, sir," said Tom, whose glee at my success was quite irrepressible. Indeed, this genial feeling was shared by every one in the boat.

"No!" I replied, resolutely; "what my right hand has struck, my right hand shall bring captive to my feet. Stand by with the boat-

hook, if you like, and poke out his other eye when I get him out of the water. Now for it." And, bending all my muscles to the effort, I set one knee on the gunhole of the boat, and strove with might and main to drag the monster from his den.

A moment more and I should have been successful, for, as Capstan told me afterwards, the brute was all but vanquished, when, unfortunately, the line, incapable of sustaining the two-fold strain, snapped right in two; and, such was the violence of the recoil, that, before I could recover my equilibrium, I was plunged backwards, head over heels, into the ocean! I have only an indistinct recollection of what followed. There was a rush of waters all around me, lights danced in my eyes, strange noises filled my ears, and the sole sense of consciousness which, I think, I possessed, was the dread, not so much of being drowned, as of being devoured by my infuriated antagonist. Nor was this fear an unfounded one, for as I was rising to the surface I felt a smart stroke on my collar-bone, accompanied by a grating noise—the conger's triple row of teeth, no doubt, endeavouring to tear me; and after that I remember nothing till I found myself lying on my back in the bottom of the boat, and Tom Capstan, looking as pale as a sheet, trying to pour some brandy down my throat.

"It was lucky for you, sir," he said, as soon as I was a little recovered, "that I had the boat-hook handy, and caught you by the collar, or you might have gone down agen, and got 'tangled among the weeds."

"Did you see the—the—the serp—the hippop—the boa—the conger, I mean—did you see him come out at me?" I gaspingly inquired.

"See him, sir! ah, I think we did, too—didn't us, mate?" asked Capstan.

"I shan't never see sich another," responded the yellow-headed one.

"I think," said I, "that he couldn't have given me so much trouble if he hadn't—somehow—twisted his tail round the trunks of some of the—the submarine trees that grow down there."

"Summut of that sort, sir," replied Capstan. "I'm sure you couldn't have hooked him firmer *if you'd got hold of the very rocks theirselves!* But bless me, Cap'n, you're oncommon wet—and the sky's changing. I shouldn't wonder if we was to have some dirty weather if we don't make haste back."

This remark put us all on the *qui vive*, and the men set to work in good earnest to reach the shore, which, after an hour's hard pulling they accomplished, not, however, before the sea had made a victim—after its usual fashion—of the indomitable Jolly Green.

Chapter III.

I plan an expedition.

For a short time after this adventure I was not in much humour to tempt the sea again, and, indeed, I was hardly fit for hard work, my collar-bone being still very stiff and painful. When I examined the place afterwards, in the secrecy of my own chamber, I could distinctly trace the mark of one of the conger's teeth, extending from the nape of the neck to the point of the shoulder. It was just as if I had been scored by a boat-hook, or some such instrument, and fully satisfied me that there had been no exaggeration on the part of Capstan and his companion, when

they described the size of the monster. Reasoning, indeed, from analogy *à la Cuvier*, who, when Buffon gave him a hair of the dog that bit him, pronounced at once as to the sanity of the animal, I at once inferred, from the appearance of my wound, that the conger must have been at least forty feet in length, and that one of its teeth must have projected a great deal beyond the rest. These are facts which I intend shortly to lay before the Royal Geographical Society.

But a few days' repose in the tranquillity of Ocean Cottage brought back my natural energy, and my thoughts once more returned to the perils of the deep, which I felt a wild, buccaneering pleasure in braving. Capstan and the usual crew accompanied me again on various fishing excursions; but though we were successful enough in catching small fry, it was very singular that we never could manage to get even a glimpse of the conger. I am of opinion that the creature's instinct must have made him aware whenever I was on the water in search of him, and he had had too narrow an escape when we came into contact to wish to renew the struggle with so formidable a foe as I had proved. Indeed, this opinion was fully confirmed by Capstan and the mate.

In the mean time, while I was thus dallying with the deep, sterner purposes were working in my mind, and *The Tub* was getting ready for sea. How little the busy workmen, or even Smirker—old sea-dog as he was—divined my thoughts as I used to sit on one of the groins, apparently intent on watching *them*, as they tarred and feathered the lugger, though all the time I was planning schemes of midnight daring that should one day astonish the coast of S—as—x, much as my former rival, L—s N—p—l—n, has lately astonished a n—ghb—r—ng country.

Like him, I kept my project to myself till I was ready for action, and did not, in the first instance, admit even Capstan to my counsel. It was only by degrees that I prepared him for the *coup d'état* I meditated. I began by desiring him to look out for ten or a dozen hardy, determined fellows, who, for liberal pay, were willing to sail under my flag. He looked rather blank when first I spoke on this subject, conceiving that it was my intention to turn him and his yellow-headed cousin adrift; but when I told him that he was to be my first-lieutenant, and that the "mate" might act in whatever capacity *he* thought fit, his spirits rose again, and he swore on the spot to nail his colours to the mast. He then asked me what was my motive for wishing to hire so many more men?

"To man *The Tub*," I replied, calmly.

"Why, sir," he replied, "she's manned a'ready; leastways, if me and the mate and the boy, Jack, ain't to be turned off."

"How do you mean?" I inquired.

"We three's quite enough to navigate that 'ere craft," said he,—"we could take her anywheres. Another hand, p'r'aps, mightn't be too many—and I've a brother-in-law who'd be quite willing to devote a portion of his time—he's a lobster-pot maker by trade, but a excellent seaman—but more ud be in the way, the wessel couldn't hold 'em."

"You surprise me," I returned; "I fancied that her *war* complement" (laying a strong accent on the belligerent substantive) "would be at least, twenty. Listen to me attentively," I continued; "first of all—can I trust you?"

"Trust me, sir!" he exclaimed, throwing his hat on the shingly beach

and bearing his brawny neck; "there's my edd, if you doubts my onner take a axe and cut it off!"

"Enough, my brave fellow," I said, "I never did doubt you; now pay attention to what I am going to say. You call me Captain Brown. Be it so. I *am* Captain Brown while I stand on the chalky cliffs of Albion,—or it pleases me so to call myself. But when my foot is on the quarter-deck of yonder craft, which now lies hull down upon the dog-shores—when my own green pennant is floating above my head,—and am known by a name which, were it where it whispered in W—rth—ng, would make every tradesman in the town tremble in his trousers! So far let that suffice. You think, perhaps, that I came to this coast for ordinary purposes of amusement: to bathe, to fish, eat shrimps and figs, and ride on donkies. Ha! ha! These pleasures may satisfy the worn-out Londoner, but I am of a mould that yearns for sterner delights. Come hither, closer, that no ear but yours may drink the sound. What say you," I added, lowering my voice to a hoarse whisper, "what say you to the smuggler's bold career?—wind on the bow—helm hard up—grapnels out—lugger on a lee-shore—flash in the pan—roar of stern-chasers—running fight—larboard and starboard—dense fog—sheer off—tubs, bales, kegs—silk, brandy, bacca—hooray!—hoo—oo—ray!—hoo—o—oo—ray!"

And in the enthusiasm of the moment I cheered with all my might, and Tom Capstan re-echoed my cheers.

"Well!" said Tom, when our mutual excitement had, in some degree, abated, "blest if I didn't think you was arter summut, Cap'n. So *The Tub* is to do a bit of countryband, is she? With all my heart. It's a dull life we've been a leadin' down here. We wants a stir up of some kind."

"And you shall have it, I promise you," I rejoined. "When do you think *The Tub* can be ready for sea?"

Capstan mused for a moment.

"Let me see," he said; "this is the 10th—well, if we was to run her off them dogshers to-morrer,—it ud take us a couple of days to step her mast and bend on her new sails—that ud bring us to the 14th; then there's the prewisions,—you'd like to prewision her for a cruise, I s'pose, sir!"

"Of course," I replied; "for a cruise of—of—how long shall we say, Tom?"

"P'r'aps, sir, you'd better leave that to me. I must overhaul her and see if all her lockers are water-tight and how much she'll hold. You eat bisket, sir, in coorse?"

"Captain's biscuit," returned I, with an air of dignity, "when I am at sea. Buy as much of that as you think necessary—and cheese and butter—tea, chocolate, coffee, and sugar—and—I'm fond of fresh milk—could you manage to get a cow?"

"I could get a cow easy enough, only when I had 'un I shouldn't know where to stow un on board *The Tub*."

"Right," I observed; "I see your difficulty. Cows have horns. The ropes might get entangled. I will waive the cow,—and rough it; yes, rough it, as becomes a son of ocean."

"We could te'ther a goat, sir," suggested Capstan; "there'd be room in the forehatch for that. My brother-in-law's wife—that's his second

wife,—not my poor sister—she's dead and 'appy—her name's Kelsom—well, Mrs. Kelsom's got as fine a she-goat as ever was kidded. It draws a shay on the promenade,—you may have noticed it, sir. It brings Mrs. Kelsom a goodish bit of money during the season, for they're not 'spensive animals isn't goats,—but she'd part with it to you, sir, I know,—'specially if she know'd that her husband was a goin' to sail along of us."

I desired Capstan to make the double arrangement, and said, with respect to other matters, such as preserved meats, wine, spirits, and cigars, I would see to them myself. Then, inviting him to take a turn with me along the beach, that we might be altogether out of earshot, in case any of the g—v—rnm—nt sp—es were lurking about, I entered into more serious details.

"Of course, Capstan," said I, in a grave tone, "when you embark in an enterprise of this nature, you are prepared for the consequences?"

"I never takes nothin' in hand, sir," he returned, resolutely, "that I doosn't go right through with. I'm under your orders—while you pays me—so many guineas a-week, more or less. I arsks myself, 'What's the Capn's commands?' 'To run over to the French coast,' is my arnser.' 'What to do there?' says I, agen. 'What's the odds to you?' is my reply. P'raps it's tubs,—p'raps it isn't;—that's no bisness of mine. There, sir, them's my principles—them's the cullers I sails under!"

"True as steel," thought I. "Well, then," I pursued, aloud, "you must be aware—without my telling you"—here I threw in a look of intelligence, and he nodded in return—"that it is necessary for me to *protect* my property when once it is shipped; I don't say against whom—but, simply, *protect* it."

Tom nodded again.

"How many guns is *The Tub* pierced for on her main-deck?"

"There's the scupper-holes and the bull's-eye abaft the forehatch. But what weight of metal are you a-thinkin' on, sir?"

"Oh, the usual thing—four-and-twenty pounders, I believe."

"Too heavy, sir," said Tom, reflecting. "What with the recoil, they'd go right out backwards arter they was fired off. You knows what that is, sir?"

I coloured at this allusion to my accident with the conger; but it was no time for permitting my temper to be ruffled.

"How then," I asked, "about artillery."

"If you'll take my advice, sir," replied Capstan, "you'll not think about it. You wants *The Tub* to sail; and she *will* sail—if you don't overweight her—like a duck, which she built like one. What's the trade for? Why, runnin'—that's it. A swivel, now, for a signal, or a make-believe in case of being chased, and some small arms—a gun a-piece for me and Kelsom and the mate, and a pistol for the boy——"

"I thought, at least," I said, with a feeling akin to gloom, "that we could have had some carronades or howitzers, or something of that kind on deck, but if *The Tub* wouldn't sail under such a weight of metal, that idea must be abandoned. At all events, you'll fit up an arm-rack in the chief cabin—for the boarding-pikes and muskets—and see to the powder-magazine."

"Oh, that in coorse, sir," answered Capstan; "only we must do it on

the sly, and kiver it all well up, or we shall have they shirks there—the rev'noo men—down upon us some day with a sarch."

"True," I observed, "the hirelings may otherwise mar my project."

"And seize the wessel before she sails."

"Give me then—the—the—benefit of your opinion on the matter altogether."

"As you wishes for it, sir, here it is. Powder and shot's useful; so is a gun or two, no matter what for? For a ten-pun' note, sir, I'll make that all right; the arms shall be reddy *when they're wanted*, and that's you need know about 'em. It will keep you out of harm's way with the rev'noo, in case of squalls."

"Perhaps," said I, "you're right. As to the armament of the craft, then, I leave that also to you. Personally, I shall know how to provide. But to return to the first question I asked you. When can *The Tub* be rigged, manned, victualled, armed, and fit for a cruise?"

"As I said afore, sir, this is the 10th; in a fortnight she'll be riddy to go to the North Pole. How's the moon?—about the full, I think. In a fortnight more we shall have nepp tides and dark nights—all the better for us. We can make a safe run then over to Sherbug or Havver-de-Grease—but, Cap'n, there's somethin' as is left out of your calkilation."

I asked what that was.

"Why, when we runs the tubs ashore, we must have some as can hike 'em away up the country for us. Now, you was a talkin' about hirin' more men. The fact is, I *do* know three or four as ud be glad of the job, now the harvestin' is pretty nigh got in. They're all men as I can trust—relations of my own—that's to say, of my missesses and mine. A light spring waggin' and a team of good horses would soon whip off what goods we brought, afore the preventives had any notion we was on the coast."

"Admirable!" I exclaimed. "You have forestalled my ideas on the point. I was just going to think of the very thing. Now, then, we will separate. Don't let your family feelings induce you to breathe a syllable of this matter to any one. Don't even trust Smirker with the slightest hint. Come up to my apartments this afternoon; bring some prawns, if you like, as a blind, and then I'll give you the money necessary for your preparations. For my own part, I shall have plenty to do between this and the 24th, when I trust I shall see the bunting waving in the breeze. Farewell, Thomas, and let old Charley Napier's watchword at the memorable action of the Isle of Dogs—or the Doggerbank, as it is sometimes called—let his watchword be ours!"

"What was that, sir?" said Capstan, as he turned his quid, and made a lurch to windward.

"STAND TO YOUR GUNS, MY BOYS, AND DOUSE THE GLIMS!"

I reserve the rest of my narrative for next month.

THE ANSAYRII, OR ASSASSINS.*

THE Ansayrii, or Nusayrii, have, by their identification with the "Assassins" of the Crusaders, their mysterious worship, their oft-misrepresented secret practices, and their unexplored mountain recesses, been, both themselves and their country, involved in all the interest of a semi-mystic obscurity. True that the Ansayrii themselves are scattered all along the coast of North Syria and Cilicia, and that they constitute in those countries a large portion of the agricultural labourers—that many have been employed as servants by Europeans residing in the Levant; true, also, that their own country is constantly traversed by Europeans journeying from Tripoli to Hamah, by their once great strongholds Kalah al Husn and Kalah al Masyaad, and from Latakia to Aleppo, by the Jibal Kraad; but still there remained a limited but unknown and unexplored tract of country between these two travelled routes, and little insight into the practices of the secluded mountaineers had ever been arrived at from the pliant and crafty denizen of the plain and the city.

We are indebted to Mr. Walpole for a first thorough exploration of the Ansayrii country, and a carefully-prosecuted inquiry into the habits and manners of this strange people. It was, he says, after he arrived at Bayrut, on his second trip, that he began to think of making a point of exploring the country of the Ansayrii more thoroughly than had been yet done. "I looked at the map," he says, in his sparkling narrative. "There was nothing to do; all was filled in Kasnian, Jerusalem, the Hauran. If I bought tape in a shop on Ludgate-hill, ten to one if the person who served me had not taken a return-ticket by the steamer, rushed in a fortnight over Syria and Egypt, and knew as much, at all events, as his dragoman thought he ought to know for his money. The compasses dropped from my hand in despair; there was nothing for it but to get a friendly doctor quietly to make me a Mussulman, and, joining the caravan, go on to Mecca. But no: here is a wild part, bare from Safyta to Nahr al Kabir, which Arrowsmith has never ventured to put on copper. I turned to Kelly—almost the only book that has survived my journey—and there actually in print saw: 'We have now skirted both flanks of the mountains inhabited by the Ansayrii, or Ansayrians, and Ismalys, without having made any intimate acquaintance with these strange tribes or their abodes, which all European travellers seem very shy of approaching.'

"Ten thousand thanks, fellow-traveller! Here was untrodden ground. I was off, and fixed my head-quarters at Latakia.

"In this journey, or rather in its first stage, others, far abler than myself, have trodden before me; but the reader will allow that I have not sought to copy or relate what they also saw. I came like a pilgrim, and put mortar in the interstices, and replaced stones broken through the lapse of time, thus endeavouring only to relate what others had overlooked. In this, I hope, the reader will find pleasure.

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* The Ansayrii, and the Assassins, with Travels in the Further East in 1850-51; including a Visit to Nineveh. By Lieutenant the Hon. F. Walpole, R.N., author of "Four Years in the Pacific." 3 vols. Richard Bentley.

"My travels in the Mountains of the Ansayrii are new, and many of the places were never before visited by Europeans. To this new route let me invite the reader, the traveller, the savant. The Ansayrii have long been an enigma; travellers have skirted, have beheld from a distance, but have never ventured among their hospitable tribes. Even Burckhardt slept only one night at an Ansayrii village. Pococke, I think, says merely that they make and drink abundance of good wine. The pioneer has been; he has returned safe. From what I know of them, I invite travellers among them, and, in the language of the Arab, say, 'Ta faddale eh mah salaami!' (Step in, and peace be with you!)"

We must avow at the outset our conviction that the political and theological importance of the Ansayrii and of their country has been enveloped in a good deal of unnecessary mystery, and, as a natural sequence, has been very much exaggerated. The Ansayrii Mountains, which occupy the limited tract between the valley of the Nahr al Kabir, at the northern extremity of the Lebanon, and the river of Latakia, which separates them from Casius and Anti-Casius, has not a length of above fifty miles by twenty-five in extreme width. Bounded on one side by the sloping littoral of Tortosa, Gabala, and Laodicea, well known to travellers—cut through by the great roads to Hamah, by Kalah al Husn and Kalah Masyaad, to Jisr al Shughr (ancient Seleucus ad Belus), by the Jibal Kraad, the country of the scammony growers—and descending abruptly into the valley of the Upper Orontes (ancient Cœlo-Syria)—accident, far more than any real apprehension on the part of Syrian travellers, has been the reason that these limited mountain-districts have been so little visited. Travelling along the coast-line, the wanderer finds little to tempt him away to these pathless mountain tracks. Following the valley of the Orontes, the temptations to climb the bluff green hills that breast that valley to the westward like a wall are still less felt. So, also, passing from Tripoli or Tortosa to Hamath, or from Latakia to Jisr al Shughr, the fame of few cities or ruins of magnitude attract the wanderer from the beaten road. As to the Ansayrii, they are, as before said, scattered over the country; the mountains that bear their name can scarcely be called their stronghold. We shall subsequently see that they dwell only in the lower or hilly country. There are, probably, nearly as many villages of Ansayrii in Cilicia as in the Jibal Ansayrii; there are, we should suspect, two to one in the Jibal Kraad. The road through the latter country, and which the writer has traversed with a single muleteer—one that was also explored long ago by the veteran Maundrell—may, indeed, be said to lead through the heart of the country.

As to the Ansayrii themselves, they are well known as the most industrious, peaceful, open-hearted, honest race of mountaineers in Syria. They are calumniated by the Muhammadans, who hate them because they will not pay due reverence to their Prophet, and by the Christians, who abominate them because they do not acknowledge their Messiah. "In that part of the mountains above Jibali," said old Maundrell (A.D. 1697), "there dwell a people, called by the Turks *Neceres* (Nusayrii, or Ansayrii), of a very strange and singular character; for it is their principles to adhere to no certain religion, but, chameleon-like, they put on the colour of religion, whatever it be, which is reflected upon them from the persons with whom they happen to converse. With Christians they

profess themselves Christians; with Turks, they are good Mussulmans; with Jews, they pass for Jews; being such Proteuses in religion, that nobody was ever able to discover what shape or standard their consciences are really of. All that is certain concerning them is, that they make very much and good wine, and are great drinkers."

This last statement is fathered by Mr. Walpole on Pococke. The latter learned traveller says of the Ansayrii, "The Noceres, who live north-east of Latichea, are spoken of by many. Their religion seems to be some remains of Paganism; they are much despised by the Turks, and these people seem rather fond of the Christians. I could not learn anything particular concerning their religion, only, that once a year they hold a sort of feast by night, which very much resembles the ancient Bacchanals; it is possible they may be the descendants of the people called Nazerini, mentioned by Pliny."

Similar prejudices have been handed down from traveller to traveller, few taking the trouble to inquire for themselves; for who has been among the Ansayrii, and not received the most favourable impressions of their character?—(See a paper on the Ansayrians, or Ansayrii, in *Ainsworth's Magazine*, vol. iii., p. 582.) But there was supposed to be something secret, something mysterious and hidden in their doctrines and practices, and that was quite sufficient that it should be rendered a hundred-fold more obscure and mysterious by speculations innumerable, and additions in almost the same ratio.

No sooner had Mr. Walpole taken up his quarters in an old, tumble-down Mussulman's house at Latakia, than he began his inquiries. Though previously acquainted with many Ansayrii, high in their degree, he had not yet discovered one trace of their belief, all his inquiries being met by, "I am of your faith," or the equally common answer of, "Your faith, my lord frankmason" (freemason). But at Latakia our traveller thought he had a lever which would work, and that was, to learn religion, as some people learn languages—through the medium of fair lips. But, alas! this notable project was soon blown to the winds, for some sullen Ansayri assured him that they never taught their religion to their women. "Would you have us teach them," he said, "whom we use, our holy faith." No, the Ansayrian ladies were left to go to heaven their own way. Being thus defeated in his project of obtaining information at Latakia and the Ansayrian villages in the immediate neighbourhood, Mr. Walpole determined to start for the interior:

"To-morrow, dear reader, I had intended to have taken my leave of you, among the orange-blossoms of my court; but, if you will, we will yet journey on; and tread where none of European race have ever yet roamed. I take your consent; the servants furbish up their arms; the hadji is off to the bazaar, to a secret store, whence he draws hashish; he would die, he says, without it, and feels sure those bookless dogs, the Ansayrii, *never heard of the holy weed.** So, Inshallah! to-morrow shall see us on the road."

Our traveller's way lay by Basnada, up the Nahr al Kabir—the river of Latakia. Thence to Shulfatiya, most travellers' first station on the road to Jisr al Shughr and Aleppo, and "here," says Mr. Walpole, his first ordeal

* Yet are they the Hashishin or Assassins of old.

had to be passed, "the whole male population poured out; his hand was kissed, his horse much bored—half inclined to kick—was borne along till we reached the open space in front of the village. The women, doomed to toil, all soulless as they are, hang timidly back. Felts were spread on a rising ground, and there we sat. The spot was very pretty; the flat-roofed hovels, each with an affair like the tilt of a waggon, made of twigs on the roof: in these the natives sleep during the summer." It seems to have been Mr. Walpole's intention to have gone on at once to Kalah al Siyun, or Sion as he writes it; but no sooner at Shulfatiya, than, he says, his companion showed so many causes why that he most unwillingly gave up his own route, and they agreed at once to go to the southward.

They accordingly proceeded next day south and by east over an undulating plain to the district of Mahalbi. Here the good and much calumniated Ansayrians came out and pressed them to remain the day with them. "It is our right to-day to have you." But our travellers continued onwards over low rounded hills, covered with myrtle and rhododendron, (oleander?) passing the Nahr Shubar, or Stamar, to the district of Kaldabha, whence Volney derived his Kalbia, the residence of the Ansayrii shaikh Ismaal al Osman. Along the road they passed many ruined villages, and kubbahs, or tombs of shaikhs and holy men, as in other parts, with neatly whitewashed domes. Beyond Kaldahha was the district of Bani Ali, one of the best cultivated of any. This was directly east of Jibali, ancient Gabala. Beyond this they came to the village of Ain al Shughr, "the sweet, or sugar spring," which Mr. Walpole calls Ein el Sakarr, and where they were received at the house of Shaikh Sukkur, a real Ansayrian and a notorious *bon vivant*. They did not avail themselves, however, of the proffered hospitality of the shaikh, but proceeded over a more hilly but wooded country to Matua, the residence of Shaikh Habib, one of the religious heads of the Ansayrii nation, and having a revenue of about 1000*l.* a year. Much of this, however, is property left to his ancestors by pious persons, and the proceeds of which he is bound to spend in hospitality. All who come are fed, and remain as long as they please. After death he will be canonised, and his tomb will add to the number of holy stations that dot the hills all around.

From hence Mr. Walpole diverged a little to visit the castle of Bani Israal, or the children of Israel, situated on a high conical hill in the middle of a deep gorge. This is a ruin of some extent, including a castle of Saracenic origin, (?) with a modern outer wall of rubble, and a village in ruins. A little scene, characteristic of mountaineer mistrust, occurred at this spot, whither Mr. Walpole had repaired, partly on horseback, partly on foot, accompanied by fifteen armed Ansayrii:

> They led me to the entrance of a subterraneous passage, which they told me was the Prison of Blood (meaning the prison for great offences rather). Except the wonders of this spot, its depth, and the vast treasures contained in it, they had no traditions of the place. However, as we were there, they surrounded me and begged me to be seated, requesting to know what I wanted with Shaikh Habeeb. Stoutly maintaining the truth, that it was but to make his friendship, they were much vexed at my, as they fancied, not wishing to confide to them also the secret. After awhile, they resumed their civility, and we proceeded back to the sheik's house. One of the brothers of the sheik, who, as I before said, had accompanied me, spoke both warmly and well of their condition. "Think not that the Christians," he said, "are more loved by the

Turks than we are. They are more numerous, and the Frank protects them; but for us, who have none to protect us—none to speak—we are a ready prey for the Turk; and, being weak, a fair spoil for the Christian. While the one takes by force, the other sucks the remainder by fraud. Why should we toil when those we hate reap? Why should we improve, to better our enemy? Ya Wallah! we hate them, their faith, their race, their name; and they know it. Did a Turk ever do good to one of us? if he did, it was as a man gives corn to his beast, to keep him alive to work."

Shaikh Habib said to Mr. Walpole, that he would grant protection and a house to any teacher that kind philanthropists at home might send out to the Ansayrii; but he insisted that the school must be under the supervision of one of themselves; that no means might be used to convert the boy, whose youth and undergrown intellects would render him liable to such perversion.

The next village, Zama, was in a state of insurrection, and, worse than all, much addicted to brigandage; our traveller, however, was not only allowed to pass unmolested, but hospitality was proffered, which, for reasons of discretion probably, was declined. Beyond this was the village of Kaffir Dabin, on the Nahr Shubar, the taxes of which are a perquisite of the Sultan's mosque at Jibali (a common arrangement in the East), and whose unfortunate shaikh had been in prison for two months for arrears of dues incurred by his predecessors. But might is right from Paris to Pekin. These poor prostrate tributaries to a Muhammadan mosque were so abused in morality as to proffer a girl about fourteen years of age, as also a boy, as a servant to Mr. Walpole, to induce him to obtain the release of their shaikh. Happily, our traveller was subsequently enabled to effect this without robbing the village of a portion of its youthful population. Mr. Walpole reached Kaldahha, the seat of Ismaal Osman, the same evening. From this place he visited, in a north-easterly direction, Kalah, or Castle Mahali, the more ancient name of which is said to have been Blackness, or Bethlehem. This castle was like the others in the Ansayrii country, situated amidst rugged yet beautiful mountains. The ruins appear to have been of Muhammadan origin, comprising what is called the Harim, and some still perfect rooms, called the Divan al Malik, or the king's apartments—a lofty arched gateway, with large vaulted guard-rooms on each side, an inner wall and outer walls, built of large stones and defended by towers. On returning to the village, the strange admixture of hospitality and cupidity, which is so characteristic of the Arab, again manifested itself among the Ansayrii:

> On returning to the village, the people had prepared a feast ample for twenty, and pressed me to eat. On my complimenting my host on the extreme beauty of his daughters, he said—"In your country would they fetch two thousand piastres?" "But have the mountain youth no taste; will they not give two thousand for such angels?" "Yes, Ya Beg, they would, but then they cannot; they have it not. They pay ten now and twenty then; perhaps the whole is not paid before ten years: then he gives a sheep to-day and a felt to-morrow, but I want two thousand down. Come marry, Ya Beg; why waste your youth in wandering over old mountains, looking at ruined stones. Marry and live long? Kishmet, kishmet!"

On leaving Kaldahha for the lower country, whither Mr. Walpole says he was forced to return from the sickness of an attendant, several shaikhs joined him, and the poor left their work to kiss his hands: his march was

like a triumph. At one place, a small village, the people unloaded his baggage and carried it off, declaring he should not go through their village without eating; at another they took his bridle from his horse, and the children followed him, clinging to his stirrups. At Shulfatiya the horses were carried off, and he was compelled to partake of hospitality. The next day he arrived at Latakia, and had for three days slight attacks of fever.

So much for a first trip among the Ansayrii, which extended from Shulfatiya by the Nahr Shubar to the district of the Bani Ali, thence to Matua and the Castle of the Children of Israel and Zama, and back by the Nahr Snubar, or Shubar, to Kaldahha, with a divergence to Kalah Mahali, and back to Shulfatiya. We are not, however, sure of the identity of the rivers which he designates as Nahr Sheba, or Stama, and Nahr Snowbar, as he passed the first on his way to Kaldahha, and the second on his way (back?) to Kaldahha. The Nahr Shubar, or Snubar, is alone known to geographers, but it has several tributaries in the hilly country, and no doubt these were the chief two.

On a second trip, Mr. Walpole proceeded from Shulfatiya to the residence of the judge of the Ansayrii. The office, he says, is an hereditary one, and is in no way recognised by the Porte. From thence he proceeded into the great Mukatta, or district, as it is called, of Bait Shialf. The scenery became wild and bold; hill rose to mountain; smooth plain to precipitous heights. After a delightful ride he reached Malbat, a large straggling village, the residence of Shaikh Shamsin Sultan, one of the most powerful chiefs of the Ansayrii:

A plentiful dinner provided, and wine of capital quality. The nephews of the chief served us, he receiving our news. For me, as one of themselves, they expressed great fears, both that the Turks would publicly kill me, or more probably poison me in secret. "We had an Ansayrii Pasha once, they thought him a Turk, but directly they knew really what he was, they killed him." The sheik's brother was a noble fellow, a perfect specimen of the savage in his grandest form. He was loud in his assertion that, as far as people went, they would not give the nizam. "I shall retire to a glen, and there rob my enemy and live. My people, like myself, care little for home or roof; the mountain-side with my son is better than the serai and him away." The elder brother of Shemseen Sultan was shot by another tribe; this produced a war, in which they wasted the enemy dreadfully.

Malbat is in the midst of the country which produces the celebrated Latakia tobacco, and is two hours from the renowned Kalah al Siyun —"Kalaat el Sion, or Sioun, as it is pronounced," says Mr. Walpole. A description of this remarkable castle was communicated last year to the Syro-Egyptian Society by Dr. Zimpel, who described it as situate at the extreme point of a rock several hundred feet in height, between two valleys with mountain streams, so that it forms the fork between them. The base of the triangle thus formed is separated from the continuous land by an artificial cutting in the solid rock, about sixty feet in breadth, by a depth of more than a hundred feet. A pillar is left standing in this cut for the support of a bridge. The most perfect building in the interior is that which contained the well. It was a large hall, with a vaulted roof, from which a stone staircase led down to the water. The buildings and works of defence, said the doctor, showed evidence of

having been constructed at various epochs. Mr. Walpole's description corroborates the doctor's, with many additions. The south-eastern tower, he tells us, is called Burj al Jimal, or the Camel's Tower, and the prisoners are said to have been thrown from thence:

The castle is well built, its foundations resting on the solid rock. It presents an irregular oblong form, round which runs a strong wall, further strengthened by square towers of two or three stories in height; each story has large windows, originally barred with iron, and the chambers all vaulted. The western part seems the citadel, higher than the rest within the exterior walls, which are vaulted over, thus rendering all the loopholes under cover, and forming enormous spaces for stores or men. The floor of these was strewn with burgoll and other grain, the remains of the stores of the Sionites and the soldiers.

There is a second line of defence. Between the two are great ruins of vaults, and a cloister, still tolerably perfect. The towers here are enormous; we ascended the principal one, containing a large vaulted room on each floor; and a huge square shaft descends from top to bottom. Round the battlements were huge square rocks, loose, each with a small niche in the under part, in which to insert a lever, to hurl the huge masses on the assailants' heads below. Down the shaft ran a small staircase, or rather notches, for descending, which, according to the natives, communicated with the postern at the foot of the ditch. This seems not improbable. The tower was the last refuge; here the last desperate defence was to be made, and after all, a retreat was deemed no unwise provision.

In this portion I could find no church, or building that seemed at all to have been one; huge stone shot lay about. In the centre is a ruined mosque, but it does not bear a date of more than three hundred years; the minaret is square and low, so it may probably have been a church. We could not enter it for ruins. There is also a fine bath, built with great taste; of the work of the knights or the Christian chiefs: it shows that though dedicated to war, to toil, and fatigue, they forgot not to avail themselves of the softer pleasures of the nations they warred against. Lower again, as we advance towards the eastern extremity, we find an interior wall and towers, also vast vaults. Here is a small ruined church; beyond, to the outer wall, there seem to have been houses, probably the dwellings of those attached to the castle, and who tilled the adjoining lands. I could find no inscription; on several stones an N or an M or S were cut, but apparently with no design; the reservoir of water is a vast vault, half under ground, the sides and bottom well cemented: the natives say there is always water there. They amused themselves with firing their muskets in it, and the echo within and then without, as it rolled in numberless repetitions among the mountains, was very fine. There is also a deep well. We were heartily tired with scrambling over stones, into brakes, and creeping along vaults; so we sat down.

This great castle is in the possession of the Muhammadans and not of the Ansayrii, as is likewise the neighbouring well-cultivated district of Ballidar. Here Mr. Walpole left the Jibal Ansayrii (the ancient Bargylus) to enter the Jibal Kraad (the Anti-Casius), where the mass of the people are still Ansayrii. Descending into the valley of the Nahr al Kabir, or "great river" of Latakia, he passed some large villages and fir forests carpeted with wild flowers, and thence by Khan Khurshi to the remarkable gap, first described by Maundrell, called, from a tradition connected with it, Shaikh al Ajussi. Beyond this is the well-known Kurd village of Badama, in the heart of the Scammony district. Here the road leaves the valley of the Nahr al Kabir, and the country becomes broken, the undulations being very steep, and the ascent rough and

tedious. On his way hence, to Jisr al Shughr, Mr. Walpole describes his having passed, in a small valley, a huge boulder of rock, which had been hollowed into three chambers; steps had been cut to ascend to the top; gutters were cut over it, to convey the water into the basins hollowed in the well; and here and there were seats. Two doors led to the chambers within, in which are troughs sufficiently long to contain a body, and smaller niches, as if for a vase or light. On the right, or south end, was a coffin within the chamber, which together contained eleven sarcophagi. The present governor of the Jibal Kraad, Mr. Walpole tells us, is one Muhammad Aga, who was a Kavass Bashi, or head police officer to the Euphrates' expedition; and he was full of praises of Colonel Chesney and the officers of the expedition, showing his arms, as pledges of the friendship they had entertained for him.

After a visit to the castle of Shughr (Seleucus Belus), Mr. Walpole proceeded to Aleppo by the eastern slope of the Jibal Arbayin, or "Mountain of Forty," from forty spirits that tradition says are locked up in a cave there, and of which the Jibal Rayah, both being comprised in the ancient Belus, forms a part. In this district are the ruined cities of Jiradi, Kaffir al Barah, "the Wilderness of the Just," and others, which have been described by Burckhardt, as also in *Ainsworth's Magazine* (vol. vi., p. 160 *et seq.*), and the now inhabited towns of Marah, Arniba, Rayah, and Adlip.

Of Jiradi, two miles from Arniba, Mr. Walpole says:

The ruins, though those of a considerable town, had little of interest, but over the whole the country around arid, stony, barren, iron, sterile; and then, the silence of the wilderness! A sudden destruction seemed to have fallen on the solitary town; the houses not perishing by slow decay, no mouldering ruin telling of vicissitudes, desertion, or extinction; but stones, fresh as yesterday —no lichen-covered walls—no ivy winding up the broken gable—but as if a race were building and a blast had swept them off even in the midst of their work. The houses were probably destroyed by an earthquake, as stones and walls were turned and wrenched most singularly.

A thing that most struck me was the total absence of wood in the interior of the houses: such, at least, as were standing were notched as if for the reception of beams: many were vaulted; these required no beams; but many were not, or showed the ruin of the vault. The country about was sharp rock, with small sweet grass or clover between; the pieces of rock, standing two, four, or eight feet high. The ruins being built of the same, it was difficult to see where they began and where they ended. The rock had been cut away or used to suit the building as much as it could: here half the wall, there all the floor was solid rock. In many, three walls, or even the four exterior walls, were standing; the roofs, judging by the gables, were all sloping.

Then again, of the Wilderness of the Just, he writes:

The appearance of this valley of the city of the past renewed with tenfold vigour the feelings I had experienced on viewing Djerade: it seemed, indeed, as if fulfilled prophecy was acting before me; as if a curse had been passed upon the land, and that curse fulfilled—"Thy cities shall be laid without habitation, and I will make thy cities desolate, for every city shall be forsaken, not a man shall dwell therein."

Slowly I rode through the breadth of this city of the void, and felt a great relief when I emerged on the further side and began mounting the valley to the modern Mussulman village of the same name. There seemed something awful in this wandering about the city of the departed—not the dead: death

is decay, ruin: here was none: it was desolation—utter desolation. A wretched dome of rubble and mortar covers the body of a Mussulman saint. Wonder that he rests in such a place: better far roll into one of the large fine empty sarcophagi below. I explored the castle as it stands in utter solitude amidst an olive plantation.

From Barah the country continues the same: sterile, iron, doomed to waste; here and there, a valley afforded room for the plough, and a peasant from some distant village might be seen lazily turning up the soil. Near these fertile spots would generally be a ruin of an ancient house, a church, and sometimes a pyramidal tomb. On his road from Barah to Rayah, Mr. Walpole says, he saw six ruined towns and only six living persons. There are two other similar groups of remains of early Christianity in North Syria, although not so extensive: one, at Mount St. Simon, above the lake and plains of Antioch, which Mr. Walpole visited; and another on the limestone upland between Bir and Samosata.

It is much to be regretted that, while so many artists, architects, geographers, and archæologists, explore Egypt and Palestine, from Syene to Bayrut, none should ever have delineated, or minutely and accurately described, these extensive ruins of the first followers of the Messiah, who dwelt in cities when the art of Greece and Rome was just passing into the more florid taste of the Byzantine or Lower Empire. Mr. Walpole describes, as in or around Mount St. Simon, the ruins of Mashabar, of the monastery of St. Simon (which is engraved in Colonel Chesney's great work, from a drawing by Captain Fitzjames, R.N.), Katura, the Namus al Malik, Gagati, Kaa, and others.

The writer of this notice took bearings of no less than nine ruined villages of the same epoch on the plain of Dana alone; and he laid down the site of some ten more towns, villages, churches, and monasteries, of the same epoch, on the plains of Yailash (ancient Porsica), between Bir and Samosat.

Mr. Walpole returned from Aleppo by Mount St. Simon, Antioch, Suwaidiyah, Casius, and Anti-Casius, to Jibali, and thence he visited Kalah al Markat, the Margat of the Crusaders; Dar Saffran, "the Yellow Monastery," a village of Maronites. From hence, he once more took an easterly route into the mountains, to Kalah al Kadmus, the head-quarters of the Ismayli, and the residence of two Amirs—Assaad Husain Habil and Salim Assaad. Their cousin, the Amir Malkaim, commands at Mazyad; he is a nephew of Zugharli, who was Amir at the time of Burckhardt's visit to this powerful sect. Volney calls them Kadmusi, from the name of the stronghold, but they call themselves Bani Ismayl, children of Ishmael, son of Abraham, whence their common name Ismayli. Volney also notices the Kadmusi as a sect of Ansayrii; but as a sect of Muhammadans, they abominate the latter.

Close by Kalah al Kadmus, Mr. Walpole visited the tombs of Tubal of Seth, and of Ousha—probably, he says, of Joshua or Hosea—on the summit of a mountain of difficult ascent, called Jibal; and also Nabbi Seth, as the tomb of Jonah is called Nabbi Yunus at Nineveh. Beyond this, passing Tal Husain, with a ruined castle, and several large villages of Ismayli, embosomed among plantations, he reached the Ansayrii village of Burkah. This latter large village was only four hours from

Safyta, also called Burj Safyta, or the Safyta Tower, from its great square tower, within which is a large, fine Christian church. This tower was once ruined, and either that or an earthquake has so shaken it, that it now totters to its fall. Safyta is divided into three districts; the one nearest the tower, which crowns the hill, is Turkish. Close below reside the Christians, and some distance below again, and in the valley, is the largest quarter inhabited by the Ansayrii. The latter have, also, a portion to the north, under the Burj; but Mr. Walpole describes them, although holders of their position here by right of conquest, as the poorest of the population. The country around, especially in the direction of Burkah, is beautiful and productive, being well watered, with much cultivated land, and groves of mulberry and fig. There are also other towers and strongholds in the neighbourhood; as the Burj al Jamash, and Tughli, or Tughliya, where the Turk governor, sent from Bayrut, resides, with a garrison of some two hundred and fifty irregulars.

From Saftya, Mr. Walpole directed his researches to Hassan Sulaiman, also called, for brevity's sake, Hassan, or Husain Sulaim, and which consisted of a large mass of ruins, among which were several Ansayrii cottages. Among the ruins was one of some extent, full of sculptured angels, men, lions, eagles, and other objects, which Mr. Walpole describes at length. Unluckily, he was prevented copying a long inscription (he does not say in what language) by the arrival of Shaikh Hamid, cousin to Shaikh Habib before mentioned, and who carried him off in triumph to his residence, two miles distance, where were three small gorges, with a scattered population, and in the centre an isolated peak, bearing the ruins of Kalah al Kah-u. There were several springs at this stronghold, the principal of which was called Ain al Sham, or the Spring of the Sun.

Shaikh Hamid appointed a force of upwards of six hundred men to accompany our traveller to the northward of this place. On seeing so formidable an escort, Mr. Walpole says, "the demon ambition arose within me. Often, often had they prayed to me to come and rule among them; one word now, and they would have driven the Turks from Brummanee (at page 312, written Brumana, the same as Tughliya), and left the mountains free. But a vision passed before me—my dear, dear mother: 'To Brummanee, ya Bey, to Brummanee—Ali sent you; on, on!' So I most unwillingly gave up my journey and promised to return to Tortoso." The meaning of this is, we suppose, that the getting up an escort to proceed further into the mountains, was, like the spring, all *sham*, and intended to seduce Mr. Walpole into so imprudent an act as to be their leader in an attack, or fray, against the Turks and their mountain stronghold.

At all events, our traveller thought it more discreet to quit Brummanee, or Blackness (Bethelem) as he last calls it, by himself, and this he did by way of Wadi Shaluf, where the people were wild and savage, he says, far beyond any he had seen; but the girls stuck flowers in his horse's head, till he became a species of garden; they were even thrust into his stirrups. Mr. Walpole was evidently admired and beloved by these poor people, who deemed him to be of their own faith. The instance of the influence obtained by Lady Hester Stanhope among the Syrian mountaineers, shows what material there exists in these poor populations to be tutored by kindness and good government. If it was so with a lady, what might not be done by a young, courageous, and wealthy Frank? When about to leave the valley just mentioned, Mr. Walpole relates that

he said to the shaikh's pretty daughter, a girl of twelve or fourteen, "'Mount, ya Bint: I want you to come with me.' At a sign from her father, she was up, and I had to defer her journey with me to a future period, when I would send for her. Her father was vexed at my rejection, *spreta injuria formæ* was visible in her sullen reception of my pretty apologies, and determined refusal of a present I tried to make her. However, on my whispering, 'My wife, I order you to take it,' she pressed my hands to her heart, put it in her bosom, and crossed her pretty hands over it." Upon this score, it would have been difficult even for Mr. Walpole to have satisfied all the shaikhs, but there is in this incident a strange mixture of lax principle and morality—we mean on the part of the Syrians—and yet of patriarchal simplicity and confiding faith. In all probability the prospect of gain stifled all other feelings.

The town in which the Turk governor of Safyta resides is described as prettily situated and well built, with a large mosque and a wretched wall. About a dozen poor fellows were sitting outside the prison, in chains. A round piece of solid iron, closed, with a hinge and lock, over the neck, or rather, a chain was passed through a ring, to hold it together. The chain, with another, was then secured to either hand, and down to the feet. A ride of eight hours took our traveller from hence to Tortosa, from whence he gained his own quarters at Jibali, here written Djebele, elsewhere Gebele, Gebail, and Jebelee. It is much to be regretted that Mr. Walpole, as an Arabic scholar, did not adopt the simple orthography of the three vowels, a, i, and u, and long i and u, instead of two ee's and two oo's. By this means he would have attained at least some uniformity in rendering Arabic into English, and he would have found that it gives so great a facility to the process, that he would never have abandoned it afterwards.

From Jibali, Mr. Walpole repaired to Latakia, whence he once more started for the hilly country, to bid farewell to the shaikhs. On this occasion he visited Hinadi, near which is a tal, or mound, probably well worth excavating, as there are ruins around. From Hinadi, he proceeded by Al Altari to Jibali; this time accompanied by a girl who had been presented to him, and whom our traveller, in his turn, made over as a slave to a holy place in Jibali—a hard life of it, he acknowledges; and no wonder the maiden was not altogether pleased at his disposal of her. From Jibali, Mr. Walpole repaired to Zama, in pursuit of a stolen horse; then to Burj al Sabbi—a tower of black stone on the sea-shore—near Markab. Next, by Dar Saffran, before described, to Tortosa, whence he embarked for the island of Ruad, and his notices of this place and its inhabitants are very curious and interesting. After spending a month at this remarkable island, he returned to Tortosa, and thence visited Marbit—ancient Marathus—described by Pococke; and Tal Akka—ancient Akkar—the birthplace of Alexander Severus, on his way to Tripoli.

It will be seen by this that Mr. Walpole's exploration of the country of the Ansayrii was carried on under many advantageous circumstances; that he mixed intimately with the people; and, to effect his purpose, like the Roman missionaries in China, even professed to be a co-religionist; that most places were leisurely examined, and many visited on different occasions; but that still his explorations were limited, with the exception of the journey to Jisr al Shughr, to the lower hilly country, or the littoral

portion of the Ansayrii mountains. As a result of these explorations of the country of the Ansayrii Proper, it would appear that all their great castles and strongholds are in ruins, or in the possession of the Turks and the Ismaylis. Such are Kalah Husn, Kalah Masyad, Kalah Mahali, Kalah al Siyun, Kalah al Markab, Burj Saffyta, and Kalah al Kadmus. Of Kalah al Kha-u (Kalaat el Khaou, vol. iii., p. 323) we are not quite sure, from the description, whether under Shaikh Hamid, or not. If, as appears very likely, it is the same as Kalah al Kohf of page 302, it is under the Ismaylis. Kalah Bani Israal appears to be of Jewish origin; and Mr. Walpole attributes both to Kalah Mahali at page 149, and to Brumani, at page 329, the additional name of Blacknüs, *i.e.*, Bethelem. Benjamin of Tudela, who identified Jibali with Baal Gad of Scripture, also identified Kadmus with Kedemoth, in the land of Sichon. Kalah al Masyad, Markab, Kohf (?) Alayka and Al Kadmus are said, page 302, to belong to the Ismayli.

The chief places of the Ansayrii appear to be Kaldahha, with its ruinous castles of Mahali, and Bani Israal; Matua, the residence of the religious shaikh, Habib, second only to the religious shaikh, Abdul Hamid, of Safyta, now in exile; Malbat, the residence of another and chief religious shaikh, Shamsin Sultan, and in the district of Bani Shialf, the bravest of the Ansayrii, and probably the wealthiest, this district being that of the renowned Latakia tobacco. Lastly, Makalaya, Wadi Shaluf, and other villages around the ruinous Al Kha-u and Hassan Sulaiman, and under Shaikh Hamid, but kept in control by the Turk stronghold of Tughliya, with from 200 to 300 irregular troops, as the Mukattas, or districts of Mahalbi, Kaldahha, Bani Ali, Bani Shialf, Muwari, and others, are by the strongholds of Latakia, Jibali, Markab, and Tortosa. The only Turk stronghold in the hilly country is called Toglea, or Brummana, or Doagees, page 312; Toglee, page 313; Brummanee, or Blackness, p. 326. Brumani seems to be the district, Tugliya the name of the place. It is much to be regretted that Mr. Walpole did not give us a sketch-map of his routes in the Ansayrii country, and it is to be hoped that he may yet be induced to do so, as it is evident that he took bearings. The district of Bani Ali appears to be immediately abreast of Jibali.

We should, however, doubt much if the Ansayrii mountains contained many villages, and most assuredly few castles or strongholds, beyond those which are thus brought under our notice.

As far as the mysterious idea of impregnable remote mountain fastnesses, with a hardy warlike population, is concerned, the notion may now be considered as completely exploded. From what we can gather from Mr. Walpole's work, Kalah al Kah-u seems to us to be the real stronghold of the Ansayrii. Here was Shaikh Hamid's house, two great ruins in the neighbourhood, with fertile populous valleys; here was the spring Ain al Sham, bearing the name of their great object of olden worship—the sun; and here, when Mr. Walpole asked to push still further eastward, a body of from 600 to 700 armed Ansayrii rose up, as much as to say here we are, there are no more of us, and we are ready to go with you and drive the Turks from out of our hills. The rivers from the Ansayrian Mountains, with the exception of the two Nahr al Kabirs, or "great rivers," which are limitrophal to the north and south, are brief in their course, and there can be few strongholds, or even villages, beyond

their head-waters or sources. Hence the crest of the Ansayrian mountains, which overlooks the valley of the Orontes, is probably little inhabited, and what there are of the Ansayrii, dwelling in their own particular country, are to be found precisely where Mr. Walpole sought for them—in the lower hilly, watered, and wooded districts. That which further favours this view of the subject is, that the localities which he visited correspond to those which were named to him, with two exceptions, as the chief places of the Ansayrii. And as we further strongly suspect that the Al Kohf of vol. iii., p. 302, is in reality the same as the Kalaat al Khaou (Kalah al Kha-u), of p. 323 of the same volume, there would only remain the castle written Ailaka, and Aleyka, in the same page (vol. iii., p. 302) in all Ansayria that has not been described. Thus all mystery—geographically speaking—that hung over the country of the Ansayrii, may be fairly said to have been cleared away by the praiseworthy explorations of our author. We only wish we could say as much of the mysteries associated with their religious tenets and rites.

Volney described the Ansayrii as divided into three classes—the Shamsia, or adorers of the sun; the Kelbia, or worshippers of the moon and dogs; and the Kadmusi, who worshipped woman. Mr. Walpole says the Ansayrii are in reality simply divided into two parties—the Shamsia and the Clausee, or Khamari. The first party have for spiritual heads Shaikh Habib, Shaikh Abbas, and Shaikh Ibrahim Sayid, and they reside in the districts of Latakia, Casius, Antioch, and in Cilicia. The second have for spiritual heads Shaikh Abdallah and Shaikh Sulaiman, and they inhabit the district of Ansayria Proper, which simply extends from the Nahr al Kabir to a little south of the parallel of Jibali.

This district is also called Kaldahha, or Kelbia, and it is to this that Mr. Walpole attributes Volney's mistake of the Dog (Kalb) worshippers. As to the Kadmusi, we have seen that they are Ismayli.

The term Ansayrii, says Mr. Walpole, seems at least as ancient as Pliny, who says, Hist. Plin., v. 23: "Cœle habet Assamiam Marsya omne divisam à Naycrinorum tetrarchia;" but he does not see all the important bearings of this statement, which the printers have grossly mutilated. It should be Cœle—that is Cœlo-Syria (the valley of the Orontes)—"habet Apamiam" contains the (city) of Apamia, "Marsya amne divisam"—and which is separated by the river Marsyas (Upper Orontes)—"à Nazerinorum tetrarchiâ," from the tetrarchy of the Nazerini, or Ansayrii. Mr. Walpole deduces from this, that the country, or rather mountains, were named then as now, and inhabited by another race. There are no grounds for this supposition except the corrupt Muhammadanism of the present Ansayrii. As far as we were enabled to gather from the people, they consider themselves as Syrian or Assyrian aborigines of the districts which they still inhabit; and that they received the light of Christianity from the early apostles, but that they had their own patriarch, independent of that of Antioch. Hence the importance of the above-quoted passage from Pliny, which would go to show that even under the Romans this ancient people preserved their tetrarchs, or peculiar chieftains, as they did afterwards their patriarchs, and they now do their shaikhs.

This fact of their pristine distinction among the early Christian Churches, and their separation from the see of Antioch, appears to have been the cause of their downfal. It was upon the dissensions of the early Church that Muhammad founded his great system of impostorship; and

his followers, while acknowledging the divinity of Christ, hastened to superimpose by the sword, or by argument, the power of the Arabian self-created prophet.

It would further appear that these secluded mountaineers, with few churches, and still fewer teachers, and detached from communion with the learning and fidelity of Antioch, submitted resistlessly to the shibboleth of Muhammadanism, as at first inculcated. Unlike the kings of Hira and the Gassanite princes—the Roman viceroys of the Syrian Arabs—they waited not for the swords of the Islamites, but engrafted upon a lukewarm and unspiritual faith, doctrines, which ignorance, subserviency, and a long-neglected condition, have alone been able to perpetuate.

With the great fundamental belief in One God, common to all the nations in the East, and the superadded belief in the divinity of Christ—the mission of Muhammad—and the later propagandism of Persian, or rather Kurdish advocacy of Ali, the Ansayrii fell into most of the superstitions by which they were surrounded. They believed in the carnal deification of the Khalif Hakim, in his future reappearance, and in the transmigration of souls. Neibuhr relates that they were seduced from their belief in the Khalif Hakim, and led to substitute in his place Ali Ibn Abu Talib, son-in-law of Muhammad, at the same time that they adopted the doctrine that the divinity had resided in twelve imaams, or chief priests, of the house of Ali, and that, having disappeared with Muhammad al Mukhdi, the last of these imaams, it had now taken up its residence in the sun. To any one who is acquainted with the infinite number of forms to which the faith of Asiatics has attached the holiness of incarnation of divinity, these extremes of belief have nothing in them that is uncommon or extraordinary. Both Volney and Burckhardt interested themselves in seeking out how much there was that was Syrian-Pagan still remaining amid these Christian-Muhammadan doctrines, and among which the solar apotheosis of their chief prophet, Al Mukhdi, was certainly a striking incident. Many learned Germans, among whom the well-known Baron von Hammer Purgstalt, whose labours have been made familiar to most Englishmen through the translations of Dr. Wood, have also devoted much learning and ingenuity to the elucidation of the origin, history, and moral and religious mysteries of this strange tribe, but little more has resulted than the consciousness of a grouping of comparatively modern superstitions upon both Christian and Muhammadan infidelity.

So matters remained till the publication of Mr. Walpole's work. Mr. Walpole attributes a very modern origin to the Ansayrii. There is a tradition among them, he says, that during the time of the khalifs of Damascus, they and their people lived on the mountains of Sinjar; that the khalif waged a war against the inhabitants of these mountains, and exterminated them; that among the great people then at his court was their chief, Shaikh Hassan, who, being in high favour, entreated the khalif that he might lead his nation from where they lived to occupy the waste. To this, they pretend, the Sultan, miraculously converted to their faith, joyfully assented; and Shaikh Hassan, departing to Sinjar, led here his nation, who henceforth have inhabited these mountains.

The great mistake in treating of these traditions, is not distinguishing between the different innoculations of peoples, tribes, and doctrines, to

which the Ansayrii have been subject, and the aboriginal Nazerini themselves. Many instances might be adduced from Mr. Walpole's own work to disprove, not the invasion of Shaikh Hassan, but that his followers were the founders of the tribe; but one will suffice. In the much-disputed letter to the Duke of Austria, he says, exculpating Richard from the murder of Conrad, the date is according to the Greek form; the Ansayrii alone, of all sects not Christians, use this date; now, did they learn this system of dating from the Kurds of Sinjar, or from the Church of Antioch?

To turn to more practical facts—the Ansayrii, according to Mr. Walpole, practise circumcision—a practice which, as Sale justly remarks, they may have received from their immediate Muhammadan predecessors, but more likely from the Bani al Israal; children are initiated by the Shaikh al Maalam, or head of religion, as distinguished from the government chiefs, whom they pathetically designate as the Shaikh al Zuhn, or chiefs of oppression. They are allowed four wives, whom they purchase at prices varying from about one to ten pounds sterling. They do not, like the Muhammadans, divorce their wives, but they treat them rather as useful cattle than as rational creatures. The women are denied creed, prayers, and soul. Yet the Ansayrii are honest and very industrious. Throughout the districts in which they dwell, in North Syria and in Asia Minor, the practice of agriculture is peculiarly in their hands; in any other country, they would be among the wealthiest classes, but under the Turkish government agricultural wealth is precisely that which oppression can most readily seize upon, and the Ansayrii labour perpetually, and labour in vain—they are the poorest of the poor—the most oppressed of the oppressed.

The Ansayrii practise a kind of freemasonry—they have signs and questions whereby to know one another. Their diet is like their religion, a very uninstructive admixture of the prejudices of creeds. Thus they follow the Jews in not eating animals with cloven feet; Mussulmans, in not eating animals that are shot unless bled before death; and Christians, in drinking wine and spirits. There is something accommodating in their practices, as well as their faith. It was, no doubt, as Captain Spencer remarks of the Muhammadan Albanians, by the enjoyments here and hereafter held out to the followers of the Prophet, that many Christian nations were won over in early times to Islamism. The Shamsia do not smoke; they declare it an idle habit, and wrong. The Claussee (vol. iii., p. 334), Clause (p. 335), and Classie (p. 354), smoke as they please.

They worship Ali. In one of their prayers they say, "I declare I worship Ali. Ibn Abou Talib (the Ali of Mahomet), he is above all,—a God Almighty."

They regard Mahomet el Hamyd as the prophet of God, and thus use the Mussulman confession—"La illa ill Allah, Mahomet el Hamyd, Resoul e nebbi Allah;" but they omit all this when before Mahometans, saying merely, "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is the prophet of God." Otherwise, they say, "There is no God but Ali, and Mahomet el Hamyd, the Beloved, is, the prophet of God."

I do not intend here to enter into their belief more fully; but it is a most confused medley,—a unity, a trinity, a deity. "These are five; these five are three; these three are two; these two, these three, these five—one."

They believe in the transmigration of souls. Those who in this life do

well, are hospitable, and follow their faith, become stars; the souls of others return to the earth, and become Ansayrii again, until, purified, they fly to rest. The souls of bad men become Jews, Christians, and Turks; while the souls of those who belive not, become pigs and other beasts. One eve, sitting with a dear old man,—a high sheik,—his boys were round him, I said, "Speak: where are the sons of your youth? these are the children of your old age." "My son," he said, looking up, "is there; nightly he smiles on me, and invites me to come."

They pray five times a day, saying several prayers each time, turning this way or that, having no keblah. If a Christian or Turk sees them at their devotions, the prayers are of no avail. At their feasts, they pray in a room closed and guarded from the sight or ingress of the uninitiated.

This will give a general outline of the faith and customs of the Ansayrii. My intercourse with them was on the most friendly footing, and daily a little was added to my stock of information. Let me, however, warn the traveller against entering into argument with them, or avowing, through the dragoman, a knowledge of their creed. They are as ready and prompt to avenge as they are generous and hospitable to protect. To destroy one who deceives them on this point, is an imperative duty; and I firmly believe they would do it though you took shelter on the divan of the Sultan. For myself the risk is passed; I have gone through the ordeal, and owe my life several times to perfect accident.

This is not very clear or satisfactory; but it is evident that preferring Ali al Hamid to Muhammad would alone be a source of vital schism between the Ansayrii and the Turks, and yet constitute them neither Shiahs nor Sunnis. "We shall, I think," says Mr. Walpole, a little further on, "find that this religion commenced as a mere sect of Mussulmans, and that subsequent bitter persecution had led their shaikhs, or religious heads, to deny all parts of the oppressor's creed, and substitute fresh follies in their stead—that, in fact, mysticism was heaped on mysticism, till they themselves are puzzled in their belief."

Mr. Walpole does not, except in his title-page, positively identify the Ansayrii with the Assassins, generally considered by modern German writers, after Gibbon, to be the Kadmusians, or Ishmalians from Persia. Upon this subject Mr. Walpole says, "William of Tyre mentions a race as met by the Crusaders in their march from Antioch, whom he calls Assassins; they were under a chief, Seikh el Djebel (Shaikh al Jibal)—literally the Old Man of the Mountain—nor does the devotion they showed at all differ from what they would as readily show to-day." The term Assassin is now generally admitted to be derived from these people, and from the intoxicating drugs, hemp and opium—hashish—which they used to excite themselves to deeds of desperation. Under that name, and under the name of Churrus in Persia, and Gunjah in India, this drug is still extensively used in the East. Makrizi particularly describes in glowing terms certain pleasure-grounds by name, Junaina, in the vicinity of Cairo, which were famed for indulgence in the pleasures of hashish, or hashiha. The mass of argument is rather in favour of the Ismayli being the so-called Assassins of the Crusaders, than the Ansayrii; both no doubt have used, or do use, the drug hashish. Benjamin of Tudela, who wrote A.D. 1163, speaks of the Assassins, "who do not believe in the tenets of Muhammadanism, but in those of one whom they consider like unto the prophet Kharmath. He goes by the name of *Shaikh al Hashishin*. His residence is in the city of Kadmus (Kalah al Kadmus of Mr. Walpole), the Kedemoth of Scripture in the land of Sichon." At that time the Assassins were at war with the Christians, and with the Count of Tripoli.

It may appear to many that Mr. Walpole has, by some species of freemasonry or mental reserve, or from the mysticism itself being unfit for publication, rather added to the mystery of the Ansayrian creed than cleared it up. Many passages in his work would induce to this belief. As, for example, where he says, "For this I wandered as a beggar, endured hardships more than I should like to tell; cold, hunger, and fatigue more than I trust others will know; have been beaten, hurt with stones, yet the result more than repays me. That alone, without means, without powers to buy or bribe, I have penetrated a secret the enigma of ages—have dared alone to venture where none have been—where the government with five hundred soldiers could not follow; and, better than all, have gained esteem among the race condemned as savages, and feared as robbers and ASSASSINS."

For our part, we feel satisfied that the whole is a mere mysticism—that, in fact, to use Mr. Walpole's own subsequent words, "mysticism has been heaped upon mysticism, till the Ansayrii themselves are puzzled with their belief." They are probably held together by some shibboleth of faith whispered by their shaikhs at their initiation. "If you are under the sword, the rope, or the torture, die and smile, you are blessed." But they have little or no faith save in one God; a bundle of creeds and superstitions entangled within one another; without vitality, incapable of being unravelled. In this view of the subject, Mr. Walpole's theological researches are as valuable as his geographical—he has left, if we are right, only one stronghold of the Ansayrii unexplored; has he also left one secret untold? We doubt it; the little regard paid to their women would alone disprove their being worshipped in any form. We think Mr. Walpole has treated his subject, such as it is, completely and satisfactorily, and that he deserves the highest credit for his valuable additions to our previous knowledge of the country and creed of the Ansayrii.

We cannot, further, leave Mr. Walpole's work without mentioning that although we have confined ourselves to the question of the Ansayrii, that his travels were extensive and long continued, and carried into various other most interesting districts of the East. On one occasion he visited Djuni, the residence of the late Lady Hester Stanhope, Bait ad din, Damascus, Horns, Marra, Aleppo, Aintab, and Nizib, giving *en passant* an account of Ibrahim Pasha's "grand victory," derived from some Levantine Story-teller. The whole account has not, indeed, one single correct statement to boast of. The Turks did not cross at Birijik, and, instead of being 70,000, were not 40,000 strong. Instead of two guns, Hafiz Pasha had 80 to 100 in the field. Crossing the Euphrates at Birijik, Mr. Walpole proceeded by Urfah to Haran, thence to Diyarbakir, and down the Tigris to Mosul. Here the excavators, he says, were fully employed, but as a sportsman hates poachers, so Mr. Walpole declined to requite the hospitality he received by ungenerous purloinings.

From Mosul, after various excursions in the neighbourhood, and a kindly word in favour of the Nestorians, for which we thank him, Mr. Walpole proceeded through Kurdistan to Van, and thence back to Constantinople by Arzrum and Trebisond. The different visits to the Ansayrii country are contained in a second trip by steam from Constantinople to the coast of Syria.

THE BOULEVARD ITALIEN.

AN INCIDENT OF THE THREE DAYS OF DECEMBER.

[Circumstances, by which we are at liberty to profit—on the sole condition of suppressing the real names of the sufferers—have placed in our possession the following narrative, written by an eye-witness of the events recorded in them. The position in life occupied by the writer must be his excuse for any apparent defects of style. We have not ventured upon any alteration, believing that to do so would rather injure than improve his simple statement.—Ed. N. M. M.]

It was on the 29th of last November that my Master, George T——, Esq., of B—— House, in the county of S——, was married, in London, to Miss Eliza P——, the eldest daughter of Mr. P——, a gentleman of private fortune residing in the same. It was a marriage of true love, if ever there was one, and gave great satisfaction to the friends of all parties concerned, there being nothing to object to in Master's appearance, temper, or fortune; and as for Mistress, she was looked upon as an angel by everybody that had the happiness to know her. Master and Mistress had been engaged for a good while before their marriage took place; but the event had been deferred, first, on account of his being abroad with his regiment at Gibraltar, and next because of old Mr. T——'s death, which put him in possession of a fine property, and brought him home to England to arrange his affairs, and sell out of the army, both of which took up some time. At last the day came, and a happy one it was, as we could all bear witness to that were present.

I must say a few words about myself, being connected with all that happened after Master's marriage, and knowing a good deal of what had taken place before it. I was born on old Mr. T——'s estate, and was the son of a tenant of his; and when young Master entered the army I went for a soldier too, and by his interest was appointed to the same regiment, in which I served as a private; but the duty was light to me after I had been reported fit for the battalion, for then I was permitted to act as Mr. T——'s servant, and only joined the ranks on particular occasions.

The regiment was lying at Quebec, in Lower Canada, when first I went out, and after four years' service in that cold country, we were ordered to Gibraltar, a much stronger place than even Fort Diamond, and a great deal hotter, though the heat in summer was very great when in Canada. Master had leave of absence at this time, and then it was he first became acquainted with Mistress, at her father's house in London; but at the end of the year he joined the regiment again, and I went back to him to be his servant as before. In the course of about three years, Master purchased his company, and directly after that old Mr. T—— died, as I said before, and Master made up his mind to sell out. But before he left Gibraltar, having a good deal of interest, he was enabled to buy me my discharge, and took me with him in a private capacity, which I was very glad of, being always much attached to him, for a kind and indulgent master he was, and never gave any man a hard word.

Wishing to see more of Spain than had fallen to his lot while at the Rock, he first went to Cadiz, and then travelled through several parts of

the country, including Madrid and other cities; and he seldom visited any place without buying some pretty or curious thing to take home to his friends in England,—and poor Mistress that was to be—he told me all about his intended—was always sure to be remembered first and foremost. When we left Spain we came through France, and visited Paris, where we remained for a fortnight, and Master bought a good many more things there; but this time they were mostly for his lady only, the tradespeople of Paris being so clever in making ladies' ornaments. I didn't like the French so well as the Spaniards, who are a steadier people; but I got on very well with them, having learnt their language in Canada, in the same way that I picked up Spanish at the Rock. But I have said enough about myself now, and must return to others of more consequence.

The days being so short at this season of the year, it was getting dusk when the newly-married couple and Mistress's next sister, Miss Alice, left M—— street for the railway-station, taking Harriet, mistress's lady's-maid, and me to wait on Master as usual. As Mistress had never been to Paris, it had been settled that the wedding-trip should be to that city; and in great spirits we all set off, for distance is not what it used to be, and people don't think of parting so much now as they once did.

We stopped the first night at the Pavilion Hotel at Folkestone, and about the middle of the next day crossed over to Boulogne in the *Princess Alice* steamer, making a quick passage of only two hours. The weather was very fine, and scarcely anybody was ill, and both Master and Mistress and Miss Alice seemed to enjoy it extremely; and, indeed, we all of us looked forward to a very happy excursion. At Boulogne, Master put up at the Hôtel des Bains, on account of the good *table d'hôte* there, being anxious that Mistress should have a good impression of French living. The same night I was sent on by the late train, to secure apartments in Paris at the Hôtel Windsor, in the Rue de Rivoli, where Master and me had stopped when we were there before; and, when that was done, my orders were to be in waiting with a carriage at the railway station, to meet the train from Boulogne at two o'clock the next—that is, on Monday—afternoon.

It happened, however, that the Hôtel Windsor was quite full, mostly of English; and, indeed, I could get no apartments that were proper anywhere along the line facing the Tuileries' gardens, which was where Master wanted to be, on account of the troops marching past in the morning on their way to guard-mounting in the Carrousel square, and also because it has a warm, sunny aspect in winter. But one of the waiters, who remembered my face, told me he thought there were plenty of apartments at the Hôtel de Castille, on the Boulevard des Italiens; and there, to be sure, I found just what I wanted, on the second floor, directly opposite the Passages of the Opera. As I could not get the rooms that Master had first named, I was glad to secure these, for the situation, as everybody knows who has been there, is the liveliest in all Paris. But I wish I'd been dead anywhere before I set foot in France, and then what I'm going to tell would never have happened.

I was punctual to the hour at the station in the Faubourg Montmartre, but the train was more than two hours behind its time, and did not get in till past four o'clock. However, that didn't so much signify, as all the

party had come quite safe and pleasant; and when I told Master what I had done, he said, in a few kind words, that it was all quite right, and, for his part, he thought it much the best; and he added, with a laugh, that Mistress would like the gay shops and cafés on the Boulevards a good deal better than the leafless trees in the Tuileries' gardens. They therefore got into the carriage that was waiting, and I followed afterwards with the luggage. The same evening Master took Mistress and Miss Alice to dine at the *Maison Dorée*, just across the Boulevard, and after dinner he walked with them through all the lighted passages, and round the Palais Royal; and when they came in, Mistress said she had never enjoyed anything so much in her life, and Miss Alice said the same, and how she should like to pass the rest of her days in that delightful city! They little knew, poor things, what they were saying.

The next morning, when I got up, something strange seemed to have taken possession of everybody, for all was quite changed from what it had been the night before. There was as much talking, perhaps, but it was altogether in another tone, and nobody appeared disposed to laugh or make merry. I wondered what was the meaning of this sudden change; but I had not long to wonder, for the first person I spoke to said that a *coup d'état* had taken place in the night, that the principal generals of the army had been arrested in their beds and taken off to prison, the French parliament dissolved, the troops in possession of all the strong points of Paris, and proclamations by the President posted about everywhere, telling the people that they were to have universal suffrage again, and more changes than I could comprehend.

I went up to Master with the news, which surprised him as much as it did every one else, but he seemed rather pleased than otherwise: "For now," said he to Mistress, "you will have an opportunity of seeing how quickly a revolution can take place in this country. It's a serious step," he added, "but you need not be frightened, Eliza, for if there is any disturbance it won't be in this part of the town." He said a good deal more to convince Mistress and her sister that there was no cause for alarm, and told them that nobody was ever molested who did not interfere, and that the English were always safe whatever happened. The ladies did their best, when they heard these words, to appear calm and unconcerned, but I could easily see they were not at all comfortable.

Of course, while breakfast was going on, and during the whole of the morning, nothing was thought of or talked about but this *coup d'état*. The master of the hotel and all the servants were quite full of it, and seemed glad to be asked questions that they might tell all they had seen or heard. Indeed, they did not wait to be asked, but every time they came into the room they had something fresh to say, though it was not much to be depended on. The scene out of doors was curious enough. People did not walk past as usual, as if they were on business or amusing themselves; there was no regular going and coming, in a sort of stream both ways, as there always is in a large city; but they went along in knots, hurrying as it appeared to some distant point in search of news, or returning full of it, which they told to the first group they met, and then all stood talking and pointing, but never long at a time, except those who were gathered round the proclamations which were to be seen in every direction. But although all sorts of reports were circulated about what

had been done during the night, no accounts of fighting were brought from any part—and the general feeling, after all, seemed to be only one of astonishment, just as I recollect was the case once at Gibraltar, when there was a shock of earthquake which did no harm. By degrees all sense of apprehension disappeared as the morning wore on, and nothing worse was seen than now and then a patrol of cavalry moving up or down the Boulevards; they were fine, soldier-like looking men, and looked as if they could act if called upon, but they only rode steadily along, interfering with no one, though I noticed that the people in the streets moved quicker when they saw them approach, and tried to get out of their way.

Seeing things so quiet, and anxious to hear all that could be heard, Master and the ladies went out on the Boulevards and down to the Place de la Concorde, and took me with them, following at a little distance behind. There were more people in that direction than near our hotel, but we soon found that the cause of this was the President himself, who came riding along from his palace with a large staff of officers about him, and wherever he came the people cried, "Vive la République!" and "Vive le Président!" and certainly no symptoms of dissatisfaction at what had taken place were shown, as far as I could observe. Indeed, after witnessing this spectacle, our ladies expressed no more fear, but chatted and laughed as gaily as the French themselves, many of whom, in my hearing, already began to talk of the *coup d'état* as a good joke, for they are people who soon recover their spirits. I have nothing more particular to say about the events of that day, for though Paris looked different from what I had thought it the first time I was there, still there seemed nothing to be afraid of, and, as there is always plenty for strangers to see, neither Master nor the ladies wanted for amusement, and in the evening, having met with some English gentlemen they knew, they made up a party and went to one of the theatres near the hotel, the Italian Opera I believe it was. And so ended Tuesday, the 2nd of December.

On Wednesday morning matters were rather altered, and the first sign we had in our quarter that that day was not likely to end so peaceably as the first, was seeing several regiments of infantry march along the Boulevards, where they halted at intervals in open columns at half-distance, wheeling back in half-companies from the centre so as to line the street on each side, where they piled arms but remained in the ranks. These troops were not at all what I should call smart-looking men, and most of them were a good deal below our standard, but though they had a slovenly way of marching, with their trousers tucked up above the ankle, and sloped their arms over which shoulder they liked, they went through their manœuvres well and quickly. I thought it looked unsoldier-like to see so many of them smoking, and drinking out of the sutler-women's cantines, but Master said it was the custom of the French army, and that their officers let them do things which ours would never think of. Besides the troops, we also saw a great many *sergens de ville*, a kind of police with long swords, who were very busy tearing down printed papers from the walls which had been pasted up in the night, it was said, by the Red Republicans. Wherever these police saw a knot of people assembled, they went and dispersed them; but there was so much curiosity to read the papers, or the people were less willing to obey orders than they had been, that it soon became a matter of difficulty to get them to move on;

however, there was no resistance offered that I could see, though there was a good deal of loud talking, and many cries which I did not understand.

It was mostly from the windows of our hotel that we watched these proceedings, but I went out now and then to pick up what news I could, for Mistress, who had got very nervous when she saw the regiments form on the Boulevard, would not suffer Master to leave her side,—and though he would have liked to judge for himself, he could not refuse her anything she asked him. He went so far, indeed, at her request, as to agree to leave Paris, much as he wished, he said, "to see the thing out," and I was sent to see about a carriage to take us to the railway-station. But I soon found that orders had been issued to prevent any carriages from circulating, lest they should be taken to help to make barricades,—for the hotel people said some had already been erected in other parts of the city,—and Master would not hear of our going on foot, "running away," he called it, "as if we were frightened—and he so lately an English officer," so we stayed, and Mistress bore up as well as she was able. As the afternoon advanced, it was plain enough that some work was being cut out for the troops, for those opposite our hotel stood to their arms and formed again in column, and moved up the Boulevard Montmartre quite out of sight, leaving only a few pickets of cavalry behind, though there were large bodies in reserve, we were told, in the Place de la Concorde and thereabouts, ready to support them in case of need. About three o'clock the gentlemen who had been to the play the night before came to the hotel and told Master that at the other end of the Boulevards a good deal of fighting had actually taken place, that several barricades had been raised and taken, and a good many people killed, a member of the French parliament, whose name I don't recollect,—one of the "Mountain," as they called his party,—being one. I did not hear all the conversation that took place between Master and his friends, but it was quite enough for me to be sure that there would be more to do before it was all ended. Mistress and Miss Alice kept making a good many inquiries, but, of course, we made as light of it as we could to them, and had enough to do to deny all the worst part of the reports that the waiters kept bringing in, as if they wanted to make themselves easy by frightening women and timid folks. Meantime, a considerable difference took place on the Boulevard, for, as it began to get dusk, instead of the shops and *cafés* being lit up as they were on Tuesday evening, the owners put up their shutters, which, coupled with the rain that fell, gave the streets a very gloomy appearance; and when it got quite dark the hoarse voices of the men who kept shouting for the Republic, and the heavy tramp of the cavalry as they passed backwards and forwards, did not at all help to make the prospect of that night a pleasant one. I can't say what Master felt, but he kept a very cheerful countenance, and saying that the insurrection, if it spread, would be put down by the military, went to bed and slept in peace. I couldn't tell why, for I am not, I believe, a timorous person, but sleeping was out of the question with me, and so I never took off my clothes, but went from time to time, as if I had been on regular duty, to see at the bedroom doors that all was safe.

It was a long night, and the morning of Thursday broke dull and

cloudy. As soon as there was light enough I was on the look-out, and soon saw that the number of troops had greatly increased on the Boulevards,—with the addition of artillery,—a sure sign that affairs were drawing near a crisis. But for all that there was no stir amongst them, and for several hours they occupied their position quite immovable, until I almost fancied, notwithstanding the guns, that it would not be any fight after all, and that the troops were out more to make a show than anything else. Master appeared to be of the same opinion, or, at all events, he said so,—his great object being to keep Mistress and her sister, and poor Harriet too, who was the most nervous of the three, from being frightened. He succeeded pretty well, and as no harm had happened yet to anybody, so far as we had seen, they began to think there was nothing to be afraid of.

But if the military were quiet, that was not the case with the people in the streets, who now made their appearance in greater crowds than ever; some of them, no doubt, for bad purposes, but the greater part, I think, from motives of curiosity or restlessness. Every now and then a cry was heard of an unfavourable kind; but nothing hostile was attempted. Between twelve and one o'clock, however, sounds began to be heard which didn't need that one should have been a soldier to know the meaning of. It was the firing of artillery, at some distance perhaps; but still there it was, not to be mistaken. It startled most that heard it, and its effect began to tell upon the troops, for now there came mounted orderlies galloping down the Boulevards, and the commanding officers formed their regiments in readiness to march in the direction of the noise of the cannon. After a while, however, the sounds ceased, and for another hour the troops never moved, though the cavalry sat with pistols raised, and the infantry stood with sloped arms: the artillery drivers, too, mounted their horses, and a word only was wanted to set them in motion. About two o'clock, as near as I can remember, that word came. It was a stirring sight, I must say, to see the march of so many fine troops, and the natural feeling of a soldier made me wish to join them. It was a sin to think so, no doubt, and God has punished me for entertaining it; for what call had I to desire to mix myself up with the quarrels of the French? My duty there was a servant's duty to his master, and no more.

It was quite time, apparently, for the troops to move, as they had not been gone more than half an hour before the sound of musketry was heard in quick volleys, as well as the roar of heavier metal, and hundreds of scared people who ran past the hotel cried out that the military were attacking a large barricade at the corner of the Rue St. Denis, about half a mile off. This was quite as near to the scene as many wished to be; but when they said that, they little dreamt we should soon be in the midst of the fight ourselves. The talk of one barricade set the people in the streets to work about making more, and very soon a pile of stones and carts began to be heaped up at the corner of a street nearly opposite the hotel, and several men armed with muskets showed their heads behind it. There were no troops in sight at the time, nor was there any firing from this barricade, but Master thought it was too serious an affair now to let the ladies be exposed to any danger, so with my help he put the shutters to, and made Mistress and Miss Alice, and Harriet, sit down

on a sofa in one corner of the room, out of the reach of any stray shot, in case of firing. He had scarcely done so before there came a loud roll of the drums in the direction of the Rue de la Paix, which was answered by a cheer from the men behind the barricade opposite. I got to a place where I could see through the crevice between the shutters, and had just planted myself there when a pistol or musket went off from the other side of the Boulevard. Who fired it I could not see, but the smoke was still hanging in the air, when down came a large body of troops, who at once opened a heavy fire from the front of the column, sweeping the Boulevards, and scattering the people in every direction.

A scene of confusion and terror then took place such as I never witnessed before, and hope I may never see again. The barricade was charged and taken; but that wasn't it: what I mean was the scene in front of our hotel, where the people fell before the musketry like flocks of slaughtered sheep. But it wasn't only amongst the entangled crowds who were striving to escape down the side streets that the military directed their fire. While the head of the column was clearing all before it, the sections in the rear wheeled outwards, and opened a dropping fire at every window on the Boulevard where they saw a head; and besides this, rattling volleys, which cut the shutters in pieces, laid open many a room where the inmates no doubt thought themselves safe; and, above the noise of the fight, I could hear the painful screams of women and the agonised cries of the wounded. I can't tell whether there were any insurgents in the houses on our side of the Boulevard, but I saw no firing from any of the opposite windows, nor do I think a single shot came from the inside. I had little time, however, to consider this matter, for while I was watching the troops, the shutter behind which I stood was broken at the hinge, and fell down, leaving the window exposed. I ought to have left the place that instant, but I did not: something seemed to fix me there as if I was under a charm. My Master, who had been all the time consoling Mistress and Miss Alice, having hold of a hand of each as they sat sobbing on the sofa, now called to me to come away; but finding that I did not stir, he jumped up to pull me away by main force. Poor gentleman!—poor dear Master! it was the very last thing that ever he did. I saw him within a yard of me, with a fine glow of colour on his handsome face, and my name was on his lips, when a musket-ball struck him right in the middle of his throat and passed out at the back of his neck. He leapt up at least a foot from the ground, spread out his arms, and fell back on the floor, stone dead, without word or sign. The shriek that followed from my poor Mistress, rings in my ears at this moment, and will haunt me to my dying day. Before I had time to reach the place where Master fell, she was there, with his head in her lap, and all her dress dabbled in his blood. How she bent over him—how she called him by his name—how she begged of him to answer her and say that he was not hurt, that he was not dead, I haven't the heart to think of.

I had meant, sir, to have told you all that has happened since; but when I call to mind my dear dead Master, and how I was the miserable though innocent cause of his death, I find I can't do it.

Pray, therefore, to excuse a poor fellow who has no heart to write any more.

* * * * * *

LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.

It is made a matter of reproach to the Protectionist party—as it was to their fighting countrymen in the Peninsula—that they never know when they are vanquished, but continue obstinately to hold out when, according to all the rules of war, they ought at once to beat the *chamade;* as if the supporters of a great principle, men who have not lightly been roused to arm in their own defence, are to abandon their colours and throw down their weapons because of defection, of betrayal, or even of defeat.

Had this rule held good in any of the great moral or political struggles which have agitated mankind, had a docile acquiescence in tyranny and aggression been substituted for that manly resistance which is intuitive in all honest minds, it is not very easy to imagine what the world would have become, but it is tolerably certain that it would not have been worth living in.

"But the question is settled," exclaim the hostile league, after what was a great but—as present facts declare—a not decisive victory; "we have worsted you in and out of Parliament, the voice of the country has declared in our favour, and to prolong the contest now is only to render yourselves ridiculous!"

To this the Protectionists reply—and who shall say that they are not justified in replying—"It is true you managed to win the fight on a particular occasion, when every selfish motive was brought to bear that could be made to combine, when treachery aided your cause, and advantage was taken of every extraneous circumstance that could be enlisted on your side, when even the dispensations of Providence were wrested to your purpose, and you held up your opponents to obloquy as abettors of famine and wrong; so far your assertion bears the semblance of truth. But, in the midst of your rejoicing, take this also with you: that the defeat of 1846 was never acknowledged by us to be final, nor the elections of 1847—influenced by the bugbears of scarcity and an impending monetary crisis—admitted by us to be the true expression of the opinion of the people of England. We still had and have a future, and on that future we confidently rely. The field is yet to be fought anew, and whether on the hustings of 1852, or at a remoter date, be assured that the hour of conflict is again to come!"

This language, from the proofs afforded by his brief but brilliant career, would have been held—we cannot doubt—by the lamented nobleman whose biography has just been given to the world by his earnest admirer and attached friend, the member for the county of Buckingham.*

When the Whig leader in the House of Commons had made his memorable bidding for the government of this country, when the "Duke" had sacrificed his convictions, when the resolve of the Conservative Premier himself was known, and arrayed on the side of abolition was a force too numerically strong to leave the slightest hope of immediate

* Lord George Bentinck: a Political Biography. By Benjamin Disraeli, M.P. for the County of Buckingham. London: Colburn and Co.

successful resistance, the Protectionists found a leader of the right stamp, —one who was to be daunted by no difficulties, to be dismayed by no amount of toil, to be disheartened by no reverses,—a leader who had the genius to plan, the courage to attack, the skill to combine, the hardihood that feared not to "hug danger as a bride," and the fortitude to endure whatever might be the issue of the fight.

Such a champion of their cause the Protectionists discovered in Lord George Bentinck; nor can we herald the biography which Mr. Disraeli has written more fittingly than by reproducing the graphic portraiture which his eloquent pen has traced:

Lord George Bentinck had sat for eighteen years in parliament, and before he entered it had been for three years the private secretary of Mr. Canning, who had married the sister of the Duchess of Portland. Such a post would seem a happy commencement of a public career; but whether it were the untimely death of his distinguished relative, or a natural indisposition, Lord George—though he retained the seat for King's Lynn, in which he had succeeded his uncle, the late Governor-General of India—directed his energies to other than parliamentary pursuits. For some time he had followed his profession, which was that of arms, but of late years he had become absorbed in the pastime and fortunes of the turf, in which his whole being seemed engrossed, and which he pursued on a scale that perhaps has never been equalled. Lord George had withdrawn his support from the government of the Duke of Wellington when the friends of Mr. Canning quitted that administration; and when in time they formed the not least considerable portion of the cabinet of Lord Grey, he resumed his seat on the ministerial benches. On that occasion an administrative post was offered him and declined; and on subsequent occasions similar requests to him to take office were equally in vain. Lord George, therefore, was an original and hearty supporter of the Reform Bill, and he continued to uphold the Whigs in all their policy until the secession of Lord Stanley, between whom and himself there subsisted warm personal as well as political sympathies. Although he was not only a friend to religious liberty, as we shall have occasion afterwards to remark, but always viewed with great sympathy the condition of the Roman Catholic portion of the Irish population, he shrank from the taint of the ultra-montane intrigue. Accompanying Lord Stanley, he became in due time a member of the great Conservative opposition; and as he never did anything by halves, became one of the most earnest, as he certainly was one of the most enlightened, supporters of Sir Robert Peel. His trust in that minister was indeed absolute; and he has subsequently stated in conversation, that when, towards the end of the session of '45, a member of the Tory party ventured to predict and denounce the impending defection of the minister, there was no member of the Conservative party who more violently condemned the unfounded attack, or more readily impugned the motives of the assailant.

He was not a very frequent attendant at the House. He might be counted on for a party division, and when, towards the termination of the Melbourne ministry, the forces were very nearly balanced, and the struggle became very close, he might have been observed, on more than one occasion, entering the House at a late hour, clad in a white great-coat, which softened, but did not conceal, the scarlet hunting-coat. Although he took no part in debate, and attended the House rather as a club than a senate, he possessed a great and peculiar influence in it. He was viewed with interest, and often with extraordinary regard, by every sporting man in the House. With almost all of these he was acquainted; some of them, on either side, were his intimate companions and confederates. His eager and energetic disposition; his quick perception, clear judgment, and prompt decision; the tenacity with which he clung to his opinions; his frankness and love of truth; his daring and specu-

lative spirit; his lofty bearing, blended as it was with a simplicity of manner very remarkable; the ardour of his friendships, even the fierceness of his hates and prejudices; all combined to form one of those strong characters, who, whatever may be their pursuit, must always direct and lead.

Nature had clothed this vehement spirit with a material form which was in perfect harmony with its noble and commanding character. He was tall, and remarkable for his presence; his countenance almost a model of manly beauty; the face oval, the complexion clear and mantling; the forehead lofty and white; the nose aquiline and delicately moulded; the upper lip short. But it was in the dark brown eye that flashed with piercing scrutiny that all the character of the man came forth; a brilliant glance, not soft, but ardent, acute, imperious, incapable of deception or of being deceived.

Although he had not much sustained his literary culture, and of late years, at any rate, had not given his mind to political study, he had, in the course of his life, seen and heard a great deal, and with profit. Nothing escaped his observation; he forgot nothing, and always thought. So it was that on all the great political questions of the day he had arrived at conclusions which guided him. He always took large views, and had no prejudices about things, whatever he might indulge in as to persons. He was always singularly anxious to acquire the truth, and would spare no pains for that purpose; but when once his mind was made up, it was impossible to influence him. In politics he was a Whig of 1688, which became him, modified, however, by all the experience of the present age. He wished to see our society founded on a broad basis of civil and religious liberty. He retained much of the old jealousy of the court, but had none of popular franchises. He was for the Established Church, but for nothing more, and very repugnant to priestly domination. As for the industrial question, he was sincerely opposed to the Manchester scheme, because he thought that its full development would impair and might subvert our territorial constitution, which he held to be the real security of our freedom, and because he believed that it would greatly injure Ireland, and certainly dissolve our colonial empire.

In undertaking the labour of love which, in this political biography, has occupied Mr. Disraeli, he was impressed by the conviction that it was "possible to combine the accuracy of the present with the impartiality of the future." We have read the volume carefully and dispassionately, and have no hesitation in saying that these difficult requirements have been fulfilled in the exactest manner. The accuracy of Mr. Disraeli's statements is unimpeachable, and for their impartiality we have only to refer to the sketch of Sir Robert Peel.

Mr. Disraeli's work commences at the close of the year 1845, when the failure of the crops had begun to excite apprehensions of famine, and the great question arose whether the ministry would suspend the import duties on foreign corn by an Order in Council or by the immediate sanction of Parliament, to be immediately assembled for that purpose. Mr. Disraeli gives a rapid but clear *aperçu* of the state of parties at that critical time, and exposes in plain, forcible language the peculiar condition of affairs. The four Cabinet Councils which were held in one week, the change which had taken place in Sir Robert Peel's opinion respecting the policy of retaining the Corn Laws, his proposal for their suspension, and the rejection of that proposition by a majority of the Cabinet, come first under review. Then comes an account of Lord John Russell's letter from Edinburgh—renewed discussion in the Cabinet—the concession made by the Duke of Wellington—and the refusal of Lord Stanley, the Abdiel of the Council—which refusal broke up the ministry. In noticing here the changed

opinion of Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Disraeli observes, and we cannot but think with very sufficient reason, that when that great statesman had come to the conclusion that the Corn Laws must be repealed, he was resolved himself to be the repealer—for none of the explanations which Sir Robert Peel afterwards made afford any other satisfactory solution of the course which he took during the various Cabinet discussions on the subject. Next follows a narrative of Lord John Russell's endeavour to form a government, thwarted by dissensions which, from recent occurrences, appear never to have been completely reconciled—the resumption of office by Sir Robert Peel—and the first appearance on the scene of Lord George Bentinck, after the minister had made the speech in the debate on the Address, at the opening of Parliament in 1846, which announced his adoption of a Free Trade policy.

Lord George Bentinck and his biographer were amongst the first to perceive the weakness of the arguments on which the withdrawal of Protection was grounded, and Mr. Disraeli again lays bare, as he had already done in the House of Commons, the incongruities of the Premier's explanation.

Immediately following the debate on the Address, the honest and unflinching supporters of the agricultural interests of England—which the cotton-lords, in their selfish aims at personal aggrandisement will, we trust, never succeed in swamping—assembled for the formation of a Protectionist party; and here it was that Lord George Bentinck gave such striking proofs of his intelligence, shrewdness, and sagacity, that many present already saw in him the man who was the best qualified to be their leader. But when urged to assume this distinguished position he refused, in the first instance, to accept it, though at a later period he yielded to the desire of his friends. "'I think,' he said," observes Mr. Disraeli, "as he shook his head with a sort of suppressed smile—a faint blush and an air of proud humility, which was natural to him—'I think,' he said, 'we have had enough of leaders. It is not in my way. I shall remain the last of the rank and file.'" And so diffident, indeed, was Lord George of his oratorical abilities, that only a short time before this crisis he had entertained the project of speaking by deputy, in the person of a lawyer of eminence whom he wished to get into the house, and be there supplied by him with the facts for the use of his party. It was soon seen, however, that such an expedient as this was unnecessary, for Lord George not only spoke, but spoke well when it came to his turn to take a part in the momentous debate, though, by his own acknowledgment, he had never before, in the course of eight sessions of parliament, addressed the house on any great question.

But Lord George Bentinck was a man of too much practical ability to confine himself to the effects of his oratory, however earnest or eloquent his style; his exertions out of the House were immense,—and so well did he prepare himself by studying the general question of Protection, that all the points which affected so many other interests besides those of the corn-growers, were entrusted entirely to his advocacy. But the second reading of the bill—how championed we all of us know—took place, and then came a new field for Lord George Bentinck's exertions in the skilful policy by which he sought to delay its progress into the House of Lords.

It has been unjustly alleged against him that he assented to the introduction of the Irish Coercion Bill, solely for this purpose; but though he availed himself of this weapon as the readiest within his grasp, his real feelings were afterwards shown in the opposition to the measure when he became the leader of his party, and advocated remedial measures for Ireland. The truth is, that he did not believe that the government were in earnest in their avowed desire to put down murder and outrage in that unhappy country, and it was chiefly, as Mr. Disraeli says, with the view of testing their sincerity, that he consented to give a priority in the conduct of public business to the measure in question. When the remedial measures came fairly before the House, Lord George earned for himself the sympathy of the most ardent lovers of their country amongst the Irish party, and the letter which he received from Mr. Smith O'Brien, misguided as his conduct subsequently was, is a convincing proof that such was the case.

It was at this juncture that Lord George Bentinck assumed ostensibly, as he had for some months held in fact, the leadership of the Protectionist party. He was its chief when the Coercion Bill was rejected, and the marshalling of his followers on the division is thus graphically depicted:

At length, about half-past one o'clock, the galleries were cleared, the division called, and the question put. In almost all previous divisions, where the fate of a government had been depending, the vote of every member, with scarcely any exception, had been anticipated: that was not the case in the present instance, and the direction which members took as they left their seats was anxiously watched. More than one hundred Protectionist members followed the minister; more than eighty avoided the division—a few of these, however, had paired; nearly the same number followed Lord George Bentinck. But it was not merely their numbers that attracted the anxious observation of the Treasury bench as the Protectionists passed in defile before the minister to the hostile lobby. It was impossible that he could have marked them without emotion: the flower of that great party which had been so proud to follow one who had been so proud to lead them. They were men to gain whose hearts, and the hearts of their fathers, had been the aim and exultation of his life. They had extended to him an unlimited confidence and an admiration without stint. They had stood by him in the darkest hour, and had borne him from the depths of political despair to the proudest of living positions. Right or wrong, they were men of honour, breeding, and refinement, high and generous character, great weight and station in the country, which they had ever placed at his disposal. They had been not only his followers but his friends: had joined in the same pastimes, drank from the same cup, and, in the pleasantness of private life, had often forgotten together the cares and strife of politics.

He must have felt something of this, while the Manners, the Somersets, the Bentincks, the Lowthers, and the Lennoxes passed before him. And those country gentlemen, "those gentlemen of England," of whom, but five years ago, the very same building was ringing with his pride of being the leader—if his heart were hardened to Sir Charles Burrell, Sir William Jolliffe, Sir Charles Knightley, Sir John Trollope, Sir Edward Kerrison, Sir John Tyrell, he surely must have had a pang when his eye rested on Sir John Yarde Buller, his choice and pattern country gentleman, whom he had himself selected and invited but six years back to move a vote of want of confidence in the Whig Government, in order, against the feeling of the Court, to instal Sir Robert Peel in their stead. They trooped on: all the men of mettle and large-acred squires, whose counsel he had so often solicited in his fine Conservative speeches in Whitehall-gardens; Mr. Bankes, with a parliamentary name of two centuries, and Mr.

Christopher, from that broad Lincolnshire which Protection had created; and the Mileses, and the Henleys were there; and the Duncombes, the Liddells, and the Yorkes; and Devon had sent there the stout heart of Mr. Buck—and Wiltshire, the pleasant presence of Walter Long. Mr. Newdegate was there, whom Sir Robert had himself recommended to the confidence of the electors of Warwickshire, as one of whom he had the highest hopes; and Mr. Alderman Thompson was there, who, also through Sir Robert's selection, had seconded the assault upon the Whigs, led on by Sir John Buller. But the list is too long, or good names remain behind.

When the Whig Government, which succeeded to Sir Robert Peel's abdication, came into power, so impressed were they, not only with the moral but the working value of Lord George Bentinck's aid, that they set on foot a private negotiation to obtain it through the instrumentality of a nobleman, who, we presume, was the late Lord Auckland. But Lord George would not consent to be a member of any administration that was not prepared to do justice to the land, and the negotiation failed. Henceforward, till the time of his death, we find him the vigorous supporter of all those beneficial measures by which his political career was so eminently distinguished. How much he sacrificed for his country none but a true sportsman can feel,—for we need not remind our readers that, previously to his throwing himself heart and soul into the cause of the Protectionists, he had been the Autocrat of the Turf, over which Empire he ruled with as much justice as suavity. His biographer thus describes the manner of his abdication:

We must not omit to record, that in the autumn of this year at Goodwood races, the sporting world was astounded by hearing that Lord George Bentinck had parted with his racing stud at an almost nominal price. Lord George was present, as was his custom, at this meeting, held in the demesne of one who was among his dearest friends. Lord George was not only present, but apparently absorbed in the sport; his horses were very successful. The world has hardly done justice to the great sacrifice which he made on this occasion to a high sense of duty. He not only parted with the finest racing-stud in England, but he parted with it at a moment when its prospects were never so brilliant; and he knew this well. We may have hereafter to notice on this head an interesting passage in his life. He could scarcely have quitted the turf that day without a pang. He had become the lord paramount of that strange world, so difficult to sway, and which requires for its government both a stern resolve and a courtly breeding. He had them both; and though the blackleg might quail before the awful scrutiny of his piercing eye, there never was a man so scrupulously polite to his inferiors as Lord George Bentinck. The turf, too, was not merely the scene of the triumphs of his stud and his betting-book. He had purified its practice and had elevated its character, and he was prouder of this achievement than of any other connected with his sporting life. Notwithstanding his mighty stakes and the keenness with which he backed his opinion, no one perhaps ever cared less for money. His habits were severely simple, and he was the most generous of men. He valued the acquisition of money on the turf, because there it was the test of success. He counted his thousands after a great race as a victorious general counts his cannon and his prisoners.

The "interesting passage" referred to above, is given by his biographer in speaking of the result of Lord George's labours in opposition to the unjust and impolitic measure of the Whigs for admitting slave-grown sugar into the British market:

A few days before—it was the day after the Derby, May 25th—the writer met Lord George Bentinck in the Library of the House of Commons. He

was standing before the book-shelves, with a volume in his hand, and his countenance was greatly disturbed. His resolutions in favour of the colonial interest, after all his labours, had been negatived by the committee of the 22nd, and on the 24th his horse Surplice, whom he had parted with among the rest of his stud, solely that he might pursue without distraction his labours on behalf of the great interests of the country, had won that paramount and Olympian stake to gain which had been the object of his life. He had nothing to console him, and nothing to sustain him except his pride. Even that deserted him before a heart which he knew at least could yield him sympathy. He gave a sort of superb groan:

"All my life I have been trying for this, and for what have I sacrificed it!" he murmured.

It was in vain to offer solace.

"You do not know what the Derby is," he moaned out.

"Yes, I do; it is the blue ribbon of the turf."

"It is the blue ribbon of the turf," he slowly repeated to himself, and sitting down at the table he buried himself in a folio of statistics.

This epigrammatic reply is very characteristic of Mr. Disraeli.

The year 1847 found Lord George Bentinck at his post until the dissolution of the Parliament at the end of the session, during which period how energetically he laboured is amply recorded in Mr. Disraeli's pages. The great subjects embraced by him were the improvement of Ireland by the construction of railways—the Irish famine—the Bank Charter Act—the monetary panic—and the bill for the removal of the civil disabilities of the Jews, his vote on which last question induced him to retire from the leadership of his party. Perhaps the chapter which Mr. Disraeli devotes to the Jewish question is the most eloquently written that is to be found in this biography, though we look upon it as beside the question altogether, and merely thrown in as an *amende honorable* for silence on the subject in parliament, when his noble friend consented to sacrifice his ambition to his conviction.

We have said that Lord George's political career was both brief and brilliant. As an Opposition leader he occupied public attention from the spring of 1846, to December, 1847—as a prominent debater and ardent politician he never left his post during the session of 1848. This covered a space of little more than two years. What future field for fame might have been open to him can only be conjectured, for in the autumn of 1848 he died; how suddenly and sadly is too fresh in the recollection of the public for us to be under the necessity of describing.

His epitaph is written at length in Mr. Disraeli's volumes; the motive which impelled his biographer to the act is thus touchingly expressed:

One who stood by his side in an arduous and unequal struggle; who often shared his councils, and sometimes, perhaps, soothed his cares; who knew well the greatness of his nature, and esteemed his friendship among the chief of worldly blessings; has stepped aside from the strife and passion of public life to draw up this record of his deeds and thoughts, that those who come after us may form some conception of his character and career, and trace in these faithful, though imperfect pages, the portraiture of

AN ENGLISH WORTHY.

LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

THE last of those monstrous coalitions, which had been for some time past so disgraceful to the National Assembly, and which brought parties of the most opposite political feelings into temporary alliance, from their having for the time being one common object in view, the overthrow of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, was so thoroughly disreputable to the parties concerned, that it is generally believed that the arch-intriguer Thiers himself became ashamed of it, and that General Changarnier was alike dissatisfied and very much annoyed at the position in which he had allowed himself to be placed. It is notorious that a conspiracy was hatched against the President of the Republic, by the last-mentioned general, as far back as eighteen months ago, when he first became a tenant of the Tuileries. From the name of Thiers being associated with the plot, it was supposed to have had an Orleanist tendency, but subsequent events would tend to render that very doubtful. At all events, meetings were held in the general's rooms—meetings where, it is commonly reported, the question of arresting Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, and imprisoning him at Vincennes, was discussed.

It is needless to recapitulate here the various circumstances—precautions taken on the part of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte himself—divisions in the body of the Assembly, and fortuitous incidents that baffled the conspirators from time to time. The discussion upon the electoral law of the 31st of May, brought to an issue by the President's message, determined a crisis which, after the debate of the 20th of November, and the division which followed, could no longer be deferred.

War had been declared—it must be carried out. An organic, or fundamental pact, was disentombed from the archives of the state, by which the President was made responsible in a high degree for any attempt to excite others to the violation of the 45th article of the constitution—that was, his own re-election. The responsibilityincurred by the nation, if it thought proper to violate that article, was passed over, but the chief of the state, if he connived at his own re-election, was to be declared guilty of high treason. The penalty of death would have been too severe to be passed on six millions of voters; besides, there might have been a difficulty in carrying the "organic" law, thus fairly and liberally interpreted, into execution. It would suffice if the exciters and promoters of a movement displeasing to his adversaries was put out of the way. This was scarcely dispensing the law with equal justice. But even here difficulties lay in the way. The chief of the state had also his friends—the lovers of order—and at their back the supporters of order—the military.

This difficulty was met, upon the occasion of the great defeat of the 24th of November, by M. Pradié, the interpellator in the question of the "organic law" between the Council of State and the Assembly, moving an amendment, that the President of the Republic, the ministers, and all public functionaries should be accused of high treason, should they oppose the right of the Assembly, as set forth in the 32nd article of the constitution, which authorises it to fix the amount and dispose of the military force necessary for its security. If it was possible to add insult to denunciation,

such was effected by an additional clause, by which the president of the Assembly was to require the minister at war, and the colonels of regiments, to post the text of the law, or a portion of it, in their barracks, and to insert it in their orders of the day. The President was to be declared guilty of high treason for exciting others to re-elect him—the Assembly, or rather that part of it which was adverse to him, was to shield itself behind the law, not only in exciting others to oppose him, but to denounce the chief of the state, his ministers, and all public functionaries as guilty of high treason! Luckily, some members of the committee spoke in favour of the adjournment of the bill, and observed that such questions would, under existing circumstances, produce "inflammatory debates;" that M de Montalembert described the bill truly as a preparation for war, and that M. de Parien, formerly minister of justice, denounced it as a violation of the sovereignty of the people; these objections were not till some time after overruled in committees under the influence of Generals Changarnier, Cavaignac, and Bedeau, M. Thiers, Base, and other personal adversaries of the chief of the state. Had the Assembly taken at once into consideration the proposition submitted to it, they would also have extorted from it an impeachment. The conspirators had already prepared their *coup*. Armed with a vote more or less conclusive, they would have arrested the ministers in the Assembly itself, and if that succeeded they would have attempted to carry off the President. General Changarnier was to have been declared Dictator, with the support and under the control of the then existing Assembly, which was to be prorogued indefinitely, and was to proclaim itself a Convention.

In the mean time the Republican party got alarmed at this idea of a military dictatorship, by which the moderates might be thrown out and the ultras put down by the usual appliances of a military dictatorship, and the proposition was once more prorogued by the Assembly. Thus baffled, the conspirators, rather than fail, determined to win over even the ultra-Republicans, by proffering to them, instead of a "White Convention," with General Changarnier at the head, a "Red Convention," with General Cavaignac as Dictator. A large body of Orleanists and Legitimists also lent themselves to this arrangement, in the hopes of advancing thereby the interests of their own party.

Louis Napoleon Bonaparte took the very first opportunity that presented itself—the distribution of the crosses of the Legion of Honour to the most eminent of the French manufacturers at the Great Exhibition (Nov. 25th)—to denounce this "Convention."

"With such unhoped for results," said the President, in allusion to the triumphs of industry amid political embarrassments, "I am justified in repeating how great the French Republic would become if she were allowed to follow her real interests, and to reform her institutions, instead of being incessantly troubled,—on one side by demagogism, and on the other by monarchical hallucinations. Do those demagogic ideas proclaim a truth? No! They circulate on every side error and falsehood. Disquietude precedes, deception follows them; and the means employed for repression are but so much lost to the pressing necessity of improvement and the alleviation of misery. With respect to monarchical hallucinations, though not productive of the same dangers, they also impede all progress and all kinds of serious industry. In place of advancing, there is only a struggle. Men are seen who, heretofore the most ardent supporters of the prerogatives and the authority of royalty, become

partisans of a convention for the purpose of weakening that authority which is the issue of popular suffrage."

This address of the President of the Republic was received with unmounted enthusiasm by an assembly, not of political partisans, but (as the *Journal des Débats* expressed it) the highest celebrities of science and industry; and which was acknowledged by all, except the *Siècle*, the organ of General Cavaignac, to represent all that Paris and the departments possessed eminent in trade, arts, and sciences, and whose political tendencies were, till that moment, but little known. Such was the effect of this address upon the members of the Mountain, who had taken the initiative since a "Red" Convention had superseded the original "White" one, that they assembled twice the next day, to deliberate on the question of urgency for the bill on responsibility. These meetings were, if not presided over, at least superintended by Colonel Charras, the active partisan of General Cavaignac. This demand for urgency stamped the bill with a deeper character of hostility to the executive, and no small number of statesmen, and some of the papers, especially the *Opinion Publique*, began to tremble at the course they had entered upon, but from which it was too late to withdraw. The breach, however, between the executive and legislative powers had, by the denunciations of Louis Napoleon at the "Cirque," and the demand for urgency for the bill of impeachment by his more resolute adversaries, now been too much widened to admit of any possible compromise on either side.

The chances of success lay with the party which should act first, and with sufficient resolution. Louis Napoleon at once made up his mind that the time had come to bestir himself, or he must fall before his powerful personal and political adversaries. On the morning of Tuesday, December 2nd, the principal streets of Paris were occupied at an early hour by strong bodies of infantry, cavalry, and artillery; the chiefs of the opposition, Generals Changarnier, Cavaignac (since liberated), Bedeau, Lamoricière, Lafło, Messieurs Thiers, Brun, Baze, and others, were arrested, most of them in their beds. A decree, signed by the President of the Republic, was posted on the walls, declaring the National Assembly dissolved, universal suffrage to be re-established, a state of siege, and the dissolution of the Council of State. This was soon followed by a proclamation, in which Louis Napoleon denounced the Assembly as having compelled him to such a stretch of authority, by attacking the power which he held directly from the people, by making itself a theatre for plots, instead of being the firmest supporter of order; and in place of making laws for the general interest of the people, busying itself with forging arms for civil war. He, at the same time, proclaimed, as the only means of ensuring order and repose, the resuscitation of the system created by the First Consul in the beginning of the present century—the election of a responsible chief for ten years; a ministry dependent on the executive alone; a council of state formed of the most distinguished men, preparing the laws and maintaining the discussion before the legislative corps; a legislative corps, discussing and voting the laws; a second assembly, formed by all the illustrious persons of the nation.

A movement of such great import was not effected without some strange surmises. Among others it was stated that a meeting of the President's adversaries had been held that very night, in which it had

been decided that the *coup* against Louis Napoleon should be made the same day. But there seems to have been no foundation for this rumour. The President makes no allusion to such in his appeal to the nation. We have seen that the demand for "urgency" for a law which should empower the Assembly to impeach and arrest the President and his ministers had been carried; it was scarcely Louis Napoleon's interest to allow this avowed purpose to go so far as to be actually put into practice. A large number of the opposition members of the Assembly, having been first refused admission to the Chambers, and then dispersed from the building, to which they gained admission by side doors, repaired to the Mairie of the 10th Arrondissement, where, under the presidency of MM. Vitet and Benoit d'Azy, they decreed Louis Napoleon Bonaparte to be outlawed, and the High Court of Justice was convoked to try him for high treason. The army was, at the same time, relieved from its allegiance, and General Oudinot was appointed to command it. In consequence of this decree, the said members, altogether 218 in number, were arrested, and conveyed to the barracks on the Quai d'Orsay.

Great was the indignation expressed at this energetic proceeding. Night, it is said, was coming on, and it was wet and cold. Yet men, most of them illustrious by their talents and their virtues, ex-ministers, ex-ambassadors, generals, admirals, great orators, and great writers, were left two hours in the open air—among them the father of the house, the venerable Keratry, whose physical strength was inferior to his moral courage, and whom it was necessary to seat in a straw chair in the barrack-yard. Among the arrested were Odilon Barrot, Dufaure, Berryer, Remusat, Duvergier de Hauranne, Gustave de Beaumont, De Tocqueville, De Falloux, Lanjuinais, Admirals Laine and Cecile, Generals Oudinot and Lauriston, the Duc de Luynes, the Duc de Montebello; twelve ex-ministers, and eight members of the Institute.

The delay, however, that occurred in the barrack-yard, in the Quai d'Orsay, was in main part due to the ex-representatives themselves. They were offered their liberty if they would give a pledge that they would not meet as the National Assembly. This, as they conscientiously doubted the power of the President to dissolve their body, and they considered themselves to have been elected by the popular voice as much as the President himself—they consistently declined to accede to. But the safety of France was at stake, from the moment that the President had accepted war with the "Red Convention." And there was no alternative for Louis Napoleon at such a crisis but to coerce where there was no submission. Yet, notwithstanding the position in which the large body of opposition members voluntarily placed themselves, by first bidding defiance to the President, then denouncing him as an outlaw, and finally rejecting his clemency, M. Keratry was removed to his home at once, and many of the other representatives, removed the same evening in vans to different prisons in and around Paris, were liberated on the following days. Among these was M. Thiers, whom, however, it was found necessary, for the sake of order, to despatch beyond the frontier.

One of these political victims has endeavoured since to defend the proceedings of the Assembly on the proposed bill on the responsibility of the President, by arguing that this proposition did not emanate from the Assembly itself, but from the Council of State, and that the Assem-

bly had no right, by law, to refuse to entertain it. It is difficult to imagine a more manifest subterfuge. Was not the Council of State composed of members of the Assembly? And if the Assembly could entertain a project of impeachment of the President of the Republic, was it not conspiring against the state and its chief? Did the Assembly entertain for a moment the proposition laid before it a short time previously for restoring the exiled Henry to the throne?

Louis Napoleon Bonaparte had informed his ministers of his intentions, declaring that his mind was made up—that he would not allow himself to be sacrificed by his enemies, who were conspiring against him; but that, as he was unwilling to compromise them in any way by implicating them in his acts, he thought it better they should resign. The intimation to that effect having been accepted, a new ministry was formed, which included M. de Morny, the interior; Fould, finance; St. Arnaud, war. A list of thirty-nine names, to form a consulting commission, was also made out and published for the nonce, but as some of these names had to be used without consulting the persons themselves, several were subsequently withdrawn.

Notwithstanding the recrimination, however, that took place at first in regard to the use of names in the formation of the "Consultative Commission," it was found after that "Commission" had been definitively instituted, that of the 118 members comprised in the list published on the 3rd of December only 15 were missing. On the other hand, the list had gained an increase of 75 members, being in all 178, among whom were 135 representatives, two marshals, one vice-admiral, twenty generals, and five members of the late Council of State.

During the night of Tuesday, the 2nd, the Mountain and the supporters of a Red Convention held meetings, at which it was decided that an effort should be made in favour of anarchy, by civil war. In the prosecution of this object, at ten o'clock in the morning of the ensuing day (Wednesday, the 3rd) M. Baudin, a member of the Mountain, accompanied by two other Montagnard representatives (the correspondent to the *Times* says six; General Magnan's report only notices two), appeared on horseback in the Rue St. Antoine, carrying a naked sword in his hand, and calling upon the populace to take up arms. The summons was answered by a number of idlers and bad characters, by whose exertions a barricade was erected at the corner of the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine, and the Rues de Cotte and Ste. Marguerite. General Marulaz, who, with his brigade, occupied the Place de la Bastille, at once sent to the spot three companies of the 19th Light Infantry, under the orders of Commandant Pujol, and he supported the movement himself at double-quick time, at the head of a battalion of the 44th, by the Rue de Cotte. The troops, according even to unfriendly narrators, did not fire first, but advanced upon the barricade, which was thus attacked upon two sides at once, *les armes aux bras*. The insurrectionists, less considerate, fired on the soldiers, wounding a soldier of the 44th. The first platoon then returned the fire, and the representative Baudin fell a victim to his temerity, several other insurgents being wounded. The barricade was then destroyed.

In the afternoon, General Herbillon, who had taken up a position on the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, being informed that barricades were being

raised in the Rues du Temple, Rambuteau, Beaubourg, &c., marched immediately to the spot at the head of a column formed of the 9th battalion of Foot Chasseurs and a piece of artillery, and overthrew all the obstacles which he met with in his passage, whilst a battalion of the 6th Light Infantry destroyed in the Rue du Temple the barricades which had been commenced. In the evening, fresh barricades having been raised in the Rue Beaubourg, Colonel Chapuis, of the 3rd Regiment of the Line, taking with him a battalion of his regiment and a company of engineers, again went through that quarter, where he was received with a very warm fire, which did not, however, stop the advance of his column. All the obstacles were carried, and those who defended them were shot. Assemblages which were formed in other quarters were dispersed by the energy and the attitude of the troops. During the whole of this day all that part of the Boulevards which is comprised between the Porte St. Martin and the Bastille, was occupied by strong bodies of troops, including cavalry, infantry, a battery of artillery, and a corps of engineers.

The political proceedings of the day were confined to proclamations on the part of the President, still assuring the nation that its sovereignty would not be violated, and that it was further deemed necessary to convoke the people at once to repress factions and save the country. What was called a *plébéciste* was also proposed for general adoption. It was to the effect that "The French people wills the maintenance of the authority of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, and delegates to him the power necessary to frame a constitution," on the basis of the proclamation issued the day previously and before alluded to. With a regard to self-interest, which history seldom records to have been neglected by those in power—especially when in uncertain power—an example of voting was given, by calling upon the army to vote first, and that within twenty-four hours of receiving the manifesto to that effect from the Minister of War. The chief prisoners of state were removed the same day to Ham, and by one of those vicissitudes of fortune, in which history so often surpasses romance, Generals Changarnier and Cavaignac were immured within the same walls which had once held prisoner the actual President of the Republic. The *Constitutionnel* justly observed upon the events of the day:

It is unnecessary for us to say that the proclamations and documents which appeared in Paris yesterday morning produced an immense sensation. The news, as is usual in all great events, spread with the rapidity of lightning. There was emotion on every side, and astonishment nowhere. There was emotion, because the act was an important one; there was no astonishment, because the act was of a nature that was foreseen. The avowal of every one was, that the state of affairs was such that could only be remedied by extraordinary measures. The parties hostile to the executive power had already in a stormy sitting talked of impeaching the President of the Republic. That opportunity failing, another was prepared for sending the elect of 6,000,000 of votes to Vincennes. If the plan succeeded, the Assembly would have prolonged its powers, and would have taken no other judge besides itself between it and the President of the Republic. The President of the Republic only prevented the imminent aggression with which he was threatened, and instead of proceeding as the Assembly would have done—that is to say, in constituting himself judge and party—he abolished, restricted, and re-established universal

suffrage; he facilitated the exercise of it by bringing the elector to the place where he ought to vote, and he takes the whole of the French people as judge between the Assembly and himself. This is not all. Louis Napoleon puts the shortest possible interval between this grand national consultation and the decree which institutes it, in order to bring within the closest possible limit the duration of a power which might be reproached, if it were to be prolonged, with wanting sanction. This act of strict impartiality has been understood by the population of Paris, as it will be throughout the whole of France. Paris, although agitated, has not witnessed the slightest disorder on any point. The people comment on the proclamations and the decrees with manifest sympathy. The shops everywhere remained open. Louis Napoleon, who went through several quarters of Paris, was saluted with numerous acclamations. This day, which will be remarkable in his history, will have the effect of preventing all the misfortunes which were expected in 1852.

During the night of the 3rd, two or three barricades were erected in the quarter of the Hôtel de Ville, but they were soon carried by the troops, and the insurgents were dispersed, and others were arrested or wounded. At the Cloitre St. Mery some thirty of the old chiefs of barricades were also arrested. Hitherto, the insurrection begun by the Red Convention, had been confined to their party, aided and abetted by the insurrectionist materials that are always to be found in all great cities; but on the evening of the 3rd the political adversaries of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, belonging to a different class, evidently sought to profit by the struggle. "A number of men," says the correspondent to the *Times*, "amounting to from 150 to 200, with some well-dressed persons, shouted every time the troops passed, and followed them for some time. The cries were generally '*Vive la République!*' and '*Vive la Constitution!*' with occasional cries of '*A bas Napoléon.*' These men were evidently doing their best to excite the people, but, though an immense crowd promenaded the Boulevards, they were not joined by the mass. The centre from which they apparently took their order was that part of the *Boulevard des Italiens* where the well-known *restaurant*, the *Café de Paris*, is situate."

It is well to notice whence it is admitted this demonstration proceeded in connexion with subsequent events. The same eye-witness relates that at one o'clock, on the morning of the 4th, a column of about 3000 men, so far as he could judge in the obscurity of the night, made their appearance from the Madeleine. The advanced guard of the column drew up at the corner of the Rue Lepelletier, on the Boulevard, which it completely shut up. They remained there more than half an hour, when the whole column got into position, their faces turned towards the Faubourg Montmartre, partly on the *trottoir*, partly on the Boulevard itself. At half-past one the order was given to advance; each section drew up close, and the entire mass moved slowly and regularly on in the direction of the Porte St. Denis.

This proposed *solidarité* of the White Conventionist with the Red appears, however, to have been a great failure, for, "our correspondent" adds, without an intervening reflection, "the night passed over in the utmost tranquillity."

The troops had been withdrawn the previous evening from some of the outposts and remote guard-houses—as it was asserted by some wiseacres—to prevent their being surprised; but the version given by the commander-in-chief of this act is somewhat different. "Seeing," says

General Magnan, "that the day was passing in insignificant skirmishes, and without any decisive result, and suspecting that the intention of the chiefs of the rioters was to fatigue the troops by carrying the agitation in succession into different quarters, I resolved to leave the insurrection for some time to itself, in order to give it the means of choosing its ground—of establishing itself, and, in short, of forming a compact mass against which I could act. For this purpose, I withdrew all the small posts, ordered the troops back to their barracks, and waited."

At the same time everything was done on the part of the executive to spare life in the portending struggle. The Minister of War—De Saint Arnaud—issued a proclamation to the following effect:

Inhabitants of Paris—the enemies of order and society have commenced a struggle. It is not against the government, against the elect of the nation that they fight; but they wish for pillage and destruction. Let all good citizens unite together in the name of threatened society and family ties. Remain calm, inhabitants of Paris! Let not curious idlers remain in the streets; they embarrass the movements of the brave soldiers who protect you with their bayonets. For my part, you will find me unshaken in my determination to defend you, and to maintain order.

The Prefect of Police—De Maupas—also issued a decree, rigorously prohibiting all assemblages of persons, and stating that such would be immediately dispersed by public force. In another decree, circulation was interdicted to all public and private vehicles; the stationing of people in the streets, and the formation of groups, were also absolutely interdicted. Such, it was absolutely proclaimed, would, without summons, be dispersed by arms. "Let peaceable citizens," added the prefect, "stop at home."

General Magnan received intimation early in the morning of Thursday, the 4th, that the insurrection had its focus in the space comprised between the Boulevards and the Rues du Temple, Rambuteau, and Montmartre, and that barricades were rising in the Quartiers St. Antoine, St. Denis, and St. Martin. Acting upon the resolution before alluded to, the general, however, notwithstanding the solicitations of many, did not assume the offensive till two o'clock in the afternoon. But at that hour, all the troops having been disposed to give the best effect to the movement, he advanced to the attack. It is impossible to give an account of this great street-combat in more concise language than that used by the commander-in-chief in his report of the 9th of December:

The Bourdon brigade cleared the Boulevard to the Rue du Temple, and went down that street as far as the Rue Rambuteau, carrying all the barricades on its passage. The brigade of General Cotte was engaged in the Rue St. Denis, whilst a battalion of the 15th Light Infantry proceeded to the Rue du Petit-Carreau, which was already barricaded. General Canrobert, taking a position at the Porte St. Martin, went through the Rue du Faubourg of that name and the adjacent streets, obstructed by strong barricades, which the 5th battalion of Foot Chasseurs, under the orders of Commandant Levasson Sorval, carried with rare intrepidity. General Dulac sent to attack the barricade of the Rue Rambuteau and the adjacent streets columns formed of three battalions of the 51st of the Line, commanded by Colonel de Lourmel, and two other battalions, one of the 19th of the Line, the other of the 43rd, supported by a battery of artillery. At the same time the brigade of General Herbillon, formed of two columns, one of which was directed by General Levasseur in

person, penetrated into the focus of the insurrection by the Rues du Temple, Rambuteau, and St. Martin. General Marulaz operated in the same sense by the Rue St. Denis, and threw into the transversal streets a light column, under the orders of Colonel de la Motterouge, of the 10th Light Infantry. General Courtigis, on his side, arriving from Vincennes, at the head of his brigade, swept the Faubourg St. Antoine, in which several barricades had been constructed. These different operations were performed, under the fire of the insurgents, with a skill and zeal which could not for one instant leave a doubt of success. The barricades, attacked in the first instance by artillery, were carried at the point of the bayonet. All that part of the town between the Faubourgs St. Antoine and St. Martin, the Pointe St. Eustache and the Hôtel de Ville, was covered in every sense by our infantry columns; the barricades were carried and destroyed, and the insurgents dispersed or killed. The crowds, who endeavoured to form themselves again on the Boulevards, were charged by the cavalry of General Reibell, who sustained a sharp fire at the top of the Rue Montmartre. Attacked on all sides at the same time, disconcerted by the irresistible ardour of our troops, and by that *ensemble* of arrangements, enveloping, as in a network of iron, the whole quarter where they had waited for us, the insurgents no longer dared to undertake anything serious. At five in the evening the troops of the division of General Carrelet came, and again took up a position on the Boulevards. Thus the attack, which had commenced at two o'clock in the afternoon, was terminated at five. The insurrection was vanquished on the ground which it had chosen.

The same evening, about seven o'clock, some bands of insurgents, who had been dispersed by the different columns, united at the upper end of the Rues St. Honoré, Des Poulies, and other small streets adjacent, and began to raise barricades. Other assemblages took place at the same time in the Rues Montmartre and Montorgueil, the lamps in which had been extinguished, and where the insurgents, under favour of the darkness, had been able to effect fresh barricades. About eight o'clock (says General Magnan), Colonel de Lourmel, of the 51st of the Line, who had remained in position near the Pointe St. Eustache, although well understanding all the difficulties of a night-attack, decided on making one immediately with the 2nd battalion of his regiment. The first four barricades were immediately carried at the point of the bayonet, with the greatest ardour, by the grenadiers and the voltigeurs of that battalion. A fifth barricade still remained, higher and better defended than the others. In spite of the darkness, Colonel de Lourmel hesitated not to make arrangements for its attack. Fifteen grenadiers, under the orders of Sergeant Pitrois, first advanced, closely followed by the other grenadiers and voltigeurs of the battalion, led on by Commandant Jeannin. Nothing could resist the ardour of these brave soldiers. The barricade was carried in spite of a desperate resistance. It was defended by about 100 insurgents. Forty of them were killed on the spot, and the others were made prisoners. About 100 muskets and other weapons, and abundant ammunition, fell into the hands of the soldiers. Colonel Courant, of the 19th of the Line, who with his regiment occupied the Palais National, learning that a considerable number of insurgents, who had been driven from the Carré Saint Martin, had rallied on the Place des Victoires, and threatened the Bank of France and the neighbouring quarters, proceeded thither at double-quick time with his regiment, carried the barricades in the Rues Pagevin and Des Fossés Montmartre, and then returned and established himself at the Bank, whence he could maintain the tranquillity of the quarters of the Bank and the Bourse.

Several barricades were, it appears, also constructed in the streets neighbouring the *National* printing-office, for the purpose of cutting off communication with that establishment. Lieutenant Fabre, of the Gendarmerie Mobile, carried the stronger of these barricades, formed with overturned diligences, barrels, and pieces of wood, at the head of twenty-five men; and the others being successively destroyed, the circulation was kept open by means of frequent patrols. At La Chapelle St. Denis, some companies of the 28th Regiment of the Line carried a number of barricades, and maintained tranquillity in those populous quarters, which the secret societies had deeply agitated. Whilst these events were taking place on the right bank of the Seine, General Renault, commanding the 2nd division, occupied the left bank, and by the able arrangements which he made, and the firm demeanour of his troops, was able to guarantee from all agitation the working population of the 11th and 12th arrondissements, in which, at other periods, insurrection could boast of such numerous proselytes. The reserve division of cavalry, under the orders of General Korte, summoned in from Versailles, took up position at first in the Champs Elysées, and afterwards in the Boulevards, and contributed powerfully by numerous patrols to the arrest of a great number of insurgents, and to the complete re-establishment of tranquillity.

Such was the end of this great struggle; bravely sustained by the insurgents—equally courageously put down by the military, who sustained, in the two days' combats, a loss of twenty-five men killed, of whom one was an officer; and 184 wounded, of whom seventeen were officers. Of this number was Colonel Quilico, of the 72nd Regiment of the Line, who had his arm transpierced by a ball, at the same time as his lieutenant-colonel, Loubeau, fell at his side mortally wounded. As to the number of killed and wounded on the part of the people, it will probably never be correctly known, but it must have amounted to several thousands. An eye-witness gives so graphic an account of the attack on the great barricade of the Rue de St. Denis, and of the death of the lieutenant-colonel of the 72nd, that we must give it space here:

I think I have already stated that it was the 72nd Regiment of the Line that advanced first to the "monster" barricade of the Rue St. Denis. They had detachments of Lancers at their front and on their flanks; and were supported in rear by two battalions of Gendarmerie Mobile on foot, and two regiments of Cuirassiers and Dragoons. As they reached along that part of the Boulevards Italiens, between the Rue Lepellitier on the left, and the Rue Favart on the right, their advanced guard of Lancers was fired on by "insurgents," who had established themselves—by force no doubt—in the highest apartments of the houses on both sides. You may judge of their rage, as they were unable to use their most formidable weapons, and their pistols produced but small effect. Several carried carbines, and with them they did some execution. What was powerless in the cavalry was, however, amply made up for by the infantry drawn up in line on both flanks, from the end of the Boulevard Poissonière to beyond the Rue Taitbout and the Café de Paris, from which, as well as from the Café Anglais and the Maison Dorée, at the corner of the Rue Lafitte, it is stated that shots were fired on them. The fire began at the lower end of the Boulevard Poissonière, and continued, without ceasing for an instant, on both sides of the street from one extremity of the line to the other. It was an appalling sight; and in a few minutes the eye beheld nothing but two walls of flame, in the centre of which was the 72nd regiment, with its colonel and lieutenant-colonel at the head, moving onwards towards the barricades. The 72nd

delivered no fire till they reached within some paces of the Porte St. Denis; and then they stood face to face with the enormous barricade—still exposed to musketry on both sides. The colonel and his lieutenant-colonel advanced on horseback. The latter took off his chako, fixed it on his sword's point, held it up and waved it in the air, calling on his men to advance—an invitation which was superfluous. The brave officer, in the very act of cheering, received a bullet in his heart—his head drooped to his saddle, and his body fell lifeless to the earth. The colonel, still cheering on his men, received a bullet in the arm, but still kept his seat, and was still at the head of his men, who were dropping beside him. They delivered one murderous volley—charged with the bayonet, and dislodged the insurgents. The barricade was soon won—130 "insurgents" were either shot down or bayoneted on the defences, and about as many more taken on the other side never lived to return.

It will be observed, from the report of this eye-witness, that the troops were fired upon on their advance to effect their arduous and dangerous service, from the higher apartments of the houses on both sides of the Boulevard des Italiens, and that it was stated that shots were also fired from the *Café de Paris*, the *Café Anglais*, and the *Maison Dorée*. The "Correspondent to the *Times*" also states that the troops were fired at from the Passage Jouffroy, from the new building close to it, and also from the houses opposite. "As I write," continued the same correspondent, by date of the 4th, "shots are fired from the *Café Anglais*, opposite the Rue Lafitte, where, no doubt, some of the insurgents are concealed. The shots were at once replied to, and the firing kept up for some minutes. The troops are acting admirably." Another correspondent says: "I am assured that in some of the houses of the Boulevards, parties—not of the lower classes—were armed with air-guns, which were in all probability reserved for the President, had he presented himself on the scene of action.

Such was the origin of the most unfortunate incident in the insurrection—the attack upon the idlers on the Boulevards, and the attack upon and, in some instances, forced visit of private and public houses. In regard to the first, however lamentable, it is quite certain that the parties have no one to blame but themselves. Many instances of sad catastrophes and of the death of individually innocent persons have been related. But to take even the opinions of the "Correspondent of the *Times*," so adverse throughout to what it designates as the "usurpation" of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, "The fault was not with the army. An order had previously been posted up in all Paris, and published in the papers, warning all idle spectators from the streets, with the double object of leaving the troops and the 'insurgents' alone to their deadly combat, and also for the prevention of such calamities as those deplored."

With regard to the attacks upon the houses, it has been unblushingly propagated since, that the troops were never fired upon at all from them. Such an asseveration is as absurd and as mischievous as another that has been propagated to the effect that government itself got up the barricades for its own military and political aggrandisement! There is nothing in the face of such remarkable incidents that is too extraordinary to be surmised and propagated, or even to find its believers. Why the "Correspondent to the *Times*," which journal has consequently urged that no proof of firing from the houses exists, reported in the paper of the 6th, in connexion with the firing from the Passage Jouffroy and

buildings contiguous, that when that firing was replied to by the troops of the line drawn up on the pathway of the Boulevard, it was answered by the insurgents, who were established in some houses on both sides.

And this was corroborated by further details in the paper of the 7th. That at a moment of such general excitement, and such general skirmishing, some houses—as that of M. Brandus, possibly—over the Café du Cardinal, may have been visited by mistake, is very likely; and it is just as likely that others, from whence many a stray shot that told upon the soldiers was fired, got off without retaliation. On the other hand, it has been subsequently ascertained that many persons who were at first stated to have been killed by the soldiers, had in reality been shot by the insurgents. Such was the case of Madame Lejeune, who met her death in the Faubourg St. Denis.

A writer in the *Observer*, who describes himself as an eye-witness, says: "A whole volley was poured forth on the troops from the house of M. de Sallandrouze, and as to the houses at the corner of the Porte St. Denis, they are well known to have been held by the insurgents; and it was from three artillerymen having been killed at their guns, when bearing upon the barricades, that their guns were afterwards turned against their housed assailants."

Speaking of these houses, the "Correspondent to the *Times*" says: "They were occupied by the 'insurgents' at twelve o'clock, and from them a murderous fire was poured. Three artillerymen were killed at their guns. Rendered furious by the murder of their comrades, the men loaded with ball, and for an hour four guns played incessantly against them."

Mr. William Jesse, late captain unattached, strongly denies that the catastrophe in the Boulevards originated from shots fired from the people. Naturally, the testimony of every eye-witness is entitled to all due credit; but there was a possibility of mistake amidst so much noise and confusion. Is it likely that the guns would have been unlimbered and fired—for example, into M. Sallandrouze's *magasin*,* as described by Mr. Jesse—without provocation? The very same paper which contains Mr. Jesse's letter contains one from another correspondent, which states that fourteen insurgents were found behind M. Sallandrouze's splendid *tapis d'Aubusson!* At best, a single testimony cannot avail against many; and, in addition to the numerous published statements to that effect, we have also the private authority of an English officer, an eye-witness, to the effect that the public on the Boulevards were *over and over again* warned to go home; that those in the houses were cautioned to close their windows, and that shots were fired at the soldiers. Nothing, however, can excuse the barbarity with which the soldiers used their privilege of reprisals. A brave man will never use his weapon against a defenceless foe. It is to be feared that the Bayards and Du Guesclins of the present day are but few in number in the ranks of the French army. Such an indiscriminate onslaught as that of the Boulevards, even supposing the "White Convention" to have been in arms as well as the "Red"—only this one in their houses, the other at the barricades—reflects disgrace even upon a justly-irritated soldiery.

* M. Sallandrouze, we perceive, has recently headed a deputation of trades to return thanks to Louis Napoleon.

The next day, Friday, December 5th, General Magnan thought proper to make a display of all the army of Paris to the population, in order, as he says, by such a demonstration to reassure the good and intimidate the evil-disposed. "I gave orders," to use his own words, "that the brigades of infantry, with their artillery, and their companies of engineers, should proceed through the city in movable columns, to march on the insurgents wherever they should show themselves, and to destroy all the obstacles which might impede the circulation. To that effect General Carrelet, at the head of a column of his division, proceeded, about nine in the morning, to the Barrière Rochecourt, where a formidable barricade existed. But the insurgents, terrified by the results of the preceding day, did not venture to defend their entrenchments, and abandoned them at the approach of the troops. Another barricade, raised in the Faubourg Poissonière, was likewise deserted by its defenders before the arrival of the column under the orders of General Canrobert, charged to carry it. From that moment tranquillity was no more troubled in Paris, and the circulation was fully re-established on every point. The army returned to its quarters; and the next day, the 6th, Paris, no longer beholding in the streets that unusual display of troops, was restored to its activity, movement, and life of every day."

Thus ended the last of those great and melancholy street-combats for which Paris has gained so signal and so sad a celebrity.

The moment the alarm created in the minds of some timid politicians, by the temporary usurpation of power by the executive, and the still more general terror felt when political differences have to be decided by the sword, had disappeared, and the triumph over the party of disorder and anarchy was complete, a general feeling of joy and security took the place of previous fears and apprehensions, and infinite relief was derived by all well-disposed persons, from the consideration that the dangers so often menaced for May, 1852, had now been entirely done away with. Still more widely and universally was the feeling of satisfaction diffused upon a first and decisive triumph being obtained over Socialism and Communism. No sympathy was expressed for the fallen Assembly, nor for any individual of the leaders of the factions that composed it. It was soon ascertained that even the great body of the working classes had not taken part in the combat.

The French funds also rose steadily from the moment that the moneyed interests and commercial classes understood that the tedious differences which had so long held business in suspense, and the long-threatened struggle between the Reds and the Executive, were at length to be brought to the decision of the sword; they continued to rise with the success of the party of order, and they have maintained, with slight exceptions, the same high figure ever since the triumph of the party of order. A malevolent report had been busily circulated to the effect, that the President of the Republic had obtained a sum of 25,000,000 francs, or a million sterling, from the bank for the purpose of a *coup d'état*, but this was at once contradicted by Count d'Argout, the governor of the bank.

Adhesions to the new government came in at the same time on all sides, and that spontaneously, and long before any influence from the capital could have been brought to act on the provinces. Such were the decisions of the council-general of the Indre et Loire, and of the Gironde,

including Bordeaux. The Department Du Nord proclaimed that society and civilisation had triumphed! Marseilles, Aix, and Arles, gave in their unanimous adhesion to government. The railway authorities assured government that it would receive from them the moral support which it was the imperative duty of every well-disposed citizen to give under existing circumstances.

The movement of commerce after the defeat of the Socialists also assumed an unusual briskness. Orders in Paris were so numerous, that some manufacturers were obliged to ask for time. There were more than two million pounds' weight of raw silk sold daily at Lyons during the second week of December. Cotton rose considerably in Havre, Elbœuf, and Paris. There was an unusual amount of business transacted in the flour market of Paris. The cattle fairs in the departments were more favourable to the graziers than for some time past. The wine markets were particularly busy.

Strong and energetic measures, but not more so than were warranted by the social condition of a certain portion of the population of Paris, were at the same time had recourse to, in order to consolidate the advantages gained by the defeat of the insurrectionists in the streets. Among these was an ordinance to the effect, that all liberated convicts who should have broken their promise to remain peaceable citizens (*rupture de ban*), or who should have been proved to have formed part of a secret society, should be transported to Cayenne or Algeria. It would be difficult to imagine what possible connexion an act simply directed against a large class of the dregs of the population in Paris could have to do with the interests of the community at large, except in a preservative sense, and yet so hostile was the press in this country to everything emanating from Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, that this measure of safety and precaution, directed only against "convicts," was actually denounced as threatening the liberties of the people.

The Socialists naturally made some show of resistance in the departments, in many of which they have long held their head-quarters.* The character of these manifestations attest the kind of persons from whom they emanated—attacks on the supporters of order; assassination of the authorities; pillage of houses; burning down public buildings; and the massacre of innocent, unoffending, wealthy persons. In these indiscriminate forays, neither Legitimists nor ultra-Liberals were spared by the ferocious Socialists. The departments of Saone et Loire and Allier were first placed in a state of siege. Similar energetic measures were soon afterwards adopted towards the departments of the Gers, the Lot, and the Lot and Garonne. The Socialists actually held for a time possession of the great road between Draguignan and Marseilles; and the "sovereign

* Socialism is disavowed now in connexion with the departments; and the excesses, not of the "rural," but the provincial population, are termed *Jacquerie*—a well-known historical epithet. But what produced *Jacquerie*—granting even the term—but the propagandism of Socialists, Communists, and Red Republicans? Socialism, now that it is curbed, is declared to have been a bugbear, invented, like all other things by Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, for his own especial advancement; and the results produced by the dissemination of its doctrines are dignified by another, but not less lugubrious, phraseology. Any person of common sense will be able to mete out to such political subterfuges their just value.

people" of Luc nominated a provisional director of the name of *Boucher*, one not without significance; nor would it have been difficult to have foretold, if every *commune* had elected its provisional director, how many *Bouchers* there would by this time have been at the head of affairs! Armed bands also scoured the Departement des Basses Alpes, committing everywhere outrages on persons and property, and the department was accordingly also placed in a state of siege. The district comprised between Clamecy, Departement of the Nievre and Coulanges sur Yonne, was also the seat of serious disturbances.* There were also minor insurrections at Beziers; in the Departement of the Aveyron, at Nancy; at Poligny, in the Departement of the Jura; at Bedarnèux, in the Herault, and at numerous other places, chiefly in the south of France.

The *Pays*, an anti-Napoleonist paper, observed upon these events, in its number of 11th December, that it wished to forget all personal considerations in its desire to promote tranquillity and prevent excesses:

> The news from the departments causes in Paris a unanimous impression of grief and indignation. The *Jacquerie* has raised its head, and bands of assassins are scouring the country, attacking towns, pillaging, burning, and killing everywhere on their passage. It is not the days of fanaticism, but of barbarism and cannibalism that we witness. Such men are on a level with brute beasts. These frightful crimes are not merely a subject of grief and horror for every honest man, they are also a subject for serious reflection. Why endeavour to shut our eyes to the fact? 1852 concealed an abyss, and the events which have taken place allow a glimpse to be had of that abyss which could swallow up everything—Republic, family, country, society. It was not civil war which menaced us. Civil war is always, no doubt, a dreadful visitation, but if it causes humanity to weep, it does not make it blush. There can be honour in dying for an idea, and if they who so perish are factious men in the eye of the law which condemns them, they are also sometimes heroes in the opinion of posterity, which absolves and glorifies them. But men, acting as we read of at present in the departments, are nothing but assassins. God forbid that we should confound the people of France with these bands of reprobates! In them, the people have no part; what we see is only the impure scum of society.

These local insurrections of Socialists were, however, soon put down. General de Castellane, in command at Lyons, defeated the insurgents of the Drôme. The troops from Marseilles put the insurgents of the Var —among whom were many Swiss refugees—to flight on their approach. A force of 300 infantry and 20 gendarmes sufficed to reduce the insurgents of the Hautes Alpes, the chief towns of which were in their hands. General Pellion pursued the insurgents of Clamecy to the woods, where a *battue* was made, and a hundred prisoners taken.

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* At Clamecy, enormities were committed by the Socialists of the most horrible and revolting character. A distinguished nobleman first communicated the facts, as far as these could be expressed, to the *Morning Herald* of December 20th, 1851. The *Standard* of the 22nd ult., commenting upon a statement so disgraceful to humanity, said: "Notwithstanding our respect for the journal quoted, we had doubts of the fidelity of the description, and extracted it with hesitation. Our doubts have, however, been painfully dissipated. An English gentleman of sense and honour, whose misfortune it was to be an eye-witness of the occurrences at Clamecy, assures us that the statement of the *Morning Herald* was *not* exaggerated, that it even falls short of the amount of horrible and loathsome wickedness committed by the Clamecy Socialists; the depths of hell could present nothing to surpass its degree."

As matters at present stand, there can be no doubt then that, to use the energetic words of the Count de Montalembert, "the act of the 2nd of December has put to flight the whole of the Revolutionists, the whole of the Socialists, and the whole of the bandits of France and Europe; and that alone is more than sufficient reason for all honest men to rejoice, and for those who have been most mortified to console themselves." The *Times* itself acknowledges that what it designates the Bonapartist *coup d'état* has rendered the world some service by extinguishing those crude and mischievous hopes which had their origin in that frivolous and short-sighted policy which has coquetted for the last three years with the anarchy of continental states, and which barely a month ago held out from the Foreign-office the ostensible patronage of an English minister to all the revolutionary factions abroad, then openly preparing for the anticipated convulsion of 1852.

This is not, then, a mere question of the aggrandisement of an individual at the expense of political adversaries, or the dispersion of a constitutional assembly, which by its intestine divisions and its monstrous coalitions had no longer any power but for evil, and which no longer presented to the eyes of an indignant world aught but the hideous spectacle of a true Babel of anarchy and demagogism surprised and vanquished before the hour fixed by itself; it is also a question of the triumph of order over anarchy, of society and civilisation over barbarism and universal disorganisation. It is, indeed, scarcely a question of form of government, for in France, empires, monarchies, republics, charters, and constitutions, are alike changing and perishable. We have a right to an unbiassed opinion upon this subject, for we have always upheld the right of the legitimate and hereditary heir to the throne; but in the face of society itself, threatened with disruption and annihilation, we cannot but look with a favourable eye upon the victor of the Socialists, whatever name or power it may please the French nation to confer upon him—President, Consul, or Emperor.

One word in respect to the bearing of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte towards other countries. It has been assumed that his success takes France out of the alliance and brotherhood of constitutional states; that the only categories that remain, are to identify his government with that of the other despotic states in Europe; or to hold aloof from these, and play the tyrant at home, and be the apostle of freedom abroad; but neither of these alternatives are either necessary or likely. In the opinion of those intimate with Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, as Sir Francis B. Head and others, there is every reason to believe that the prince has the moral and material prosperity of France at heart. The very first acts of his power have been the restoration of the Pantheon—the church of the patron saint of Paris, built on the foundations of the first Pagan temple of Lutetia—to divine worship; to see to the completion of the great railway system, and to develop the natural resources of France. The French soldiers will have enough to do for some time yet, in preserving order and combating Socialism in the provinces. The development of French industry and trade, the gradual relaxation of the existing despotism, the restoration of the liberty of the press, and peace with Europe, are far more readier contingencies of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte's rule, than a dangerous war with his neighbours.

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

YOUNG TOM HALL'S HEART-ACHES AND HORSES.

CHAPTER XVII.

"WELL, that's cool," growled the colonel, as the hunting cavalcade moved away from Heartycheer Castle door. "That's cool," repeated he, "treating the Lieutenant-Colonel of her Majesty's Regiment of Heavy-steed Dragoons as if he was a postboy, leavin' him this way;" the colonel looking down on his smoking steeds as he spoke, with anything but a satisfied countenance.

"What are you going to do, colonel," exclaimed a voice out of the coach window—"what are you going to do?"

"Oh! that's Jug," replied the colonel, recollecting now that his coach was full inside and out—or, rather, had been full inside and out, the outsiders having fled and got their horses to join the hunt. "Oh! that's Jug," observed he.

"No, not Jug," replied the voice—"*Hall*."

"Oh! I meant Hall," replied the colonel, with a chuck of his double chin, muttering to himself, "I knew it was one of you. Do," continued he, raising his voice, and coiling his whipthong round the stick, "why, I should say the best thing would be to go in and have some breakfast."

"So say I," replied Hall, who was in no great hurry for his first hunt.

"Stay, then, and I'll drive you up to the door becomingly," continued the colonel, gathering up his reins, whipping his horses, and moving the coach slowly on to where a "gentleman's gentleman," and a couple of highly-powdered, white-coated, crimson-breeched footmen were lounging, cross-legged, watching the proceedings, and making their observations on the scene outside. Having seen his lordship's reception of the colonel and his party, the servants of course took their cue from their master, and stood, with supercilious smiles on their faces, watching the dirty, incongruous-looking vehicle.

"Now, Johnny!" exclaimed the colonel, as none of them seemed inclined to lend a hand—"now, Johnny," repeated he, "open the door, and let the ladies out; and you," continued he, addressing the gentleman out of livery, "slip round to the stables, and tell Colonel Blunt's groom his master's come;" the colonel thinking the announcement of his rank would be sure to have a beneficial influence in procuring attention.

The commanding tone of our man-of-war somewhat threw the flunkies off their guard, or rather off their impudence, for the man addressed as Johnny, but whose real name was Peter, ceased twirling his napkin, and applied himself manfully to the coach door, while the other footman lounged away to fulfil the duty assigned to the hero of the gaudy plain clothes. Our fat friend, Greasy Tom, as Angelena had now christened him, from the profuse perspiration in which his tight tops kept him,

then popped out, and was presently protecting the lavender-coloured flounces from contagion against the wheel. A confused mass of dirty ermine and dyed satin then followed as best it could, our Tom's gallantry not extending itself to mamma.

Though the colonel's munificence had not been misapplied, it had not exactly taken the direction he indicated, for instead of red and yellow bonnets, Angelena shone forth in a new brown and white glacé terry velvet, while mamma had invested her share of the plunder in a dark blue-and-white glacé, with coloured flowers in the cap. While Angelena was nice and smart, Mrs. Blunt was a good deal of the twopenny head and farthing tail school, the glossy freshness of the terry velvet bonnet contrasting with the dirty ermine tippet and cuffs, and the stains on her thrice-dyed satin below. This had originally been a ball-dress of Angelena's—one in which she had done a good deal of execution—and after becoming too dirty even for candlelight wear, had descended to mamma, who had the French grey converted into a green, and afterwards, in consequence of the colonel's upsetting a glass of gin-and-water over it, into a brown. Besides the stains and frays on the dress, a critical eye might have detected some clumsy darns on the instep of her ribbed silk stockings; but Angelena's were nice and well put on, showing her pretty feet and ankles to advantage.

Such was the party that now alighted from the coach, and stood at the castle door, on either side of our Tom, on the spot lately occupied by the footmen and valet. Tom stood easing first one foot, and then the other, looking as if his leathers were ready to burst.

The soldier-groom at length arriving, munching his last mouthful of cold round of beef, relieved the colonel of the reins, who, desiring the man to see and get the horses well taken care of, proceeded to alight from the box, and divest himself of a dirty old drab Grosjean great-coat, with large plate-like mother-of-pearl buttons, with black emblematical devices, illustrating the turf, the chase, the road, and the ring.

"The hounds are just gone down to Thornington Spinney," observed the pompous Mr. Snuffertray, the butler, who had now got waddled to the door, seeing the colonel's under garments were significant of the chase —"the hounds are just gone down to Thornington Spinney," repeated he, thinking to get rid of them by the information.

"Ah, that may all be," replied the colonel, with a nod of his bull-head —"that may all be; we've come to draw your larder, not the Spinney;" adding, as he put his over-coat into the coach, "which is the way to the cat-lap shop?"

"The w—h—a—t, sir?" drawled the astonished Mr. Snuffertray.

"The cat-lap shop—the breakfast-room, to be sure," replied the colonel.

"Oh, this way, if you please, sir," replied the now enlightened Mr. Snuffertray, extending his right arm, and motioning a gigantic footman, who was warming his pink silk calves at the hall fire, to take charge of the distinguished intruders.

The colonel then offered his right fin to Mrs. Blunt, and went wad—wad—waddling across the stately hall, exclaiming over his left shoulder to Greasy Tom, who followed uneasily in his tight tops, with the tips of Angelena's fingers resting on his arm,

"Good shop, isn't it, Jug?"

Without waiting for an answer, he waddled on to the open door of the late mirth-echoing dining-room.

The splendid apartment was in the full glow of banqueting disorder —napkins lying here, napkins lying there, napkins twisted into knots, napkins flaunting over chair-backs, like drooping drapery. The whole force of plate-linen and china had been brought to bear upon the entertainment, and very splendid everything was. The Heartycheer arms and crests and coronet glittered everywhere—on the chair-backs, on the picture-frames, on the plate, on the glass, on the china, and were even introduced into the pattern of the long sixty-cover tablecloth. Monsieur Crapaud, the cook, seemed to have vied with Monsieur Frappé, the Swiss confectioner, in the novelty and elegance of his dishes, while Brick, the baker, had tortured flour into every variety of form. Pines and grapes, the choicest fruits and flowers, mingled in elegant designs in the épergnes and vases, were profusely scattered down the centre of the table.

On the plate-loaded sideboard stood the splendid Heartycheer testimonial, value five hundred guineas, the spontaneous outburst of a country's gratitude, slightly coerced by the tuft-hunting busybody who set it on foot.

"Well, this is somethin' like!" exclaimed the colonel, with glistening eyes, as he surveyed the disorderly, but still sumptuous banquet; "this is better than hunting a (bad word) stinking fox," added he, making for a chair and sousing himself down between a cold turkey and a splendid Pâtés de Foies Gras. "Now, Hall, make yourself at home," roared he; "I told ye you'd light on your legs comin' here. Eat as much as ever you like, for there's nothin' to pay," continued he, diving into the breast of the turkey with a carving-knife, and scoring himself many slices.

"Take tea—coffee—cocoa—chocolate?" asked a pert footman, who now entered, in obedience to Mr. Snuffertray's orders to go and see "those tigers didn't steal anything"—"take chocolate, cocoa, coffee, tea," continued he, running heel and flourishing his right hand towards where the various beverages were encamped on different parts of the table.

"I'll take chocolate, if it's hot," replied the colonel, munching away at his turkey; "only if it's *hot*, mind!" repeated he, following the man with his eyes to see how it poured out. "Ah, that won't do!" exclaimed he; "take it out and get it warmed; and here, man!" continued he, diving into a napkin full of eggs, "get some hot what-d'ye-call-'ems?" holding up an egg as he spoke.

"What will you take, Angelena?" asked Greasy Tom, who, with unabated assiduity to the daughter, had left the old lady to take care of herself, and who had seated herself beside her husband.

"I'll take tea," replied Angelena, untying her new bonnet-strings, and passing them behind her back to prevent their getting soiled at the repast —"I'll take tea," repeated she; adding, "What will you take?"

"I'll take tea, too," replied the complaisant youth, though his usual beverage was coffee.

The fair lady then took off her primrose-coloured kid gloves, displaying a more than ordinary profusion of rings on her taper fingers, and proceeded to concentrate the scattered tea-service in the vicinity of where they sat. Tom completed the movement by handing down a massive silver kettle, from whose lukewarm contents he replenished the already exhausted teapot.

"Lauk! it's nothing but water!" exclaimed Angelena, as she began to pour the slightly-coloured beverage into a splendid Sèvres cup. What have we been about, Mister Tom, to make such a mess?"

"Oh! pour away," replied Tom—"pour away," repeated he, as Angelena stopped in her helping, adding, "I like it weak."

"Well, so do I, do you know," replied she, filling the cup and handing it to him. She then proceeded to help herself. "Mr. Hall and I won't ruin ourselves in tea," exclaimed she to mamma, showing her the light-coloured contents of the cup.

Mrs. Blunt knit her brows, for she thought Angelena was going too fast.

Meanwhile, the colonel was "pegging away," as he called it, at all the good things within reach, to the astonishment of the servants, who kept dropping in to see the man-monster, just as they would to see an elephant at a show. He "at" everything that came in his way: Bayonne ham, Bologna sausage, blackberry jam, Minorca honey, quince marmalade, anchovy toast, Yorkshire pie, diluted with copious draughts of chocolate, which the footman favoured him with in his own good time.

"Well, I'll do!" at length exclaimed the colonel, throwing himself back in his chair; and, thrusting his fin ends into his corduroy breeches' pockets, he proceeded to suck his teeth and reconnoitre the room. His eye at length rested on a hunting picture opposite—"The Meet of Hounds"—in which everything was made subservient to the white horse-mounted master in the middle.

"Why, that's old Heartycheer!" roared he, after a good stare, at length recognising the seat and scene of the morning. "Why, that's old Heartycheer," repeated he; adding, "What a (bad word) old block-head the man must be to stick himself up in that way."

"H—u—s—h, colonel; the servants will hear!" exclaimed Mrs. Blunt, looking about, shocked at the speech, or rather at the loudness in which it was delivered.

"I don't care," replied he, looking very foolish; "I say it is a devilish good-looking horse." Then, turning to a group of footmen who were laughing at his fix, he exclaimed, pointing to the picture, "I say, isn't that the Duke of Wellington?"

"No; it's *my lord*," at length replied one of them, indignant at the original exclamation.

"Oh! my lord, is it?" rejoined the colonel, pretending enlightenment—"my lord, is it? Could have swore it was the duke. Well," continued he, stretching for a glass, "have you any champagne in that bottle?" pointing towards one; "the ladies will be glad to drink his lordship's health;" adding, in an under tone to his wife, "You may as well lunch, now that you are here."

If it hadn't been for the unfortunate speech about the picture, the colonel's inquiry would have produced a fresh bottle, as well for the credit of the house as for the servants' own rights, as remainder-men; as it was, however, they contented themselves with passing up a few bottle ends, and handing in some glasses, without any great regard to whether they had been used or not.

"Ah!" said the colonel, holding a bottle up to the light, "there's not much here—nor in this either," added he, taking up another. "You drink champagne, Hall?" continued he, addressing our friend across the

table, who was now busy pulling bon-bon crackers with Angelena—"you drink champagne, Hall?"

"When he can get it," replied Angelena, answering for the greasy one.

"Oh! get it—we'll get it fast enough," replied the colonel; then turning to a footman, who was still sounding the bottles, he exclaimed, "I say, my man, tell the messman—tell Mr. What's-his-name, that Lieutenant-Colonel Blunt, of her Majesty's Heavystead Dragoons, and friends, wish to do Lord Heartycheer the honour—I mean to say themselves the honour—of drinking his lordship's health in a fresh bottle of champagne."

"Yes, sir," replied the man, walking deliberately away.

"Very old friend of mine, Lord Heartycheer," continued the colonel, speaking at the top of his voice for the edification of the servants that were left,—"knew him when I was quartered here twenty years ago—am sure he'd be quite shocked if he thought any friend of mine wasn't made comfortable in his house."

Whatever impression the colonel might make upon the *remanets*, he would not appear to have produced much upon the one who had gone, for, lounging down into Mr. Snuffertray's room, who was reclining on a sofa, reading the *Post*, he said, with a laugh and a shrug of his shoulders,

"Those Daniel Lamberts up-stairs want a fresh bottle of fizzey."

"Do they," observed Mr. Snuffertray, deeply immersed in his paper; "do they," repeated he, without looking off. "Just put your hand into the hamper in the lamp-closet, and take them up a bottle of the yellow seal."

The man did as he was bid, and presently returned with the cork all ready for *débouchement*. Clean saucer-like glasses having been supplied, and all hands now grasping them, fiz—pop—bang went the cork, and up foamed the creaming fluid.

"Ah! thank ye—thank ye, that won't do!" roared the colonel, as its pale ginger-pop-like complexion shone through the beautiful crystal. "Thank ye—thank ye," repeated he, setting down his half-filled glass with a "none of your twopenny tipple here!"

"Moets," replied the man, colouring brightly, lest the colonel should impound the bottle, and show it to Lord Heartycheer.

"Moets be hanged!" responded the colonel; "reg'lar Vauxhall! British, every drop!"

"I assure you, sir, we get it from the very first merchants in London."

"Don't tell *me*—Lieutenant-Colonel Blunt of her Majesty's Heavystead Dragoons—any such stuff. If that isn't gooseberry, real unadulterated gooseberry, I'll eat my hat!—I'll eat my coat!—I'll eat my weskit!—I'll eat your breeches, buckles and all. Look at it," continued he, holding up the pale-faced contents of the glass to the light,—"look at it, and tell me if that's anything like any champagne—anything like what's in the other glasses?" pointing to the golden contents of some unfinished ones on the table.

Just then Mr. Snuffertray, having been apprised of the disturbance the colonel was making, arrived in breathless haste with a bottle of the "other sort," this being some that Mr. Snuffertray kept for the purpose of exchanging on occasions like the present. Motioning off the bottle and glass, and jerking his head for another glass to be supplied, Mr.

Snuffertray shot off the cork by the colonel's ear, who stood fire remarkably well, and proceeded to pour out its amber-coloured contents into the rose-and-shamrock-entwined wreathed glass.

"Ah, that's somethin' like, now!" exclaimed the colonel, eyeing the full roseate hue of the new bottle,—"that's somethin' like, now," repeated he, holding his glass till it was as full as possible. "Your good health, Hall," said he, as the man stopped pouring. "Angelena," continued he, nodding to his daughter, "your good health;" and, with "my dear" to his wife, he drained off the contents. "That's good, now," said he, smacking his lips, and setting down the glass,—"that's good, now," repeated he, eyeing the filling and gradual disappearance of the glasses of the rest of the party. "*Stay!*" roared he, as the man was walking away with the remainder of the bottle,—"*stay!*" we've omitted to drink his lordship's health—an omission I wouldn't be guilty of for all the world—a bumper it must be; and if you manage well," continued he, addressing the butler, "you'll get what's left into these four glasses," the colonel holding up his own to be filled till the wine was again level with the edge. He then quaffed it off at a draught. "*Un*deniable stuff," exclaimed he, smacking his lips, and striking his great stomach as it descended,—"undeniable stuff, but requires a little corrective of some sort, p'r'aps, to keep it all right;" adding, "Have you any brandy?"

"Oh, colonel, you are much better without brandy!" exclaimed his wife, dreading the consequences.

"You be fiddled," growled he,—"you be fiddled; d'ye think I don't know what agrees with me better than you?"

"He'll be fuddled," whispered Angelena to our Tom.

"What's in that bottle, my man?" now asked the colonel, pointing with a dessert-fork to a queerly-shaped, highly-labeled black bottle a little way up the table.

"Huile de Venus," replied the man, reading from the painted label on the side.

"And what's that above that queer-looking thing like a mail-horn full of flowers?" pointing to a pink-glass vase, in a light frosted-silver stand.

"Crême de Parfait Amour," spelt the man from the label.

"Perfect amour!" responded the colonel; "tell me, have you any perfect brandy?"

"Plenty, sir," replied the man; "old champagne brandy, choice old pale cognac, choice brown, and all."

"Ah! give me choice brown," said he. "I'll make it pale myself—haw, haw, haw!—ho, ho, ho!—he, he, he! Old soldier—up to the pale dodge—up to the pale dodge—haw, haw, haw!"

Although there were all sorts of choice liqueurs in the room, Maraschino, Dantzig gold water, Dantzig cherry-brandy, Ratafia de Grenoble, Kerchwasser from the Black Forest, Crême de Vanille, de Rose, and Porto Gallo, there were none of the ignoble fluids—rum, brandy, gin, or yet beer or porter, and the footman had to make another expedition to Mr. Snuffertray, which gave Mrs. Blunt an opportunity of attempting a diversion in favour of the hunt.

"Well, but you should be going to the dogs, shouldn't you?" asked she. "The general—I mean his lordship—will be wanting you to keep the ground for him, or somethin' of that sort."

"Oh—ah—yes," replied the colonel, scratching his bald head. "All in good time. "I don't know, either—Cheer's a good chap, and all that sort of thing, and one's glad to countenance field-sports in all their various ramifications, but hunting in the 'upper countries,' as Gentleman Smith calls them, spoils one for these (bad word) little cramped provincials," the colonel striking out with his right fin, as if he didn't want to be bothered about hunting.

"Well, but Mr. Hall will want to go and show his nice red coat and new horse," observed the pertinacious Mrs. Blunt.

"Mr. Hall is very happy here," observed Angelena, tartly; "arn't you, Mr. Hall?" asked she, glancing one of her most bewitching smiles at our hero.

"Quite!" exclaimed Tom, who really was extremely glad to exchange the dread vicissitudes of the chase for the pleasant tranquillity of the lady's smiles.

And she gave him another sweet look, with a gentle inclination of her head in acknowledgment of his coincidence in her views.

The door then opened.

"Ah, just a thimbleful, just a thimbleful!" exclaimed the colonel, as the man now appeared with a fine taper-necked bottle on a massive silver salver, to which having added a very elegant, but extremely diminutive Bohemian liqueur-glass, he stepped onwards to where the colonel sat.

"Oh, come," roared our friend in disgust when he saw the glass, "that *is* a child's measure—that *is* playin' with one's stomach with a vengeance. No, no, man," shouted he, "give me somethin' that I can get a taste out of, at all events."

"Perhaps you'll help yourself, sir," replied the man, placing the salver at his side.

"Ah, that's the best way," assented the now pacified colonel—"that's the best way—a man knows his own internals best. Now, give me one of those frosty-stomached gentlemen," pointing to some capacious tumblers flanking a beautiful cut and engraved water-jug. "Ah, that's somethin' like, now," said he, handling it. "I hold a large glass to be an excellent thing. It doesn't follow because one has it that one must necessarily fill it," added he, as he poured out such a quantity as made a very visible impression on the bottle.

Mrs. Blunt sat in fear and trembling, dreading the consequences, but not daring to interfere; while Angelena and Greasy Tom kept up a renewed fire with bon-bon crackers, out of whose sentimental mottoes the fair one extracted some very appropriate hints.

"Capital brandy!" observed the colonel confidentially to his wife; adding, "Hadn't you better take a drop—nothin' to pay, you know."

Mrs. Blunt, however, declined, and knowing that remonstrance was in vain when once he began, she sat patiently by, watching the disappearance of the beverage and the liberal replenishment of his glass, making mental wagers with herself as to how many he would take. As he warmed with his eau-de-vie, he waxed eloquent on the subject of hunting, talked of John Warde, and Osbaldeston, and Jack Musters, and the days when he beat everybody—when no one could hold a candle to him—running his runs, leaping his leaps, and selling his horses over again, till a most skilfully-sounded gong, beginning like the rumbling of distant thunder,

and gradually rising till it filled the whole castle with its roar, acted the part of the merchants' ringing-out bell on 'Change, and completely put a stop to his bragging. He could scarcely hear himself speak, let alone any one else. Finding it was of no use contending with the gong, he hastily finished his glass, and buttoning his pockets with a slap, to feel that his purse was inside, proceeded to waddle on his heels into the entrance-hall, from whence the sound proceeded.

"What's the row?" asked he of the gigantic footman who was plying the gong with the muffler, making, if possible, more noise than before.

"To drive the rats away," bellowed the man into the colonel's ear.

"Drive the rats away!—one wouldn't think there were any rats in a house like this," roared the colonel, in opposition to the gong.

"Great many," shouted the man, as he still thundered away.

"Humph!" mused the colonel, wondering how long the noise would last.

"Did you say you wanted your carriage, sir?" asked the original gentleman's gentleman whom we found lounging at the castle door, now shuffling with a sort of half-impudent obsequiousness up to our friend.

'No, I didn't," responded the colonel; adding, "I don't care if I have it, though."

"Will order it round directly, sir," replied the man, hurrying away.

The gong still sounding, now rumbling in low, tantalising murmurs as if done, and then swelling again into thunder, and the colonel, like most noisy men, being unable to bear any noise but his own, at length roared out, "Now, Johnny, have you had enough of your drum?"

Johnny thought not, and continued to rumble and roar much to the colonel's annoyance, who kept shaking his head and kicking out his fins, and looking at him, wishing he had him in the barracks at home. The noise, indeed, was so absorbing as to overpower sundry pretty speeches of Angelena's as she roamed about the noble hall on the arm of our Tom. Mrs. Blunt alone seemed grateful, inasmuch as it had roused the colonel from his brandy; she thought they would now get home safe, which she was by no means so certain of before, the colonel being a desperately rash man on the road when in liquor. We will finish our chapter by getting them under weigh.

The soldier-coachman-footman-groom, who had gone over with the colonel's hunter, as he called his little elephant-like horse, being unable to turn the vehicle out of the yard, his lordship's second coachman condescended to mount the box and bring the dirty thing round.

"Thank'e," exclaimed the colonel, as he stood on the steps of the Gothic-arched entrance-hall fumbling on a pair of dirty buckskin gloves as the carriage drew up. "Thank'e," repeated he; "I'll do as much for you another time"—that, or, "I'll remember you, my man," being all the return the colonel ever made for services.

"Well, now bundle in," said the colonel to Mrs. Blunt, as a spruce footman stood with the coach door in his hand, making a sorry contrast between its dirty red worsted-bound drab lining and his own smart scarlet and silver-laced white livery.

"I think I'll ride outside with you," observed the prudent mamma, in reply to the colonel's commands to "bundle in."

"Ride outside with me!" growled the colonel, "what's that for?"

"Got a little headache," replied the lady, putting her dirty-gloved hand to her forehead.

"Ah, I twig," said he, in an under tone; "well, come, climb up, and mind you don't break your neck"—the colonel caring little whether she did or not, provided it was a total loss, as they say at Lloyd's. "Then Hall—I mean Jug—no, I mean Hall—Angelena and you'll go back inside, I s'pose, and mind you don't quarrel by the way—haw, haw, haw!—he, he, he!—ho, ho, ho!"

Tight-booted Tom gladly handed the fair lady in, Mrs. Blunt scrambled up as best she could, while Tom squeezed himself through the narrow coach door, and the colonel having sorted his ribbons and fingered the crop of his whip, swung himself up in the old coachman style, and putting himself in posture on the box, exclaimed, "*Let go their heads!*" as if he had four of the friskiest horses in the world before him, instead of old, leg weary devils, that required all the inducement of whipcord and heads towards home to get them to go. Away they ground from Hearty-cheer Castle door, amidst the roar of the gong, the deputy coachman exchanging to the footman, as they stood watching the departure,

"Well, that's as rum a lot as ever I seed in my life!"

Chapter XVIII.

"Has Jug—I mean to say Hall—offered?" asked the colonel of his wife, as, having shot down the incline from the castle, they got upon the plain sailing of level road in the park.

"Not that I know of," replied Mrs. Blunt. "What makes you think so?"

"Oh! only from what she said at breakfast about the tea," replied the colonel, double-thonging his wheelers. "About their not ruining themselves in tea," added he.

"I think it was a mere slip of the tongue," replied Mrs. Blunt.

"A slip of the tongue was it?" rejoined the colonel, catching old Major Pendennis up short, who now made a slip with his groggy forelegs, and nearly came on his head. "Devilish awkward slip," repeated he, cropping the old horse about the ears; though whether he meant Angelena's or the horse's was not quite apparent.

They then drove on for some time in silence.

"Well, I don't know that she'll make much of it," resumed he, flourishing his whip, and then laying the point of it scientifically into the near leader's flank. "I don't know that she'll make much of it," repeated he, attempting to pay the same compliment to the other, but with less success.

"Oh! *I* make no doubt he'll offer to her," replied mamma.

"Ay, ay, but offerin''s one thing, and gettin''s another," rejoined the colonel. "An offer, as we all know, is only a very short way on the road matrimonial."

"It's the first stage, at all events," replied his wife.

"Yes, and chokes off half the young men that venture," replied the colonel. "Well," continued he, cracking his whip, and springing his horses down a piece of sloping ground to which they now came, "we'll see—we'll see. Hall's a good feller—very good feller; may be wiser

men—don't say there're not; but he's quite wise enough for a man of his means, and I wish he only had them in possession."

"So do I," rejoined his wife; "but it must come in time; they've no one else to leave it to, and I make no doubt they'd make him a very good allowance."

"Ah, that's the rock we always split upon," observed the colonel, double-thonging his wheelers—"that's the rock we always split upon; they always want me to come down with the dust too; and, by Jove! I can't—I've nothing to give—nothing whatever. They think, by Jingo! because I'm colonel of a crack cavalry corps, that I have money as well as men at command. However, we'll see. They say the old mechanic's rollin' in money—would skin a flea for its hide and tallow."

"He needn't mind about money for his son," observed Mrs. Blunt.

"He will, for all that," replied the colonel, shaking his head, and dropping the double-thong heavily into his wheelers, as if to revenge the father's mercenary spirit on the horses—"he will, for all that. The more these old thieves have, the more they want. It's a sort of disease," added he, trying to crop his wheelers, but missing them, and nearly losing his balance.

"Well, we can try, at all events," observed Mrs. Blunt, as he got himself set straight again.

"Try by all means," assented her husband, flourishing the whip, to pretend that there had been nothing the matter—"try by all means; there's no sayin' what you can do till you try. It'll be all smooth sailin' enough, I dare say, till we come to the lawyers, with their confounded impittant, inquisitive questions."

"But you might tell the old gentleman that you don't like that sort of interference, and as all you have will be your daughter's, and you suppose all he has will be his son's, you meet on equal terms, and there need be no parchments or ink-work in the matter."

"Humph!" mused the colonel, flourishing his whip and thinking the matter over, considering whether he, whose fortune consisted of his pay and a floating capital of gambling debts, could face the steady old three-columns-of-figures banker, and carry matters off with a high hand, talk of "love light as air," and so on. The colonel had been so often worsted by the lawyers, that he had little heart for engaging with them any more, though he thought his wife's suggestion worth considering. His great hopes, however, consisted in doing Tom in horses. He now directed his observations to that point.

"I wonder if Tom would like to buy Rumtouch," observed he, now laying the whip impartially—to the best of his ability at least—into all four horses.

"He couldn't ride her, could he?" asked Mrs. Blunt, biting her lips, lest the colonel should upset them.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the colonel. "Angelena rides her; don't see why he shouldn't—stout, strong young man."

Rumtouch, rechristened by the colonel Lily of the Valley, as a more taking title, was the Arab-like silver mane and tailed cream-colour introduced to the reader in the colonel's stable when Tom went to look at Captain Smallbeere's horse—my daughter's horse, in fact—the horse the colonel "couldn't bear the idea of parting with," though, like many

others, she was only Angelens's till somebody else wanted her. It is observable, that though people do not like buying officers' horses, they have no objection to buying ladies' pads out of a regiment, and the colonel drove a briskish trade in that line.

Rumtouch, as we said before, was a beautifully-shaped animal, quite a fancy thing, with wonderful courage, action, and powers of endurance, but she had a little infirmity of temper that completely overbalanced all her good qualities. She was a gay deceiver. To look at, she was the most mild, placid, easy-going thing imaginable, seeming as if a child might ride her with a thread; and, indeed, in her tantrams, a thread was almost of as much use in her mouth as a bridle, for sometimes, when the creature was cantering leisurely along, apparently in the best possible humour, giving pleasure to her rider, and causing admiration in the beholder, she would stop short as if shot, wheel round and away, when the rider had the choice of letting her go, or pulling her back over upon him.

She had mastered many men—and women too—and been sold for many figures, varying with the intensity of the conflict that caused the separation. Though she never had regularly finished any one, yet many timid, and many confident horsemen and horse-women, had thought it well to be out of her. She had been sold under all sorts of names—Sweetbriar, Carry-me-easy, Queen of Trumps, Heartsease, and other confidence-inspiring titles.

Very amusing it would have been to the animal could she have understood the mild palliative excuses and salve-conscience admissions the owners made on each sale, and contrasted them with the objurgations and denunciations that flew about her head on each determination so to do. Squire Leapingwell sold her to Mr. Springwell, simply because he had no further occasion for her—that is to say, no further occasion for being run away with. Mr. Springwell having been twice let down over her tail in contentions at cross-roads, sold her to Mr. Hubbuck, the union doctor, because she was up to more work than he could give her. Mr. Hubbuck having been made to take a mud-cast of himself in road-scrapings, sold her to Miss Martinshaw, because she was too good to put into the cold stables and out-houses he had to frequent. Miss Martinshaw, having been well run away with over the open downs, and nearly landed in a gravel-pit, sold her to her friend Miss Treslove; who, having nearly had her front teeth sent down her throat in a rear, strongly recommended her to Mrs. Sharp for her sons, who were coming home for the holidays. The mare having soon mastered all these, then passed into the hands of several small dealers, getting lower at each change, till she finally became the property of Lucifer Crowbar, a member of a new fraternity that are now fast springing up over the country. Lucifer bought her to travel by night through a long tract of agricultural country, to pick up all the poached game, stolen fowls, stolen pigeons, stolen anything that was left at his different houses of call, to be by him conveyed to the railway station. Though he only gave four pounds ten for her, he expected her to drive as well as ride, in which expectation he was disappointed, for she soon sent her heels through the front of his spring-cart; and the stolen-property trade being an amazingly lucrative and increasing one in all countries, he soon found it utterly impossible to carry his on

on horseback; so, after half riding Rumtouch, as he christened her, to death, he took her to Ripjade fair, where, though high in bone and low in flesh, the sagacious colonel quickly recognised many good points, and bought her for eleven pounds, with five shillings back. Though Lucifer passed "his word of honour as a gentleman" to the colonel that she was perfectly quiet and free from vice, he nevertheless assured a comrade that of all divils he had ever had to do with, she was the biggest; adding, that not content with getting him off, she would stand and consider which eye she should kick out. This was the bargain the colonel bought, just before the regiment marched to Fleecyborough, where the mare arrived, with a fresh field for her now unblemished character.

Having recruited her from her over-exertions with Crowbar, and mashed her and fattened her, he put her into the riding-school, where she soon got into the routine of tractableness, and was pronounced quite fit for the fine hand and nerve of the fair Angelena. And, indeed, so the mare was, so long as she was in company with any horse she knew. It was only by herself she performed her vagaries. But the fair Angelena, not finding it convenient always to have her fat father at her side, had adopted a very ingenious method of management. She always had her fed at the place they rode to—consequently the mare was always going towards corn; and when she did show symptoms of restlessness or temper, she just humoured her, and played with her mouth in a light, delicate way, instead of jagging and hauling at it as if it was made of india-rubber. So the mare passed for a very beautiful, spirited animal, and rose greatly in value; and though in the presence of a non-buying spectator the colonel would pretend he didn't want to sell her, yet he was always ready to do business at fifty, or as much more as he thought he could get. Indeed, Angelena, who could sell a horse almost as well as her father, had offered her to two or three greenhorns, whose parents, or whose prospects, or other entanglements, she thought prevented any idea of their taking her herself. Fifty pounds for a hack, however, is looked upon as a large price in the country, and she had remained "my daughter's mare" longer than any of her previous possessions.

Such was the valuable animal that the colonel now thought of pawning off on our Tom, and which Mrs. Blunt thought his washball seat hardly adapted him for contending with, especially when the sudden halts and wheels about were taken into consideration.

"He couldn't ride her, could he?" was the observation she made when the colonel suggested the idea.

"Oh, I don't know. Angelena rides her," replied he, flourishing his whip over his head and attempting to crack it like a French postilion.

At this unwonted music, Major Pendennis began to kick, Billy Roughun started forward, shook his head, and seemed inclined to follow suit, while the bars tickling Goody-two-Shoes' hocks, caused him to squeal and wince, and the whole team seemed inclined to get clubbed. This brought the conversation to a somewhat abrupt conclusion; so, leaving the colonel to right matters, we will see what our friends inside are about; for which purpose we will begin a fresh chapter.

Chapter XIX.

Angelena, who was no advocate for long courtships, having decided that it was time to bring our Tom to book, proceeded to business as soon as she got him into the coach.

"Well, now, Mr. Redcoat," said she, drawing up the glass on her side, "I dare say you wish you were tearing after that silly old man and his hounds?"

"No, indeed I don't!" exclaimed Tom, with great earnestness—"indeed I don't! I'm *quite* happy where I am!"

"Ah, that's flattery," replied Angelena, archly; "you gentlemen are all such flatterers, there's no believing any one of you."

"Honour bright!" exclaimed Tom.

"Well, then, have you got your portrait painted as you promised?" asked she.

A crimson blush declared the contrary.

"Ah, there, you see!" pouted she, for they were sitting opposite each other, "and yet you pretend"—she was going to say "to love me," but recollecting that she hadn't got him so far as that, she stopped short and let him make the running.

"Well, but, Angelena," exclaimed Tom, "hear me—hear me! I've been twice to Mr. Ruddles to see about it, and he wasn't in."

"Oh, indeed!" replied she, brightening up; adding, "Well, and how were you going to be painted?"

"In my uniform, as you said; only it's not ready yet," answered Tom.

"Why not in your hunting-dress? I'm sure you can't look better than you do now," replied she, looking him over, from his fat face down to his fat knees and bagging-over calves.

"Well, just as you like," replied the obedient Tom—"just as you like; I'm ready either way."

"No; it's as *you* like. It makes no difference to me," replied Angelena; "but I think it's a pity for men not to be painted when they're young and——" Here she checked herself again, adding, "I mustn't say all I think."

Tom didn't like that. He thought it as good as said she meant to be Mrs. Jug—the Honourable Mrs. Jug—detested name! He sat silent, biting his substantial lips, thinking how else he could construe the speech. If he thought it possible she was making a cat's-paw of him, he would feign sickness and get out of the coach.

The fair flirt saw she had rather overshot the mark, and tried to hark back.

"It was odd," she said, "how well gentlemen looked in red coats, and how ill snobs."

This rather cheered Tom, following the assertion that he couldn't look better than he did.

"And how will you be painted—on horseback, or on foot?" asked she.

"I don't know. Which would you think?"

"Oh! on horseback, I should say—on your beautiful brown."

"Well, I will," said Tom, readily assenting.

"Jumping a gite," suggested Angelena.

"Well," said Tom, wondering whether he was equal to the performance.

"You should have your hat in your hand, as if you were viewing the fox," continued Angelena.

"I don't know," paused Tom, thinking he couldn't manage it. His idea was, that he would want one hand for the bridle, and the other for the pommel of the saddle.

"Oh, yes," rejoined Angelena, "you must have your hat off—you must have your hat off; indeed the artist would never be able to catch your fine commanding expression of countenance with your hat on," looking at Tom's great fat vacant face, as if it was radiant with intellect.

"Suppose I was to be sitting on my horse, taking my hat off to you coming up," suggested Tom, thinking that would be easier than leaping the gate hat in hand.

"Well," replied Angelena, "I'll be cantering up on my beautiful cream-colour."

"That would do very nicely," observed Tom, thinking the pull was now in his favour as against Jug.

"We must have a ride together," exclaimed the accomplished tactician —"to-morrow, let us say. Sophy Fergey wants me to play pretty to her and Captain Mattyfat to the cottage by the windmill on Heatherblow Heath, and there's no reason why I should not have a beau as well as her."

"I shall be most proud," replied Tom, bowing before her, thinking he would beat Jug in a canter.

"You've seen my beautiful pop—pet—ty, haven't you?" asked she.

"Your what?" gaped Tom.

"My pop—pet—ty—my own delightful palfrey, my own Lily of the Valley."

"Oh, yes," said Tom, "I saw her in the stables at the barracks."

"Such a love—such a dear—my pa is so kind—gives me everything I want—I might eat gold if I could. Ah! I've a *happy* home," sighed she, clasping her taper hands, and thinking, with upturned eyes, what she would give to be away from it, "and I'm very, *very* thankful," continued she, dropping her hands slowly and reverently before her.

And Tom gaped in admiration of her piety, and thought whether he could make her as happy at his father's house in Newbold-street.

Angelena, who expected something better for this display, looked out of the window to give Tom time to brew up a bit of sentiment, but none seeming inclined to come, she determined to change her tactics and endeavour to pique him.

"Mr. Jug wanted to buy my beautiful Lily," observed she, flourishing a fine machinery-lace fringed handkerchief, redolent of otto of roses.

"Did he," replied Tom, nothing comforted by the information.

"Yes; he took a fancy to her one day out riding with me, and wanted pa to put a price upon her, but he wouldn't."

"Indeed," mused Tom.

"Mr. Jug is very rich—at least will be," observed Angelena, casually, "though he has nothing to do with tride. He's a grandson of old Lord Pitchers," continued she, as if Tom hadn't the same information as well from herself as from a score of other sources. A sprig of nobility was not

so common in the Heavysteeds that they could afford to put the light of one under a bushel, though they sunk the fact of there being a whole row of little Jugs when it suited their purpose.

"I wonder you could refuse such a swell anything," observed our Tom.

"Oh, pa didn't refuse him, exactly—he referred him to me. He said she was mine, and I might do as I liked."

"What, it was you, then, that refused him, was it?" asked Tom.

"Yes, it was *me*," replied Angelena.

"I wonder at that."

"Why do you wonder at it?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Tom.

"Nay, you must know," replied Angelena, winningly; "tell me why you wonder at it?" continued she, looking imploringly at our hero.

"Oh, I don't know," repeated Tom, half afraid to say.

"Nay, that's not worthy of you, Mr. Hall," observed Angelena, pettedly, "making an assertion without a reason."

"Well, then, to tell you the truth," said Tom, screwing up his courage, "because they say——"

"What do they say?" asked Angelena, shaking with impatience.

"*That you are to be Mrs. Jug*," replied Tom, biting his lips after he had said it.

"*Me* Mrs. Jug!" exclaimed the artless innocent, throwing up her hands as if horrified at the idea—"*me* Mrs. Jug!" repeated she. "Don't believe a word they say, Mr. Hall!" exclaimed the fair lady, emphatically, —"don't believe a word they say about Mr. Jug!—he is nothing to me—he never was anything to me—he never *will* be anything to me—I never had the *slightest* fancy for him—his fortune, his title, have no attractions for me."

This declaration comforted Tom exceedingly, for he had had some frightful dreams, in which Jug appeared in various forms—now as a bold dragoon, with his bright sword gleaming ready for insertion in his stomach; next, that Jug had him at twelve very short paces well covered with his pistol; anon, that Angelena and the dread cornet were kissing their hands to him from the car of a balloon, with the words "Gretna Green" in raised gilt letters on the panels; and now that they were whisking away by northern express to the same destination.

Hall was exceedingly comforted, for though he had not got back the promise of marriage letter from dear Jane Daiseyfield, it was so long since he had heard anything about her, that he made no doubt she had taken up with some one else; at all events, he was quite ready to risk an engagement with Angelena, who, apart from her fifty thousand pounds, he looked upon as the most interesting, captivating creature he had ever beheld.

"Oh, my dearest, my sweetest Angelena!" exclaimed he, seizing both her hands, and starting forward on his seat to fall on his knees, when lo! the coach began to rock, and, before he knew where he was, Angelena was sprawling a-top of him. The colonel had upset them at this most critical moment.

THE WATERMAN.*

AN OLD POPULAR GERMAN BALLAD.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN OXENFORD.

THE Waterman a-courting goes,
  High up the mountain and out of the sea;
The King of England's child he woos,
  The lovely Emilie.†

A bridge he builds, with gold o'erlaid,
  Down from the mountain and over the sea,
With which to tempt the darling maid,
  The lovely Emilie.

Upon the bridge she dar'd to go,
  Down from the mountain and over the sea,
When straight he pull'd her down below,
  The lovely Emilie.

She dwell'd for seven years and more,
  Far from the mountain and down in the sea,
And seven lusty sons she bore,
  Did lovely Emilie.

Once by the cradle as she stood,
  Far from the mountain and down in the sea,
Old England's bells peal'd through the flood
  To lovely Emilie.

"Oh! let me, dearest, I implore,
  Go up yon mountain and out of the sea;
Oh! let me go to church once more,
  Your own poor Emilie."

"Nay, if to church I let you go,
  High on the mountain and over the sea,
You will not come again below,
  My own sweet Emilie."

"Oh! I'll return, you need not fear,
  Down from the mountain and into the sea;
For who will tend our children dear,
  If not poor Emilie?"

And when the old churchyard she trod,
  High on the mountain and over the sea,
The leaves and grass began to nod,
  To greet fair Emilie.

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* "Wassermann"—neither a man in a boat, nor the functionary of a cab-stand, but a potent gentleman, who lives in the water.

† "Agnese" says the original; but as that is an unmanageable name, I have taken the liberty of altering it. My scruples are the less, inasmuch as the name is by no means settled, another text of the ballad calling the young lady "Hannele."

And when she reach'd the old church door,
High on the mountain and over the sea,
The proudest nobles bow'd before
The lovely Emilie.

Her father led her to a chair,
High on the mountain and over the sea;
The mother placed a cushion there
For lovely Emilie.

At table then she took her seat,
High on the mountain and over the sea,
And there they served up fish and meat
For lovely Emilie.

Before she could a morsel taste,
High on the mountain and over the sea,
An apple in her lap was cast
For lovely Emilie.

"Oh! mother, do as I desire,
High on the mountain and over the sea;
This apple fling into the fire
For your poor Emilie."

The apple on the fire they threw,
High on the mountain and over the sea,
When, lo! the Waterman's in view
Before fair Emilie.

"Wilt tarry, love, for ever here,
High on the mountain and over the sea?
Oh! who will tend our children dear,
My own fair Emilie?"

"Our children can divided be,
Some on the mountain, and some in the sea."
"Well, I'll have three, and thou'lt have three,
My own fair Emilie.

"The sev'nth between us we will break,
Part on the mountain, and part in the sea,
And each of us a leg shall take,
My own sweet Emilie."

"My darling child wouldst thou divide,
Far from the mountain and down in the sea?
With thee I rather will abide,—
Alas! poor Emilie."

SIR CHARLES NAPIER IN SCINDE.*

WHEN Shere Mohamed, called the Lion (says Lieutenant-General Sir William Napier), was defeated near Hyderabad, his vanquisher publicly declared that another shot would not be fired. This was ridiculed as a vain boast, but it proved a sound prediction, and well founded on the following considerations.

A country peopled by distinct races, having different religions and opposing interests, could not furnish either the passions or the material means for a protracted contest under misfortune. The Scindian proper, the cultivator of the soil, was but an oppressed bondsman, an unarmed slave, and the destruction of the ameers was his deliverance. The Hindoos, numerous, timid, and of a faith condemned by Beloochee (Biluchi) and Scindian alike, were an isolated, plundered people, and sure to accept peace with protection. The Beloochees only had an interest to prolong the war; for, having been habitually oppressors, they desired to maintain their profitable ascendant position. But they had lost two great battles, their treasury had been taken, six of their princes were captives, and their political and military organisation was so shattered, they could not take the field again for regular warfare, while the diversity of religion and interests was a sure bar to any general insurgent resistance. Moreover, the Belooch polity was feudal, and its natural tendency to disunion was augmented in Scinde, because the sirdars and chiefs owed service to many heads—each ameer being sovereign,—and though their princes lived in families, and even in the same fortresses, it was in hatred, agreeing in nothing save to oppress their subjects, and turn the land they misgoverned into a wilderness for hunting.

Mohamed, the Lion of Meerpoore, the hardiest of the Talpoories, did not fight at Meanee, for he thought, like all his race, that the British could not stand before the fierce swordsmen gathered on that fatal field, and as victory would, he knew, render the other Talpoor princes more insolently encroaching towards himself, he renewed his contingent force of twelve thousand warriors entire to influence the after-arrangements. But the Lion of Meerpoore had in his turn been signally defeated at Hyderabad, and Sir Charles Napier, judging that having found him too strong in battle, they would, if beneficence followed victory, prefer his rule to that of the ameers, resolved to treat the Talpoor sirdars with a munificent liberality; at the same time that he made no distinction between the vanquished Beloochees and the delivered races of Scindees and Hindoos.

But Sir Charles was not satisfied with proceeding at once to establish a new polity in the conquered country; he must needs also condemn the whole system of the East India Company, adopting it as an established fact, that "to the genius of some governors-general, and some military commanders, and to the constant bravery of the troops, belongs all the greatness; to the courts of direction, designated by Lord Wellesley as the ignominious tyrants of the East, all the meanness." The bravery and

* History of General Sir Charles Napier's Administration of Scinde, and Campaign in the Cutchee Hills. By Lieutenant-General Sir William Napier, K.C.B. With Maps and Illustrations. Chapman and Hall.

devotion of their troops, he argued, not their own commercial skill and enterprise, have expanded their original small settlement on the Hooghly to a mighty empire; and yet, on every accession of territory, the soldier has been treated as unfit to govern what his sword had won; on each new acquisition a civil establishment has been fastened, incongruent with the military barbarism of the people to be governed, but fulfilling the conditions of patronage and profit which make the direction an object of desire.

With such views, Sir Charles Napier, upon establishing the first military and despotic government that had as yet emanated from Anglo-Indian rule, made a short and decisive proclamation of conquest. "The Talpoors have been overthrown by the British, and are dethroned; Scinde belongs to them no longer. All revenues paid to the ameers are now to be paid to the English. Hitherto armed men have been treated as soldiers fighting by order of their masters. From this time forward armed men assembled shall be treated as robbers and outlaws. Slavery is abolished throughout the land, and all people are invited to return and live peaceably at their homes." The new governor further added in support of this well-judged system of conciliation, and in favour of which Sir William Napier justly remarks that in such a country a despotic military government was no disturbing event, being only the substitution of an English for a Belooch master, with the accompaniment of justice and wisdom instead of cruelty and oppression; that "the conquest of a country was sufficient convulsion for any people to endure, without adding thereto abrupt innovations on their social habits; wherefore no avoidable change was to be made in the laws and customs. The executive officers were only to correct those evils which the tyrannical Belooch conquerors had inflicted, thus teaching the people that the coming of the British was a redemption from slavery, and not a mere change of masters."

The ordinary routine of Anglo-Indian politics was altogether thrown aside by this brief and summary—truly Napier-like—mode of proceeding. All the usual forms and ceremonies were dispensed with, there were not even any local or political residencies, no loaves nor fishes for a single civilian or politician! Great in consequence was the uproar. Lord Ellenborough was declared to be incompetent; as to Sir Charles Napier, he was a madman; and Scinde itself was pronounced to be a desert—a barren sandy wilderness!

Amusingly enough, so far was this feeling of rancorous disappointment carried, that even the abolition of slavery, proclaimed in obedience to Lord Ellenborough's orders, was condemned with peculiar vehemence. "It would produce discontent,—it was unwise; why vex the people with such spurious philanthropy?" Such, says Sir William Napier, were the cries of men startled from their monotonous self-sufficiency by the rustling wing of genius passing over their official dormitories. Their opinions were not shared by the slave girls of the harems in Scinde, who all rushed forth to liberty and their homes.

It was not till Shere Mohamed was driven from Scinde, that the disorders in the Delta, produced by the robber bands that scoured the country, could be corrected with martial severity and promptitude.

No longer able to call themselves the ameers' soldiers, they were hunted

down as robbers by those very villagers who would have joined them in arms under the Lion's orders—so imposing is established government even under the most revolting forms. The prisoners were punished more or less severely at the places they had plundered; and those who had perpetrated murders were hanged with labels on their breasts, bearing legends in three languages, to the effect that they were put to death, not for opposing the British but for killing villagers. Amongst those executed was the murderer of Captain Ennis, and it was the general's intention to hang Ameer Shadad, having full proof that he was the instigator of that barbarous action; but Lord Ellenborough forbade the punishment, and that high-born ruffian and loathsome sensualist became the cherished favourite of the Bombay faction for having cruelly murdered a sick and defenceless British officer.

While thus displaying his power and sternness against criminals, Sir C. Napier restored to the chieftains and sirdars who made salaam their rich swords, as he had before restored those of the ameers. They belonged to him of right, and their aggregate value was great, seeing that four hundred chiefs had submitted, and many others were ready to do so; but between gain and greatness it was never in his nature to waver; the fiercest chief, however, trembled when his weapon was restored with this stern, though flattering admonition: "*Take back your sword. You have used it with honour against me, and I esteem a brave enemy. But if forgetful of this voluntary submission you draw it again in opposition to my government, I will tear it from you and kill you as a dog.*"

The chiefs of tribes on the western bank of the Indus were treated, however, at this time very warily; for Beloochistan Proper was mountainous, and the Scindian tribes had both feuds and friendships with those of Khelat and of the Cutchee Hills. Many of the western Scindian chiefs had not made salaam; and the general, who was chary of pressing them, as the political agents had during the Affghan war, refrained from disarming their followers, lest apprehension of further innovations should produce a confederacy. Rigorously speaking, therefore, only the eastern bank of that river could be called a subdued country.

Sir Charles, however, effected the object of protecting the villagers in the east from individual Belooch insolence to a certain extent, by causing every Beloochee who passed the Indus from the west to be disarmed, giving the spoil to his soldiers, while he, at the same time, threatened the hill tribes with fire and sword if they dared to offer violence to the villagers. He did not venture to arm the Scindees themselves, because strong-handed robbery had been so long the prevailing system, that every young man, almost every boy, who could procure a sword or matchlock, thought it glorious to become a robber.

This policy was so effectual, that the country, which just before the conquest and during the war had been overrun with armed men spreading terror and misery, soon presented the aspect of a peaceful community; and so surprising a result affected men's minds and disposed them to accept the new government with cheerfulness, while they trembled at its power.

There were also particular instances of impartial justice which made a profound impression upon all classes. A Parsee merchant was murdered on the highway and his goods carried off; two armed Beloochees were tracked and seized; they had obeyed the orders of their chief, they said, and the goods were in his house. He was demanded from his tribe and was given up; the proofs were clear, and all three were hanged many miles from any soldiers. This could not have been done for a political matter, but the general, subtle in his policy, knew the tribes would not risk the anger of a conqueror for a mere criminal,

and by the population at large the punishment was loudly applauded, with this significant remark—"*The Padishaw kills nobody for himself.*" And thenceforth wherever he went the people crowded to see the "just Padishaw."

This moral contentment was aided by a superstitious feeling common to Beloochees and Scindees. For immediately after the "*murder of the Kalloras,*" so the epoch of the ameers' accession was designated by the Scindees, while the Bombay faction called the latter "*Patriarchal Princes,*" no rain fell for six years, famine was in the land, and as the Kalloras were a sacred race this drought was judged an effect of divine wrath. But at the commencement of Sir C. Napier's warfare abundance of rain fell for many successive days, a refreshing dispensation which had not happened for several years before, and this, being compared with the tradition of the Kallora drought, was viewed by both races as a sign that the ameers' time was come and the English a favoured people. That notion, and the steady discipline of the troops, the unremitting activity of their chief, his manifest love of justice, his confirming all persons in their possessions and employments, and a great reduction of taxation, with entire suppression of the oppressive violence previously accompanying government exactions, created a wonderful affection for his rule. Only four months before, the people had seen him descend on their country with all the terrors of war, an irresistible conqueror, and already they felt him as a peaceful legislator, striving to improve the condition of all, whether well-wisher or enemy: wherefore they accepted his administration as the effect of a benignant fate.

Yet it was this government which was made the subject of such inveterate hostility, more especially by the Bombay politicians, that traces of it continue to the present day.

Few persons could have borne up against such a torrent and fury of abuse and such malignant and foul official thwarting; fewer still could have worked a way to order and a fair frame of government through such a chaos; but the indomitable energy of Sir C. Napier may be thus judged. He had three distinct governments to correspond with—Calcutta, Bombay, and the Board of Control—and often from the stoppage of dâks and other circumstances, as many as a hundred letters would arrive together in the midst of arduous military operations; and through them he had to work while acting against the Lion, while subjugating the Delta, tranquillising the population, organising the administration, and establishing his general scheme of polity. The sun-stroke received in the field had so debilitated him, that the medical men urged him to quit Scinde as the only chance of life, and Lord Ellenborough, with a rare generosity, proposed to go in person to that country and conduct the government there until his health was restored. That he would not suffer; and though he could only write lying on his side—the heat being above 132 deg. of Fahrenheit in an artificially cooled tent—though frequently at the point of death from exhaustion, he with stupendous energy continued to labour until he had reduced the evil influences of war insurrection and social confusion to placidity, and cast the foundations of a new civilisation.

So far did Sir Charles Napier carry his predilection for military rule, that even the subordinates necessary to carry out his principles of administration and to reform the social system of Scinde, were selected from among his followers; and Sir William Napier assures us, that this system of "soldier civilians" was conducted with far less expense and more activity than it could have been done by civil servants. For example, the expenses of Outram's political agency was abated by Sir Charles Napier 16,000*l.* annually, and his own monthly contingent charges varied from six and ten to one hundred and fifty rupees, whereas Outram's had been as much as 16,000! No wonder at the "disgust and detestation" of the politicals and officials. It is impossible not to feel,

however, that the gallant general carried his system a great deal too far; nothing but the fact that Scinde had been so long a feudal and militarily governed country, and that by foreign oppressors—the Beloochees—could for a moment palliate such a system, and the same dominant *esprit de corps* led the governor to the apparent inconsistency, that while soldiers were alone equal to a cheap and effective administration, the same soldiers were by no means to be expected to carry out that administration into effect. "Soldiers," said Sir C. Napier, "were instituted to fight declared enemies, not to be watchers and punishers of criminals; they should be, in thought and in reality, identified with their country's glory —the proudest of her sons—and never employed to enforce the behests of the civil administration until the civil power was found too weak."

We are ready to concede that a contrary system lowers the army, hurts the soldier's pride, and, by dissemination and ignoble contact, injures their discipline and high feeling. But there were more pressing reasons for Sir C. Napier's concentrating the army around his person; the country was, as we have seen, only half-subdued; it was not desirable that the sepoys should form too close friendships with the people; the latter would also be saved from the domineering arrogance of soldiers flushed with conquest; and lastly, it would have broken up the whole force to have scattered it over the country on civil service. A numerous police was accordingly embodied, composed chiefly of Scindians, with a few bold adventurers, Patans and Rajpoots, and who were at first impatient of discipline, but by giving them a handsome uniform and placing them under British officers, they soon became an effective body of 2500 city, rural, and mounted police.

The whole country was divided into three great collectorates or districts,—namely, Sukkur, Kurrachee, and Hyderabad; and these collectorates were united under Captain Brown, secretary to the government. Each station was supported by a body of police under a British commander, protected by a powerful mass of regular troops. The land had been originally divided into districts under a Kardar, or headman, who was at once judge and collector under the ameers, and yet slaves to the Belooch sirdars or feudal chiefs. These men were continued in power by Sir C. Napier, not to disturb more than necessary the social relations of the country, but under arrangements which effectually precluded all venal and tyrannical practices. Relieved from the oppression of the sirdars, many of these men became protectors of their villages against the injustice of the chiefs, and a heavy blow was thus given to the feudal or clan system.

This plan worked so well, that whereas in the first month the receipts did not amount to more than 3000*l.*, they rose in a very short space of time to above 10,000*l.* But it did not prevent attempts being made, as they always will, by wily and unprincipled Easterns to impose on government. The manner in which Sir C. Napier treated these attempts at imposition remind the reader more of the stories of the Khalif Harun al Rashid than of ordinary administrative routine. The Hindoo merchants, for example, claimed from the governor the loans forced from them by the ameers, with an enormous compound interest. Seeing that a door would be opened by listening to any such claims to endless false pretensions, Sir C. Napier thus answered the rich Banians, who put their case in the following plausible manner:

"You, sahib, having conquered the ameers and seized their treasure, are responsible for their debts; we invoke your sense of justice. To us they owe much." The sum was immense, the claim clearly a forged one; for the ameers often took but never borrowed, save in the way of forced loans, well understood to be confiscations—their way being to make the rich Banians bid as at an auction for their own noses and ears.

To have dismissed the matter at once in the exercise of absolute power would have been easy and without evil consequences; but the general, desirous to give a public check to the concoction of such schemes in future, thus replied: "The ameers were your friends when you lent this money, but they were my enemies, and I never heard of men fighting battles and risking the dangers of war to serve their enemies. I shall therefore keep what I have won for my government. You know that all taxes and debts due to the ameers previous to the first battle have been remitted; how then can I be justly called upon to pay their creditors for money advanced before that epoch—and advanced to enable them to make war upon me? Your claim is of this class, and, so far from paying, my intention is to have all loans to the ameers examined, with a view to the infliction of a fine upon their creditors for having assisted my enemies."

"We, then, are ruined, sahib—we must starve—we must die!"

"That," he replied, "will be very convenient; for I am about to construct a large cemetery, and shall want bodies to put into it—be therefore at ease: when you die I will take you under my protection and bury you honourably!" They laughed, and the matter terminated.

Another example of the same concise and practical mode of legislating is given. A man had been condemned for murdering his wife; his chief sued the general for pardon. "No! I will hang him." "What! you will hang a man for only killing his wife!" "Yes! she had done no wrong." "Wrong! no! but he was angry! why should he not kill her?" "Well, I am angry, why should not I kill him?" It is to be observed, that Sir C. Napier only inflicted the punishment of death for the crime of murder. This conviction of their right to murder women was so strong, and their belief in fatalism was so firm, that many executions took place ere the practice could be even checked; but, finding the general as resolute to hang as they were to murder, the tendency after a time abated, and, to use his own significant phrase, "the gallows began to overbalance Mahomet and predestination." They were, however, a stubborn race. A Belochee condemned for murder walked to execution conversing with calmness on the road; when turned off the rope broke, and he fell, but started up instantly, and, with inexpressible coolness, said, "Accidents will happen in despite of care! Try again!" It is not said if the man was spared. Sir C. Napier put down the practice of suttees in the same characteristic manner. Judging the real cause of these immolations to be the profit derived by the priests, and hearing of an intended burning, he made it known that he would stop the sacrifice. The priests said it was a religious rite which must not be meddled with—that all nations had customs which should be respected, and this was a very sacred one. The general, affecting to be struck with the argument, replied, "Be it so. This burning of widows is your custom; prepare the funeral pile. But my nation has also a custom. When men burn women alive we hang them, and confiscate all their property. My carpenters shall, therefore, erect gibbets on which to hang all concerned. Let us all act according to national customs!" No suttee took place then or afterwards. The manner

in which Sir C. Napier changed the jaghirs or grants of land made by the ameers on the feudal tenure of bringing so many swords and shields into the field into a tenure of so many spades and mattocks, is equally characteristic.

Sir Charles not only wished to reform the social condition of the country, but he also wished to draw forth the resources of the subdued land, so rich by nature that it was said "it might be tilled with a man's nails," and to avail himself of that great river, which was capable of being made in time the great artery of commerce with the Punjaub and the nations of Central Asia. With this view he meditated a great scheme of river police, to be continued by the Khan of Bhawalpore, which would secure trade for hundreds of miles up the Indus, and render Kurrachee an emporium. Scientific operations were at the same time set on foot to control and regulate the irrigation of the land—more especially the re-opening of the Narra channel, connected with which Sir Charles had discovered a range of fertile hills with rich woods. Sir Charles's view of the matter was, as usual, laconically expressed: "Control the robbers—control the waters—open the communications, and the natural richness of the land and the variety of produce will do all the rest." And elsewhere he said, "If I can restore this immense Mesopotanian plain to cultivation, I shall do much for the people of this great country, to which I have done no injury, no wrong, and I shall laugh at the cant of '*Fallen Princes.*'"

Sir Charles was unfortunately, to a great extent, thwarted in these good intentions, in a variety of ways. The rarity of handicraftsmen was one of the most serious, as it prevented him constructing even proper barracks for his soldiers. Another was official intermeddling, of which the following is an example:

An official person wished to compel the fishermen on the coast to drag for pearl oysters in despite of their objection that few pearls were to be got at that season, and, as they were only paid for the number they obtained, their families would starve, whereas by fishing for sharks they could support themselves.

"Are we here," the general asked, "to protect the poor or to rob the people of the land?"

"To protect the poor."

"Do you call forcing them to labour for the government and starving some twenty families protection?"

"But they won't starve, they acknowledge they can get pearls."

"Would they fish for sharks if they could get more money by dragging up pearls?"

"No, I suppose not, but the revenue will suffer."

"Have we any right to prevent them winning their bread as they think best themselves?"

"No." So the matter ended.

In September, the labour endured, coupled with the effects of a sunstroke, had so effected the general's health, that the medical men told him he must remove from Hyderabad, then his head-quarters, to Kurrachee, and quit work, or prepare to quit life and work together. Work he would not abandon, but he consented to try Kurrachee, upon which the hostile party at Bombay, who had hitherto denounced him as a man of unmitigated ferocity, set up a new and a more clamorous cry that conciliatory measures would produce mischief, and that Sir Charles was encouraging and trusting men who would rise up against him, and

destroy every trace of his power and administration. The general's answer to such a charge, forwarded to him by Sir George Arthur, the then Governor of Bombay, was in every respect worthy of him:

Shere Mohamed has gone to Kandahar, leaving his family behind; from which it would seem that he means to return. Meanwhile, he is his own ambassador; and a king who is his own ambassador is also a beggar, and not much to be feared. We are friends with the great chiefs of Scinde, and will, I hope, continue so. Those who croak should say what they fear. Suppose the chiefs prove traitors! Have I not got my troops in hand, and in masses? They are not scattered in feeble detachments; they cannot be cut off. Are not my magazines full? Do I not maintain discipline? Have I not repaired all fortified places that ought to be defended, and thrown up new works everywhere that they are likely to be required? In what point, then, am I careless; and, unless that be shown, where is the mischief of conciliation? If the whole country were in arms I could do no more than I do now. I am ready to encounter fifty thousand enemies by merely sounding a bugle. I am, indeed, but half-prepared against climate, but that I cannot help. I cannot make workmen labour as I wish, and were I to punish these wild fellows they would disappear.

Sir Charles Napier, curiously enough, met his counterpart in Scinde in the person of one Wullee, or Wali Chandia, chief of the Chandikas. He was a fine, vigorous old man, resembling in look a large owl; for his white hair and beard, thick clustering like feathers, disclosed little more of his bronzed countenance than a very hooked nose and two immense round, black, lustrous eyes, which, when brought prisoner by the perfidious Ali Moorad, he kept fixed on the general without a wink, and in perfect silence, until the speech which announced his restoration to freedom was interpreted. Then he eagerly asked—"Is this true? Am I free? May I go?" "Yes!" The old man rushed without another word from the house, and made for his own country with headlong haste; and it was falsely supposed, with a heart more touched by the wrong than the redress; but when safe amongst his tribe, he exclaimed, "The Feringhee general has given me my life, my land, and my sword; I am his slave." He kept his word, and became a great friend and ally of the British general. The only present, Sir William Napier informs us, the general ever received, was a cock and some addled eggs, from the above Ali Moorad, when in the desert; and he was so little grateful, that when the ameer asked for an elephant, as a mark of honour, it was given with this characteristic speech and condition: "I take no presents, and cannot afford to make any; and if the governor-general objects to this, you must return the animal, or pay its value into the treasury."

Shortly after the general's return to Kurrachee, a strange pestilence ravaged the land; so general was it, although luckily not very fatal, that all agriculture was stopped, and among the British not one person, from the commander-in-chief to the drummer, in an army 17,000 strong, escaped the visitation. This evil was also followed, the next spring, by a devastating flight of locusts, and an anomalous rising of the Indus. It was in the midst of these difficulties that Gwalior and the Punjaub rose up in arms, as did all the tribes north of Sehwan, and who were intimately connected by blood and habits with the Khelat mountaineers, and the robbers of the Cutchee Hills. Although labouring under grievous illness, and assailed by those who ought to have aided and supported him

with the most incredible virulence of abuse, Sir Charles Napier carried himself and the people he ruled, triumphantly, and without commotion, through all these difficulties. One hundred and fifteen chiefs of Western Scinde came down in March towards Kurrachee, with their armed followers—in number an army—but halted within ten miles, and sent this laconic message: "We are come."

The reply was—"*Good!* but come not with arms or woe awaits you!" Down went all the weapons, and they entered the camp like suppliants.

Greeted somewhat sternly, they were asked why they had not come sooner? "We were too much frightened to appear in your presence."

Of what were you afraid?—"We do not know, but we come now to lay ourselves down at your feet, you are our king, we pray for pardon."

Well, chiefs! Answer this! Have I done evil to any person except in fair fight?—"No! you have been merciful to all, every one says so." Then why were you afraid?—"We do not know, you are our king, pardon us and we will guard the country from your enemies."

I do not want you to guard anything; you saw my camel soldiers, I can send as many regiments as there are camels. I can defend Scinde; I do not want you to defend it; I want you to be good servants to the queen my mistress.—"We will be!"—Come, then, and make salaam to her picture. They did so, and were thus addressed. There is peace between us. All Scinde now belongs to my queen, and we are henceforth fellow-subjects; but I am here to do justice, and if after this voluntary submission any of you rob or plunder, I will march into your country and destroy the offender and his tribe. Chiefs! you all know I won the battles when I had only five thousand men; I have now fifteen thousand, and a hundred thousand more will come at my call; you will believe, therefore, that this is not an empty threat; but let peace be between us, and I give back to all their jagheers, and what they possessed under the ameers." Then they all cried out, "You are our king! what you say is true, let it be so! we are your slaves!"

How peculiarly Sir Charles Napier was calculated by his heroic gallantry, his practical wisdom, nay, his very superstitions and eccentricities, to rule over these warlike, half-barbarous people, is attested by innumerable anecdotes:

An Indian sword-player declared at a great public festival that he could cleave a small lime laid on a man's palm without injury to the member, and the general extended his right hand for the trial. The sword-player, awed by his rank, was reluctant, and cut the fruit horizontally. Being urged to fulfil his boast, he examined the palm, said it was not one to be experimented upon with safety, and refused to proceed. The general then extended his left hand, which was admitted to be suitable in form; yet the Indian still declined the trial, and, when pressed, twice waved his thin, keen-edged blade as if to strike, and twice withheld the blow, declaring he was uncertain of success. Finally, he was forced to make trial, and the lime fell open cleanly divided—the edge of the sword had just marked its passage over the skin without drawing a drop of blood!

On assuming command to open the campaign against the hill tribes, the general is described as accepting omens of success, "for, like many great captains, his tendency was to augur good or ill from natural events." On the 16th of January, 1809, he had been desperately wounded and taken prisoner in Spain. On the 16th of January, 1843, he had crossed the Scindian frontier to war with the ameers; Wullee Chandia was then menacing his rear, and a brilliant comet was streaming in the sky. Now,

on the 16th of January, 1845, being again crossing the Scindian frontier in a contrary direction for another contest, Wullee Chandia was leading his advanced guard instead of menacing his rear, and the effulgence of another comet was widely spread on high! "How these things affect the minds of men," he observed; "at least they do mine. They have not, indeed, much influence with me, but they have some, and it is useful. Well! God's will be done, whether evinced by signs or not. All I have to think of is my duty."

And then, again, his sympathy for his men was such, that he was beloved by all natives as well as Europeans. A native officer of the 6th Irregular Cavalry, named Azeem Beg, lying on the ground mortally hurt, he alighted, and endeavoured to alleviate his suffering and give him hope of recovery. "General," replied the dying hero, "I am easy; I have done my duty. I am a soldier, and if fate demands my life I cannot die better—your visit to me is a great honour." So he died! "These are the things," Sir C. Napier wrote in his journal just after this touching event—"these are the things which try the heart of a commander; and accursed," he adds—alluding to the slanderous assertions of Lord Howick and his coadjutors—"accursed be those who in the House of Commons accused me of seeking war in wantonness."

But the character of the man, his administrative abilities and conduct in the field, might be illustrated by a hundred sparkling incidents taken from this most remarkable volume. Valuable in a political and historical point of view—for ever associated with the future of the great valley of the Indus—carried, unfortunately, beyond the bounds of passionless narrative by perpetual misrepresentation, hostility, and the grossest libels and vilification, still it will always be looked to as a most spirited and able account of the brightest epoch in the career of one of Britain's greatest heroes, and of a genius pre-eminent among the number that adorn the annals of his country.

"Scinde," says Sir William Napier, "is a great and beneficial acquisition, which has opened a highway for commerce with Central Asia, and, if governed on Sir Charles Napier's principles, will become an opulent province and a powerful bulwark on the south-west of India." As to what Sir Charles Napier's administration did for this country, we cannot do better than quote his historian's summary:

> He had found that land domineered over by a race of fierce warriors, who hated the English from political and religious motives, and who were preparing for war, with a well-grounded distrust of British public faith and honour, and a contempt for British military prowess—a contempt which the disaster at Cabool, and several recent minor defeats in Khelat, seemed to warrant.
>
> He had found it under the oppressive sway of an oligarchy of despots, cruel, and horribly vicious in debauchery; setting such examples of loathsome depravity, as must finally have corrupted society to its core, and made regeneration impossible.
>
> He had found the rural subject population crushed with imposts, shuddering under a ferocious domination, wasting in number from unnatural mortality and forced emigration—the towns shrinking in size and devoid of handicraftsmen. The half-tilled fields were sullenly cultivated by miserable serfs, whose labours only brought additional misery to themselves; and more than a fourth of the fertile land was turned into lairs for wild beasts by tyrants, who thus defaced and rendered pernicious what God had created for the subsistence and comfort of man.

He had found society without the protection of law, or that of natural human feelings; for slavery was widely spread, murder, especially of women, rife, blood-feuds universal, and systematic robbery so established by the force of circumstances as to leave no other mode of existence free, and rendering that crime the mark and sign of heroism. Might was right, and the whole social framework was dissolving in a horrible confusion where the bloody hand only could thrive.

He had found the Beloochees with sword and shield, defying and capable of overthrowing armies. He left them with spade and mattock, submissive to a constable's staff. He found them turbulent and bloody, masters in a realm where confusion and injustice prevailed—he left them mild and obedient subjects in a country where justice was substituted for their military domination.

He had found Sciade groaning under tyranny, he left it a contented though subdued province of India, respected by surrounding nations and tribes, which he had taught to confide in English honour, and to tremble at English military prowess as the emanation of a deity. He found it poor and in slavery, he left it without a slave, relieved from wholesale robbery and wholesale murder, with an increasing population, an extended and extending agriculture, and abundance of food produced by the willing industry of independent labourers. He left it also with an enlarged commerce, a reviving internal traffic, expanding towns, restored handicraftsmen, mitigated taxation, a great revenue, an economical administration, and a reformed social system—with an enlarged and improving public spirit, and a great road opened for future prosperity. He had, in fine, found a divided population, misery and servitude on the one hand, and, on the other, a barbarous domination—crime and cruelty, tears and distress, everywhere prevailing. He left a united regenerated people rejoicing in a rising civilisation, the work of his beneficent genius.

FRIENDS AT SEA.

BY W. BRAILSFORD, ESQ.

Speed, gentle bark, unto the land
Where Hope lives like a summer night;
Waft softly, gales, your blessings bland,

By darksome clouds, by billows bright—
That we, whose silent watch is held
Beside the flame of true love's light,

May feel our cares and fears dispell'd,
With the sharp gusts around the sail,
And all sad thoughts for ever quell'd—

As snow-drifts melting in the vale,
Or sere leaves passing utterly
From the dim earth when stars grow pale.

Speed, gentle bark—be kind, oh! sea—
Requite our trust—give us content—
Requite the faith we place on thee;

And though we mourn this banishment,
God gives us comfort silently—
Our griefs are hush'd in His intent.

THE GOLDEN ERA.

I.

It was a somewhat unusual sight for the month of October, that number of girls—a whole school in fact—leaving the fashionable seminary known as Arkbury House, followed by their luggage; some quitting in private carriages, some in hired ones, and a few—those probably who resided near—on foot. Unusual, because the time of the holidays was not then, and a stranger looking on would say that some untoward event must have given rise to the departures. Scarcely two days before had occurred the death of the schoolmistress. She had dropped down dead in the midst of them, without warning, without preparation, and the awe-stricken young ladies too willingly made ready to quit the house of death, hoping to leave their uncomfortable feelings behind them.

A fair looking girl of sixteen or seventeen came out last. The tears were in her eyes as she turned to take a farewell look at the house, whilst a lady preceded her down the gravel walk. There was not much likeness between the two, save in the sweet, earnest expression characterising the faces; yet, by that, one would have told at a glance that they were mother and daughter. A small private carriage, half-chariot, half-brougham, with a modest cipher on its panels, awaited them, and stepping in, they were driven towards home.

The carriage stopped before it—a handsome residence near the Regent's Park, with "Dr. Leicester" inscribed on a large brass plate on the hall door. The doctor came out of his study when Anna entered. What a fine-looking man he was!—a countenance all good sense and benevolence, with the same intellectual brow and serene eye that so pleased you in his daughter. He was but in his fortieth year, and was one of those admirable husbands and fathers who make a world of happiness of their home.

"And how go on your studies, Anna?" he inquired, as the family sat together in the evening, Anna's hand resting in his, and the children clustered close by—several years younger than Anna, for three boys had died between them. The doctor's sister, Aunt Grape, as they called her, was ensconced at the work-table with Mrs. Leicester, having dropped in to tea, purposely to see Anna.

"They get on famously, papa."

"Ah!" said the doctor, with his beaming glance, "all young ladies say that when they first get home from school."

"Nay, I don't think Anna is given to self-praise," observed Mrs. Grape, who was apt to take remarks very literally.

"Indeed, aunt,—indeed, papa, I do get on well. I was in the first division of the first class; and only the day before poor Miss Arkbury died, she said I did her more credit than any of her pupils."

"Good girl!" aspirated Mrs. Grape.

"I deserve no particular praise for it, aunt," interposed Anna. "Learning has always been so easy to me."

"Like you, Richard, when you were a boy," added Mrs. Grape, looking up from her work at the doctor.

"And your French, Anna?" was her mother's question.

"Well, mamma, I do not think I speak it a bit better than I did at Midsummer. We all understand the theory of it well, we elder pupils, translation and that; but mademoiselle herself used to say that it was next to impossible for us to acquire a readiness in speaking it, being, except herself, all English together."

"Mademoiselle is quite right," exclaimed Mrs. Grape, decisively;—she was a little inclined to be dictatorial in speech. "Young ladies never can acquire a fluency in French conversation in England. If you will take my advice, doctor, you will send Anna to France for a couple of years to finish."

The physician looked up at his sister, and Mrs. Leicester dropped her needle as she listened. It was the first moment that the idea had been suggested to either of them.

"So far!" sighed Mrs. Leicester, at length. "I could not spare her."

"Far, you call it!" echoed Mrs. Grape. "What! in these days of steam-boats and railroads! Why, she would be no further off than she was at Arkbury House."

The children opened theire yes very wide, and Mrs. Grape continued:

"So to speak. If you had gone up in one of those lumbering omnibuses, you would have been hard upon two hours getting there, what with stoppages and creeping; and you may almost get to France in that time. It would not be *any* further," concluded Mrs. Grape, improving upon her former assertion.

Anna laughed merrily at her aunt's logic, and went to the instrument to play a waltz for the children, who were teasing for it.

They were words spoken upon the spur of the moment, those of Mrs. Grape, yet they were acted upon. After mature deliberation, it was decided to send Anna Leicester to France to complete her education. How often, though we may know or notice it not, does a careless suggestion serve to turn the current of a life's events—it may be for good, or it may be for ill!

Mrs. Grape volunteered to be Anna's conductor thither. The doctor could not conveniently leave his patients then, for it was a season of much sickness, and Mrs. Leicester, in delicate health and timid by nature, shrank from the idea of crossing the Channel without a protector. But it just suited Aunt Grape—a bustling, well-meaning, and ever-seeking-to-be-busy widow. The school fixed upon for Anna was not one of those so extensively patronised by the English, where the English girls are as plentiful as the French, and where the towns in which they are situated, chiefly on the coast, are filled with British residents. "Place her at one of those, indeed!" quoth Aunt Grape to the doctor; "why, half her time would be occupied in stealthily chattering her own language. No, no; Anna must go to one where she cannot converse in it if she would."

And to a school inland, some forty or fifty miles distant from Calais, was Anna conducted. It was a rigid establishment; one after Aunt Grape's own heart: study, exercises, and decorum going on from morning till night, but scarcely any recreation. The rules of the establishment were almost as mechanical and rigid as those observed in a convent; indeed, it may have been said to be a convent without the name, and the

Romish priesthood held it under their especial superintendence. All schools in France are so, but this one was, and *is*, most particularly in their grace and favour, for the two ladies, its superintendents, were blindly subservient to their spiritual teachers both in deed and word. Those who do not reside in France, or rather those who do reside there, but are not in these matters behind the curtain, can form no idea how entirely most of the educational establishments—those for both sexes—are under the thumb and finger of the Catholic priests. And what conclusion can be come to, but that this body of men are endeavouring to stop the progress of enlightenment? The truth is, they are sensitively alive to the fact, that let the people they govern once become emancipated in thought, and their reign is at an end for ever. Would it be believed that they are interdicting the most inoffensive and simple of children's books? Such, for instance, as "Robinson Crusoe." Yet they *are*. There is a work on French history, written by Madame de Saint-Ouen; an excellent work for youth it is, and has been extensively placed in their hands. But the Bishop of Luçon, zealous Romanist that he is, has now laid his interdiction upon it. Why, think you? "Because," to quote the bishop's own words, "the author avows herself anxious to follow the progress of civilisation: she seeks to prove that as men have, step by step, become more enlightened, they have become better, showing that the ages of ignorance were necessarily the ages of crime and barbarism. *Therefore*," continues the bishop, "Madame de Saint-Ouen is a dangerous writer—the book is a very dangerous book, and carefully must it be removed from our schools and from our youth." The offence given by "Robinson Crusoe" is much the same, though more simple still. It is because the author of the present edition, M. Rendu, quotes in it an opinion of Rousseau, to the effect that "Robinson Crusoe" furnishes one of the happiest treatises on *natural* education. Everything that is natural, so far as it can be applied to education, these self-willed men would fiercely eschew. On a par with this, is a recent act of the Neapolitan government—that of placing in the hands of their youth a catechism, in which they learn that civilisation and barbarism are two extremes equally deplorable.

And what did Dr. Leicester know of the school to which he consigned his daughter for two years? What does many another parent know of the home to which he sends his children in a foreign land? Just nothing. It had been represented to Dr. Leicester as a first-rate educational establishment, as indeed it was; but with regard to the manner in which its higher duties were conducted, or of the religious influence that might be exercised over Anna, he knew no more than he did of the schools up in the stars. Miss Leicester was the first English pupil ever received in the establishment: since she left, three more have gone there, *each with the same result*—the result which you are about to hear followed the sojourning of Anna Leicester. There was a loud and angry disturbance made by their English friends when the facts became known; and now the school professes to decline taking English pupils.

It was on the last day of October that Mrs. Grape bade farewell to Anna, on her return to England. The following day was fête-day: a grand day with the French is that of Tous-saint. Anna accompanied the young ladies to mass. There was no Protestant place of worship in the town. The services were strangely grand and imposing, even for

Popish worship; and they wrought a powerful effect upon her, who had never in her life been inside a Catholic chapel. The rich and varied dresses of the many priests; the sweet perfume of the scattered incense; the extraordinary character of the worship, its priests promenading, bowing, bell-ringing, and candle-bearing; the showy attire of the gay and crowded congregation, who were this day habited in their best; the decorated cathedral, all beautiful paintings, and altars, and flowers, and lights; and, more than all, the magnificent music and singing, such as Anna had never heard, save at that one treat to the Italian Opera the previous Midsummer! The wonder would have been had she *not* been powerfully impressed with it.

But how things were changed on the following day, that of All-Souls; or, as the French express it, "The Day of the Dead." There was holiday for the pupils, and mass again; but this time how different! The mournful bells were tolling nearly all the day, calling devotionists to the church, and the services were of the most gloomy and solemn description. The congregation were almost universally habited in Black; those who habitually wore no bonnets, having a black veil or a piece of crape thrown over their white caps: and Anna watched with awe the still, hushed character of the crowded scene, as the melancholy-looking women present silently prayed on their bended knees, and with their heads drooping, for the forgiveness of their unhappy relatives who were dead and had gone to purgatory.

The popular superstition that the girls whispered to her on the previous night, had caused her to shiver and glance fearfully out of the high school windows at the dusky twilight. It is universally believed all over France, at least by a certain class of its people, that on the eve of All-Souls the departed spirits who are not yet taken to the realms of bliss, but are expiating in purgatory the sins committed during life, come abroad after dark and hover in the air, appearing to such of their relatives as may venture out, silently to beseech them not to be forgotten in the prayers that it is customary to offer up on the Jour-des-Morts.

"I would not step outside the house on this night for the treasures of France," murmured one of the young ladies, clinging close to Anna. "My papa died but a few months ago, and I think I should die too with terror, if he were to appear to me like he looked in the glimpse I caught of him as he lay in his coffin."

During the day the school was conducted to the cemetery. It lay outside the town, and the road to it was like a fair, so many people going and returning. It was an overcast, cold day; much rain had fallen during the previous week; the grass of the cemetery was reeking with damp; the mud in places was ankle-deep; yet numbers upon numbers of women, in their mourning attire, were kneeling down there, silently praying, their hands clasped upon their bosoms, and their eyes fixed upon the grave before them, or on the heavens above it. It wore a wonderfully picturesque appearance altogether. The large piece of ground, dotted over with graves; the numerous crosses raising their points in the air; the shrubs that had been universally planted; the quaint Catholic inscriptions, ending with "Accordez un De Profundis," as a supplication to the passing idler; the peculiar-looking, small, transparent pictures that were hanging there as memorials; the bouquets of fresh-cut blossoms which had that day been placed in the earth or on the

graves, soon to wither and die; the many wreaths of everlasting-flowers that met the eye at every turn; and still, still, look where you would, were the statue-like and tearful survivors of the departed kneeling and praying in the long damp grass.

Close to the entrance of the cemetery, before a humble grave, stood, in a bending posture, a thickset, ill-favoured boy, looking just like the beggar-boys around, many of whom clustered amongst the spectators, as they are apt to do at all ceremonies in France, particularly those of a religious nature. Anna thought he was one of them, and standing there to ridicule as they were. But upon stepping forward, she saw that his hands were crossed upon his chest, and his lips were moving. Poor boy! poverty-stricken and ill-favoured though he was, he was still one of the mourners. It was his mother who lay there; and that new artificial wreath, just placed upon her grave by the side of the other faded one, had been purchased with the hard savings of weeks. Anna Leicester burst into tears, and turned away from the gaze of her companions. She was a deeply imaginative girl, and these new scenes wrought a strong effect upon her. "What if the prayers of the living for the dead *should* avail?" she mused. "I have lost relations, too: my dear brothers, my uncle, my friends. This must be a beautiful religion."

Ay, and those with whom you are located, Anna Leicester, will take good care that you see nothing of this religion but its beauties, as you call them. Their creed is to convert many, to convert all: and you, with all circumstances attending you so much in their favour, cannot hope to escape.

Miss Leicester had no very definite idea of a Catholic priest. She never remembered to have seen one in England, and would rather have shunned an introduction to one than courted it. But this friendly man, Father Pierre, with his pleasant speech, and his references to London, where he had once resided, quite won her heart. He was ten times more affable in conversation than their clergyman at home, often joked with Anna, and patted the youngest pupils on the head. He frequently came to the school, as did several of his brethren, but he was the only one who made himself particularly agreeable to Anna. Occasionally he would introduce, quite naturally in the course of conversation, a comparison between some point of the Roman Catholic religion and that professed by Anna, drawing the conclusions all in his own favour, and inducing Anna to think with him—no hard task, according to *his* way of arguing the question. Had any one warned Anna Leicester that she was in a fair way of becoming a Roman Catholic, she would have started indignantly at the idea, and perhaps have run away in the night and made for England and home to be in safety. But there was no fear that any such warnings would come across her. Those who had undertaken the work of conversion were not so careless as to suffer a suspicion to approach her before its time.

II.

Few can forget the year of 1845, with its frightful excitement worse than that of any gambling-table; its commencement of delusive hopes and its end of ruin. To say that in that year half the British public

were mad, would be scarcely to say sufficient. How else can we account for men of intellect, men of strong sense, men of honour, being drawn into the wild vortex—such men, for instance, as Dr. Leicester?

It was on a windy day in March that Dr. Leicester's carriage might be seen rapidly pursuing its way to the city. Slackening its pace near the Exchange, it stopped at Bartholomew-lane, and out jumped the doctor.

"What are they out at?" he exclaimed, breathlessly, accosting one of those gentry known to the public by the appellation of "stags."

"Which line, sir? There are two out this morning."

"The Great Irish Bog Junction. I have an allotment."

"They are out at four pounds," answered the man, whose name, a somewhat appropriate one, was Fox.

"You may take the letter and sell it for me," continued the doctor. "Five pounds for your trouble, you know."

"How many shares?" demanded Fox, taking the letter in his eager gripe.

"Twenty-five. I wrote for a hundred. What other line is out?"

"The Great Southampton and Dundee Direct."

"Ah! that's a grand enterprise," said Dr. Leicester.

"Grand enterprise? I should think it is too. Capital ten millions, in five hundred thousand shares of twenty pounds each. Deposit, two guineas per share. Why the deposits alone, sir, amount to a million and fifty thousand pounds."

"Who is the promoter?"

"I don't know; but what a head he must have! What a spurner of difficulties! There's to be a continuation from Southampton to the Isle of Wight—a bridge over the sea, or a tunnel under it. The Osborne Branch it is to be called. That enterprising man, sir, ought to have his statue carved in gold. They are already casting busts of him in plaster of Paris, to be placed up in the refreshment-rooms all along the line, and atop of all the lighthouses."

"I hope his pockets are capacious," returned Dr. Leicester; "I suppose he will fill them. They are at a premium, the shares?"

"Premium! Five-and-a-half before they were out, sir. Can't get them now for love or money."

"I shall make a point of writing to every line that's advertised," mused the doctor, as he paced up and down waiting for the return of Fox. "It is like picking up gold in a mine. What a fortune there is to be made at it! Not that I shall continue to apply for shares, and then sell the letter: there is something to my mind extremely dishonourable in it, though hundreds do it every day. Well, what luck?" he cried, pushing through the crowd, as he caught sight of Fox's hat and the top of his head, in Capel-court.

The answer was a roll of bank-notes and a heap of gold—considerably more than a hundred pounds in all—and for which he had given nothing but a simple letter, which had come to him by the post that morning.

"Sign the deeds on the 22nd, sir," observed Fox.

"All right, and thank you," answered Dr. Leicester, making a note of the date, after giving a five-pound note to Fox, and pocketing the rest of his gains.

Mrs. Leicester could not be convinced so easily.

"It is a speculation," she said, "make of it the best you will."

"Thousands are being realised by it," returned the doctor. "This is a golden era, and I feel that I ought to take advantage of it in justice to my children, and make hay while the sun shines."

"But if thousands are being realised by some, the same thousands are being lost by others," argued Mrs. Leicester.

"You do not understand it, my dear. No one loses."

"Then where does all the money come from?—this, for instance," she asked, turning about the notes and gold her husband showed her as his gains that morning. "There must be a sort of perpetual fountain, like the girl in the fairy-tale, who rained out of her mouth pearls and diamonds." And many a wife in that year said the same thing.

"So *you* have been bitten!" cried a well-known surgeon to Dr. Leicester, when his speculations became pretty generally known.

"Bitten!" exclaimed the doctor.

"Bitten," repeated Sir Benjamin, "bitten by the Ironphobia. I look upon this false excitement as a mania, and—mark me!—its end for numbers will be madness. Recollect the South-Sea bubble."

"Oh, this is a very different affair," returned Dr. Leicester. "That was a speculation, distant and unknown; this is tangible."

And now, the greater portion of Dr. Leicester's time was devoted to railway business. The first thing in the morning and the last thing at night were his thoughts upon shares. He wrote for allotments to nearly all the announced schemes, and obtained, perhaps, shares from one line in ten. This did not satisfy him, so he purchased at heavy premiums in some of what were considered the best lines. He had not pursued the dishonourable practice of selling his letters of allotment, but eagerly paid the deposits upon all. He was an enormous holder of scrip, and his wealth—in prospective—was proportionably great. His savings, since he commenced practice, had been carefully husbanded: they were about six thousand pounds, and were invested in the funds; but this money was now withdrawn and sunk in "scrip." The Great Southampton and Dundee Direct had gone up surprisingly, and its patronisers said it was safe to continue going up, up, up, to the end, and never come down again—something like smoke. Dr. Leicester, following in the stream, of course bought up all he could lay his hands upon, or, to speak more strictly, all he could muster up money to pay for.

But it was in August that the great scheme of all came out. The "Grand Atmospheric Moon and Middlesex Line," with a branch (projected) to the tail of the new comet—which, you may all remember, appeared that year. The grand terminus in Trafalgar-square, Charing-cross; offices in Moorgate-street. A very remarkable man the projector of this was. The originator of the Great Southampton and Dundee Direct was thought aspiring at the time, but he was nothing to the moon man. The public had never met with so extensive a benefactor. Dinners were given him, speeches made of him, pieces of plate showered down upon him, and a hundred other favours.

Only to read the prospectus was enough. The printer could not get sufficient struck off to satisfy the demand, though he never saw bed for a week. Capital, 100,000,000*l.*, the whole of which was ready to be paid in beforehand by the eager applicants. Surveyors in balloons were

already up, looking after the practicabilities of the undertaking, and their reports were very flourishing. But the directorship—what a strong one it was! The like had not been seen before: five dukes, seven marquises, eleven earls, thirteen barons, and a bishop!

Never was such excitement known in the city as the day the line was expected to come out. Moorgate-street was impassable; and carriages, to say nothing of foot passengers, had to go a mile round. Very gentlemanly men in black coats, sky-blue waistcoats, and ponderous gold chains half as large as a sheriff's, were stationed at the offices to tell the agitated expectants how the work went on. They would have been at the door, but it had to be barred and bolted to keep out the crowd, so they leaned out of the first-floor windows; the blue of the vests and yellow glitter of the chains producing an extremely beautiful contrast of colouring to the admiring eyes of the gaping mob below, whom they from time to time addressed, by way of keeping down the excitement.

"All right, gentlemen—a little patience. Our secretary has got as far as the W's, and he is signing away at steam speed. An hour or so will finish the job. There are only the Y's and Z's; X's don't count, you know. We have clerks in abundance: thirty folding, sixty sealing, and ninety directing; and—you see, gentlemen, down there, to the left—a whole string of wheelbarrows in readiness to convey them to the post, that no time may be lost. Keep up your spirits, gentlemen; they will certainly be out to-day."

The next morning Dr. Leicester swallowed his breakfast, and jumping into a cab, tore away to his broker's at the rate of nine-and-twenty miles an hour.

"Are they out?" he cried, to the confidential clerk, the first person he saw there.

Of course the inquiry could have reference but to one line, the all-engrossing one, and that the clerk knew.

"Out this morning, sir; posted last night. Have you an allotment?"

The doctor had not. It was really too bad—so secure as he thought he had made himself with the solicitors.

"What premium are they out at?" he grumbled.

"No premium at all, sir," answered the clerk; "that is, there are no sellers. There's not a share in the market. The allottees won't part with a single letter."

"How are the Southampton and Dundee Direct?" pursued the doctor, chiefly from want of something to say.

"Firm as a rock, and going up still. That was a capital spec of yours, sir—five and three-quarters, I think, you bought at?"

"Yes," nodded the doctor.

"And they are eleven and a half now. What a mint of money is being made!"

III.

The beginning of November was rapidly approaching, and Dr. Leicester found himself somewhat embarrassed from the want of ready money. Every guinea he had taken was invested in shares; save the sum he had just remitted to France for the second year of Anna's schooling—it being the custom of that country to pay school bills in advance. His broker had succeeded in purchasing shares for him in the Grand

Atmospheric Moon and Middlesex, at twenty pounds premium. To meet this call for payment, he had sold out shares in several less important lines, besides having borrowed money on personal security. But he came to the determination of sacrificing a few shares in the Southampton and Dundee Direct, which had risen to twelve, and stood firm at that. Accordingly he went to give the orders at his broker's.

"I would sell *all* the shares in that line if I were you, sir," observed the old clerk, confidentially, when he heard the doctor's business. "I fear there's something not right about the Southampton and Dundees."

"What do you mean?" asked the doctor.

"Burton came in just now, and dropped something in an under tone about that line, and away went the governor to 'Change in a flurry. He is a holder himself, you know, in the Southampton and Dundee—under the rose."

Away went Leicester to Bartholomew-lane. It was crammed to suffocation, and he was elbowing his way through the crowd when he popped upon Fox, who was coming out of the Butler's Head, his clothes looking very white and dusty.

"Fox, what's up about the Southampton and Dundees?"

"*All's* up, sir," answered the man, with a look as blank as his pockets. "The surveyors can't—or won't—finish the plans and sections in time for the 30th of November, if they ever finish them at all. It was announced this morning, and the shares have gone down."

"Down to what?" groaned Dr. Leicester.

"To a *discount!* I had twelve to sell for a gent to-day—should have netted eighteen pounds by the job. There has been some underhand work they say, and the losers are going mad about it. The projector's busts, all that had been cast, were in the spare room at the offices, waiting till the stations were built, and the infuriated shareholders rushed in there about half an hour ago, and smashed them all. It's well they did not lay hold of *him*. I went too, and turned in here to get a glass of ale after it, for the plaster of Paris smother made me thirsty. The outlay has been enormous, they say."

"The committee must refund," returned Leicester, gloomily.

"Oh, ay! it's all very fine to talk of refunding, but if the money's gone, where is it to be refunded from?" Which was a remarkably sensible proposition, and quite unanswerable.

As Dr. Leicester turned away, he met his broker. The two stopped to condole with each other.

"They will indict the surveyors, won't they?" inquired the doctor.

"I trust they will indict all connected with it," answered the broker, in a passion. "It is a regular swindle. One million sixteen thousand pounds paid up—the directors, I suppose, kept *their* deposits in their pockets—and only eighty-four pounds seventeen shillings and ninepence-halfpenny remaining in the hands of the bankers to return amongst the shareholders; the rest made ducks and drakes of, every farthing of it. I wish to Heaven they may get Botany Bay for life."

"What a mercy that it's not the Moon and Middlesex!"

"What a line that is!" cried the broker, in admiration. "How the shares continue to go up! Some pigeons came down yesterday with reports from the engineers. The works are progressing gloriously."

"Richard," said Mrs. Leicester, that very day, "are you sure you are

going on quite right—with all these speculations? We seem strangely short of ready money: at times it puts me to great inconvenience."

"Right!" uttered the doctor, in astonishment; "I was worth six thousand pounds a few months ago, and I am now worth twelve—all in scrip—valuable scrip." He did not tell her of his frightful loss that day on the Southampton and Dundees; but he magnanimously screwed up his resolution to part with half a dozen shares in the Atmospheric Moon and Middlesex. He did not like to hear his wife complain of the want of ready money.

Accordingly, at an early hour the following morning, he quitted home, and drove into the city. But what in the world was the matter? Groups of men, women, and children, stood in all directions, their necks stretched out and their heads thrown back, staring up at the skies. People were running about with consternation on their countenances, and the neighbourhood of the Exchange was one mass of heads. The doctor, though rather astonished, did not stop to inquire the meaning of these extraordinary appearances, but hurried on to his broker's.

Opening the office door, he walked in, but it struck him that affairs there wore also a strange aspect. The old clerk sat with a face drawn as long as his arm, looking the very picture of paralysation; and a lot of shareholders, with the broker in the midst, were making enough hubbub to stun a deaf man. The first distinct words the doctor heard were, "The line is gone—totally gone."

"What line is that?" he asked, carelessly. But the answer fell with terrible distinctness on his ear.

"The Grand Atmospheric Moon and Middlesex."

"The Moon and Middlesex!" screamed Dr. Leicester, whilst the whole group began to rave an explanation in concert. The doctor caught a sentence here and there; but quite enough.

"The tail of the new comet—gained its perigee yesterday—scorched up the balloons—the whole lot fell down in the night—themselves or their ashes. The surveyors, engineers, and assistants—all blackened corpses—except one poor fellow, who was in flames when he arrived—lived just long enough to tell the tale."

"The works are all destroyed," wailed the clerk, breaking in upon the uproar with his quiet voice, "so the scheme is at an end, now and for ever, for you'll never get a surveyor to go up again. Thousands will be ruined."

"Are already," corrected the broker.

The news had fallen upon the city like a thunderbolt, carrying desolation to the deluded speculators. There had been a frightful deal of expenditure, and there was nothing to show for it, all the deposits having vanished. So, the first thing to be done was, of course, to go upon the directors for the amount of the losses, and the bishop, being a substantial man, they attacked him. But the reverend prelate, with characteristic meekness, assured the unhappy shareholders that he knew nothing whatever about the matter: if his name was on the directorship, it had been put there without his consent or knowledge.

One of the desperadoes ventured to suggest, that as to knowledge, his lordship must have been aware from the advertisements in the newspapers, if from no other source, that his name stood conspicuously forth in the directorship.

At this insinuation, the holy man bowed out the baffled malcontents; shocked beyond measure, as his concluding words intimated, that any portion of the public could believe a bishop would covet worldly gains, or would waste his valuable time in noticing anything that might appear in a newspaper.

IV.

The Golden Era of 1845 was over, and Dr. Leicester was a ruined man. Yet his fate was widely different from that of many others, for he had a handsome profession to turn to, whilst they had nought before them but a prison, starvation, or—the grave. Oh! let us pray, whilst we shudder, for those who wildly and wickedly resorted to the latter. "Never, never," lamented Dr. Leicester, "shall any golden visions tempt me again. Sir Benjamin was right: it was a species of madness that fastened upon us all."

There is more sympathy between the well or ill-being of the body and the mind than people are usually aware of. What else than self-reproach and grief caused that distressing malady to attack Dr. Leicester?—half rheumatism, half paralysis—the former disease followed by the latter. A painful, incurable disorder, rendering him utterly helpless, and in which there was no hope of any material mitigation of suffering.

He knew his fate—that he was a bedridden, useless man for life; his profession gone, for there was no probability of his ever being able to exercise it again. With a heavy heart, Mrs. Leicester set about the necessary preparations for their change in life. The doctor's monetary affairs were got into order; a small cottage, a few miles distant from London, was fixed upon for their future residence; and their whole income, derived from Mrs. Leicester's marriage-settlement, amounted to so little in the aggregate that we will not mention it here.

V.

The time rolled on, and the autumn of 1846 came round. On a fine evening, a group of children, older by two years than when you last saw them, reader, were clustering round the parlour window of a small, pretty cottage, their noses flattened against the panes, according to the manner patronised by all children. There were five of them, three girls, and two little boys, younger. Sister Anna was expected home from France, with Aunt Grape, who had gone to fetch her. Aunt Grape lived with them now, that her little annuity might eke out the doctor's income.

Suddenly the panes were pushed exceedingly; there seemed a chance of their being pushed out, for a cab, only the second they had seen, came rattling down the road. It stopped at the gate, and the children held their breath. But with a look of blank disappointment: for though two ladies got out of it, and one of them was certainly Aunt Grape, the other they thought was as certainly not Anna, but a grown-up, handsome lady, taller than mamma. That handsome lady, however, flew to the bed in the back-parlour, and the poor invalid, with a wailing cry of anguish, feebly opened his arms for her to nestle there, and sobbed aloud as he prayed inwardly, for the thousandth time, for forgiveness in having made a beggar of her, his eldest and dearest child.

"Oh, Aunt Grape!" exclaimed Anna, when they retired for the night,

the tears which had been pent up all the evening bursting forth, "is it in this poor way that you are all obliged to live?"

"And glad enough to be able to do it, after all our losses and misfortunes," responded the lady.

"Papa has so few comforts about him," sighed Anna.

"That is the worst part of the business," answered Mrs. Grape. "But the children's schooling must be paid for—the boys especially. We would educate the girls at home, I and your mamma, only a quiet house is necessary to the doctor. We did try the plan, but it could not be continued."

"Can *nothing* be done for papa?"

"Nothing essential, Anna. With ample means, remedies might be tried—a winter at Bath, or some of the continental springs; but in our position it is worse than useless to think of it."

Anna Leicester lay awake the whole night, silently shedding bitter tears, and debating with herself what she could best do, she with her splendid education, to ameliorate the condition of her parents. The only path open to her seemed to be that of governess, and ere the morning light stole over the chamber her plans were formed.

And now came the discovery. On the following Sunday morning Mrs. Leicester requested Anna to take charge of the others to church. "You will like the clergyman much," she said; "his sermons are excellent."

Anna's face flushed all over, and then grew deadly pale. She was evidently agitated, and Mrs. Leicester looked at her with surprise.

"Do you not go, mamma?" she said.

"No, Anna, rarely in the morning. I have so much to do for your papa. You can take my place with the children now."

"Oh, mother, forgive me," she sobbed, clasping her mother's knees—"forgive me that I have abjured the faith you impressed upon me in my infancy."

"Child!" cried Mrs. Leicester, a fit of trembling coming over her, "what do you mean?"

"Mother, I may never enter your churches again to worship. I am a Roman Catholic."

It was a sad scene. But all the crying and scolding, the lamenting and complaining, would avail nothing. She had been received into the Romish Church a twelvemonth before, and in its tenets she now timidly but firmly expressed her resolve to live and die.

"Daughter," cried Dr. Leicester, as the trembling girl stood before him like a culprit, "am I not your father?"

"Oh, yes, yes—my beloved, my revered father!"

"Then another question, Anna Leicester. Why was not this assumption of a new faith, in its progress, or at its act, made known to me?"

"I did not dare to do it. My spiritual directors forbade me."

Need Dr. Leicester have asked why? Those who had acquired the power over her that sufficed to turn her from the creed of her country and her forefathers, had also assumed the entire dominion of her mind. And her thoughts, words, and actions, must bend beneath the thraldom, without daring to give a sigh to resistance, from that time forth until her dying day.

HESTER SOMERSET.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XIII.

HESTER'S LIFE IN DANGER—THE DISTRESS OF THE IMPRISONED FATHER.

IT was nearly twelve o'clock, and the night was profoundly still. The sparrows were asleep in the trees of the little square; the overlaboured mechanic had crept to his bed; and the measured step of the police on the pavement was the only sound that fell at intervals on the ear.

Wearily drag on the hours of night to the sick who cannot sleep. The curtains were drawn around the bed; on the floor stood the shaded candle; the small table displayed sundry bottles with labels, some being half emptied of their contents; there, too, the divided orange spoke of the patient's thirst—grateful fruit, which fever and pain hold dear, and even the dying love! Mohammed should have placed it in his paradise, to bloom by the rivers of amber, and by the throne of Allah.

An anxious quiet reigned in that room. Two persons were watching the sick; an elderly gentleman, with a placid, benevolent face, sat near the head of the bed; notwithstanding the great danger in which the patient lay, he was perfectly calm; as a medical man ever should be. His gold repeater rested on his knees, and every now and then he consulted it, as he stretched out his hand to feel the pulse of the invalid. Occasionally a smile softened his wrinkled countenance, but it was quickly succeeded by an expression of anxiety and severe thought: he was evidently watching a crisis.

The other attendant was the turnkey's daughter; and she stood by the table, in readiness to give to the doctor anything that might be required. The anguish of the heart was checked, lest it might interfere with the duties of the nurse; but it was not felt the less. Her eyes might be filled with tears, and her bosom might be bursting, yet not for an instant did Julie turn away to vent her natural feelings: there she remained by the doctor's side, all eye and ear, only at times stooping forward, and cautiously moving back the curtain to look for a moment on her who was so near the portal of death.

Yes, occasioned by the severe conflict of her harrowing feelings, since her last hopes had been crushed by the manœuvres of Mr. Pike, Hester had been seized with a fever: it was one which did not affect the brain, but the disease had taken a very dangerous form. And there she lay on the pillow, calm and still as the night around them, but feeble as an infant. Her forehead, not contracted by pain, was smooth and beautiful, but her face had no hue of life, except a red spot burning in the centre of the cheeks. Her eyes were half-closed, the long lashes shading the blue, as strips of black cloud conceal the azure of the "rainy April" heaven. Her hair (they had not found it necessary to deprive her of that adornment) lay in its dishevelled length over the pillow and on the

coverlid of the bed—golden, wavelike, abundant hair, such as the heads of angels are painted with—hair, the loveliness of which disease cannot affect, and death would not triumph over.

No word, no groan, fell from the lips of Hester; she continued without motion, and apparently without breathing. Julie now whispered into the surgeon's ear:

"Has the crisis you speak of passed?"

The medical man did not answer, but placed his finger on his lip, and the profound quiet was unbroken during another hour; then, for the first time that night, Hester feebly spoke:

"Where is he—my father?"

Julie looked painfully at the surgeon. She knew the reason why Mr. Somerset was not there, but felt reluctant to name it to Hester.

"My dear young lady," said the doctor, "do not distress yourself about that now."

"I must see him."

"He will be here in the morning."

"The morning?"—Hester paused, and sighed—"I shall not—live—to see the morning."

"Oh! yes, yes, you will, my dearest child," said the good man, encouragingly; "and many mornings more, I hope."

"Let me see him. Is he reluctant to look on death? Is his fear of being infected by my complaint stronger than his love?"

Julie now scrupled no longer; she resolved to tell the truth, and the medical man gave her liberty to speak.

"You do your father wrong, dear Miss Somerset, in supposing him unwilling to come. When he left, this afternoon, we believed you better. I have been to the prison to-night, but unfortunately the hour was past when the inmates have liberty to go out on payment of money. The turnkeys refused, on any consideration, to permit him to quit the walls."

"Not even to see his dying child? Oh! cruel laws of the hard and merciless! but let it be," continued Hester, turning her head on the pillow. "I can pray for him, if I cannot see him: I can bless him, if I cannot weep my last tears in his arms. Father, you are growing old; trials and misfortunes will shorten your natural days,—it will not be long ere we shall meet again." Her look was placid and resigned, and the expression of her face was one of trust and hopefulness. Her lips murmured at intervals: "Bless thee—bless thee—God protect thee! May some kind heart at last do that for which I have laboured in vain—give thee liberty; and may thy closing days be yet bright and happy!"

"Who is this loitering in the passage?" said one of the chief officials of the Fleet Prison to the turnkey then doing duty at the gate.

"'Tis No. 10, inner-yard, Mr. Somerset, sir."

"Mr. Somerset?—what does the man want here? 'tis time he were in his bed; you know the new rules,—prisoners are not to keep these late hours."

"I've ordered him back to his room, sir; but he won't go."

"Disobedient? disorderly—eh? We will soon see what he means by this." Saying which, the gentleman functionary strode up to the prisoner, who was leaning against the wall near a lamp, his eyes fixed on the prison door opening into the street. He did not at first hear the

voice of the person who accosted him. "What! do you pretend to be deaf?—you prisoner there, Mr. Somerset! what do you mean by resisting the turnkey's order? Retire to your room; 'tis my duty to see that prisoners don't in future keep these late hours—off!"

Mr. Somerset only groaned, and looked at the closed door. The officer laid his hand on his shoulder:

"My good man, then you won't understand me?—have you been drinking?"

The ruined gentleman who once possessed his thousands a year, the respected magistrate of a populous district, moved back a few steps; the foul words of this upstart menial caused for a moment the blood to mount to his cheek, but he instantly recollected himself:

"I bear your insults—I forgive all—only, for the love of Heaven, open that door!"

"A strange request, truly; you want to escape, I suppose?"

"One hour's absence—it is all I ask; only one hour!"

The official stared:

"Well, man, I should think you had been in this house long enough to know better; surely you are aware that we never allow prisoners to go out, for love or money, after sunset, and now 'tis nearly midnight."

"I know it well," said Mr. Somerset, with an agonised look; "but I throw myself on your generosity, your pity. I wish to see my daughter; she is ill—she is dying!"

"Yes," said the under-turnkey, old Reuben, approaching, for he had been sorrowfully pacing to and fro, at a short distance; "the gentleman's daughter *is* dying; my young woman—my child who is with her—came here just now to say so."

"You hold your tongue, Reuben," said the superior, sternly. "Don't speak till you are spoken to, sirrah. If I mistake not, Mr. Somerset had a liberty-ticket to-day; why didn't he see his daughter then?"

"I was with her," replied the father; "she rallied, and appeared better this afternoon, so at sunset I hurried back to the prison; but now—now," he gasped, "perhaps the last hour is come. Let me go—I implore you—let me go!"

"Madness! folly!" exclaimed the officer; "if twenty daughters were dying, we can't violate the rules of this place. Why, man, if the young woman is to die, your being with her couldn't prevent it, I suppose?"

"I wish to bid her farewell—to hear her last word—to look on her before her dear eyes close for the last time. Oh! if you are a father—if you have the heart of a man, you will sympathise with me—you will pity me!"

"Well, well, I am sorry," said the fellow, drawing up his shirt-collars, "but it can't be helped; go to your room orderly; I dare say she'll manage to live out the night. Now, walk back, will you? for I want to go to bed myself."

More bitter than insults, worse than stripes would have been, were these cold words to the bleeding heart of the father.

"Hear me!" he cried, raising his hands in passionate eagerness; "this daughter is more to me than my life; she has mourned for me—toiled for me—given me bread for years; the labours, and the persecutions which she has endured for my sake have caused this grievous illness: and I must not see her again; I am denied the sad satisfaction of one

last look. My child—my expiring child—my little one—my Hester!" He paused, for the strong man was overcome, and his breast heaved with choking sobs. "Have compassion on the sorrows of a father! Give me leave to depart—deny me not—an hour, I say, one short hour—you shall have money—you shall have all I possess—it is in your power—they will not blame you for being thus merciful—let me fly to my daughter—let me go! let me go!"

As the Hebrew patriarch, when bereaved of his favourite child, forgot his manhood and wept, so did that old man. What were worldly trials, caused by the loss of station and wealth, compared with the woes now of that stricken heart? He only saw death and the grave. Fortunes, however desperate or ruined, may be repaired; but never, never more shall come from the realms of silence, and dark, unwaking sleep, the beloved ones of our soul, with their soothing voices and their happy smiles.

Old Reuben, as he witnessed the father's emotion, was deeply affected; but he had no power to act; he sighed and drew his rough sleeve across his eyes, for the gathering drops obscured his sight. The officer, whose heart was callous by nature, as well as indurated by habit, spoke in a decisive tone:

"Now, all this is very well, but 'tis of no use. We must attend to our duty here. Why, to let you out, Mr. Somerset, at this hour of the night, might even be a hazarding of my situation;—yes, my situation, sir," added the man, than the loss of which he could conceive no stroke or affliction more terrible. "In a word, you can't, and you shan't leave the prison. Return to your room, or I shall order the turnkeys to drag you there by force."

The wretched father, perceiving that all was over, yielded to his fate. He addressed not another word to the inhuman man who thus controlled his destiny, but slowly walked back to the prison-yard, where his own apartment was situated. There he passed the remainder of the night in anxiety and sorrow only to be imagined. Yet he was not alone, for Reuben insisted on sitting up with him, the poor turnkey, in his rude and honest way, endeavouring to render him consolation.

The morning—the prayed-for morning—at length dawned. The usual liberty-ticket was procured, and the moment the rules allowed, eight o'clock, the impatient father hurried through the opened gate of the prison. With feverish haste he passed up Ludgate-hill, and a few minutes brought him to Doctors' Commons. As he drew near to Wardrobe-place, his anxiety and suspense were intolerable. Did his child live? or was she no more? Dread and hope alternately filled his heart. He reached the covered passage, and entered the little square; there his agitation became so excessive, that his palpitating heart seemed as though it would burst his bosom, while his knees smote each other.

He saw the house—the shutters were not closed—thank Heaven for that! Death, at least, was not there. He knocked softly, and the door was opened by a servant girl. He was too much excited to ask a question, but at that instant the surgeon was descending the stairs. The good gentleman had been sitting up all the night, and was now going home to obtain some rest. As he saw Mr. Somerset, he hurried forward to meet him. There was no shaking of the head—no gloom now in that benevolent face. Oh! what a light his smile cast on the darkness of the father's soul!

"Good morning," said the doctor, taking Mr. Somerset cheerfully by the hand; "I am the bearer of happy tidings, sir. We shan't lose the dear young lady this time, thank Heaven!—no no. The crisis has passed, and we are better, much better; our fever is abated, and our pulse is good. We shall get on now very well—charming—believe me."

"But may I not see her?" stammered out Mr. Somerset, in his delight.

"Certainly: only promise to be calm, for we must be careful not to agitate her nerves. I will return to the room with you."

Quietly Hester lay in the embracing arms of her father. Happy she felt, and grateful as happy.

"I thank God," she whispered, "for this. He has heard my prayer for your sake; a little longer shall I be spared to love you, father, to be near you, and to hope—hope that your present misfortunes will pass away."

Chapter XIV.

THE COTTAGE AT BROMPTON.

They removed the invalid, whose health was daily improving, to Brompton—a locality generally esteemed for the mildness of the air. She would not consent to reside at a greater distance from her father; and an hour's drive would take her from that place to the Fleet Prison.

Brompton was not then, as now, to accommodate a plethoric and overgrown population, covered with bricks and mortar. Green fields refreshed the eye of the exploring and adventurous citizen. For Bow-bells, and the crush of waggons in Thames-street, he heard here the low of cattle and the bleat of sheep; the thrush sang in the thickets, and the winds that, sweeping over eastward-spreading London, whirled about only dust and smoke, were here surprised and gratified at being able to load their pinions with rich fragrance, breathed upwards from countless gardens.

Oh! ye destroyers! Civilisation and advancing Prosperity! ye arch enemies to Nature and Nature's delights! that scene now is blotted out. The tuneful blackbird has winged away to regions that still offer a covert; the lowing cattle have been driven to Smithfield, and converted into food! and where trees waved, where hawthorn hedges divided the velvet meadows, and the odorous gardens laughed in the awakening eye of day, little now is seen but long, long rows of red-brick domiciles—a wilderness of chimney-pots, which discharge their black or yellow clouds, generated by inferior "Inland" or Wallsend coals; while omnibuses rattle along, and legions of shops—draper, grocer, and costermonger—stare at the sorrowful muser from every corner. Alas! for that once rural suburb—for pleasant, pleasant Brompton!

The cottage in which Hester lodged belonged to a gardener. It was not surrounded by trees, for medical men have an aversion to trees, shutting out the free air, and breathing at night pernicious gases into windows; but it stood embosomed among flowers and aromatic shrubs. The place was near to London, and yet so retired, so still, so rural, that it well might seem a hundred miles away.

The afternoon is warm, the air soft and sweet, as if breathing over Shakspeare's "bank of violets." Hester is resting on a rustic seat near the porch of the cottage. Her faithful attendant, Julie, is also there,

for the turnkey's daughter now seldom quits her side. Each has a book in her hand, but they seem wrapped in their own thoughts, heeding not the page over which they bend. The eyes of Julie now wander across the garden, then along the meadows beyond, and, lastly, are fixed on the crimson clouds which are beginning in the west to roll themselves around the sinking sun. There is an expression of simple wonder, and intense adoration, in the young girl's look, as if she sees in those masses of gorgeousness and glory the sky-throne of Nature's God; or fancies she looks through their long vistas of branching gold into paradise. Hester watches her, and as the rays grow deeper and richer, their reflection is cast on each girl's countenance, on their long, wavy hair, and on their garments, until they appear surrounded by an atmosphere of soft and living purple.

Heliotropes turning to the sun seemed those fair motionless beings—worshippers of the Persian Mithra, praying in silence, and mourning that the God of Day should number now so few disciples on earth. Hester at length spoke to her companion:

"You admire the scene, Julie; it does not much resemble the prospect which, for twenty years, spread before you within the walls of the Fleet Prison?"

"No, Miss Somerset; but I told you I was once at Hampstead, and father said the scene there is the finest in the world."

"Then Reuben has been a traveller?"

"He says so, for he has been at Barnet, at Norwood, at Gravesend, and even at Margate. I once thought the last place was almost at the end of the world, but, thanks to your teaching, I know better now."

"Yes, by reading and by patient study, Julie, you are advancing wonderfully. That mind of yours is a bright star which has long been obscured by the mists and clouds of ignorance; these fogs are fast passing away."

"Would that they were! but I am still a poor ignorant, uncultivated, and blind being. I feel I was born to serve, and to look up to another for direction. I do not understand the feeling that prompts some to elevate themselves above their fellow-creatures. Ambition seems to me a curse rather than a noble passion of the mind. My happiness has been, and I trust long will be, to wait on and serve you."

"Now, Julie, you are most obstinate; I tell you again, you are not my servant, but my companion and friend. For your care of me, and your unwearied attention during my late illness, I owe you a debt I shall never be able to discharge. Listen to me. Shall we henceforth live entirely together, toil on together, and assist each other in buffeting the assaults of fortune—sworn friends in good and evil?"

"That is too much to hope, far too much for me to expect. Your proposal overwhelms me with happiness, and yet fills me with sorrow—sorrow, because I am so unworthy of your regard."

"Dear Julie," said Hester, "you are all I ask, all I desire in a friend. Would that a nearer tie than friendship's existed between us!"

"A nearer tie?—you must mean, then, that of a cousin or a sister; such a thing to me would be strange, yet inexpressibly delightful, for I have no relation in the world but my father and mother."

The turnkey's daughter looked with a loving smile into Hester's face.

Was there an electric chain of sympathy binding together the two gentle spirits? Did that mysterious affinity exist between them, known sometimes to those proceeding from the same stock? However this might be, they gazed and gazed in silence, and, drawing nearer, clung at last into a close embrace.

The round glowing orb of the sun rested on the horizon, and, through the softening golden haze, the eye could follow its course. The farewell rays rested on the summit of the old church tower across the meadows; they played around the tall graceful poplars, whose leaves glistened and trembled as with delight; and they lingered lovingly among the autumnal roses, and kissed each smaller flower into sleep, the odours of which were breathing, like the sweet voluptuous sighs of gathering fairies, around those two lovely forms.

The golden globe dipped down; its upper rim flashed and shot coruscations, like arrows of fire, in its intense departing glory—lower and lower yet—one burning point—it disappeared at last.

Love on, dream on, gentle spirits! The stars, as they are slowly distilled from heaven in drops of liquid silver, are not brighter than your bright thoughts; the stainless azure of the deep sky is not purer than your pure natures. Oh! where shall we find a type of holy innocence, of perfect mental beauty unmixed with guile, of all that approaches nearest to the divine nature of the mysterious unseen One, the reflex of whose shadow we are—where, if not in the breast of woman, in that soft spring-time of life when the affections are fresh as new-born flowers, and the wings of passion and earth's more sordid feelings have cast no blight on her path?

FIRE-ARMS.

The march of practical science, of late years, has not been confined to the stupendous structures of tubular bridges and the power of steam, nor even to making the lightning flights of electricity useful to mankind, but the laws which regulate projectiles have also not only claimed, but obtained, a share of that wonderful progress which distinguishes the present so far beyond every previous period of the world. "An elongated projectile," justly observes Colonel Chesney,* "is one of the happier efforts of skill and genius, the application of which to the musket has been accompanied by such improvements in the arm itself, as will, according to some, supersede the use of light artillery altogether; and, under modified circumstances, must produce considerable changes in the formation as well as the tactics of modern armies."

The various kinds of fire-arms now competing for the palm of excellence may be classed under two heads—viz., the breech-loading musket, and another description of weapon receiving the ball at the muzzle. The latter,

* Observations on the Past and Present State of Fire-arms, and on the Probable Effects in War of the New Musket: with a Proposition for reorganising the Royal Regiment of Artillery by a Subdivision into Battalions in each special arm of Garrison, Field, and Horse Artillery, with Suggestions for promoting its Efficiency. By Colonel Chesney, D.C.L. and F.R.S., Royal Artillery. Longman and Co.

as far as it has been brought into use in France, is practically shown to be greatly superior to the old musket of that nation, and the former is expected to have still greater advantages; but whichever principle may ultimately receive the preference, it is certain that the new weapons, in either case, will have greater range and far more accuracy than has been hitherto obtained from the best rifles in the hands of the most experienced marksmen.

Rapidity in firing, and other advantages, has caused a breach-loading musket to have been a desideratum ever since the arm was invented. A new musket of this kind was constructed some years back under the direction of the Swedish commissioners, which it was hoped would combine the best qualities of the weapons hitherto in use, and would also be an improvement on the flattened ball invented by Delvigne for his musket, as well as the belted ball introduced in England by Mr. Lovell. Extensive experiments were carried on between 1839 and 1845 to test the relative advantages of this weapon compared with the common smooth-barrelled musket, and also with the Jäger rifle, at different distances and in various ways. We are indebted for the results of these experiments to the consideration given by Lieutenant-Colonel Portlock, R.E., to the important question of how far such improved weapons may be made to take a more effectual part in the defence of fortified places and positions. ("Corps Papers, &c., compiled from the Contributions of the Officers of the Royal Engineers," &c., pp. 39, 362-380.)

The French, whose attempts had preceded those of the Norwegians, did not fail to continue their experiments, and the cylindro-conical projectile, which they used instead of the ordinary ball, possesses, according to Paixhans ("Constitution Militaire de la France," par H. J. Paixhans, Ancien Général de Division d'Artillerie, pp. 225, 226), the advantage of encountering less resistance with an equal mass; consequently, while the direction will be truer, and the distance the projectile will be carried will be greater as the resistance to its propulsion and passage through the air is less, so, also, at the same time, any piece in which it may be used, whether a musket or a great gun, will produce a shock considerably less than one of the same calibre propelling a spherical projectile. Hence, a musket with a cylindro-conical projectile would be more efficient in the hands of a boy than a musket with a common ball in the hands of a full-grown marksman—there would be little or no recoil, and a better direction derived from several concurrent circumstances, less resistance, and a greater, and consequently more direct range.

This important fact, which, when once practically applied appears so simple, that, like Columbus's egg, we wonder it had never been thought of till the word ball had almost become synonymous with gun and musket projectiles, is said to have been first brought forward by Caron, an officer of artillery, at Charleville, in 1833. A hollow introduced into the larger extremity of the projectile was subsequently proposed by Captain Blois, and which, by carrying the centre of gravity further forward, gave it an increased range, the accuracy of which was at the same time much improved by a very simple contrivance of a Monsieur Tamisier, who cut channels in the after-part of the cylinder, and these, acting like the tail of a rocket, the feathers of an arrow, or the shaft of a javelin, and opposing resistance perpendicularly to the line of flight, not only prevented the de-

riation of the ball, but even caused it to resume the true direction in case of any momentary divergency.

Finally, by means of a very simple process, "the origin and peculiarity of which," says Paixhans, "are unknown to me," Captain Minié succeeded in causing the ball to enter the musket freely, and yet to fill up the grooves of the rifle completely, by expansion, as it passed through the bore. The method by which these objects were accomplished became known, Colonel Chesney tells us, through some experiments made in Ceylon. The ball consists of a cylinder, having three channels cut round the surface near the extremity, the other end of the missile being like a fir-cone. A cylindrical hollow orifice is cut in the centre of the ball or cone, which extends from its base almost to its apex. Before placing the ball in the piece, a small capsule, or thimble, is placed in the aperture level with the base of the ball, and paper being rolled over it, this end of the cartridge, with the ball in it, is dipped in grease about half an inch. When loading, the soldier bites off the end of the cartridge, shakes the powder into the barrel, reverses the cartridge (an act in which mistakes may sometimes be supposed to occur), and puts the ball with the thimble end downwards into the muzzle as far as the upper channel; tears off the paper, throws it away, and then rams the ball (with the greasy part of the paper on it and the iron thimble inside) down on the powder. In firing, the explosion, as a matter of course, forces the iron thimble up into the conical hollow in the ball, before the *inertia* of the ball itself has been overcome, and thus, by increasing its diameter, forces the lead into the grooves of the bore so completely, that the whole base of the bullet is exposed to the action of the powder without allowing the slightest windage, or any diminution of the explosive force of the powder, by which so much of the impetus is lost in common rifles.

All proposed improvements had, however, to contend in France for a long period of time against the prejudices and parsimony, or rather false economy, of the military and civil authorities, although M. Delvigne, their great advocate, pointed out how the best troops, under the most experienced officers, had been beaten by the rifles of the peasantry of the Tyrol. The loss, however, of officers and men in Algeria was so great, that in 1838 the Duke of Orleans, before going to Africa, organised a *bataillon of* rifled-musketeers, designated as the *Chasseurs d'Afrique*, to take with him. The new arm was found to be so successful, that it was soon adopted at home, in what were designated as the *Tirailleurs de Vincennes;* and a French officer wrote, some short time back, "Nous avons en ce moment huit bataillons armés de fusil rayé à balle à culôt. Les résultats sont toujours très satisfaisants." Sir Charles Shaw states, in a letter to the *Times*, that there are now in the French army a force of 14,000 men armed with the rifle-musket—this unerring and murderous weapon, with its *cylindro-conique* (conic) hollow ball; and orders, he further adds, have lately been given to rifle the common muskets of the French army, and to serve out the cylindro-conic ball. Sir Charles avers, from experiments, that the 14,000 French, with their *carabines à tiges*, can hit a section of six men in front 40 times in 100 shots, while the British muskets, with similar distance and number of shots, can hit only 11 times. At a distance of 765 yards, this rifle-musket would to a certainty knock down a life-guardsman, in spite of his cuirass, and a front

of 10 men at 1100 yards. The efficacy of this arm is daily proved in Algeria; and at the late siege of Rome, not an artilleryman could stand at his gun, and Garibaldi's officers in scarlet were regularly shot down without seeing or hearing from what quarter the shot came. "In short," adds Sir Charles, "disguise it as one may, 500 men so armed are more than a match for any 3000 men armed with the present British musket. There is now as much difference between the rifle of the Tirailleurs of Vincennes and our regulation muskets, as between our musket and the bows and arrows of the Indians."

The progress of the *Zündnadelgewehr*, or needle-igniting musket, was as slow at first in Prussia as the *carabine à tige* in France; but the fusileers having been so armed, its adoption is becoming more general, and it will probably be used ere long throughout the Prussian army. This is, in some respects, a great improvement upon the *carabine à tige*, as it is loaded at the breech, and thus a soldier can load almost as easily in a recumbent as in an upright position, and he need not, when once behind cover, allow any part of his body to be exposed to the enemy's fire. A more perfect ignition of the powder is effected by a metal needle, which is forced through the charge, and explodes the powder in front, instead, as is usually the case, at the end of the charge. The projectile is cylindro-conic, like the French, and becomes rifled as it passes through the barrel; and, lastly, from being fired by a spring, the motion of the trigger is so simple and delicate as, with the diminished recoil, not to interfere with a correct aim. Thus, besides celerity in firing, which, without over-exertion, extends to about six rounds in a minute, and entire freedom from windage, by which a range is obtained of from 800 to 1200 yards, the projectile is also truer in its flight than the round bullet, and the barrel is cleared at each discharge from the effects of the previous one by pasteboard wadding.

The breech-loading musket was used with great effect in the late Hungarian war, and still more decisively in Schleswig-Holstein. The Danes found themselves opposed, to their cost, in one part of the hard-fought battle of Ilstedt, to skirmishers armed with the new Prussian musket:

> The enemy (says the Danish commander-in-chief, Krogh), under cover of a bridge, fired with pointed balls (*Spitzkugeln*), at a distance of 100 and 150 yards. It was in vain that a couple of guns threw shells at a short range among the skirmishers; it was in vain that a body of cavalry made their several attacks; it was in vain that the endeavour was made to bring up the infantry from Oberstolk, which was now in flames, while a fierce engagement was going on in it from the house-windows and the streets. In less than an hour we suffered a great loss. The brave General Schleppegrell fell mortally wounded during the attacks; the chief of his staff, Lieutenant-Colonel Bulow, was severely wounded; the commander of the battery, Colonel Baggeilsen, was made prisoner, and two of his guns taken by the enemy. Several other officers were also killed—among them Lieutenant Carstensea, whilst endeavouring to rescue Captain Baggensen, and about 70 subalterns and privates. At least 90 horses were killed or taken.

As far as the inefficiency of the British regulation musket is concerned, it did not need the disgraces and misfortunes that have been heaped upon us in Kaffirland to have aroused those in authority from their supineness. The British musket was no more a match for the Affghan jezail than it would be to the long gun of the Kurds, with its portable rest, or the con-

tinental *Zündnadelgewehr* or *carabine à tige.* Even in fair open fight, when the Affghans were not sheltered behind their precipitous rocks, they shot down our soldiers at a distance with positive impunity. A notable example of this is given in Kaye's "History of the War in Afghanistan," in an account of the action fought by Brigadier Shelton at Bahmurn, on the 23rd of November, 1841:

The one gun was nobly worked, and, for a time, with terrible effect told upon the Affghan multitudes, who had only a matchlock fire to give back in return. But, thus nobly worked, round after round poured in as quickly as the piece could be loaded, it soon became unserviceable. The vent was so heated by the incessant firing, that the gunners were no longer able to serve it. Ammunition, too, was becoming scarce. What would not those resolute artillerymen have given for another gun? The firing ceased, and the British musketeers were then left to do their work alone. Little could they do at such a time against the far-reaching Affghan matchlocks. The enemy poured a destructive fire into our squares, but the muskets of our infantry could not reach their assailants. The two forces were at a distance from each other, which gave all the advantage to the Affghans, who shot down our men with ease, and laughed at the musket-balls, which never reached their position.

And again, on the same day, the historian relates:

The enemy returned to the field recruited by new hordes, whom they met emerging from the city; and soon the swelling multitude poured itself on our battalions. The general had sent out new supplies of ammunition with another limber and horses for the gun; and it was soon again in full operation, playing with murderous effect upon the masses of the enemy. But again, the British muskets were found no match for the Affghan jezails. There were truer eyes and steadier hands, too, in the ranks of the enemy than in our own, and now, with unerring aim, the Affghan marksmen mowed down our men like grass.

The Kaffirs, without being apparently in possession of superior fire-arms, still, being accustomed to the practised aim of a Boor rifleman, or border marksman, chary of his powder, trained to field-sports, zealous in self-defence, slow to fire, but steady in the act, have positively learnt to laugh at the vain discharges of regulation musketry that are now exhausted against rocks and bushes. Our rifle corps—if it pleases Providence to allow the last regiment sent out by the screw steam-sloop *Megæra* to reach the Cape—and the double-barrelled rifles sent out in the *Birkenhead* to arm the light cavalry, may yet teach them that civilisation, though slow, is always triumphant. It is very late in the day, but every nerve should be strained to prevent Kaffirland becoming Britain's Algeria; not to mention the exceeding danger of sending our best regiments from home at a time when the ruler of the French has declared to his soldiery that his name and their glory and their *misfortunes* are identified, and that by him the one is to be revived and the other wiped away!

If a thousand men were armed with muskets on the new principle, the Kaffirs would be destroyed long before they could approach near enough to hurt one of our men. They could be picked out at great distances from among their rocks and bushes. "One can easily imagine," says Sir C. Shaw, "what panic would be among the Kaffirs when, if four are together, one of them to a certainty would be shot at a distance of 1100 yards, and if they were in crowds, each ball fired would hit its man at 1530 yards; and I have no hesitation in saying, that if the force at

the Cape were armed as they ought and might be, the war would soon finish, and with comparatively little bloodshed." As a question of economy—and John Bull is very partial to such considerations, even when his honour and glory, the safety of his colonies, or the defence of his own hearth and home are concerned,—if 500 men, armed with the new arm, can do the work of 2000 with the regulation musket, the answer is obvious. The cost of the war, amounting under the existing system, according to the *Times*, to 3800*l.* per day, but in reality to more than 4000*l.*, would, supposing this new system to have been in force, have amounted to only 1000*l.* per day.

It is more than satisfactory, it is a positive relief to the mind, under these circumstances, to know that the efficiency of these new weapons are being put to the test by a committee appointed by the commander-in-chief, and that it has been all but decided on the adoption of a musket on the French pattern for a considerable portion of the army. It is understood, that besides the French and Prussian rifle-muskets, a variety of others were subjected to experiment by the committee. Amongst the number, the patent needle gun of Sears and the rifle invented by Mr. Lancaster may be mentioned. The former loads at the breech, and partly resembles the Prussian musket, but has in addition a receptacle containing fifty detonating caps, which are brought forward by a simple operation to successively ignite so many charges.

Mr. Lancaster's rifle is also a needle gun with a cylindro-conic ball, with rings round the lower part, which permit the compression of the ball, which, on being forced down by the ramrod, assumes more completely the form of the inside of the barrel. The construction of this rifle is simpler than the Prussian musket, though giving, it is said, an equal range. We do not know the objections to Mr. Sears's musket; probably the same that have hitherto been advanced against all breech-loading arms—the escape of gas through the apertures, after firing has been continued for any length of time, and, finally, the wear and tear of the barrel from the smoke and burnt powder issuing through the apertures at the place of junction of the cylinder with the barrel. But as the breech-loading musket must ever be the highest desideratum in perfecting fire-arms, slight imperfections ought not to be considered, in comparison with the advantages and possible effect of such an instrument as Mr. Sears proposes, in modern warfare. Many American pieces at the Great Exhibition had close-fitting breeches; and it cannot be doubted that, if government patronage was given to such a weapon, the skill of our workmen would yet overcome the trifling existing objections to the most perfect of all instruments yet proposed.

The officers of the *Dee* steam troop-ship, lately returned from the Cape, say that the Kaffirs are so active and daring that they venture within twenty or thirty yards of the patrol and show themselves, but in a position that they can drop down flat on the ground the moment they see a musket brought to a level for firing at them, and in almost every instance escape being touched by the bullets. The savages then start upon their feet, and run upon the patrols before they have time to reload, and while the patrols strive to keep the Kaffirs at a distance with the bayonet, the latter jump about with the agility of monkeys, and close upon the soldiers, holding them by their belts while they stab them.

The most serviceable description of muskets, add the same officers, to contend with the Kaffirs, would be those loading at the breech, as they would give the soldier more confidence, and avoid his having to alter the defensive position of the bayonet when loading.

The French rifle-musket about to be adopted in this country has one great advantage—that it is light as well as being a more efficient weapon than even the common rifle; and this is an important consideration, when so much more depends on rapidity of movements than on carrying a quantity of ammunition into action. Unfortunately the ball is heavier, and it has been proposed to meet this difficulty by reducing the number of rounds from sixty to forty. There seems, however, to be a difference of opinion on this subject among military men. Colonel Chesney says it is understood that the number of rounds fired has varied from three to about twelve. In the three days ending with Waterloo, the number of rounds fired amounted to 987,000, which, from the number of men under arms, would be from ten to twelve each: thirty rounds, therefore, would appear to be ample for the soldier to carry, and twenty additional rounds, on an average, might accompany the army in light waggons. An old light division officer, writing in the *Times*, says the Rifles went into action at Waterloo with eighty rounds, and during the day were three times supplied with more! It will not do, therefore, to draw averages of expenditure of ammunition from the gross amount of men under arms. Still Colonel Chesney's suggestion is best, and meets what the old light division officer so much insists upon: greater lightness of equipment, thirty to forty rounds in the pouch, and additional ammunition according to circumstances; in a general action, to the new musketeers not less than sixty rounds accompanying the army in light waggons. The latter writer tells us that Mr. Greener, of Birmingham, has invented a double-barrelled musket, which weighs only three ounces more than the Ordnance single barrel, with one-fourth less powder, and a ball eighteen to the pound, and which is yet effective at twice the distance of the clumsy, inefficient 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* regulation musket. It is obvious that such a weapon would be invaluable in the kind of warfare carried on in Kaffraria, where there is no bringing on a general engagement. We have seen a man's life saved by a double-barrelled fowling-piece. He was attacked by two Kurds, who discharged their pistols out of effective range. The European shot one of his assailants, whereupon the other, deeming him (for he was on foot, and had no other arms, while his antagonists were mounted) at his mercy, rushed at him with his spear, but a second barrel, which the Kurd had never dreamt of, tumbled him over, and saved the traveller's life.

The before-quoted "Old Light Division Officer" gives an instance of increased activity imparted to the troops by a relief from a part of their ordinary load:

When, in 1813, the light division attacked the Pass of Vera, in the Pyrenees, the officer commanding the second brigade, whose place it was to take the fortified heights to the left of the pass, with his usual watchful consideration of the difficulties of the ground, ordered that the tents should be left standing, and that the men might leave their knapsacks in the camp. In consequence of this precaution, the successive lines of intrenchments were attacked and carried with astonishing rapidity; and when the garrison of 500 men evacuated the last fort crowning the heights and descended the mountain-side towards France, we were enabled to outrun them, and, though they had a

good deal the start of us, we intercepted and took the whole of them prisoners. It was the rule to halt ten minutes at the end of every hour on the line of march, and even with the light division it was considered very good work to get over three miles an hour; but when the same men, at the conclusion of the war, landed at Plymouth and marched into Kent, being lightened of their blankets and ammunition, *i. e.*, between ten and eleven pounds, they felt the relief so great that they made no difficulty of clearing four miles an hour, and preferred to perform their marches, sometimes twenty-five miles and upwards, without a single halt. To such considerations the Ordnance appear to be particularly insensible.

How does the sportsman, having little besides his fowling-piece to carry, look at this question?—a double-barrelled gun, weighing ordinarily about 7½ lbs.; he is jealous of every ounce of excess, and so it is that a gun of 8 lbs. is almost unsaleable. Now see what the soldier has to carry, all the weights here given being those of the articles of the newest regulations:

	lbs.	oz.	lbs.	oz.
The musket, alone	10	6		
Sling, bayonet, and scabbard	1	12		
Pouch and belts	3	10		
Sixty rounds of ammunition	5	10		
Total arms, accoutrements, and ammunition			21	6
Knapsack and contents			25	2
Total			46	8

To which, if you add his clothing, about 8 lbs., and in the field, perhaps, two or three days' rations of bread, the amount will swell up to near 60 lbs., one-fifth of the load of the strongest baggage-mule. From this, except that the knapsack itself, with its straps, might perhaps afford to lose a few ounces, there is nothing that we can reduce without injury except in the arms, accoutrements, and ammunition, from which there can be no question that 4½ lbs., *i. e.*, one-fifth of the whole, may be abstracted with the greatest advantage.

To this may be added that a great improvement was made manifest at the Great Exhibition in the way of carrying the knapsack.

We have seen that, besides a more distant execution, and other advantages claimed for the new fire-arm, its advocates do not hesitate to affirm that its fire will be more formidable than that of grape-shot; that the gunners would be picked off at such a distance as to make it impossible for them to serve the guns in face of light infantry, and it will, in consequence, supersede the use of light artillery. It is also alleged that personal conflicts, such as line against line, or column against column, will cease altogether, and future battles be decided by the effects of a rapid and destructive fire, in the precision of which, rather than on personal contact and extensive combinations, the result will depend.

Since a single man can now be struck down by a musket-ball at a considerable distance, it follows that the means of defending field-works, a river, a defile, or, in fact, any strong post where the defenders can remain under cover, whilst the attacking force is exposed, will be greatly increased. In such cases (says Colonel Chesney), more particularly in that of a fortress, the defences will probably become superior to the attack; at least, after such modifications in the construction of fortresses shall have taken place as will give longer lines of defence, protected by a loopholed musketry fire from those parts of the works which in this respect have been hitherto rather neglected.

Lieutenant-Colonel Portlock, in discussing the more efficient combination of the musket and cannon in defence brought about by the new weapon, and the various modifications which an engineer would naturally adopt in his works, as consequent on the altered range of the musket, says that they may all be referred to some one of the following advantages he gains by it:

1. The power of using larger lines of defence.
2. The diminution in the number of salients.
3. The power of uniting naturally strong and salient points by simple lines, without intervening salients.
4. An effective co-operation of cannon and musketry in defence.

But it is not only in changes of permanent works that the science of war will experience a change, in consequence of the use of the new musket, it must also, according to competent authorities ("Das Fähnlein; oder, die Compagnie als die wahre tactische Einheit," &c. Von Wittich und Compagnie Chef im Königlich Preussischen 17 Infanterie Regiment), occasion a complete change in the *whole tactics of war*. The power of loading six times for once with the old weapon, will at the onset give a sevenfold number of combatants (or, *vice versâ*, one thousand may take the place of seven thousand). The new musket gives a superiority to defensive over offensive warfare not hitherto known. There must be an increased proportion of light infantry. Actions will commence at a greater distance, and there will be greatly increased difficulties of deploying under so murderous a fire. Field guns (Captain Wittich argues) will not be able to resist the powerful fire of the new musket, nor could cavalry any longer protect the guns from this formidable attack. Cavalry will, indeed, cease to be formidable or even dangerous to infantry as soon as the latter is armed with the new musket; hence a great portion of the former may be dispensed with, and sufficient only preserved for escorts, covering the flanks, or for pursuing an enemy. The adoption of the new musket might, however, be rendered more complete, by arming a considerable portion of the cavalry with this weapon, and converting them into *mounted infantry*, the horse being simply the means of rapid locomotion. (An initiative has been taken in this direction by arming the 12th Lancers, in Kaffirland, with double-barrelled rifles.) The artillery could, especially, be protected by such mounted riflemen. A change of the formation of the Prussian army from three to two ranks is also proposed, as also to discontinue entirely the use of heavy columns. The deepest formation proposed to be retained would be to double any portion of the line that might be threatened, so as to have four ranks to resist a charge of cavalry.

"The numerous improvements in fire-arms," says Captain Wittich, "lead us to conclude that the art of war, which, since the discovery of powder, has assigned the decision of battles chiefly to the infantry and artillery, will go still further, and shake off this remnant of the ancient combats of knights, and that military tactics will eventually set aside that part of their system which the cavalry mode of combat has hitherto imposed; for, owing to the increased efficiency of the weapon to be used, combats, although carried on from a distance, will become more murderous, and will therefore be more quickly decided.

"The perfection of fire-arms, as well as strategic operations, by means

of railroads, have much increased the value of time; and as new problems meet us everywhere, it is most necessary that we should endeavour to solve them, in order that the necessity of putting them in practice may not come too suddenly upon us, when we should have to buy our experience most dearly; for such experiments are but too often purchased by the sacrifice of human life."

Paixhans agrees with the Prussian officer as to the fact that light artillery will not be able to maintain its position against trained sharpshooters armed with the new musket. This distinguished writer on military affairs says that the new musket has an equal range and greater precision than field-artillery, and that a company of marksmen can produce an equal effect at less cost than a battery of artillery, which would be soon rendered quite inefficient.

Upon the subject of the new musket, the following are Colonel Chesney's very rational and common-sense observations:

"Should the new musket realise the expectations even of its most moderate partisans, its use will, doubtless, become general throughout Europe, and it will no longer be possible for one army to throw out clouds either of mounted or ordinary light infantry, much less of single companies of these, as has been imagined by the preceding authorities, without being opposed by similar means. But even if we suppose for a moment that in some cases it could be otherwise, and that the forces receiving such an attack should be unprovided with light or other troops armed with this weapon, it is not to be imagined that an enemy would be permitted to retain such positions as would enable him to pick off at leisure the artillerymen serving their guns, and the officers belonging to the rest of the troops. Such an unequal contest could not be allowed to continue; for, if one side had neither cavalry nor light infantry to drive in such marksmen as might be about to give this annoyance, he would still have the resource of advancing *coûte qui coûte* to bring on a general action.

"Presuming, however, that similar offensive and defensive means would be at command on both sides, the contest, in the first instance, would resolve itself into one of light troops, whose attacks, being mutually supported, would (agreeably to the supposition that the new arm must supersede personal contact) be succeeded by a continuous fire from two extended hostile lines, till the greater destruction on one side should lead to victory on the other.

"Tactics of this kind, with two long extended lines, are not, however, likely to follow the introduction of a more powerful engine, nor is an incessant fire of musketry more likely to become the sole means of gaining a battle in these days than it was when the greatest of all changes in warfare occurred by the use of gunpowder as a propellant. We all know that the substitution of the matchlock for the arrow did not by any means put an end to close attacks, although, comparatively, a much greater range was the consequence than that now under consideration."

Colonel Chesney goes on to remark that the range of the new musket is not equal to that of spherical case-shot, which, with some rockets and rolling-shot, must drive parties of light musketeers in before they could take their intended position.

"Except, therefore, in the supposed case of a battle to be decided entirely by musketry, an attack must, although attended with much heavier loss, be made, as heretofore, by infantry or cavalry, under the protection of a concentrated fire of artillery playing upon some part of the enemy's line. Therefore, beyond ceasing to expose dense columns, which even under ordinary circumstances have frequently failed in Spain and elsewhere, a modification of the tactics of the different arms will probably be the only changes caused by the introduction of the new musket.

"As concerns infantry, a greater proportion and a more general use of light troops becomes indispensable as the consequence of the new weapon, whether the breech-loading musket or its rival; more particularly by introducing that particular description of troops which, next to the artillery, received Napoleon's especial care,—namely, *chasseurs à cheval.*"

A fair proportion of such a force, Colonel Chesney remarks, in a note, would speedily put an end to hostilities in Southern Africa. Let us hope it may be so. The important services recently rendered by the Irregular Horse in India, may give some idea of what can be done; the colonel says he has seen the men of Skinner's Horse break several bottles by the fire of their matchlocks, as they passed in succession at a gallop. Colt's revolvers, as well as double-barrelled rifles, are, we observe, being sent out; which shows at least some awakening to feelings of consideration for the soldier and of sensibility to national reproach.

Let us now see how we stand in regard to the equally important branch of the service—the artillery. This formidable arm, already extensively used in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, underwent a great change in the time of Charles VIII. of France, who first made this arm really serviceable, whether in sieges or battles. When invading Italy, at the head of 30,000 men, Charles carried into the field, according to the lowest computation, 140 heavy guns, 200 bombards, and 1000 hacquebuttes, or hand-guns; these also for the first time mounted on carriages of sufficient strength to bear the recoil of the pieces when fired, as also to serve for their transport; according to some, in fact, the first horse-artillery. ("Etudes sur le passé et l'avenir de l'Artillerie." Par le Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, vol. i., pp. 95, 96, 99; vol. ii., pp. 113, 114.)

The French artillery, according to the same authority, underwent great improvements under Louis XII. and Francis I.; but as the efficiency of all modern improvements in this arm are now contested by the rifle-musket, so the power attained by the speed and efficiency of well-organised artillery was first contested by the musket itself. This occurred at Pavia, in 1524, when victory was snatched from the French monarch by the fire of 2000 arquebusiers and 800 musketeers, who now appeared for the first time discharging bullets of two ounces.

Artillery, however, on which so much depended during the latter part of the sixteenth century, became of still greater importance in the early part of the seventeenth, when three distinguished leaders, Henry IV. of France, Maurice of Nassau, and Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, gave their attention to this arm as an important branch of the art of war. Frederick the Great of Prussia still further improved this important arm, suiting it to accompany and even to form an integral part of the system of tactics he had introduced, and which required a greater proportion of

artillery than heretofore, thus largely influencing throughout Europe the organisation and proportion of this service relatively to the other arms.

In 1833, the Prussian army appears to have consisted of 248,000 infantry, 43,448 cavalry, and 39,150 artillery, or 330,598 in all. But in 1850 and in 1851, the army, including the Landwehr, exceeded 400,000 men.

Austria had prepared a reorganisation of her artillery, combining all the advantages derived from the experience of the gigantic wars which convulsed the continent during the early part of the present century. This change, however, was not carried out until the conclusion of the Hungarian war. The result has been an improved field and rocket artillery, without any horse-artillery, the latter being supplied by what is called a cavalry or flying battery; in which, instead of being mounted, the gun detachments are carried in a light spring waggon provided with cushions, called a würst. Austria has five regiments of artillery with 960 guns, and as the aggregate force in time of peace is about 378,552 men, there is nearly one gun or one rocket tube to 332 men.

In Russia there are no less than 360,000 men and 720 pieces of ordnance for the whole army, which amounts in time of peace to 594,000, being one per cent. of the whole population.

The French artillery, although less in proportion than that of Prussia and Russia, is still very considerable; and Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, who has so long occupied himself with the study of this branch of the profession, is known to contemplate many changes and improvements. In 1840, the artillery service amounted to 30,604, the cavalry being 58,294, and the infantry 257,454, or in all 346,152 men.

The total of the artillery service in India is 15,179 men and 7309 followers, 20,000 cavalry, and 180,000 infantry. Total of the Indian army, 200,000, and 59,784 followers.

The last arrangement made in this country was sixty guns or ten batteries to a corps d'armée of 24,000 infantry and 3000 cavalry; whether this proposal of the sub-committee of 1819-20 has ever been carried out, we have not the means of ascertaining. Certain it is, that if artillery, as Napoleon observed at St. Helena, decides the fate of nations—that of Great Britain would soon be determined as far as this arm is concerned. But the British have always fought, and almost as often won, under singular disadvantages of inferiority in guns. Thus, while at the gigantic battle of Leipzig the allies had 1370 guns against 730 French, at Waterloo there were but 156 British guns to contend against 246 French; whilst in the Peninsular war the proportion was considerably less. Thus at Vimeira there were 18 guns, at Corunna 12 guns, at Talavera 100 guns, at Albuera 38 guns, at Salamanca 24 guns, at Vittoria 90 guns, at Orthés 48 guns, at Thoulouse 64 guns, or, on a general average, 1 gun to 785 men. But such success under difficulties ought never to excuse a neglect of this most important branch of the service. The improved gun will always be paramount over the improved musket. Even the Turks and Egyptians had 400 guns engaged in the great battle of Nizib; and it will never do for Great Britain to remain behindhand in her artillery appointments not only to all the great civilised nations of Europe, but to Oriental powers as yet little experienced in the art of modern warfare.

Not only had the Duke of Wellington to fight against the French army, defended by more than twice the number of his pieces of ordnance, but he had also generally only six-pounders to oppose to the French eight-pounders. Up to the recent great battles, it has been the custom in India to take the field under similar disadvantages. At Mahidpore, for instance, the enemy had sixty-three guns opposed by only twenty small British guns. At this combat, a troop of horse-artillery, under a distinguished officer, Captain Noble, was pushed forward to engage the enemy whilst the cavalry and infantry were preparing to cross. Holkar's heavy guns were so well served, that the eight light pieces of the horse-artillery were speedily put *hors de combat*, and Captain Noble made known to the commander-in-chief "that he might bring on the infantry as soon as he pleased, for the guns were knocked to pieces." It is almost needless to say, however, that notwithstanding the inequality of the combat, in which sixty-three horses were killed on the spot, Holkar's position was carried, and his guns taken, though after a severe loss.

Chillianwallah is another striking example of the disadvantage of attacking an army covered by a powerful artillery, without an adequate proportion of this arm to support the infantry and cavalry. The costly mistake on this occasion was, however, carefully remedied, and with the most brilliant results, in the succeeding battle near Goojerat. In this glorious struggle, which may be considered the Waterloo of India, Lord Gough brought no less than ninety-six pieces into the field, and the result proved, in the most unquestionable manner, *how greatly life is economised by the judicious use of a powerful artillery.*

But it is not only in field service, and in home defence, that Great Britain is deficient in this arm. The same thing exists in regard to exposed garrisons. Thus, Gibraltar has 653 guns, and a force of one man to each gun. At Malta there are 486 guns mounted, and not one man to each gun, but only two to three guns. In the Ionian Islands there are 351 guns, with also less than one man to each gun. In America, the West Indies, and other colonies, there are 1928 garrison guns, with not quite two men to each gun. This from the "Report on the Numerical Deficiency, &c., of the British Artillery," by Major-General Sir Robert Gardiner, K.C.B., 1848.

But if our colonies are inadequately provided with the *personnel* of artillery, the growing power of steam has made a more effective armament of our coasts an object of vital consideration. For the protection of some 9100 miles of seaboard in Great Britain and Ireland, there are only about 1523 guns, which, few as they are, and supposing only the present number of field-batteries to be manned, would have scarcely three gunners to each piece.

That England has been considered vulnerable in this respect by competent authorities, and not by mere alarmists and excited newspaper correspondents, will be evident from the following passage from Paixhan's work:

"Instead of constructing ships of the line to prepare victories for the English, let us, on the contrary, build light fast vessels, such as will give the greatest scope to the powers of steam and artillery. Let these be entrusted to those energetic men who are to be found in our fleet and army, and let them depart from ten different ports, so as to arrive the

same night and hour at the same place on the English coast; and having, either by disembarking, or by a shower of shells, inflicted a fearful and long-to-be-remembered blow, they should repeat a similar attack, sometimes at 100, sometimes at only ten leagues from the former point; whilst other vessels, in open sea, fall unexpectedly on some of those rich convoys, whose value is the life of British commerce."

It was stated by the Duke of Wellington, in a letter dated the 9th of January, 1847, in answer to the observations of the Inspector-General of Fortifications (Lieutenant-General Sir John Burgoyne, K.C.B.), on the possible results of a war with France, under our present system of military preparation, that—

"The whole force employed at home, in Great Britain and Ireland, would not afford a sufficient number of men for the mere defence and occupation, on the breaking out of war, of the works constructed for the defence of the dockyards and naval arsenals, without leaving a single man disposable."

This has been remedied to a certain extent since, by the training of dockyard battalions. In another part of the same letter, his grace observes:

"We are not safe for a week after the declaration of war. . . . I was aware that our magazines and arsenals were very inadequately supplied with ordnance and carriages, arms, stores of all denominations, and ammunition. . . . You will see, from what I have written, that I have contemplated the danger to which you have referred. I have done so for many years. I have drawn to it the attention of different administrations at different times. . . . I quite concur in all your views of the danger of our position, and of the magnitude of the stake at issue. I am especially sensible of the certainty of failure if we do not, at an early moment, attend to the measures necessary to be taken for our defence, and of the disgrace—the indelible disgrace—of such a failure."

In another paragraph, the possibility of danger is thus summarily explained:

"I know of no mode of resistance, much less of protection, from this danger, excepting by an army in the field capable of meeting and contending with its formidable enemy, aided by all the means of fortification which experience in war and science can suggest!"

We likewise learn from the same unquestionable authority, that, after providing the requisite garrisons for Portsmouth, Devonport, &c., only 5000 men, of all arms, could be put under arms, if required for any service whatever in the field.

The lamentable deficiency of the field-artillery of Great Britain (says Colonel Chesney), with reference to such an emergency, will be sufficiently evident, if we bear in mind that there are only fifty-two guns housed for service in Great Britain; viz., five troops of horse-artillery, and eight batteries, at Woolwich and elsewhere. Whereas, if the number were to be based on that of the continental armies, for instance, in that of the Prussian corps of 40,000 men, assembled in the Meuse, in 1815, with 200 pieces of cannon, there should be 178, or, according to the limited allowance of the sub-committee of artillery, seventy-nine guns for the 35,612 regular troops in Great Britain, without providing any whatever for an additional force; or even failing this, for the militia and volunteers.

Less than three corps, each of 50,000 men, could not be considered an ade-

quate protection with reference to invasion; viz., one in Ireland, and two in Scotland and England, one of the corps in these countries being allotted for the coast defences, and another kept in reserve, to be assembled by railway at some central point of the country. The smallest number with which the protection of Great Britain and Ireland could be undertaken, would, according to the Duke of Wellington, be a force, including militia, of 150,000 men; which, allowing three guns to every 1000, would require 450 guns, or at the low estimate of the artillery committee, 333 guns to be brought into the field. To horse such a number, in order to provide against a possible contingency, is scarcely to be thought of, more particularly as, in case of emergency, large assistance in point of untrained animals would be at command. As in the case of the rest of the army, a numerical force of artillery is in these times greatly increased by the means of rapid locomotion, since a short time would suffice to concentrate it, not only at any one particular place, but even at several points in succession. The available force, however, could not be beyond the actual number of guns and troops that ought to be assembled at any point of attack. It is true that by means of railways the guns could be sent to occupy certain positions, and thus to act, though less efficiently, with a small proportion of hired horses, or even without any at all; but it is evident that in this case it would be absolutely necessary to send experienced gunners to serve them. Horses, that would be useful to a certain extent, could be obtained and hastily trained; but this is absolutely out of the question with regard to the gunners. If it be true, as has been stated, that something may be done with inferior cavalry or infantry, but that bad artillery is worse than useless, the possibility of providing a sufficient number of well-trained artillerymen for field-service, on such an emergency, becomes an object of paramount necessity. And the force estimated by the illustrious commander-in-chief to be requisite for the protection of the country would call for 9713 artillerymen, or about 3000 men in addition to what we now have, supposing every gunner to be taken into the field for this purpose, thus leaving the *garrisons and sea-batteries to be manned by the coast-guard and volunteers.* An increase of 3000 men to the service seems, therefore, to be indispensable, on the broad ground that though there might possibly be time to call out the militia and raise volunteers for a sudden emergency, *the necessary instruction could not be given to the additional gunners, who are required to support and assist such a force in the defence of the kingdom.*

With her maritime position, the finest fleet in the world, and numerous steamers to protect the coast, as well as the means of assembling her land forces by railway in twenty-four hours, England need have but little anxiety about the ultimate result of a sudden attack. But when we meet with the following passage, in addition to that already quoted from Paixhans—"In future England will have to learn that although she will doubtless be able to defend herself, yet the security derived from her hitherto inaccessible position as a country has received a serious shock, and that she may, in her turn, know what it is to tremble for her firesides; and this will be an immense step for France, and for the rest of the world"—it behoves us to inquire whether the means at present exist of even a moderately good defence, in case of any of the estuaries or great commercial arteries of Great Britain being suddenly attacked? A reply in the negative has already been given, and the brochure of the Prince de Joinville is to the same effect:

"With steamers," he observes, "an aggressive warfare of the most audacious nature may be carried on at sea. We are then certain of our movements—at liberty in our actions: the weather, the wind, the tides, will no longer interfere with us, and we can calculate clearly and with precision. The most unexpected expeditions are possible. In a few hours, armies may be transported from France to Italy, Holland, Prussia. What has been once accomplished at Ancona with rapidity, aided by the wind, may be again done" [as against Rome] "without such assistance, and even in spite of it, and with still greater quickness."

And elsewhere it is stated:

"Our successes would not be transcendent, because we should be careful in compromising our whole resources in any one decisive meeting; but we should wage war with advantage, because we should attack two points equally vulnerable, namely, the confidence of the British people in their insular position, and her maritime commerce. Who can doubt but that, with a well-organised steam-navy, we should possess the means of inflicting losses and unknown sufferings on an enemy's coast, which has never hitherto felt all the miseries that war can inflict?"

Again:

"Our steam-navy would then have two distinct spheres of action. First, the Channel, where our own harbours might shelter a considerable force, which, putting to sea in the obscurity of the night, might attempt most numerous and well-organised attacks. Nothing could hinder this force from reuniting at a given point on the British coast before daylight, and there it might act with impunity."

Anticipating, as some of our naval commanders have done also, that time and chance would at length permit one of the supposed flotillas to elude our blockading squadrons, and reach some part of the British coast, the Duke of Wellington, before the Committee of the House of Commons on Shipwrecks, stated, with reference to that part of our coast immediately opposite to France —"In the event of war I should consider that the want of protection and refuge which now exist, would leave the commerce of this part of the coast, and the coast itself, in a very precarious situation."

But the more decided opinion expressed by his grace in his letter of the 7th January, 1847, to Major-General Sir John Burgoyne, should be conclusive. "This discovery [steam] immediately exposed all parts of the coasts of these islands which a vessel could approach at all, to be approached at all times of tide, and in all seasons, by vessels so propelled, from all quarters. *We* are in fact asailable, and at least liable to insult, and to have contributions levied upon us on all parts of our coasts."

Since it cannot be denied that the loughs and bays in Ireland, the firths in Scotland, and the estuaries as well as the bays in England, are at least very imperfectly, and, generally speaking, not at all protected in case of attack; our present means of defence being inadequate for *both* objects, would either be employed on the exposed points, or, if concentrated with reference to the more effective defence of the interior, would leave the former almost wholly unprotected. If the coast be made, as it probably would be, the leading object, the whole force will be required on or in the vicinity of the seaboard. If, on the contrary, the greater attention be given to the means of meeting an enemy in the field, the coast must be denuded of troops, or at best only partially defended, in order that, by leaving one-third of the troops and guns for the protection of the north of England and Scotland, the remainder, or about 24,000 men and 36 guns horsed, and about 50 more without horses, may be assembled at some point in the south of England. This can scarcely be considered a mere speculation, since it must be admitted that a fleet of steamers may eventually find an opportunity of suddenly landing on our shores, in a few hours, a force double that which was recently transported with such speed from Toulon to the coast of Italy. It was no disparagement to the untiring vigilance of our blue-jackets that a formidable army was landed in Egypt in 1798, or that another was only prevented by the elements from effecting the same thing in Ireland; nor will it be any reproach to our navy if the first lull after a storm which clears the Channel for a moment, should enable a hostile flotilla to reach our coast, and disembark with a degree of speed and safety hitherto impossible in maritime operations: for to effect the latter object, it would only be necessary that two small-sized steamers should be run ashore broadside on, which being done, planks on one side, and vessels coming up successively on the other, would form a bridge in a moment for the enemy; not, in fact, the first since the Norman conquest who will have reached the coast of Britain.

Thus viewed, steam is scarcely less than a floating bridge, which may have

one extremity at any one of the various ports of the continent situated between the Baltic and the harbour of Cadiz, and the other on our own shores; where, however, the threatened point may and can be defended (provided we have the means of doing so), whenever a passage across the Channel is attempted. With reference to subsidiary means, it might, were this the place, be easily shown that, without the consumption of time and the vast expense required by the construction of regular fortifications, defensive works might be executed at a comparatively small expense; such works, whether for the protection of particular points on the coast, or for that of a great central depôt in the interior, could not be mastered without heavy artillery; and the transport of the latter would give all that England requires—a little time. This equally applies to what might be done for the protection of the capital, and the great arsenal of the empire in its vicinity, which may be considered branches of the same important object; considering their proximity to the coast, it is not too much to say that means should be taken for their temporary security, were it only for two or three days; and, in connexion with such precautions, we may mention the great assistance that would be afforded for defensive warfare by the hedgerows and enclosures of England when compared with such means in other countries.

This allusion to the hedgerows and enclosures so peculiar to England brings out Sir Charles Shaw's exclamation, *à propos* of the new musket, into bold relief. "If our 40,000 sportsmen were armed with this weapon, what country would ever dare even to think of invading the British Isles?" The said 40,000, or even 50,000 sportsmen could, in case of a threatened invasion, or what would be still better, in case of "coming events casting their shadow before them," be enrolled into a volunteer corps of riflemen, with an appropriate uniform, and trained to the use of the new musket in clubs or sections, at their own localities,—the whole body to unite together in case of emergency.* The more aristocratic might, if they liked, form a corps of mounted riflemen. Such a body, or bodies, would be far more efficient in the defence of the country than the volunteers and yeomanry raised upon a former occasion. They would also be able to inflict a far greater injury upon an invading army, and that at less danger to themselves, than could ever be done by the charges of volunteer cavalry.

Among the infinite number of suggestions that have emanated from the present murky atmosphere of continental politics, another has struck us as well deserving of weighty consideration, and that is, to train the 10,000 constabulary men of Ireland and the London police to the use of rifled carbines.

Nothing is more easy, it has been justly observed, than to find fault, and to detect weaknesses, imperfections, or defects; but really, among the host of complaints that are being daily brought by correspondents to the newspapers—military and civilian, and from other sources—surely some are worthy of consideration? Of the sincerity, the truth and the justice of the Duke of Wellington's celebrated letter to Sir John Burgoyne, there cannot be a moment's doubt, yet what practical advantage has been gained to the defences, or military power of the country? Sir Francis Head sounded the trumpet of alarm on the occasion of Prince Joinville's pamphlet, but the blast fell unheeded, although the hostile spirit that awoke it is as active as ever. Paixhan threatens us. General Changarnier's expressed wish to make trial of a descent has never been authori-

* This has, since the above was written, been further advocated by a correspondent to the *Times*.

tatively denied. Political circumstances may force Louis Napoleon Bonaparte out of his track of peace and improvement. He has a Prætorian army to provide for. All know where their predilections turn—where they have most ambition to conquer, most old scores to settle—reminiscences of old revived by the renovated eagles—and, most probably, of plunder held out to them.*

Colonel Chesney tells us that artillery held a more important place in the army in the time of Marlborough than it does at present; that it bears no due proportion to the rest of the army—that it can neither be compared to the continental artillery, nor is it adequate to the defence of the country—that the officers are worn out before they attain the rank of colonel en second, and that the separation of the artillery branches of the ordnance from the rest of the service is fraught with the most serious evils to the army at large. Colonel Chesney's work is dedicated, by permission, to Field-Marshal H.R.H. Prince Albert, and it is not too much to hope that some better and more efficient reforms than the shape of a hat may yet emanate from the same enlightened mind to which we are indebted for the idea of a Great Exhibition.

There seems every probability that the new musket will be largely introduced into the army—perhaps as far as the light companies are concerned; but an Indian officer avers that plugs of lead have been long used in tiger shooting, and that the common musket might be converted by their use into a deadly weapon. The principle of the cylindro-conical ball is so striking, that it surely might be adopted in its simpler form for the cartridges of the infantry generally. Perchance it may also be found advisable to convert a few of our light infantry regiments into riflemen. In the "Aide Mémoire," a recent scientific work edited by distinguished engineer officers, is a valuable article on musketry fire and practice, in which it is stated that both the arms and ammunition in common use want improvement. The same article also justly insists upon more practice:

It has been satisfactorily shown that the real efficiency of the infantry of an army must largely depend on the degree of perfection to which they have been brought by target practice; secondly, that such perfection is only to be attained by a long course of instruction based on scientific principles, and carefully carried out by officers appointed for that purpose. All other drill and instruction of the foot soldier should be secondary to his education as a marksman. However excellent may be the tactical proficiency of the troops—however admirable their steadiness under arms, and celerity of movement in the presence of an enemy, their efforts must be rendered unavailing if accompanied by a marked inferiority in the effect of their fire, for in proportion as a calm, well-aimed fire, directed upon an advancing force, will tend to throw it into confusion, so must a vague and ineffectual one tend to encourage its advance. It is, therefore, of the highest importance that ball practice should be

* Upon this subject, it has been lately remarked, no efforts are spared to stimulate the enthusiasm and devotedness of the garrison of Paris, but these extraordinary means cannot always be employed; they are fatal infractions on the sound principles of military discipline and duty; and a power sprung chiefly from a military revolution is always exposed to danger from the sources of its own success. The danger of foreign war increases in proportion to the discontent of the army in its domestic duties. The power which has respected nothing in France is less disposed to respect anything in Europe, and the only security we possess against the greatest surprises and calamities is the resolution to be prepared for everything that may be attempted against foreign nations.

the first, as it is the most essential, element in the training and instruction of the infantry soldier.

When it is intimated that the allowance of ball-cartridge to each infantry soldier is only thirty rounds for a whole year's practice, and this to be fired at targets wherein his shots cannot be distinguished, it may be judged whether any emulation can be excited, and what sort of proficiency is likely to be attained. "The lesson," says "an old light division officer," "a recruit now learns from his ball-practice, is chiefly what especially hard knocks his musket can give with the wrong end, and too often the object at these parades is only to get them over as quickly as possible." The same authority says: "Probably, on an average, every soldier, by the time he is landed at the Cape, has, from the time of his enlistment, cost at least 100*l.* Is it not a shame, that from the inferiority of his weapon, and the want of means to make him a decent marksman, he should be rendered comparatively inefficient? This is a costly mode of proceeding, and the country is deeply interested that the infantry should be no longer crippled by the Ordnance." This lends support to Colonel Chesney's advocacy of an union of the two services. To save a pound in the expense of the weapon and ammunition, we sacrifice one hundred in the man, besides being disgraced as incompetent. What, some innocent-minded person would ask, is a soldier trained for—if not to use his musket? And which is most valuable, the man or the weapon?

"Taking our soldiers," says a writer in the *Times*, "as they appear in the streets, their equipments have certainly undergone change enough since the close of the last war. There is not a regiment in the service accoutred as it was in 1815. They have had half a dozen varieties of caps and feathers, of epaulettes, of trousers, of swords, and of belts. The only things unaltered are the colour of the coat, which is declared to be the worst possible, and the character of the musket, which is proved to be shamefully bad. All the care and ingenuity of the presiding authorities have been concentrated on points perfectly unessential. The pains bestowed upon shakos and helmets, on cavalry trousers and regimental lace, would have sufficed to turn every musket into a rifle; but our reforms never took the direction of practical usefulness. At tailoring and polish we did our very utmost, but we never exerted ourselves to facilitate the soldier's movements, to lessen the load he had to carry, or to perfect the weapon on which his efficiency depended. Some time back it was shown that the knapsack would ride far more lightly on the shoulders if the straps were arranged in a different manner, but the straps and knapsack remain still the same as before." To save the cost of threepence or fourpence only, two sides of the blade of the British bayonet are made concave, instead of all three, as in the French, and thus two ounces are added to the weight, without any additional strength. The lock of the musket is also of the most antiquated description, being without a swivel between the main-spring and the tumbler. The French soldier can also, when in action, bring his pouch round in front—an immense advantage, for it enables him to load quicker. Cross-belts are done away with throughout the service, and the soldier is enabled to run or jump at his ease. The white buff straps for the knapsack are also changed to black, less striking as a mark, and not so easily soiled as ours.

With respect to guns, it is also generally understood that a reform is about to take place, and that while a more general use of rockets and shells fired horizontally is to be brought about—that for the better projection of the latter—the great guns are also to be rifled; thus enabling them to compete with any of the newly-invented musket-rifles.

To conclude, in the words of a writer before quoted, "Other nations are equipping and training the soldier for actual service—we only for reviews; but should things come to pass that are at least possible, we shall find that reviews will answer little purpose against operations of a more serious character. Should our infantry have to take the field—and why do we keep soldiers at all except for such a contingency?—it will soon be found that at the distance of even three hundred paces their fire is comparatively harmless, and they may be swept down with impunity; while a week's work will knock up all our cavalry. Considering that we are paying not far from twenty millions a year for the national defences, and have been doing so for the whole of this century, it will be very hard if we find out at last that they are a great sham. We only trust that they may never be subjected to so serious a test, for if they should be so tested we shall assuredly have to fall back on the natural resources of a sturdy and independent population. Yet England is the very last country in the world for a struggle between an unarmed people, and an armed invader. Nowhere is there so little military aptitude and practice among the people at large; nowhere such material resources for the invader and such prizes for the victor. We are not recurring to this gloomy theme from any desire to see our national defences increased. We only insist that such as we have, considering their cost, shall be made as efficient as possible, and that no prejudice or penny-wise economy be permitted to stand in the way of improvement."

After the inevitable adoption of the volunteer and militia system, by which a force equal to defend the country against even 300,000 invaders could be soon mustered and trained, the principal object, however, which it appears to us Great Britain would have to do, in case of a positively threatened invasion, would, with her supremacy at sea, be to secure and hold temporary possession (as in olden time) of one or two second-rate fortified ports on the coast of France. With such positions in our hands, the possibility of despatching adequate forces to effect a successful landing, even with the advantage of steam and darkness, would be increased a hundred-fold. Exposed places, such as Brighton, Hastings, Yarmouth, &c., ought to be defended by martello towers, carrying one rifled gun of large calibre, that would throw shot into a hostile ship at a distance of from two to three miles. Government, it appears, from a semi-official statement, relies for the defence of Great Britain and her colonies on an effective military force of 130,000 men; to which may be added in time of need, 140 regiments of militia, 50 regiments of yeomanry cavalry, and the out-pensioners battalions: so also to the effective ships and steamers might be added such merchant steamers as might be deemed advisable. But still the great point to be insisted upon is, that the use of the new musket, and the practice of gunnery, are not learnt in a moment; and in these two branches, as well as in coast defences, it is not only a duty to seize time by the forelock—it would be treasonable to lose the opportunity for improvement. Great will be the disgrace to those who allow the French even to land in this country.

PICTURES OF MY BARRACK LIFE.

BY A GERMAN SOLDIER.

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER the exhilarative properties of the rosy beverage had begun to operate on each of us, by mutual consent we sallied forth to rove about the town till the tattoo should sound. We soon fell in with another party of rollicking roisterers as jovial as ourselves, and, joining forces, we all proceeded in quest of adventures, under the able generalship of the Weiszkopf. It is a characteristic of the human animal, at that peculiar period of his existence when he is on the debateable ground between boy-and manhood, to take an inordinate delight in all sorts of incomprehensible follies and whimsical vagaries, and we hair-brained youngsters of the ninth brigade were no exceptions to this general rule. One of the freaks most in vogue with our select *coterie* when garrisoned at Dolmar, was to march, in a company of six or seven, upon some good citizen's house, and carry it by escalade, which was done by entering the front door *sans façon*, mounting the stairs, and climbing as high as we could without encountering any of the inhabitants. When at last we were challenged and asked our business, one of us would inquire whether it was not Mr. So-and-so's house, naming some apocryphal personage. On receiving a negative reply, the joke was to run helter-skelter down the stairs, making as much clatter and uproar as we could with our boots, spurs, and sabres. This strange prank gratified our juvenile curiosity, by making us acquainted with the internal economy of the houses in Dolmar, and also afforded us infinite amusement in witnessing the astonishment we occasioned, and the thunder-stricken looks of the heads which were popped out of the doors on our descent to inquire the cause of the commotion. In our peregrinations through the unknown territory of Machenheim, we came upon a large and lofty house, with the door wide open, and the stairs looking most alluringly straight through it. The temptation was irresistible. After a few looks, words, and whispers, we entered, crossed the hall, and commenced the ascent. Up we went, in single file and with stealthy steps, each grasping his sabre tightly under his arm. The first, the second, and the third flights were successfully surmounted, without meeting any impediments to stop our victorious course. But before we had mounted two steps of the fourth, a servant issued from a room behind us, and gruffly asked what we wanted. This brought us to a halt; and our general turned round, and inquired, with the utmost *sang froid*,

"Does not Herr Müller live here? Perhaps you can show us his room?"

The suspicions of the man, which seemed to have been roused at first by our strange proceeding, were allayed by this frank behaviour, and he civilly answered,

"No, sir; you have made a mistake; there is no one here of that name."

As soon as we received this answer, we simultaneously burst into such a peal of laughter as made the servant shrink back in dismay, and then,

dropping the ends of our sabres, we darted down the stairs with such a clatter as made the house re-echo from the cellar to the roof. As I had been the vanguard during the ascent, I naturally enough brought up the rear when descending, and in addition to this cause of delay, my sabre unfortunately happened to catch in the banisters, which made me fall so far behind the rest, that when they were scampering down the last flight, I was a story and a half behind them. I now began to entertain uncomfortable forebodings about the consequences, as I heard doors opening in all directions, and exclamations of, "Was für ein Lärm! Was gibt's?" So, with one bound, I cleared the remaining ten steps of my story, and was preparing to precipitate myself down the last flight which intervened between me and the hall door, when I was suddenly brought to my haunches by the awful sounds of a well-known voice which I heard in the hall below me. I stood breathless, and listened again, hoping my ears had played me false. But, no! Mistake was impossible; for who, save one dread personage, could emit such a raging cataract of fierceness, in such a broad and croaking patois? Oh, horror! into what a hornet's nest had we thrust our noses! Our headlong rashness had hurried us into the head-quarters of the brigade, and we were now, *horresco referens*, under the same roof with Colonel von Teschchenschech!

"Hoho!" roared the wrathy colonel, "here are some of my Millionenhunde at their tricks again; but I will astonish them. Halt, there! I have not done with you yet. Frederick, lock the door, and then fetch a patrol—a sergeant and three men. We'll have a court-martial for these rogues."

This severe harangue at once solved all my doubts as to the identity of the orator, and I comprehended to their full extent all the perils of my situation. Above me were the servants, the colonel below. It was an awful crisis, and I must confess my heart went pit-a-pat against my ribs with most unsoldierlike rapidity. I looked anxiously around for some box or cupboard, or even chimney, wherein to lie *perdu* till the danger should be overpast. But in vain. The inexorable Fates would not grant me the semblance of a hiding-place, and I seemed destined to fall into the clutches of my equally inexorable commander, when an unlooked-for occurrence offered me a chance of escape, of which I eagerly availed myself. I heard some one gently turning the handle of a door behind me. I then saw it open about an inch, as if the person inside wished to discover what was going on without being seen. This was my last hope, and I immediately threw myself against the door, determined to brave all the consequences. I experienced some resistance, but not sufficient to countervail my despairing energy. I speedily forced my way through, and stood within the chamber. Imagine my surprise and confusion when I found myself *vis-à-vis* with two charming young ladies, who were very far gone in the process of disrobement,—so far, indeed, that—but hush! there are things connected with the arcana of a lady's toilette

Ch'a dire è brutto, ed a tacere è bello,

and which, at any rate, ought not to be divulged by one who, like myself has become acquainted with them in a surreptitious manner. My perplexity at finding myself in such an awkward strait, and the consternation of the Fräulein at the sudden apparition of a booted artilleryman in

their bedroom, may be conceived. I was so embarrassed, that I stood for a moment undecided what course to take. But not so my fair opponents. I had scarcely set both my feet within the precincts of their sanctuary, when with a shrilly scream they both vanished from my sight, one behind the curtains of the bed, and the other behind those of a wardrobe. Somewhat relieved from my difficulties by their invisibility, I hastily closed the door, and addressed myself to calm their apprehensions as best I could. For this purpose I said, in as insinuating and gentle a tone of voice as possible,

"Gracious Fräulein, I must beg a thousand pardons for this rude intrusion, but, for Heaven's sake, permit me to remain here for a minute. My colonel is looking for me below, and I shall get a long arrest if he catches me. Only for a minute, I entreat you. I will stand close by the door, and will depart as soon as you command me."

I received no answer to my request, nor did they scream out, as I was rather afraid might be the case; so, taking their silence for consent, I stood at the door, to find out what was going on below. The colonel's lusty lungs were still in full operation.

"Two, three, four, five—only five! there must be six. Where is the sixth? Where is that Boy-Bombardier? Where the ravens are, there will the crow be too."

My comrades then made some answer. What it was I could not catch; but I knew they had not betrayed me, from the colonel's rejoinder.

'So, so, there, is no sixth? Isn't there? I'll soon find him. Frederick —John—search the house from top to bottom; look into every nook and cranny for that scapegrace. I'll poke him out; I'll extirpate the vermin —I will."

I felt some misgivings, when the servants commenced their indagation, lest my fair protectresses should betray me, and I again implored their clemency. Still I failed to extract an answer; but was happy to observe that the violent fits of trembling, with which I could see by the movements of the curtain that one of them was affected, sensibly diminished, and at last subsided.

Ere long, steps approached the door of my refuge, and the crisis of my fate was at hand. We then heard a gentle knock, and a voice saying, "Mam'selle Emilie—Mam'selle Bertha." Still the mam'selles were silent, but they both ventured to put their heads a little way out of their coverts, and looked inquiringly at each other, at the same time glancing furtively towards me, who stood by the door, not venturing to speak, but with my hand upon my heart, casting imploring looks upon each of them. Another knock, a little louder than the first, and then the voice inquired, "Have you heard any one go into the next room, mam'selle? Some one has hid himself in the house." This form of interrogatory proved my salvation. The excellent domestic had too much delicacy to ask his or her young mistresses, in so many words, whether there was any one in their room, and so left the merciful Fräulein at perfect liberty to keep my secret without any dereliction from their own honour. They then exchanged a significant glance, and one of them, screwing up her courage to the requisite point, informed the servant, in a voice which to me sounded sweeter than the music of the spheres, that they had not heard

any noise whatever in the next room; and then, as if astonished at her own temerity, immediately dived back behind the folds of the curtains. "Thank you, mam'selle," was the inquirer's reply; and to my inexpressible joy the steps receded from our door. In the fulness of my felicity I kissed my hands most reverentially to each of my fair defenders, who suffered themselves to be momentarily visible, as if to receive my respectful homage. The servants' explorations of course produced no result at all satisfactory to Von Teschchenschech, and as each returned to report the failure of his mission, he was greeted by an outburst of threats and exclamations, which increased in virulency with each announcement. When all hope of my capture was given over, and it was unanimously agreed that I had managed by some adroit stratagem to effect my escape, the colonel delivered a homily after his usual style of eloquence, which was more terse than Demosthenian, to my less fortunate comrades, and then delivered them into the hands of the sergeant of the patrol, with injunctions to distribute them among the night watches, and let them remain there the whole night. They were then marched off, with this quaternion for a guard of honour, but were hardly out of the door, before the voice of the Weiszkopf was heard singing a well-known air, the words of which he altered for the nonce to

Er muszte wohl den sechsten haben,
Und sollt' er'n aus der Erde graben.*

The colonel also heard this, and did not disregard it, for I heard him say to the host and several guests who had been entertaining themselves with this little interlude in their evening's amusement, and to whom, as I was sorry to find by the conversation which followed, I and the Weiszkopf were not totally unknown,

"Now listen, Meine Herren; you have heard all the good advice and all the recommendations I have bestowed on my youngsters, and yet it is of no avail; they don't care a tobacco-stopper for it. I send them away under arrest, and they are not out of my hearing before they begin to sing. That Beeren is a most incorrigible scamp. I will keep him under my eye perpetually."

"Ah, colonel," said the gentle accents of a female voice, "you must forgive them this time, they are so very young; and youths, you know, will be wild sometimes."

"Yes, yes," grumbled the colonel; "but if I, when I was under my old general, had broken into a gentleman's house in this way, I should speedily have been marched into a fortress."

"Only think, Louisa," said another voice, "the handsome young man with light hair is a young Count Weiler; perhaps some relation to the councillor at Woxna."

"Ah! what is that?" said the colonel, hastily. "A Count Weiler in my brigade! I beg your pardon; I think you are mistaken. I do not know the name."

"But, colonel," retorted the lady, "the young gentleman has been to my house this afternoon, and left his card, with 'Count Weiler' upon it."

"And if I might inquire," said the colonel, half-laughing, "what

* He must have the sixth, though he should dig him out of the earth.

might the count want? Was he making a call on you, or something of that sort?"

"Yes, he was making a call, but not on me; it was on a young friend of his—a Baron von Stein, who is quartered in our house."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed, or rather neighed, the colonel. "Count Weiler—Baron von Stein! Capital—the baron! That is the Boy-Bombardier, I have no doubt. The young dogs have been playing you a trick, I can assure you. I know their ways."

This announcement led to a recital by the lady of all that had occurred in her house—how, at first, thinking I was but a common soldier, she had lodged me with her servants—how she had discovered her mistake, and treated me accordingly. At first she persisted in maintaining the veraciousness of our titles, but at last the colonel demonstrated by a comparison of appearances, manners, &c., that she had most indubitably been hoaxed, the hoaxers being none other than the Weiszkopf and myself. This produced some hearty laughter, in which the colonel joined; and I heard him saying, just before they all left the hall, "Well, well, I won't punish the rogues this time; they are most irreclaimable rascals, but they deserve to get off for their ingenuity. They are funny dogs."

Whilst this was going on outside my chamber of refuge, the embarrassment therein was every moment increasing. When the coast was clear I ought, in duty bound, to have made as speedy an exit as possible, in order to relieve my guardian angels of their decorous perturbations; but I felt that to attempt to grope my way out in the dark, ignorant as I was of the *locale*, would inevitably lead to my immediate discovery, and I should then be worse off than if I had shared my comrades' fate.

For a few moments, after all below was hushed, a dead silence reigned in our apartment. It was at last broken by a gentle voice behind the bed-curtains, saying to her sister behind the wardrobe ditto, "Bertha, dear, what shall we do?" to which Bertha answered, in a despairing tone, "I don't know, I am sure;" and then, as if by one consent, they both exclaimed, "Oh, if we were but dressed!" I now felt it was high time for me to put an end to this awkward state of affairs; so, collecting all the rhetorical powers that I could summon up on the emergency, I delivered myself of an address which I hoped would calm any apprehensions they might entertain, and induce them to give me some directions about getting away. "Meine Damen," I began, in as soft and soothing a tone as I could assume, "there are moments in the life of man when, by an unlooked-for concatenation of events, he becomes involved in circumstances which, in the common course of things, it would have taken some months or years to bring about. It is just so with me. An hour ago I had not the pleasure of your acquaintance, and now, by the inscrutable dispositions of fate, and your own most merciful sufferance, I have been allowed to trespass thus upon your privacy. But as my presence must be most burdensome to you I will hasten to leave this magic circle, and to-morrow I shall remember the whole event as a dream; but believe me,"—and this I said with peculiar emphasis—"as a most delectable dream—one to which my heart will recur for many a day with feelings of delight, but also one which I assure you would lose its pleasure if imparted to another. May I beg of you, as a last favour, to instruct me

how I can get out of the house without being discovered?" Notwithstanding my fair speech, it was some time before either of my fair auditresses could so far overcome her coyness as to address me, and when at last Fräulein Emilie had mustered up a sufficiency of courage, her agitation was so great that her words came out in numberless detachments, which were interspersed with serried legions of "ach's," "oh's," and "hm's," so that after she had ceased I was forced to bethink myself for a moment as to what might be the meaning of the whole, but before I had succeeded in collating and collocating the disjecta membra of her answer, my cogitations were interrupted by her sister, who exclaimed, "Oh, Emilie, if we were but dressed!" The repetition of this optative ejaculation caused my eyes and thoughts to revert to a piece of furniture of the couch or sofa genus, on which lay strewn in most picturesque confusion two dainty chemisettes, two pair of the most enchanting pink silk stockings, and two dresses, with several other articles of feminine apparel, which I cannot particularise from ignorance of their nomenclature. During their voyages round the room, my eyes had several times been kept prisoners by this chaos of integuments, and I now inquired if I might be allowed to hand them to their owners through the curtains. After a short suspense one of them answered in the affirmative, whilst the other besought me to prevent my sabre from clanking against the floor. I quickly divested myself of that noisy appendage, and packing the habiliments upon my arm, delivered them one by one into the lily hands which were protruded through the curtains to receive them. After a short toilette they both issued forth, and I was permitted to gaze on my, till now, invisible protectresses. First came Fräulein Emilie, a smiling nymph, with the clearest and brightest blue eyes that ever danced in a German Mädchen's face, and waving curls of auburn hair that would have driven a painter mad in the attempt to imitate them, and features—— But halt! I must not begin to expatiate, or my pen will run on so rapidly that I shall never be able to bring it up in its headlong career. Let the reader then, who wishes to obtain some idea of her excelling beauty, call to mind and concentrate all the glowing descriptions of all the bewitching damsels with auburn hair, blue eyes, and blonde complexions, in all the ten-tomed romances he has ever read, and he will get a faint, and only a faint idea of the effulgent loveliness which now burst upon my vision. To attempt to give a worthy description of her would be as futile as to endeavour to paint the flavour of the peach or the scent of the violet. Then came her sister Bertha. She, too, in any other company would have glittered as a star of the first magnitude, but by her sister's side she was dimmed into an attendant satellite. The first of these lovely Venuses advanced forthwith to the door, cautiously opened it, and listened for a while. Hearing nothing, she turned to me and said,

"Everything is quiet now. I think we may venture to show you out of the house. Will you come too, Bertha, or shall I go alone?"

"Oh, you can go without me. We shall be more likely to make a noise with three."

"Well, then," said Emilie to me, "we first go down twenty steps, then turn a corner, and go down six steps further into the hall; then you must keep close to the wall on your left hand, till you come to the garden door,

which I will open for you. You must then go straight through the garden till you come to a gate which opens upon the road, near the entrance of the town, and then you will be able to find your own way. Now follow me, if you please."

I then, after returning grateful thanks to Mademoiselle Bertha, followed my lovely guide, who went noiselessly down the stairs. When we arrived in the hall, I was wicked enough to pretend I had lost myself. I exclaimed, in an anxious whisper,

"Mein Fräulein, mein Fräulein, where are you?"

My tactics were perfectly successful. In a voice that betrayed no little agitation she hastily replied,

"Here, here. Pray do not make a noise, or we shall be heard."

And with that she extended towards me her trembling hand, which, meeting mine, that had been stretched towards her, in expectation of such a movement on her part, was immediately grasped by it and retained till we reached the garden door. This moment I strove to defer by all the means in my power; but, alas! though I made my steps as short as possible, time or fear brought me to the fatal point. Here, then, after imprinting a fervent kiss on her hand before I released it, and pouring out as many thanks as time would allow, I parted with my fair conductress, and, evacuating the garden with all speed, found myself on the road, close by the old mill whose acquaintance I had made that afternoon. Under its shadow I now sat for a few moments, and meditated deeply. "On what, I wonder?" some inquisitive reader will, perchance, soliloquise. "Most likely on his impudence in creating such a commotion in the house of a peaceable citizen, or on his lucky and undiscovered escape from the claws of his infuriated commander?" For once, most sapient lector, your penetration is at fault. Guess again. "Perhaps on his indecorous violation of the sanctuary of the two Fräulein, or the exposure of his hoax on the household of Herr von Querfurth?" Errabund guesses one and all. No, none of these events, strange as they were, and rapidly as they had followed on each other's heels, occupied my thoughts in the remotest degree. They might just as well have happened to some respectable ancestor in the time of the great Elector, for aught I troubled my brain about them now. No; I was wrapt and totally absorbed in the recollection of one small—kiss!—the kiss which I had bestowed upon the hand of Mademoiselle Emilie, which my vanity persuaded me had not been unwillingly received, and even called me Faintheart for not venturing higher than her hand.

On this thought-pregnant subject I banqueted my mind till the midnight chimes aroused me from my reverie, and warned me to retire. I accordingly repaired to my quarters, but with a widely different air from that with which I left them. There was no ringing the front door bell, and rousing the servants to let in Baron von Stein, but Bombardier B. crept silently over the back wall like a thief, and lay down in the straw by his horse's side with a very unbaronial air.

When the servants issued from their dormitory the next morning, they found me already up, and sedulously attending to my horse and arms. They were rather surprised to see me thus employed, and wondered I should be so very particular on a march; but I knew right well why I

accoutred myself with such precision, why I polished my scabbard till it was as bright as Emilie's eyes, and so carefully spunged my saddle and sword-belt. I was very certain that Von Teschchenschech would not regard me with a sparing eye after last night's adventure, and I was determined that he might look for ever without being able to discover a fault about me on which to hang a homily, an extra drill, or a twenty-four hours' arrest. It was soon announced to me that breakfast was ready, and I proceeded to the house with some misgivings as to the reception I might meet with. At the door I encountered a gentleman wrapped in a morning-gown and the clouds of smoke which he raised from a boa-constrictor-like meerschaum, and whose voice did not seem wholly strange to my ears, and who, with a most unmistakably significant air, wished the Baron von Stein a very good morning; which the baron, glad to hear nothing more sarcastical, returned with most condescending urbanity.

After a very good breakfast, which was laid out for me in Baron von Stein's apartment, and which could not have been better had the validity of my title remained undisputed, I left my proper card with my compliments to Herr von Querfurth, an apology for the assumption of a title which did not belong to me, and thanks for the comfortable quarters that had been provided for me. Having thus made a virtue of necessity, and secured to myself the honour of unmasking myself, I set off to join the general rendezvous.

On my way thither I had to pass the house of last night's adventure. As I approached, I was somewhat discomposed to see the colonel's horses standing by the door, and still more so when the colonel himself issued forth as I was close upon the door.

"Hoho! you bombardier there, halt! Wait a minute; I want you."

Thus commanded, I pulled round my charger with most inconvenient rapidity, and, dismounting with as much alacrity as if my saddle had been a *chevaux-de-frise*, stood, with my sword to the salute, to await my chief's behests. With a curious grin upon his countenance he walked round me and my animal, to make an accurate survey of our condition, but to my great felicity not a fault was to be found.

"Had good quarters last night, and a good stable, eh?"

"At your command, colonel, very good."

"Early at home, Mr. Bombardier? or were you roving about with the rest of your clan?"

"At your command, colonel, I was in very early," I replied, without moving a muscle, and without any misstatement of facts, for it was nearly one o'clock before I was housed.

"Yes, yes," laughed the colonel; "at my command, that might very well be; but I have accidentally become acquainted with some very curious circumstances. Mr. Baron von Stein—ha, ha! Very good. Yes, yes, Herr Baron, I know all. But you need not be afraid; only I hope you have foraged your horse out of the barony last night. Now mount and march."

This cool speech, which, if it had been unlooked for, would probably have paralysed me with amazement, and made me wish to sink down to the very antipodes for a hiding-place, now fell upon my expectant ear with little or no effect; and I stood there with such calmness, and

listened with such stoical indifference to the colonel's words, though with all due deference to his dignity, that he was evidently surprised, and did not seem displeased at my great self-possession.

We then proceeded to the windmill, where all the brigade was assembled, and, after a few preliminaries, the trumpeter blew "Frisch auf, Kameraden, auf's Pferd!" (Quick, comrades, to horse!) and we all defiled before the colonel, and through Machenheim, in the direction of Wilhelmstadt. This day's journey was the very counterpart of its predecessor. A broiling sun and a dusty road, fringed on either side by monotonous rows of aspiring Lombardy poplars, like regiments of Brobdignagians, or King William the First's Grenadiers, drawn up in single file to do honour to our march, soon produced the same exacerbation of temper that had been so prevalent the day before, and we welcomed

Wie ein Gebild aus Himmels-höhen,*

the staff-quartermaster, who, about three o'clock, came pricking along the high-road from Wilhelmstadt on his knowing little nag. The brigade was then portioned out and distributed through the little villages in the vicinity of Wilhelmstadt and its heath, most of them so small that they could not afford accommodation for more than one, or perhaps two, guns. The one which had the honour of receiving Dose and Co. was called Fettenweiden (*Anglicè*, Fat-meadows), a name which pleased the sergeant uncommonly, and made him hope that it would justify its claim to the appellation by the quarters which it afforded us.

After a long harangue from the colonel, which was merely a dilatation of his favourite aphorism, "Order must be maintained at any price," we were dismissed, and Dose conducted his men to Fettenweiden, which we found to be a tiny hamlet of five or six houses, perched on the bank of a brawling brook, and protected by the overhanging boughs of a forest of lordly oaks, over the tops of which peered the chimneys of a large and handsome building, the country-house of a Count Lieginditsch, where the major of our division was quartered. Dose, who was somewhat disappointed at the unpromising looks of the village, took courage and revived at the prospect of the forest, the brook, and the palace in the background, and took the opportunity to assure me, in a confidential whisper, that he had a great taste for poetry. Seeing me smile with incredulous surprise, he promised to astonish me one of these days with some of his poetical effusions, and rhapsodised, whilst we marched our horses past a filthy puddle, on evening promenades in forest-glades, full-throated nightingales, murmuring fountains; and closed his speech with this peroration, uttered in a very lack-a-daisical tone, "Ah! there is nothing more poetical than to make verses."

* Like seraph from celestial heights.—SCHILLER.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

With a keen eye and overflowing heart . . .
He pours out truth in works by thoughtful love
Inspired—works potent over smiles and tears.

WORDSWORTH.

ALTHOUGH an author of some years' standing, and of considerable repute in his own country, Mr. Hawthorne has been, until quite recently, all but unknown among ourselves. Only a few practised littérateurs recognised him, as a writer who could rifle "Twice-told Tales" of their proverbial tedium, and could distil spirit and life from the "Mosses of an Old Manse." What would lately have been deemed an "impossible quantity" of his writings, is now circulated up and down these islands, wherever railways and shilling libraries are on the *qui vive*. He is now fairly seated on the same eminence with Cooper and Washington Irving; and we trust that the sympathy with his singular but fascinating works, at length evoked among the old Britishers, will encourage him to strains in a yet higher mood,—for he would seem to be one of those self-distrustful and diffident authors to whom the "inward witness" of genius is naught, unless confirmed by the "external evidence" of third and fourth editions. Sooth to say, we know of few living tale-tellers who even approach him in the art of investing with an appropriate halo of visionary awe those subjects which relate to the supernatural—those legendary themes whose province is the dim borderland of fancy. His is the golden mean between the Fee-faw-fum terrors of spectre-factors extraordinary, and that chill rationalism which protests there are *not* more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of—pshaw, it never dreams!—say, rather, seen and handled, weighed and analysed to the minutest globule—in its philosophy. He is far enough, on the one hand, from the red-and-blue-light catastrophes of Monk Lewis; and, on the other, he steers clear of the irony of scepticism, and narrates his traditions with a grave simplicity and cordial interest, the character of which is, as it should be, highly contagious. Of this "unfathomable world" of ours he can say,

I have watched
Thy shadow, and the darkness of thy steps,
And my heart ever gazes on the depth
Of thy deep mysteries;*

and he has pondered much on what Wordsworth calls

That superior mystery—
Our vital frame, so fearfully devised,
And the dread soul within.

He throws deep and scrutinising glances on those realities which cluster around man's heart of hearts. He loves to give way to dreamy yet serious speculations,—to the wayward, undulating motion of thoughts that *wander* through eternity. He is one of the subtlest of psychologists, while reporting the results of his study without any affectation of scholastic jargon. His still waters run deep: how clearly they reflect the "human face divine" of man, woman, and child, let those testify who

* Shelley.

frequent the green pastures through which they stray, and who have gazed idly or otherwise into the placid stream—finding therein, some at least, a magic mirror, from which they have departed in self-introspective mood, saying, "We have seen strange things to-day!"

There can be little question that the most powerful—if also the least pleasing—of Mr. Hawthorne's fictions, is "The Scarlet Letter," a work remarkable for pathos in the tale, and art in the telling. Even those who are most inclined (and with reason) to demur to the plot, are constrained to own themselves enthralled, and their profoundest sensibilities excited by

> The book along whose burning leaves
> His scarlet web our wild romancer weaves.

The invention of the story is painful. Like the "Adam Blair" of Mr. Lockhart, it is a tale of "trouble, and rebuke, and blasphemy:" the trouble of a guilty soul, the rebuke of public stigma, and the occasion thereby given to the enemy to blaspheme. For, of the two fallen and suffering creatures whose anguish is here traced out, little by little, and line upon line, with such harrowing fidelity, one, and the guiltiest of the twain, is, like Adam Blair, a venerated presbyter, a pillar of the faith; the very burden of remorse which crushes his soul increases the effect of his ministrations, giving him sympathies so intimate with the sinful brotherhood of mankind—keeping him down on a level with the lowest,—him, the man of etherial attributes, whose voice the angels might have listened to and answered: and thus his heart vibrates in unison with that of the fallen, and receives their pain into itself, and sends its own throb of pain through a thousand other breasts, in gushes of sad, persuasive eloquence.

It has been objected to works of this class that they attract more persons than they warn by their excitement. Others have replied—"What is the real moral of any tale? is it not its permanent expression—the last burning trace it leaves upon the soul? and who ever read 'Adam Blair'" —we are citing the words of a critic of that book—"without rising from the perusal saddened, solemnised, smit with a profound horror at the sin which wrought such hasty havoc in a character so pure and a nature so noble? This effect produced, surely the tale has not been told in vain." However this may be, we find reviewers who moot the above objection to such fictions in general, avowing, with reference to the "Scarlet Letter" in particular, that if sin and sorrow in their most fearful forms are to be presented in any work of art, they have rarely been treated with a loftier severity, purity, and sympathy than here. What so many romancists would have turned into a fruitful hotbed of prurient description and adulterated sentiment, is treated with consummate delicacy and moral restraint by Mr. Hawthorne. As Miss Mitford observes, "With all the passionate truth that he has thrown into the long agony of the seducer, we never, in our pity for the sufferer, lose our abhorrence of the sin." How powerfully is depicted the mental strife, so tumultuous and incessant in its agitation, of the young clergyman, Arthur Dimmesdale—whom his congregation deem a miracle of holiness—the mouthpiece of Heaven's messages of wisdom, and rebuke, and love—the very ground he treads being sanctified in their eyes—the maidens growing pale before him—the aged members of his flock, beholding his frame so feeble (for he is dying daily of that within

which passeth show), while they themselves are rugged in their decay, believe that he will go heavenward before them, and command their children to lay their old bones close to their young pastor's holy grave; and all this time, perchance, when *he* is thinking of his grave, he questions with himself whether the grass will ever grow on it, because an accursed thing must there be buried. Irresistibly affecting is the climax, when he stands in the pulpit preaching the election sermon (so envied a privilege!), exalted to the very proudest eminence of superiority to which the gifts of intellect, rich lore, prevailing eloquence, and whitest sanctity could exalt a New England priest in those early days,—and meanwhile his much-enduring partner-in-guilt, Hester Prynne, is standing beside the scaffold of the pillory, with the scarlet letter still burning on her breast—still burning into it! There remains but for *him* to mount that scaffold—in haste, as one *in articulo mortis*, to take his shame upon him—and to lay open the awful secret, "though it be red like scarlet," before venerable elders, and holy fellow-pastors, and the people at large, whose great heart is appalled, yet overflowing with tearful sympathy. The injured husband, again, is presented with memorable intensity of colouring. He quietly pitches his tent beside the dissembler, who knows him not; and then proceeds—*festinat lentè*—with the finesse of a Machiavel, and the fiendish glee of a Mephistophiles, to unwind the *nexus* of the tragedy only to involve his victim inextricably in its toils. One feels how fitting it is that, when he has gained his purpose, old Roger Chillingworth should droop and his whole nature collapse—that all his strength and energy, all his vital and intellectual force, should seem at once to desert him, so that he withers up, shrivels away, and almost vanishes from mortal sight, like an uprooted weed that lies welting in the sun—such being the self-generated retribution of one who has made the very principle of his life to consist in the pursuit and systematic exercise of revenge. His it is to drain the dregs of the bitter truth, that

> To be wroth with one we love
> Doth work like madness in the brain.

And what shall we say of Hester Prynne, his ill-mated, ill-fated bride? Gazing at so mournful a wreck, we are reminded of the pathos and significance in the words of One of old time, of One who spake as never man spake: "Seest thou this woman?" The distinguishing characteristic of Christian ethics has been said to lie in the recognition of the fact, that the poor benighted pariah of social life will often, in the simple utterance of a cheerful hope in his behalf, see a window opening in heaven, and faces radiant with promise looking out upon him.* Mr. Hawthorne's "searching of dark bosoms" has taught him a humane pyschology. He will not judge by the mere hearing of the ear or seeing of the eye; he can quite appreciate and illustrate by history—if history be philosophy teaching by example—the pregnant paradox of poor discrowned Lear, ending with "And then, handy-dandy, which is the justice, and which is the thief?" Not that he palliates the sin, or acts as counsel for the defendant; on the contrary, few have so explicitly surrounded the sin with ineffaceable deformities, or the criminal with agonising woes. But

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* Thomas de Quincey.

our casuistry is pervaded by ignorance of a thousand cumulative conditions, and this precludes him from judging peremptorily by the outward appearance. Masterly is his delineation of Hester in her life of penance —the general symbol at which preacher and moralist may point, and in which they may embody their images of frailty—and over whose grave the infamy she must carry thither will be her only monument. A mystic shadow of suspicion attaches itself to her little lonesome dwelling. Children, too young to comprehend why she should be shut out from the sphere of human charities, creep nigh enough to behold her plying her needle at the cottage-door, or labouring in her little garden, or coming forth along the pathway that leads townward; and then, discerning the scarlet letter on her breast, scamper off with a strange, contagious fear. She stands apart from moral interests, yet close beside them, like a ghost that revisits the familiar fireside, and can no longer make itself seen or felt; no more smile with the household joy, nor mourn with the kindred sorrow; or, should it succeed in manifesting its forbidden sympathy, awakening only terror and horrible repugnance. Of a tale so told it may be well said that

——In proud Hester's fiery pang we *share.**

It is highly characteristic of our author to make little Pearl a source of wild foreboding to her remorseful mother. The elf-child is so freakish, tetchy, and wayward,—she has such strange, defiant, desperate moods,—she plays such fantastic sports, flitting to and fro with a mocking smile, which invests her with a certain remoteness and intangibility, as if she were hovering in the air, and might vanish like a glimmering light, whose whence and whither we know not,—that Hester cannot help questioning, many a time and oft, whether Pearl is a human child. Similarly it is devised that Hester should believe, with shuddering unwillingness, that the scarlet letter she wears has endowed her with a new sense, and given her a sympathetic knowledge of the hidden sin in other hearts. She is terror-stricken by the revelations thus made. Must she receive as truth these intimations, so obscure, yet so distinct? Surely, in all her miserable experience, there is nothing else so awful and so loathsome as this sense. What marvel if the vulgar, in those dreary old times, aver that the symbol is not merely scarlet cloth, tinged in an earthly dye-pot, but is red-hot with infernal fire, and can be seen glowing all alight whenever Hester Prynne walks abroad after dusk. "And, we must needs say, it seared Hester's bosom so deeply, that perhaps there was more truth in the rumour than our modern incredulity may be inclined to admit." The picture is one that leaves an indelible impression on the mind. Nor may we forget to notice how skilfully the background is filled in, and in what excellent keeping with the foremost figures are the puritan, sombre shades behind. The patriarchal era of New England life has found no such vivid and graphic a painter as Nathaniel Hawthorne, and it is evidently one which he knows to be his *forte*—witness the constancy of his attachment to its grim and rugged aspect.

Less powerful and pathetic, but at the same time less open to objection on grounds already stated, "The House of the Seven Gables" is a vi-

* Dr. Holmes, of Boston (U. S.).

gorous, highly-finished performance, of sterling value for its originality, its shrewd perception of character, its descriptions, its humour, and its plot. Nothing, says one of his reviewers, can be better than the manner in which Mr. Hawthorne presses superstition into his service as a romancer, leaving the reader to guess and explain such marvels as, at first seen down the dim vista of time, are reproduced more faintly in the world of the real present. His passion for studying idiosyncrasy is largely illustrated in this fine legend. He seems to have as keen a zest for individuality and eccentricity as Charles Lamb himself in actual life. "Common natures," says the latter,* "do not suffice me. Good people, as they are called, won't serve. I want individuals. I am made up of queer points, and I want so many answering needles." And thorough "individuals"—in the sense most grateful to Elia, and most grammatically satisfactory to Archdeacon Hare†—are Clifford and Hephzibah Pyncheon, Holgrave the daguerreotypist, racy old Uncle Venner, and that dainty piece of little womanhood, cousin Phœbe. Judge Pyncheon is one of those whited sepulchres from which Mr. Hawthorne has such a knack in scraping off the paint; the contrast between the male cousins is admirably brought out, and the effect of the catastrophe upon Clifford is developed with true "subjective" power. We love the description of the Old House, with its quaint figures and grotesque gothicisms, its seven gables and multitudinous lattices, its spacious porch, its mysterious fountain, its garden and grassplot. The book is rich, too, in "strong situations." It gives unusual scope, moreover, to its author's humour—for instance, the etching of the "First Customer," with his illimitable appetite for gingerbread versions of Jim Crow immediately after breakfast, and an elephant or two of the same *matériel*, as a preliminary whet before dinner—or the portrait of good Uncle Venner, with his immemorial white head and wrinkles, and solitary tooth, and dapper blue coat, ill-supported by tow-cloth trousers, very short in the legs, and bagging down strangely in the rear,—in short, a miscellaneous old gentleman, partly himself, but, in good measure, somebody else,—an epitome of times and fashions. Mr. Hawthorne's humour is habitually of a quiet order, contenting itself with descriptive passages at intervals, and glances of sarcasm *en passant*—sometimes, however, bubbling into the farcical, as in the fragment touching Mrs. Bullfrog. Old Maid Pyncheon's character, a compound of the pathetic and the ludicrous, affords ample play for the comic element; and it is instructive to observe the limits to which comedy is restrained, and how it is made to enhance what is affecting in the poor spinster's portraiture.

Such are this author's two leading works. Before their appearance, he had gained celebrity at home as a gifted tale-teller and essayist, by the publication of "Twice-Told Tales," and "Mosses from an Old Manse." Folks there are, in this unaccountable world, who can afford, or pretend they can afford, to turn up their nose (like a peacock, as Miss Squeers has it) at tales and story-books. These "potent, grave, and reverend signiors" affect to say with one of Molière's heroes,

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* Life and Letters, vol. ii.

† See "Guesses at Truth," vol. i., p. 151, 3rd edition.

——— C'en est trop, à la fin,
Et tu me mets à bout par *ces contes frivoles.**

Do they include in their one fell swoop the tale of Troy divine, the tales of Boccaccio and Chaucer, the tales of the Princess Scheherazade? A tale has been called the germ of every other kind of composition—of Novel, Tragedy, Comedy, Epic, and all. "It is the first key to tune the infant's heart, which swells up to the very eyes at its mother's tale. It is often the last to win its way into the fastness of age, which weeps, and thrills, and shakes its grey locks at nothing so much as at a tale." Old Menenius Agrippa immortalised himself by his faculty in this line of things, when he said to the seditious Romans (if we may quote Shakspeare's proem as authority):

——— I shall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To stale't a little more.†

Assuredly the gift in question is no every-day one, and this gift Mr. Hawthorne possesses in no common degree. We need but allude to "Lady Eleanor's Mantle," "Rappaccini's Daughter," "Roger Melvin's Burial," "The Birth-Mark," "Young Goodman Browne," "The Haunted Mind," &c. His stories have been likened to Tieck's, in their power of translating the mysterious harmonies of Nature into articulate meanings; and to Töpffer's, in high finish and purity of style. Perhaps the chief fascination about them is their "unworldliness." The self-willed wandering of dreamy thought in such pieces (how Elia would have greeted them with an "Ah, benedicite!") as "Monsieur du Miroir," "Earth's Holocaust," and the "Procession of Life," is delightful. What caustic and comprehensive mental analysis in the "Christmas Banquet!" What Bunyan-like discernment in the "Celestial Railroad!" What spiritual insight in the "Bosom Serpent!" But we must pause, in deference to our compositor's stock of "marks of admiration," and to the gentle reader's over-strained quality of mercy.

Mr. Hawthorne, we are told, is astonished at his own celebrity, and "thinks himself the most overrated man in America." Let him bring out of his treasures things new and old—other original legends and other twice-told tales—and we can promise him a fresh and increasing fund of astonishment, until, like Katerfelto, his hair stand on end at his own wonders. And so we bid him very heartily farewell!

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* L'Etourdi. † Coriolanus.

RECOLLECTIONS OF NORTH AMERICA, IN 1849-50-51.

BY. W. E. SURTEES, D.C.L.

PART II.

THE two places of North America, in which I found the greatest novelty, were the mammoth cave in Kentucky and the island of Cuba. Each of these seemed a new and distinct world of itself; in each I found a ground, an atmosphere, and a firmament, unlike what I had ever known before.

On the 1st of April, 1850, I embarked at Charleston in the steam-ship *Isabel*, for Cuba; to which the voyage is usually performed in about four days. But before bidding adieu, for a time at least, to the United States, I will indulge in some recollections of South Carolina, and of a distinguished personage, who, though enrolled by the muse of history amongst the national worthies, was more especially honoured in this his native state.

On that morning the flags in the harbour of Charleston were drooping half-mast high for the death of Mr. Calhoun, which had just been announced by electric telegraph from Washington. Mr. Calhoun, one of the senators returned by South Carolina to Congress, was possessed of an intellect unusually logical and wonderfully rapid; had great experience in public affairs, having filled with the highest credit the situation of secretary-at-war, and twice been elected to the second office in the nation, the office of vice-president; and, as leader of the democratic party, and champion of what in the South are called "Southern Rights," had often in the senate been opposed to Mr. Webster; who, even were he—what the late Mr. Sidney Smith said no man could be—"as clever* as he looks," must have felt on these occasions, that, in the intellectual combat, he might joy in a "foeman worthy of his steel." Those who questioned Mr. Calhoun's judgment, never questioned his disinterested sincerity; for, since the death of Washington, the purity, both in public and private life, of no other statesman has been more universally acknowledged than his. Mr. Calhoun's forehead was high and prominent, though it seemed to me scarcely so high or so full as that of Mr. Webster; nor had it that "pent-house" prominence at the eyebrow, which is the most striking characteristic of Mr. Clay's face, and which phrenologists would say was a sure sign of the acuteness of the perceptive faculties, and of that tact which the patriotic senator from Kentucky has often evinced in the management of men and parties. When I saw Mr. Calhoun, his large, bony, and manly face was wasted by consumption, and pallid with the shadow of coming death; but intelligence beamed from every feature and every line. His eye was very luminous. His hair, which was nearly white (for he was within three years of seventy), bristled up from the sides and top of his head like the quills of a porcupine.† This gave something of a wildness to his expression, which, however, was often sunned away by a winning

* In some portions of the United States "clever" is understood as meaning weakly amiable, or, in slang language, "soft." I will not presume to anticipate the verdict of future critics, and affirm that this was the sense in which it was applied by Mr. Sidney Smith to Mr. Webster.

† In one of the public buildings of Charleston, there is a statue of Mr. Calhoun by Mr. Power, in which his hair is represented as having a wavy curl.

smile. His mouth was wide; but his thin and compressed upper and under lip indicated a man—

Master of others' passions and his own.

Mr. Calhoun, like most of the prominent politicians in the United States, belonged to the profession of the law—a profession whose individual members do not here realise a property at all commensurate to the vast influence which they exercise. But if they possess less wealth, they care less for its possession, than do the mercantile classes. Their standing depends upon other circumstances; and it is one of the most creditable features in the country that it should be so. They and their families seem to owe their position to their simplicity, their integrity, their intelligence, and their cultivation. Rather more than a fortnight before his death, Mr. Calhoun, on whom I had left a letter of introduction, wrote, stating that he was too ill to call on me, but requesting me to call on him at the boarding-house in Washington, where he had taken up his quarters. He received me in a large room, which he seemed to use as a sitting-room as well as bedroom, unless when occupying the public drawing-room of the house. His manner was open and friendly; and, indeed, such were the manners which I invariably found amongst those of the leading American statesmen, to whom, at Washington, I had the honour of being introduced. He remarked upon the dangers that menaced the Union, and rather despondingly.* Alluding, I presume, to the large preponderance which the members from the non-slave-holding states had already acquired in the national house of representatives, and the preponderance which, were California admitted as a non-slave-holding state, they would acquire in the senate, he spoke of the balance of power of the different interests as being destroyed; and declared that there was little chance of maintaining the Union, unless some efficient check should be provided, by which one interest should be protected from the aggression of another; and added, that in England this balance or check was effected by means of our House of Lords. He was under a state of considerable excitement; appeared feverish; and spoke loudly and with the greatest rapidity. He did not volunteer to explain how he thought this protective check should be created; nor did I consider it right then to ask him; and I may not now presume to throw out conjecture. But time will probably reveal his ideas on this subject; for he has left behind him the manuscript of a work on government, which the state of South Carolina has desired the privilege of publishing at its own expense. Mr. Calhoun was so kind as to ask me to call again; but, considering his state of health, I thought that I had no right to indulge myself in the gratification which another visit would have afforded me.

But it is time that I should turn from the senator to the state which he represented, and to the city where he was adored.

The imprisonment, by the state authorities, of all free "coloured" persons who may arrive in Charleston in ships, whether they be citizens of the northern states, of the Union, or of foreign countries, has, of late years, been a subject of complaint both at home and abroad. In South

* It must, of course, be recollected that his own illness might lead him to take a dark and contracted view of the political horizon.

Carolina the "coloured" is more numerous than the white population; and, as it was feared, and probably with reason, that the more fanatical of the emancipationists would employ free stranger negroes to excite the slaves to rise against their masters, any free person "of colour" is, on the arrival of a ship, arrested and confined in prison, in order to prevent him from holding a dangerous intercourse with the slaves; but, when the vessel that brought him is about to sail, he is returned to it.

From Massachusetts, some years ago, an active emancipationist came to Charleston to reside. His object was that he might be on the spot to maintain the rights of any imprisoned negro citizen of his state, by suing out a writ of *habeas corpus*, not from one of the courts of the state of South Carolina, but from the local branch of the Court of the United States there established. This, as the party aggrieved belonged to a different state from that in which the grievance occurred, he would, according to the national constitution, have had a right to do. But before he had effected anything, he received a hint that, if he would save himself from popular violence, he had better speedily take his departure; and, having that zeal which, in so good a cause, "would live to fight another day," he complied with the suggestion. The legislature of South Carolina, no doubt, has substantial reasons, connected with public safety, for the law that it has passed; and none but the worst of social incendiaries would desire that the emancipation of slaves should be attempted—and there it could not succeed—through midnight massacre and servile war. I have an impression, the correctness of which I have not at this moment the means of ascertaining, that the free "coloured" sailors from other states and nations have here to be supported in prison at the expense of the ship which may have brought them; but, certainly, if the citizens of "the Palmetto State" must needs take these precautions for their own security, they should take them at their own expense.

Amongst the churches at Charleston is one said to have been built at the time, and from the plan, of Sir Christopher Wren, and which resembles in style the churches with Grecian porticos erected in London by that great architect. This city has an appearance of age which, in a country where almost everything is new, seems venerable. Charleston, Boston, and New Orleans are the only cities in the United States in which any traces of a past age force themselves on your notice.

The coast of South Carolina is low, and is fenced in by a number of small islands, which often consist of sand only, and grow nothing but the palmetto.* The palmetto is a small tree, producing its leaves at the top, like a palm, but having a fan-like instead of dagger-like leaf. Its wood is valuable for building wharfs, as it does not rot in the water. It would probably, also, be useful in constructing fortifications, as I think, from its soft nature, a cannon-ball would bury itself in it, and be stopped, without making splinters. Many of the rice-planters have small wooden houses on the islands, to which they go, early in May, to spend the summer. If they have not a house on an island, they generally have one in the pine-forests higher up in the country, in either of which the air, in warm weather, is much more wholesome than in the neighbourhood of the rice-fields. I believe some of these islands produce a very fine cotton, called the sea-island cotton; but all that I saw were barren.

The principal rice planting is on the low flooded lands by the side of the rivers, where the waters are so far from the sea as not to be reached

by the brackish water, and yet so near the sea as to be dammed back by the rising, and let off by the ebbing, of the tide. Such lands in the south are often covered with a deciduous tree, called a cyprus, and are then called cyprus swamps. The rice lands there are prepared at great expense. They are surrounded with a wide embankment, which is constructed with peculiar precautions, in order that the water may not break through it. First a trench is dug, exactly in the course of the intended embankment, and the soil is thrown on each side. Then the soil is thrown back again, and the trench is filled up. Then a large, deep ditch is dug in the inside of the field, and the soil, after having been carefully cleared from all roots, is piled up upon the soil with which the first trench has been filled up, and wooden tunnels—there, I think, called "trunks"—with doors to let the water in and out, are introduced into the bank thus constructed.

The object of digging the first trench, and then filling it up is, that the soil of the bank may amalgamate from its very foundation, and leave no crevices at the bottom; for, if a little water should once percolate, it would presently be followed by a stream that would sweep away the bank. The reason for excluding roots is lest, when they should decay, they might leave a little channel, which the water might penetrate. The bank being made a sufficient height, the fields are cleared, levelled, and drained with ditches. Rice fields require at some periods to be flooded, and at others to be drained; and by opening the doors of the tunnels you can at high tide flood the fields, and at low tide drain them, when you like. Of course, from the district subject to such a mode of cultivation, a very unhealthy exhalation must in hot weather arise; but it is not found seriously injurious to the negroes.

Theft, and the minor offences committed by slaves, are tried and punished by the planter's domestic tribunal; but such offences, as the law visits with death, are tried by the public authorities; and when a slave is capitally executed, his master receives from the state some pecuniary compensation for the loss of his services. In the spring of 1850, at New Orleans, an able-bodied male slave, in the prime of life, was averaged to sell for between 800 and 900 dollars; and a female slave for between 700 and 800 dollars. But then the price of cotton was high; and, with the price of cotton, the price of slaves increases.

A planter is generally most unwilling to sell his slaves; if he parts with any, it is usually as a punishment for their own bad conduct, or as a last resource to relieve his embarrassments. All must regret that by a sale the members of a family may be separated; but it is a satisfaction to know that the public feeling of the south protests against such separations.

Many New England farmers have settled on the rich lands of the slave-holding states* on the Ohio, in order to cultivate them, not by slave labour, but by their own hands, and those of their children. In the state of Delaware there is but a very small slave population, and in the state of Maryland† the proportion of slaves to freemen is being every day

* In Kentucky and the western portion of Virginia.

† It was thought right that the city of Washington, as the seat of the national parliament, should be free from the control of any state legislation; and hence the district in which it was situated, called the District of Columbia, was presented to the national government by the state of Maryland. Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley observes, in her agreeably written tour, that she "hopes and

diminished by European emigration. It is obvious that by peaceable state legislation several of these more northern states must, in the time of the present generation, become free. It is obvious, too, that the absolute and immediate emancipation of the slaves throughout the United States, which some desire, would create, and not remove, misery. The sad experience which we have gained in our West Indian colonies might convince us that personal, like political, freedom requires a long apprenticeship.

The rice planter has his own principal residence on some more elevated ground in the neighbourhood of his rice fields, very likely on a "bluff" by the river; and not far from his own house is a negro village, where his "field hands" live. Scattered about his estates are several large and comfortable cottages, where his overseers, always white men, live. The planter's house is exceedingly comfortable. Nearly all the houses in this country are built of wood, and in the south the country houses are often raised, like wheat stacks, some feet from the ground, so that under them there may be a free ventilation. Comparing the planter to the feudal baron, I should liken his overseers to military retainers; for, in the south, unmixed Caucasian blood is, to a certain extent, considered as aristocracy. Under the overseers are the drivers, the most trustworthy of the slaves, who, not working themselves, have to overlook an allotted number of labourers, and report to the overseers those who may be idle.

In the south, the reception of a visitor is always cordial; and the slaves imitate towards you the friendly manners of their master and mistress, with a familiarity which amuses, but does not offend, you. The familiarity on the other hand of the free negro of the north, not unfrequently partakes of the insolent and offensive. Judging from the manners and appearance of the slaves, agricultural as well as domestic, they are a light-hearted and happy people. Besides the comfort of the negroes, and the private police regulations of the various plantations, there is this remarkable ingredient of security in the slave-holding states,—namely, that the coloured people of mixed blood, whether free or slaves, despise the unmitigated African negro; and, though by law they have no privileges superior to his, they attach themselves more willingly to the white population, as that from which their most honourable descent comes.

Satisfied with the conviction that the blacks are inferior to himself, the mulatto willingly admits his own inferiority to the whites. He compares himself with the negro, and enjoys the pride of birth; and it is but fair that he should have some peculiar topic of consolation, for, with his

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thinks slavery will be done away with soon in the District of Columbia;" and adds in a note, "since the letters were written, this has taken place." But I must remark that slavery is not at present abolished there. As I understand the recent legislation on the compromise question, it abolishes a slave market which used to exist in this district, and prohibits permanent residents here from introducing *new* slaves; and hence, from the emancipation of slaves, which is constantly going on, slavery in the District of Columbia must in time be worn out. I will here remark, as the work is unknown in England, that the ablest defence of "the peculiar constitutions" of the south, which I have met with, is a "Memoir on Slavery," by the late William Harper, Chancellor of South Carolina, which was published in the shape of a pamphlet, and has recently been republished at New Orleans, in Dr. Bow's *Review*.

mixed blood, he generally inherits a constitution more fragile than that of either the pure Caucasian or African races.

In warm weather alligators come out of their nests at the sides of the rivers, and bask upon the banks; where also a quantity of terrapin, a sort of fresh-water turtle, considered good eating, are to be found. You here also often see the stork majestically promenading in the rice fields. In the south, buzzards are valued as scavengers; and in Charleston there is a penalty of five dollars for killing one. I have seen there as many as twenty buzzards sitting on the roof of the market-place, whence, as tame as pigeons in a farm-yard, they would fly down, and, almost under the wheels of the carts and the feet of horses that were passing, would devour any scrap of meat that was tossed away from the butchers' stalls. Never were buzzards so petted as these; and, unless their having been protected and pampered so long has precluded all thought on the subject (which if buzzards have any feelings of humanity must be the case), they must suppose that for their roost the roof has been raised, and for their dinner the cattle have been slaughtered.

But at Charleston it is time to hurry on board the *Isabel*, and, loosening the cables from the wharf made of palmetto trunks, to steam off on our voyage to Cuba. I was unable at Charleston to get any work that treated of Cuba, and I am not aware that the English language can boast of any work of high merit on this subject, though the island contains ample materials out of which one of interest might be made; and, if it were illustrated by engravings of the architecture and natural scenery, it would be all the better.*

It was on the 1st of April, 1850, that I left Charleston. We came off Key West, a little island on the coast of Florida, at the entrance of the Gulf of Mexico, both to leave and receive mail-bags and passengers. Secure in our large steamer, that walked the water superior to the caprices of the wind, I often thought of the circumstances under which, in the autumn of 1492, Columbus, having, through his enthusiasm and his genius, surmounted innumerable discouragements and difficulties, and having hoisted his flag in the only one of his three small vessels that was decked from end to end, entered, for the first time, these seas, bearing with him the destinies of untold millions in the world which he had left, and in that which he was to reveal.

Heu! quantum fati parva tabella vehit!

The great object of Columbus was to discover a direct western passage to India; and it is satisfactory to be assured that the united enterprise of the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race will, in the present age, accomplish,† by canals and railroads across the Isthmus of Panama, the chief hope of the Genoese navigator.

A few hours before arriving at Cuba, you enter the tropics. Cuba was

* I have seen the commencement of a series of letters on Cuba, just publishing in the *New York Chronicle*, signed "D.," and attributed to a gentleman, whose industry, candour, and poetic feeling would particularly qualify him (could he only spare time, from his important public avocations, to pay a long visit to the island and digest the materials that he had acquired) to do ample justice, on a larger scale, to the interesting subject.

† The arrangements for obtaining this desirable end have been greatly facilitated by the recent "Bulwer treaty."

the first of the large islands on which Columbus landed. On the 28th of October, 1492, he came in sight of it. Imagining, then, that he was not far from India, he called these islands West Indies, and the red men Indians—names which they have still retained. Here the sky is more deeply blue, the vault of heaven more lofty, the stars more distinct and large, than they appear even in the United States; the sea seems hardly less clear by day than the air, or less brilliant with its phosphoric sparks by night than the starry firmament. So aërial, so pellucid is the deep blue of that water, that no wonder the simple natives of these islands, when they first saw the white sails and white crew of Columbus, should have supposed that he might have come sailing into that crystal ocean from its sister element, the sky.

The harbour of Havana is a wide, deep basin, with a narrow channel or neck opening into the sea. The basin is not the outlet of a river, and therefore is not liable to have bars formed at its mouth. The neck is commanded by strong forts on each side; and on the east side by a precipitous hill crowned by a castle, called the Morro. The houses here are always flat-roofed, that they may be less exposed to hurricanes; as, in Quebec, they have steep slanting roofs, that the snow may slide off them. They are often of but one story high, a circumstance which gives the greater prominence to the principal buildings of the city. The windows never have glass sashes; but, outside, have prison-like iron bars, which, admitting the breezes, exclude less welcome intrusion. Inside there are shutters. At the top of these shutters is sometimes one small glass pane, with a sort of little cupboard door over it, which, were it open and the shutters shut, would give light to the room, but not enable the inmates to see anything, out of the house, lower than a bird on the wing; so rarely in that climate must there be occasion to exclude the outward air. The streets are narrow, but clean. The names of the shopkeepers, instead of being painted over their doors, are inserted into long narrow flags, which are stretched across the street from side to side by cords and pulleys. This succession of gay draperies above your head has a pleasing, but very foreign effect, and casts upon your sunny path frequent stripes of shade. Some of the fine old-fashioned houses have in front a Moorish archway, within which are large folding gates, opening upon an entrance hall, beyond which is another Moorish archway of a different shape, with other gates opening into an arched cloister bounding the four sides of a court-yard in the centre of the building; while in the middle of this court-yard there is a fountain. In such buildings the perspective is very imposing. I had never previously, except in drawings, seen anything resembling these arches. Their designs might have been copied from the halls of the Alhambra by the grandsons of those chivalrous warriors of the best days of Spain, who strove to suppress the signs of their exultation, when, on the 2nd of January, 1492, the exiled Bobadil delivered to King Ferdinand the keys of the palace, which had been that of his ancestors, and until then was his. The principal sitting-rooms in these houses have windows, opening on the one side into the street, and on the other into the court-yard, to give a thorough draught; and, as the morning advances, an awning at the top of the house is drawn over the court-yard to exclude the sun.

As I was one day walking through the streets of Havana, I saw, in a sitting-room on the ground-floor of a handsome house, what appeared to

be a beautiful wax-work figure, of which the face only was exposed to view. The figure was stretched on what seemed a table, and was covered by a large case made of panes of glass, and having a pine-apple-shaped top. At the foot of the figure were some immense candlesticks with lighted candles in them. In the room was a gentleman in black, with clothes cut in the ordinary European shape, walking up and down, and smoking a cigar. The window-shutters were open, so that it was impossible to pass along the street without seeing the whole spectacle. I asked in French a gentleman at the door of the house what it was. He answered, "Une dame qui est morte."

The face beneath that frame-work was the fairest face that I had seen in Cuba. In its calm sweetness it realised the description of that corse, to which Byron compares Greece, whose soul had passed away, while its beauty remained:

> He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
> Ere the first day of death is fled
> (Before decay's effacing fingers
> Have swept the lines where beauty lingers),
> And mark'd the mild, angelic air,
> The rapture of repose that's there,
> The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
> The languor of the placid cheek;
> And—but for that sad, shrouded eye,
> That fires not, wins not, weeps not now,
> And, but for that chill, changeless brow,
> Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
> He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
> So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd
> The first, last look by death reveal'd!

On two of its sides the city of Havana is enclosed by *boulevards*, where are carriage-roads and footpaths, kept in the best order, shaded by avenues of royal palm-trees, and bordered with evergreen and often ever-flowering shrubs. In these *boulevards*, in the cool of the evening, the beaux and belles often take a drive in their *volantes*. A *volante* something resembles a gig, but has wheels of immense diameter, and its single horse, which is laden with silver trappings, and has a plaited tail tied to the saddle, is ridden postilion by a negro in the gayest livery. In the garden of the Plaza de Armas, a public square, in which the official residence of the Captain-General, or Governor, of Cuba is situated, excellent music was played in the evening by a military band; and, during the music, it is a place of much resort.

The Tacon Theatre, built in a *faubourg* just without the *boulevards*, and called after the captain-general by whose order it was erected, is the largest and handsomest theatre in the New World; and here, on Sunday evenings, are sometimes excellent Italian operas, and sometimes masquerades. Cock-fights, "riñas de gallos" (which our transatlantic cousins, with a want of precision which I am at a loss to account for, have been pleased to call "chicken fights"), form no uncommon amusement with the *Habaneros* on a Sunday morning.

"The Bishop's Garden," two or three miles from Havana, was open to the public; and though his palace within it has been reduced to a ruin, either by a hurricane or a fire (I have forgotten which), the grounds were

kept in pretty good order. In that climate the fruit-trees seemed to be puzzled by the seasons; but it would appear that they had for the most part come to the conclusion that it was safest to produce "the fruits of autumn and the flowers of spring," in admirable confusion and profusion, all the year round. The pomegranate was amongst the shrubs, which, when I was in Cuba, offered you, from the same bough, the ripe fruit and the flower. The shrubs and trees were very beautiful. An avenue of mango-trees in the Bishop's Garden afforded, beneath their glossy, deep evergreen leaves, a cool, shady retreat from the scorching, glaring sun. But amongst the flowers in the beds I did not see much that we in England could envy, as sunflowers and roses—either the same, or very like some of those in our gardens—seemed to predominate.

The palm, rising from the earth with its white column, and, at its very summit, rolling over, like a green fountain, its leafy capital; the cocoa-nut tree, with its boll not quite so straight and regular, but displaying to you, in compensation, pendant from its green crown, its agreeable fruit, the milk within which, though the outer shell has been basking in the sun, is as cold as if it had been taken out of an ice-house; the banana and the platano, which much resemble each other, rearing their straight poles to the height of about ten feet, and having at their top a long rich cluster of fruit, together with large leaves that turn over and hang down like so many green fans, the sticks composing which have come apart; impenetrable hedges, formed of a sort of sharp-pointed aloe, called, I believe, *saporel*, and often tangled with flowering creepers; and whole fields in which pine-apples grow as thick as turnips with us,—these are some of the peculiarities that characterise the rural scenery near Havana.

I was sitting under one of a row of palms by a stream, near the Bishop's Garden, ruminating on the prospect, wondering whether the pre-adamite creation resembled that of the tropics, and fancying that I had seen resemblances in the fossils of the slate and coal formations to the vegetation around me, when I was startled from my reverie by a palm-leaf falling at my feet. So long, so thick, and so heavy was this branch-like leaf, and so great was the height from which it fell, that, had it lighted upon me, it would probably have done me a serious injury.

At Cuba, I had only one introduction of the slightest value. When I was at Havana, the English consul, Mr. Crawford, was absent; but through the friendliness of his brother, I had been provided with a letter of introduction to the consul of the United States,* General Campbell. Under such circumstances it was particularly gratifying to me to be received and treated by the American consul and his accomplished family with the kindness which they showed me.

At Cuba, Columbus first saw the red men smoke cigars, to which they gave the name of tobacco; and, with their lands, the white men have inherited one remarkable trait of their predecessors, for the Cubans smoke after every meal, and indeed almost all day long. This, either from the nature of the climate, or from living, even when in the house, exposed

* The government of the United States is in America often called by the cant phrase of "Uncle Sam," from, I am told, the initial letters of United States and Uncle Sam being the same.

to the open air, whoever stays in Cuba can do with impunity. When I wanted some cigars I asked General Campbell from whom he could recommend me to buy them. He mentioned Ugues as a person of remarkable integrity, and one in whose manufactory nothing but the best tobacco was used. Smokers may have a curiosity to know what in Cuba I paid for his cigars. I paid, then, four dollars a hundred for large cigars of the regalia size, and a dollar and a quarter a hundred for cigars of the size most commonly smoked in London. Both were made of the same tobacco; but the former were not only larger, but were twisted with greater smoothness, so as to make them look, but not smoke, better.

Amongst the charms of Havana were the baths cut out, in little chambers, in the coral reefs, upon which the portion of the city, facing the sea, is built. You cannot bathe in the open sea, or you would be devoured by sharks; but these baths are close to the sea, and have loopholes cut in the rock, opening into it; so that each wave which breaks against the shore enters them. Sheds are erected over these baths, and you pay a small piece of silver money for the privilege of using a bath. There is here a rise and fall of the tide of about two feet only. I used to go early every morning to these baths.

From Havana I went by railroad half a day's journey to the village of Guiness, on the opposite side of the island, in order to see some coffee and sugar plantations; and I found several of my countrymen on the train filling the office of enginemen. All that I saw of Cuba that was cultivated at all, was cultivated carefully; and artificial irrigation was there much practised.

Whilst I was at Guiness, an advertisement of a bull-fight in the town at the opposite side of the harbour to Havana, appeared in the newspapers. It was to take place on the afternoon of the following day; so, on the following morning, I returned to Havana that I might not lose the only opportunity that I might ever have of seeing the celebrated national amusement of the Spaniards. The reader may have seen the Coliseum, or may be acquainted with the description of it in Corinne: "Ce superbe édifice servit d'arène aux gladiateurs combattant contre les bêtes féroces. C'est ainsi qu'on amusait et trompait le peuple Romain par des émotions fortes, alors que les sentiments naturels ne pouvaient plus avoir l'essor. L'on entrait par deux portes dans le Colysée: l'une qui était consacrée aux vainqueurs, l'autre par laquelle on emportait les morts. Singulier mépris pour l'espèce humaine que de destiner d'avance la mort ou la vie de l'homme au simple passe-temps d'un spectacle. Titus, le meilleur des empereurs, dédia ce Colysée au peuple Romain." And the wooden amphitheatre, the *plaza de toros*, situated some mile or mile and a half from Havana, was just such a building as in the days of Titus might have been erected as the provincial Coliseum of some remote city of the Roman empire. The amphitheatre was open to the heaven; and the tiers of seats were protected from the infuriated bull by being raised a considerable height above the arena. There were three gates leading into the arena; through one of these, over which appeared a royal banner and a military band, the champions on horseback entered; through another the live bulls entered; and through the third the dead bulls and dead horses were dragged; and, probably, had any of the men in the bull-fight been "butchered to make a" Cuban "holiday," they would have been carried

off through the same. On this occasion, a strong wooden cage, as big as a room, had been fixed in the centre of the arena; and, to diversify the amusement of the day, a bull and a tiger were introduced into it that they might fight; but, having approached each other, they seemed soon to come to an understanding, that it should not be their own faults if they were killed for the public amusement; and, declining the combat, they drew off to opposite corners of the cage. The ladies of Cuba, unlike their sisters of Spain, have now discontinued attending bull-fights: and, from my own experience of the intense all-absorbing interest which the spectator feels in these exhibitions, I will add that it is an instance of self-denial for which they deserve no little credit. Would you recal the sensations with which, at your first play, you watched the clashing of the swords of the actors, whose combat and whose danger seemed to your experience to have something of reality? If so, attend a bull-fight. True, it is a cruel pastime. It may make you feel faint or sick to read or to hear its details, but not to see them. Your blood will be too hot, your heart will beat too quick for that. Sick or faint! who ever was sick or faint when the trumpet sounded for the charge of cavalry, though the dead and the dying were heaped around him!

Well, here, too, the trumpet sounds; the gate of one of the entrances—it is the *toril*—is thrown open, and the devoted bull advances through that gate, by which, for him, there is no return. Already the *picador*, mounted and gorgeously attired, and protected as to his right leg with a sort of iron jack-boot, is in the arena. He bears a lance not armed with a spear, but a goad; and is sitting on a worn-out hack, the eyes of which are covered, that he may the more willingly obey the bridle. He has been endeavouring to make poor Rosinante curvet—poor Rosinante, whose long services to the human race deserve an easier, if not a later, death than that with which he is threatened! Should the bull be eager for the combat, the *picador* couches his lance, and hastens to meet him. It is his object to strike the lance into the shoulder of the bull as he makes his charge, and by main force to push back or turn him, so as to prevent him from closing upon the horse. Sometimes, however, the bull catches the horse with his horns in the belly, and lifts both horse and man in the air, or throws both together on the ground; and then pedestrian bull-fighters rush forward, and, shaking their bright cloaks in his face, endeavour to draw him away from his victims. On one occasion, when the bull had made a successful charge, the spectators called out to the rider to look at his horse. He turned round and rode out of the arena, the poor animal being in a state which I have too much consideration for the reader to describe. If the bull is not disposed to "show fight," he is rendered furious by barbed darts, sometimes with little flags, and sometimes with lighted crackers at their upper end, which are dexterously thrown and stuck into his neck. These darts are called *banderillas*. If the bull is "game," these darts are not thrown at him at first, and, indeed, the darts with crackers are not used at all. When the *picador* has had some encounters, the *banderilleros*, in smart and tight fancy dresses with short jackets, and bearing in the one hand a *banderilla*, and in the other a cloak, play their part on foot. They shake their cloaks in the bull's eyes, and then, when he rushes at them, they, just as he is upon them, trip on one side, and

insult his failure by sticking a dart into his neck as he passes. When they are very hard pressed, they run into one of several little passages which are made by putting up a few strong boards, so near the side of the arena, that there is just room for a man to enter. The most extraordinary circumstance in the sport, and that which demonstrates what an intensity of interest it must create, is that, when the bull makes a successful charge, the whole amphitheatre resounds just as much with the cry of "*Toro! toro!*" as it does with the appropriate language of applause, when the *picador* has gallantly charged him with his lance, or the *banderillero* has skilfully added another javelin to those on his mane, or the *matador* struck with unerring eye and hand the fatal stroke. Last enters the scene the messenger of death, the *matador*. He is armed with a two-edged sword, that rather resembles an old Roman sword, and has a cloak slung over his left arm. The bull is now nearly exhausted by fatigue and by loss of blood. But shall he expire, and unrevenged? He makes a last exertion, and strives, with a staggering foot, to rush at the *matador*. But the *matador*, stepping on one side, holds out to him with his left hand his cloak, while, with his right, as the bull is passing him, he plunges his sword through his chest, just between the shoulder-bone and the ribs, down to his heart, when—*procumbit humi bos*—a dead weight sinks upon the ground. Some half-naked negroes then enter the arena, and drag the body through the gate of the dead. A little sand is sprinkled over his blood; the band strikes up a tune; after which a lancer on a fresh horse, and a fresh bull, enter the lists. On the occasion on which I was present, four bulls and two horses were killed.

In Cuba, I understand, the public celebration of no religion but that of Rome is allowed. The cathedral at Havana had exquisite music, but the tunes and the instrumental performance more resembled those of an opera than did any which I had previously heard in a place of worship. Indeed, within the choir was a band, with violins and all kinds of musical instruments. It was generally, perhaps always, open* in the day, and was a sweet and cool retreat. But the object of most attraction there is contained in a niche in the wall of the chancel; for here, behind a mural monument, comprising a bust of Columbus, a sepulchral urn contains his honoured dust. The inscription on the monument, being translated, is as follows: "Oh, remains and image of the great Columbus, may you rest a thousand ages guarded in the urn and in the remembrance of our nation!"†

* In such places an Englishman must sometimes contrast with pain the conduct of the Church of Rome with that of some of the rulers of his own national Church. In the abbey church at Bath there is, or was, two or three years ago, service on some of the week days; but on these occasions the west entrance, with the nave, was shut up, and you approached the choir, where service was performed, by a little side-door at the east, missing altogether the part of the church which had grand proportions. If you wanted to see that, you had to find out the pew-opener, and pay her for turning the key of a door. Surely our ancestors erected such magnificent edifices under the impression that the mind of the worshipper might be elevated—that it might be better prepared to approach the throne of God by his passing through such a vestibule; and they never could have contemplated that a time would come when, just before and after service, it would be turned by the clergyman and churchwardens into a sixpenny peepshow.

† O restos e imagen del grande Colon, mil siglos durad guardados en la urna y en la remembracia de nuestra nacion!

The relics of Columbus have been almost as frequently moved as those of St. Cuthbert, who also had (if monkish chronicles are to be believed), though in a different sense,

Pointed to other worlds, and led the way.

The body of Columbus, which had been buried and reburied in Spain, was removed to the island of St. Domingo; and, hence, was at length collected in an urn, and carried to Cuba, all that remained of the first conqueror, legislator, and missionary, whose exploits the great ocean did not bound. The name of Columbus is by the Spaniards written Colon. The inscription on his first tomb—that at Valladolid—is literally translated in the following couplet:

To Castille and Leon
A new world gave Colon.*

Had this inscription been repeated, it would have seemed to reproach the Spaniards of the present day with the advantages which they have lost; for, of this vast gift, the islands of Cuba and Puerto Rico are all that they retain.

These islands used to be regarded politically as integral parts of Spain; and, as such, sent representatives to the Spanish cortes. And, though the privileges of these islands (which may be presumed never to have comprised sufficient guarantees for liberty) have in some respects been curtailed, they, for some purposes, and especially those of taxation, are still treated as portions of the mother country. The taxes of Cuba contribute a most important proportion of the Spanish revenue. Hence, quite independently of all general considerations of the balance of power, any nation, whose private capitalists have advanced loans to the Spanish government on the security of its revenue, is bound, in justice to its own citizens, to endeavour, while such debts remain unpaid, to prevent Cuba from being wrested from Spain by foreign invasion. At the time of the recent sad and ill-advised expeditions of General Lopez, some of the United States newspapers, which supported the adventurers and the annexation of Cuba to the Union as the consequence of their enterprise, maintained that England would eventually attempt to appropriate it, if the United States did not anticipate her. Never was there a greater mistake. Why, England would not accept Cuba at a gift: for she is pledged to herself and to the world to possess no more slave-holding colonies; she never interferes with vested rights without giving compensation; and her people are not prepared to pay another 20,000,000*l.* sterling to purchase the freedom of the slaves of the Cubans. The taxes paid by Cuba to the Spanish treasury are an immense annual drain upon her resources. Still, however, she continues rich, and her planters rival in their wealth the opulent nobility of the old world. Their fields produce more than one crop of Indian corn in the year; and the sugar-cane, which in Louisiana

* A Castillo y a Leon
Nuevo mundo dio Colon.

Another version of the same original epitaph is:

Por Castilla y por Leon
Nuevo mundo hallo Colon.

Though no Spanish scholar, I have ventured to select the former as the neater of the two.

has to be planted every two or three years, continues in Cuba to yield crops for a long succession of years (I think for ten or twelve), from the same root. Cuba has no paper money, no copper currency that I ever saw, and no banks. Indeed, I was assured that the jealousy entertained by Spain of all sorts of meetings would prevent the establishment of such an institution as a joint stock bank in the island.

The Spaniards speak of the native Cuban colonists as being ignorant and degenerate, and frequently tainted with Indian and African blood. But this, we must recollect, is a description of a people given by those who have injured them, and who want an excuse for having deprived them of all the public offices of trust, honour, and emolument in their own island. The bureaucratic insolence of the Spanish stranger is felt from one end of Cuba to the other; and in the necessary intercourse with the authorities on the subject of passports—and you cannot move without one prescribing your route—the traveller observes more than the usual amount of that low swagger and lounging indifference which often characterise the dregs of official life.

The Cuban slave has one peculiar and valuable privilege, which should tend to make his master indulgent and himself industrious. If he wishes to change his master, and can get any one else to give for him a certain sum fixed by law, he can, on application to a public officer, compel his master to sell him to the purchaser that he has interested in his behalf. That this law is not a dead letter, I know; for an innkeeper at Guiness —a Mrs. Lawrence, from Boston in Massachusetts—told me that, much to her regret, she had through its operation been obliged to part with a valuable slave. On Sunday, it is a strange sight to a European, on walking through some of the back streets of Havana, to see, through the open windows of small houses of entertainment kept exclusively for them, negroes in fantastic groups; some dancing, while others are playing instruments; and all apparently as merry and thoughtless as young children just escaped from their task at school for a holiday.

Their dances and their instruments were African. Sometimes they knew them only through the traditions of their parents, but often, alas! they themselves had danced them and played them in Africa; and occasionally, it is probable, even within a few months of the day on which I was present at their performance. It was quite notorious—I was told it over and over again—that, on the payment to the captain-general of a fixed proportionate sum, a Cuban might import as many African slaves as a slaver could contrive to run upon the coast, notwithstanding that ever since 1821 their importation had been forbidden by law and by treaty. I am sorry that I did not at the time write down the amount of bribe which had to be paid for the introduction of each slave. I believe it was two doubloons, and a doubloon is worth sixteen dollars, or about £3 5s. of English money. It is just possible that the sum mentioned to me may have been three doubloons—and I am willing that the captain-general should have the advantage of the doubt—and, if it were so, I have done the injustice of rating the price of the honour and honesty of the highest Spanish official at Cuba between £3 and £4 lower than its common market price. In estimating, however, a man's conduct, one must not omit entirely from consideration the standard of the class and country to which he may belong. You would not have hoped for the

same grace in the inhabitant of Memphis, who had been taught that in the river the crocodile, and in the air the beetle, presented fitting objects of worship, that you would have required in his Athenian contemporary, whose wont long had been, at the shrine of Delphi,

> To "view the Lord of the unerring bow,
> The God of life, and poetry, and light—
> The Sun in human limbs array'd, and brow
> All radiant from his triumph in the fight;"

and at the Temple of Cyprus, to wreathe, with votive myrtle,

> The shrinking "statue that enchants the world."

And it would, perhaps, have been unfair to have expected that the common amount of integrity of a gentleman of the United States, or of England, should have been found in the Conde de Alcoy. Still let us hope that the change, which has since taken place, may have been for the better; as he has recently been superseded.

It is a more profitable speculation, where it is practicable, to import than breed slaves; hence, in Cuba, few women are imported in proportion to the men, and successive generations of negroes are "used up" and replaced by others from Africa. The continuance of the slave-trade is opposed to the principles of the northern and southern portions of the United States, and to the pecuniary interests of their southern planters. The planter of the Union does not increase his stock of slaves by importation, but his Cuban and Brazilian rivals do; therefore they can raise produce like his by cheaper labour.

A letter, dated 2nd of May, 1850, was written to me by an able friend, living in a British colony, in which, to a commission for the suppression of the slave trade, he fills a judicial situation; and I will make a quotation from it: merely adding, that, as it was only a few weeks before the first of these two chapters on North America was published that I determined upon writing upon that subject at all, I have not had time to obtain the permission of my correspondent to make use of his letter; but that, as my object is to give the matter to which he alludes some slight additional chance of falling under the eye of the philanthropic politicians of the United States, I trust he will forgive the liberty. The letter says, "No country is more severe upon slave-trading than the United States, when she fairly catches her subjects in the act; but, unfortunately, the American flag is much prostituted in the provision of slaves to Brazil and Cuba by means of United States vessels, which are really sold to Brazilians, but go to the coast of Africa under United States colours, by which means they avoid the search of our ships (as America never would give us a right of search) until our cruisers are out of the way, when slaves are popped on board, the Brazilian flag hoisted, or none at all, and the venture fairly off towards Brazil or the Spanish colonies, as the case may be. This iniquitous state of things, unworthy of the Americans in every way, has been alluded to by the president in his address to congress. I am sorry to say our commission has had many opportunities of attesting the fact. Two cases were particularly iniquitous. They occurred on the east coast of Africa, and were those of the American vessels the *Kentucky* and the *Porpoise*."

Understanding from some of my late fellow-passengers, citizens of the United States, that they had received letters from home, informing them

that General Lopez was likely to land an invading force on the island in a few days, and being anxious, in consequence of my ignorance of Spanish, to leave before any confusion occurred, I embarked at Havana for New Orleans in a sailing-vessel called the *Adams Gray*, and arrived at my destination not many days before Lopez and his companions did at theirs.

In Cuba there is an export duty on tobacco; but, as I took away with me only a few boxes containing 800 cigars, the custom-house officers said that they should not exact it. At New Orleans, however, my cigars were taken to the custom-house; and it cost me two hours' time and forty per cent. duty, to get them through it. At all the ports of the United States that I entered, the passengers' luggage is examined by the custom-house officers on board the vessel which brings you, instead of being, as it is with us—to the great loss of time of the passenger—most unnecessarily, and therefore most improperly, taken to the custom-house to be overhauled. It is some years since I have landed at the port of London. When I last, however, had the misfortune to have my trunk and carpet-bag in its custom-house, I observed that after the examination was done, a sort of porter, who had been watching for you in the custom-house, came up to the different passengers and asked them whether they wanted a hackney-coach; then, having brought it to the door, he proceeded much in this fashion, "M'am, allow me to take your work-bag; pray, m'am, let me carry that cloak; sir, your umbrella and stick, if you please." But when, under the escort of this civil porter, you arrived at the coach-door, you found that he had not only a specific charge for calling the coach, but also a separate authorised demand of so many pence for every separate article which he had carried. It might have been thought that as passengers' luggage had not been carried into the custom-house for their own gratification, it would have been carried out of it without putting them to expense. I should like to know how much, and to whom, these civil porters paid for permission to wait in the rooms of the custom-house. Can government have allowed this miserable pettiness to continue last year, and disgrace us before the world?

But let us return to New Orleans. Though the northern people, bringing with them their English names, are greatly increasing in numbers at New Orleans, and though there is an immense amount of English capital invested in this city, and many English merchants and clerks residing there, and even some London shopkeepers having branches of their establishments, yet all the older parts of the city are unmistakeably French. Here the inscriptions over the shops are in the French language, and, in it, the actors perform and the Church of Rome preaches.

An Englishman is accustomed to see ships; the great amount of shipping, therefore, at the lower end of the crescent sweep of the river, upon which the city is built, has for him none of the interest of novelty; but, proceeding upward on the "levee," or artificial bank protecting the land from the river, he arrives at such a sight as has never been seen elsewhere than at New Orleans. Here he finds I should think at least two miles, and perhaps more, of wharfage quite filled with a continuous line of nothing but immense river-steamboats. Nor is that surprising, when it is considered that the Mississippi and its tributaries, and the tributaries again which fall into them, have been calculated to afford a freshwater

steam-navigation of 16,674 miles in extent; that the country which they water comprises the most fertile soil in the world; and that the race inhabiting it has often shown in, portions both of New and Old England, that it had energy to make the least fertile productive, or, if at length it should be found unprofitable to plough the land, would plough the sea instead, and reap from that its golden harvest. With the increase of the population each year, there must be an increased development of the boundless resources of the mighty west. But is New Orleans likely to retain her relative importance? Will she still continue to receive consignments from every land from which the Mississippi obtains waters? Probably not; for last spring was nearly completed, and perhaps may now be quite, a line of railroad connecting the upper part of the Ohio river with New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, all Atlantic ports; and, as canal and railroad communications increase, the "western waters" must be "tapped," and cheap and rapid communications must be made uniting some of the cities of the Ohio with Richmond on the James's river, and some of the cities of the Mississippi with Charleston; both of which communicate with the Atlantic Ocean. The distance from New Orleans to the Gulf of Mexico is considerable, and the navigation tedious and winding. Several vessels are generally towed up to New Orleans together by a steamer; but, under any circumstances, the ascent of the river is a great increase of expense. For this reason, and because the Atlantic cities are far nearer Europe, much of the western commerce is likely to be eventually transferred from New Orleans to the "Atlantic cities." The "crescent city" is, I think, the dearest place that I ever was in; and money seems here to be made and squandered with the greatest rapidity. Here, as indeed in some other portions of the Southern States, you see no copper-money in circulation; the only place at which it is the custom to receive or pay it being the Post Office.

In England, from the circumstances of our population, there are two words, which, though not strange in sound, do not for the most part convey to us very definite ideas. It is not improbable that, if a party of English persons were suddenly asked to give a synonyme for the word "creole," some of them would answer "quadroon"—a mistake for which I can assure them they would not very readily be pardoned by an individual properly comprised under the former appellation, whatever they might by that under the latter. But both creoles and quadroons are abundant in New Orleans. I conceive the term quadroon, defined with precision, to mean that variety of the human race which is born from the union of a white father with a mother who was the child of a white man and an unmixed negress. But I think in the United States it is commonly applied to all those mixed descendants of the African and European races, in which the complexion more nearly approaches that of the white than that of the black ancestors. In Tchudi's Travels in Peru, a German work, of which an English translation has been published in the United States, is to be found a distinct Spanish name for almost every possible cross of the European, African, and American-Indian races amongst each other. In all of the slave-holding states of the Union, a white person is prohibited by law from intermarrying with any one, whether free or slave, who has "coloured blood." And, in the non-slave-holding states, almost as strong an interdiction to such an alliance is placed by public custom and opinion. Nowhere, I believe, throughout the United States,

would "a coloured person" be permitted to sit down at a *table-d'hôte* together with those of the white race. And the effect of a single cross is visible to the experienced eye of a native for remote generations. To us, in a country inhabited by a race exclusively Caucasian, these laws and customs, at the first view, appear unreasonably hard; yet I presume that there they are desirable or necessary, in order to procure a most important result—namely, the maintenance of the purity of the white race.* But neither law nor custom inexorably prohibits an intermarriage with those of Indian descent. The blood of the Princess Pocahuntas, whose warm, generous heart has long since mouldered in British soil, is still respected in the veins of some of the gentry of Virginia.†

The story of Pocahuntas is a beautiful episode in the heroic period of American history. Shortly after the commencement of the seventeenth century, Captain Smith, the most able and enterprising of the settlers in the new colony of Virginia, had been taken prisoner by the Indians, and was sentenced by their emperor, Powhatan, to have his brains dashed out; when the favourite daughter of the monarch, the young Pocahuntas, whose tears had been unable to move the stern resolve of her father, rushing to the spot of execution, laid her own head between the head of the prostrate victim and the upraised clubs of the executioners. It was too much: the father yielded. Pocahuntas afterwards was converted to Christianity, and married to an English gentleman of the name of Rolfe, who was one of the colonists. She then visited England, where she was received with distinction; and, as she was preparing to return to her native country, died at Gravesend.

Gentle spirit! who can tell when shall end the influence of thy deed of mercy? Already, for two centuries, have the severe laws, which forbid the amalgamation of the distinct varieties of the human race, been relaxed for thee! Already, for two centuries, when the rifle of the white man has covered the naked breast of an Indian foe, oft, at the remembrance of thy sweet story, has its point been turned harmless to the ground!

But it is now time to inquire what means a creole in New Orleans. I had some notion that it might there mean a very pretty woman. In my faith, however, in this interpretation of the word, I was soon a good deal shaken; not (as every reader who has been at New Orleans will readily believe) by hearing the term applied to a lady who was otherwise, but by seeing on a barn-door the words "creole hay," and on the breakfast bill of fare at the St. Charles's hotel the words "creole eggs." In my perplexity, I applied, on the latter occasion, to the Irish waiter who

* M. de Beaumont, the travelling companion in America of M. de Tocqueville, author of "Démocratie en Amérique," does not appear to have valued or seen this. His novel, "Marie ou l'Esclavage aux Etats-Unis," in which he appears to have aimed at doing for the United States that which Madame de Staël, in her "Corinne," has done for Italy, contains observations on society often acute, delicate, and subtle—what the French call *fin*—but does not show the mind of a statesman or philosopher. It indicates the possession of perceptive, rather than of reflective, powers.

† Yet I am assured, by those who have lived in Central America, that, in some of the nations there, a cross of African is considered less discreditable than a cross of Indian blood. So unfixed on some subjects are the foundations of public opinion.

was standing behind my chair, to know what "creole eggs" were. And he answered me as glibly as possible, "Boiled eggs, please your honor. 'Creole' means boiled." But it could not well bear that meaning, I thought, when applied to hay, let alone ladies; so I made further inquiries. The result was the information that creole is, by interpretation, "native;" that, when applied in the United States to persons, it implies that they were of pure white descent, though not necessarily sprung from any particular state or nation, and that they had been born either in Louisiana or Florida; which states, in the early part of this century, were acquired,—the one from France, and the other from Spain.*

I learnt, also, that when applied to hay, it meant that made in the neighbourhood, and which consequently had not run the risk of getting wet in a voyage; and that when applied to eggs, it meant such as were the produce of the surrounding poultry-yards, and might, therefore, be fresh; whereas, those which were imported, and not "creole," could not be so. I will not conclude this philological disquisition without adding that the creole ladies of New Orleans are considered to be distinguished for grace and beauty of person, and taste and simplicity of dress.

As the reader, however unwilling he might have been to leave the creoles themselves, will have no objection by this time to leave the discussion of them, we will, with his permission, proceed together to Mobile.†

New Orleans is built on a narrow slip of land of five or six miles in width, pressed on the one side by the Mississippi and on the other by Lake Pontchartrain, which opens into Lake Borne, an arm of the Gulf of Mexico. A half hour's afternoon ride on a railway takes you from New Orleans to Lake Pontchartrain, whence, by the next morning, a steamer will have transported you to Mobile, in the state, and on the river, of Alabama, and in the immediate vicinity of the Gulf of Mexico.

I shall always recollect with pleasure a drive which one of my countrymen, a gentleman long settled, and much respected, at Mobile, took me to the Magnolia Grove, some five or six miles off. It consists of two or three acres of magnolia-grandifloræ, growing to the size that oaks with us attain in about seventy years. On the one side of this is the Gulf, on the other a forest, principally of pines.

In a letter dated from Mobile, 28th of January, 1851, which a friend has lent me to refresh my memory, I find that I have made a few observations which I will copy: "I was at the St. Charles' Hotel (New Orleans) when the fire occurred. I sent you a newspaper with an account of it. The woods in this neighbourhood ('section of country' is the common American phrase) are principally composed of evergreen trees. In them the magnolia, the live oak, and the pitch-pine strive for the mastery. The boll of a magnolia in one of the native woods here I measured, and found that, about four feet from the ground, it was ten feet and three-quarters in circumference. The pine here has a very long leaf, and the wood is of a reddish colour. It is used by the French and Spaniards

* *Créole* is a French word: the corresponding Spanish word is *criollo*.

† I took this route from New Orleans when I was leaving it the following winter; but on my return from Cuba I ascended the Mississippi, as is mentioned in the previous part.

for the masts of ships; and the Indian women (who alone of the Indians work) bring it into the town on their backs, split up into small pieces, and sell it to light fires with. From the quantity of pitch in it, it burns like a candle. The live oak is an evergreen, which, in leaf and general appearance, something resembles the holm-oak with us. The wood is very valuable for ship-building. By-the-by, the finest holm-oaks which I recollect having seen are in the garden of the rectory at Sedgefield. They were planted by the celebrated Bishop Louth, when he was there as rector. I shall shortly start for Charleston, South Carolina."

It may have been observed that, at the commencement of the foregoing extract, the sending of a newspaper was mentioned. This newspaper was very likely the New Orleans *Picayune*, which is so called from the name, at New Orleans, of the piece of Spanish money charged* for it, as the *Gazzetta*, a single sheet published in Venice in the sixteenth century (whence our *Gazette*), was called from the name of a coin there, worth about an English halfpenny, for which it was sold. In the United States the Spanish silver money is as common as that from their own national mints. The Spanish half medio, the lowest Spanish coin in common currency there, is a small piece of silver, of which sixteen make a dollar, and which is worth, therefore, six and a quarter cents. It is in New Orleans called a picayune (possibly from the Italian *piccino*, small, and the French *un*, one); in New York it is called a sixpence, and in Boston a fourpence. The price of a London daily newspaper is, in United States money, ten cents; and though the London publisher has to pay a stamp duty and a duty on paper, which the New Orleans publisher escapes, yet, considering that the newpapers issued by the former is, on an average, more than twice the size of that issued by the latter, the London newspaper is the cheaper of the two.

But *revenons à nos moutons*. In order to get from Mobile to Charleston, you ascend the Alabama in a steamboat as far as the city of Montgomery. Thence you might proceed, when I was there, nearly all the way —and, probably, now, all the way—by railroad. But if you should wish to see something more of the principal cities of Georgia than you would have an opportunity of doing by that route (and they are worth seeing), you should first go to the young, handsome, and rapidly rising city of Macon, and thence proceed by railroad to Savannah, which is a seaport, and is the chief commercial city of the rapidly improving state of Georgia.

Excepting Boston (where there is a handsome park, modestly called the common), every city, I believe, and every village, throughout the Union, is adorned, in a great proportion of its streets, with avenues of trees; but no other city, that I ever visited in any part of the world, is so beautifully planted, in its streets and squares, as Mobile. Here the trees are principally evergreen; and in the streets the magnolia and live oak grow side by side. The magnolia is found gradually to dwindle as you proceed north; but as far north as Virginia you may see it, in pleasure grounds, of the size of an oak of forty years' old with us.

A single night's voyage in a mail steamer will take you from Mobile to Charleston.

Though the traveller may miss the daisy from the meadow and the

* The leading newspapers of Washington—the *Intelligencer*, the *Union*, and the *Republic*—are ably and honourably conducted, and cost six cents each. The *New York Herald*, remarkable for early information, costs two cents.

nightingale from the grove, he must have been unfortunate or unobservant in the American domestic circles in which he has been introduced, if he has never found ample consolation for their absence, in that modesty and melody of which the flower and the bird are the appropriate emblems. Still, in their woods, the Americans have no feathered nightingales. With this knowledge, when Mademoiselle Jenny Lind was expected in Virginia, I scribbled a few verses; and I will just give a touch to the first and the last verses, in order to make them run more smoothly; and then, with apologies, transcribe them:

A WELCOME TO RICHMOND, IN VIRGINIA, FOR THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE.

What! if warm be the hearts, or if bright be the flowers,
In the Richmond reflected in calm-flowing Thames;
Warm hearts too are ours, and beautiful bowers,
In the Richmond that greets thee where gushes the James

Here's thy own fitting arbour, thy sweet myrtle bough;
Here the yet virgin rosebud for thee is array'd;
She had listened till now to no nightingale's vow,
But had deem'd that unlov'd on her stalk she must fade

Here from rich Alabama, from Florida fair,
For thy welcome hath stray'd the magnolia tree;
And the storms of the air each sweet chalice yet spare,
That bears in pure dew a fit offering for thee.

When I commenced writing on America, I intended to dismiss my subject, immense as it was, in a single article; but, as I went on, I discovered that, in spite of me, my matter would expand into two. And now that, near the end of January, I have produced an article already of reasonable length, and have a head and hand that ache with writing, I find that much that I might say remains untold. The patience of the reader, however, shall no longer be trespassed upon by details. But I will conclude with a few observations on the United States, in regard to the appearance of the country, the prospect of the emigrant, the character of the native, and the nature of the government; and then drop my pen, trusting that any reader, who on either side of the Atlantic may chance to look at these articles, will excuse such faults* as haste or any other cause, except design (for of faults arising from that cause I have none), may have produced.

What, then, exclusive of their obvious difference in extent of territory, are some of the striking points of physical dissimilitude to England in the country comprised under the great American Union? The rude wooden fences of various forms, sometimes Vandyked, sometimes straight; the entire absence of hawthorn hedges, to which one of the insects of America has been found fatal; the country-houses and the watering-place hotels, often imposing from their size and pillared pediments, yet

* I find that in my first article I have made two errors—one in the text, the other in a note. The former is that I confounded Mr. Isaac P. Walker, who is, and was, when I was at Washington, one of the senators from the state of Wisconsin, with Mr. R. J. Walker, who is now in England, and was formerly Secretary of the Treasury, to a government composed of the democratic party. The latter error is that I stated the annual allowance of the President of the United States to have been 20,000 dollars, or a little more than £4000, whereas it is 25,000 dollars, or a little more than £5000.

constructed of wood painted white; large cities in the east, where the prospect is not obscured by smoke, but where, from the use of anthracite coal, the rooms are scorched as if heated by hot iron; fields of Indian corn, amongst the stalks of which it is hardly an exaggeration to say that Gulliver might have been lost; the magnolia and evergreen-oak vindicating their places amongst the trees of the southern forest; the cedar —more resembling the yew than the cedar of Lebanon—predominating in the north; the extensive pine barrens of the south-east, where the tapped sides of the exhausted trees distil pitch; the boundless prairies of the south and west, into some of which the bee alone, of European explorers, has yet penetrated; the occasional island-like clumps within them, where the trees for successive generations live and die without the aid of man; the orchards of standard peach-trees; the cyprus —not the sombre tree that alone, of all that he had cultivated, would follow the Roman to his grave, but one shedding its light-green, delicate, larch-like leaves, and raising its red and stool-like roots over the unreclaimed swamps of the south; the adjacent banks of the stagnant bayou, ths summer basking-place of the terrapin and the alligator; the frequent buzzard, protected as a scavenger; the recently cleared lands of the West, in which stumps of trees still project, the ready tribunes of the rustic orator; the gay plumage of the red-bird of the South; the fairy proportions of the humming-bird, hovering over the flowers and dipping its tiny beak into their cups; the butterfly that is his rival in size and in beauty; the fire-fly, through the greater part of the year glancing at night like a little meteor; the sea-like rivers; the ocean-like lakes; the bright blue of the sky; the rich clear-obscure of the mid-night heaven, the dazzling sunlight, so dazzling that at mid-day the blinds of the drawing-rooms are kept down and the shutters three-parts closed to exclude the glare; the gay and gorgeous sunsets; and the tints of the autumnal forest, not less gay and gorgeous—all these distinguish it from England.

The prospect of the emigrant to the United States from the British Isles shall now have a brief consideration.

Of the emigrants of our nation, the English emigrant, who should bring some property with him, would very likely be the least successful. Unless the promises, contrasted with the performances, of the English railroads, have given him a lesson, he might perhaps be lead by plausible representations, of which he would meet plenty, into ruinous investments; and then, erroneously supposing that the loss of money in a new country, was as irrecoverable a thing as in an old, might fail in heart and energy. The Scottish emigrant would keep clear of such speculations; and the Irish emigrant, if he got into them, would not care. When in the autumn of 1849, I was at Oswego, in the western part of the state of New York, I made some inquiries of a common Irish labourer as to his wages and mode of living. He said he received three quarters of a dollar a day, which is 3s. and 2d., or 3d., in English money;* but had to pay two dollars a-week for board, and also to pay for his washing. If he had a lot of garden ground, he complained that he should have to pay a

* His pay in Ireland would, I believe, have been then about 8d., or 16 cents, if he found himself in food; and would now be about 1s., or 24 cents.

local tax for a school, whether he had children to attend it or not. He did not seem satisfied with his change of country; being probably an idle fellow, and finding that here, to get well paid he must work hard. He complained that, when working on the railroads, he was not allowed to smoke a pipe. Indeed, I afterwards understood from a gentleman of the greatest experience in the railroads of the United States, that the railroad contractors carried matters with a very high hand towards the Irish labourers, having found that concession made them insolent and unmanageable. The Irish labourers bring over, and retain, the cunning and the ignorance of savages; but their children get an education, which narrow bigotry would have denied them in their own country, and they rise into "Americans." The Irish male labourers will not, for the most part, settle in country places as farm-servants, but stay in the great cities, or work in gangs on the public works; that they may have their joke, their drinking bout, and their row together; though they and their families would get on better if dispersed. Irish female emigrants, destitute and nearly starving, often refuse to go into domestic service in the country.* They are said to be very wasteful in the kitchens. In the United States, English domestic servants are scarce, and are much valued.

The situation of a white domestic servant in the southern states is not desirable; for he belongs to no class, has no equals or companions, unless, indeed, he goes as a waiter to one of the very large hotels. A southern lady, however, sometimes has at the head of her establishment a white housekeeper, who, never sitting or eating with the negroes, regards herself almost as the equal of (a word that she would not use for the world) her *mistress*. A small farmer, or a respectable and educated labourer, might do very well, as a family man, if he could get the situation of overseer on a plantation; *i.e.*, a large estate in the south, which the proprietor himself farms. All the overseers are white men, and exercise a delegated authority over the negroes. The houses provided for them are comfortable, and their situation is considered respectable.

The negroes are a careless race. They cannot be induced to keep flower-gardens in good order, and are apt to dig up flowers for weeds; hence a gardener, who would go round and attend the garden lots on which many of the houses are situated, would do well in the southern cities.

As a general rule, much more capital is required to set up as a farmer in the southern than in the northern states; the land there being cultivated almost entirely by the labour of slaves, who must be bought or

* The great drawback to the comfort of living in the Northern States, is the difficulty of getting, and keeping, passably good servants. This difficulty is amusingly illustrated, with perhaps some exaggeration, in "The Recollections of a Housekeeper," a now rather scarce book, of which Mrs. Gilman is the authoress. The negroes in the South do not make what we, in England, should consider first-rate servants; but they get into the ways of their masters, and must remain with them. The adventures of a settler in the outskirts of civilisation in the far West, are most interestingly pourtrayed in a work, called "A New Home. Who'll follow?" by Mrs. Mary Clavers. The work, however, is written by a lady of the name of Kirkland; and the incidents contained in it have, for the most part, I am assured, actually occurred.

hired. Should an English farmer wish to settle in the United States, he should go to the north-east, if he consider the obtaining for his children a very good education a sufficient advantage to counterbalance the dissatisfaction of having to plough a not very grateful soil; but if his object be to procure land, at the same time wonderfully productive and cheap, he should emigrate to the free states of the west, say, for instance, the states of Ohio and Illinois. Labour in these states he would find dear; but, if he have a family of sons, he must make them work; and in the end he will probably become rich himself, and be able to establish his sons on farms of their own. After a residence of five years in the Union, emigrants may claim naturalisation; but those, least qualified by their antecedents to discharge the duties of American citizens, often anticipate the period by perjury; and to this none of the political parties venture to make an objection, lest it should lose them votes.

The best dish exclusively American is the canvas-back duck. One of the peculiarities of their table is the various shapes in which Indian corn appears. We in England never see it, or if by strange chance we should, we do not like it, for we do not know how to dress it. This is to be regretted, as the use of it would effect a great saving to us. A book, written by Miss Leslie, the sister of the painter and Royal Academician of that name, and published at Philadelphia for a quarter of a dollar, under the name of the "Indian Meal-book," gives the best receipts for dressing it. At Montpelier, the capital of the state of Vermont, I met with an excellent brown bread, which I was told was in common use throughout New England, and which in taste and appearance much resembled such brown wheat bread as I had eaten in the West Riding of Yorkshire. I asked how it was made. The receipt was as follows:—one-third of rye to two-thirds of Indian corn meal; to which, for a good-sized loaf, add half a pint of treacle. The bread is made with yeast and water. Most cattle in the United States are found to thrive upon Indian corn, excepting cows in milk; for them it is found too heating, as it drys up their milk.

Probably in no other country is there so high an average of morality as in the United States. In no other country do the women devote themselves so assiduously to the care of their families and their household duties, or the men to the pursuit of their respective trades or professions. Indeed, if a change were to be made, it would be desirable that it should be rather by relaxing than increasing the pertinacity with which each sex follows its peculiar avocations. The Americans are said to be eager to make money in the way of their business; but they are very willing to spend it on their own pleasures, and those of their families and friends. And there is no other country in which the man, who, having acted honourably, had been overwhelmed by commercial misfortunes, would be so generously supported and set up again by his friends, as he would in the United States. It grates upon the ear of an Englishman to hear the word "smart" sometimes applied to such pecuniary transactions as elsewhere would not have had their acuteness put forward as their most prominent characteristic. But, nevertheless, New York, and other great commercial cities of the Union, are not without firms which, for integrity—ay, and liberality—would advantageously compare with any in the world.

The inhabitants of the different states differ greatly. If there is any

one characteristic in which they all agree with each other, and differ from the rest of the world, that should be sought. It was said, and truly, of the Americans, by one of their presidents, that they are "a very go-a-head people,"—meaning that the American citizen is the most enterprising of men. The American is more enterprising than the Englishman, because, in his wide and comparatively thinly-peopled country, should he fail in one business, he may succeed in another; should he be unprosperous in this state, he may establish himself in the next. Nor must we omit this from our consideration of the relative risks encountered, that a mere commercial failure attaches to it more of disgrace in England than it does in the United States.

The Americans are, amongst themselves, fond of titles, regarding them as honourable badges of the confidence of the people. Once a governor of a state, or once a judge, you are ever after addressed as "governor" or "judge;" and he who has ever been a member of the national or of any state legislature, is addressed as "the honourable" for life. Though amongst the Americans you do not, as with us, see such interesting announcements as that, "by special appointment of the Lord Chamberlain, Messrs. —— have become purveyors of cat's-meat to her Majesty," you often observe, ostentatiously displayed in the shop-windows (what produces, no doubt, as great an effect), such autograph letters as the following: "Madame,—I beg to inform you that I have received and tried your new lozenges; and have wonderfully recovered.—Your obedient servant, MILLARD FILLMORE, President of the United States." Or: "Mr. Webster presents his compliments to the proprietors of the new cast-iron coffin works. Though, from circumstances, he has been debarred from doing more than inspecting the specimen obligingly sent, he entertains no doubt that it is as airy, roomy, and comfortable as, for its purpose, could be desired."

The Americans, considered throughout the length and breadth of their land, are a good-natured and a most kind-hearted people. *Cæteris paribus*, I had rather ask or receive a favour from an American than from an Englishman. Throughout the United States you are allowed the privilege of making a call in the evening.* And where, in England, you would think it right merely to leave a card, without asking to go in, you had better not do so in America, as it would probably be considered unfriendly. The exquisite—drawling in the "Tenth don't dance" style, such as you sometimes see amongst the young men of our universities and our army—is not known to the entomologists of America, except as a rare and curious British importation. You meet with much less of vulgar swagger in the United States than you do in our own manufacturing districts. When you do find it, it is commonly in a man who, being Irish or Scotch by birth, has risen in the country of his adoption beyond the hopes of his youth. To an American it has never seemed improbable that he should rise. On the whole, the legal society may be considered the best in the United States. The lawyer there, like our colonial barrister, unites the

* The saying of the late Earl of Dudley and Ward, who was possessed of a good character, high talents, and an income of between one and two hundred thousand pounds a-year, and was at one time a cabinet minister, had often been repeated even before it was published in the "Quarterly Review." It was, that, should he some evening want to have a cup of tea made for him, there was not a house in London where he could take the liberty of calling and asking for it.

business of counsel and attorney; but, unlike our own barristers, he generally unites, from the commencement of his career, the pursuit of politics with that of his profession. He is soon returned to his state, and hopes eventually to be returned to his national, legislature; while, on the other hand, the merchant, unlike our own, hardly ever seeks or finds admittance to a legislative body.

In beauty, the ladies of the United States have, on the average, the advantage of the ladies of Europe. But I cannot help remarking that—if those of the northern states could so far overcome their feminine reserve as to acknowledge, even by a slight inclination of the head, a consciousness that a gentleman, who has not been so fortunate as to be introduced to them, has yet been so fortunate as to give up to them his seat, to pick up their glove or handkerchief, or hand them the salt—such slight concessions to the universal manners of Europe would give them more in grace than it would detract in dignity.

The northern ladies have sometimes a voice that is rather nasal; an inheritance transmitted, with many virtues, from their Puritan ancestors, who, according to Hudibras, used on the "Sabbath" to

> Quarrel with minc'd pies, and disparage
> Their best and dearest friend—plum-porridge;
> Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
> And blaspheme custard through the nose.*

Nor can it with absolute veracity be asserted that they invariably possess that "excellent thing in woman,"† a low voice.

I do not know whether, as the northern people have preserved some peculiar tones of the Puritans, the southern may not be the last repositories of the accents of the Cavaliers, from whom many of them draw their descent. Certainly, the voice of a southern lady sounds rather foreign to an Englishman of the present day; and certainly the voice of a southern lady is the softest and most melodious English that he has ever heard. The southern ladies are in their manners very natural and winning. They have more of ease than their English, more of softness than their French, contemporaries. A southern lady seems at once to say or do the best thing, through the impulse of a heart, in the delicate and amiable instincts of which she has a right to confide. She does not pause to consider effect; and the effect produced is perfect.

Every one knows that in the United States there is no religion endowed by the state; though in the prayers read in Congress, and perhaps on some other occasions, there is a national acknowledgment of Christianity. Here the voluntary system has certainly answered. I have attended the services of various denominations of Christians, and have invariably found the pulpits and reading-desks well filled, and the congregations attentive. It is sometimes, however, a very reasonable ground of complaint, that the clergy, in their sermons, do not know when to stop.

Apropos of stopping, the "hour rule" in the national house of representatives produces a curious effect. When the allotted time has expired, down goes the auctioneer's hammer of the "Speaker," and knocks down the orator with his sentence unfinished. This has its advantages, but it provokingly reminded me of this passage in a farce:" "'And Flosbos sinks to eter'—nity, he would have said, but Fate cut short the thread, of

* Canto I., line 227. † King Lear.

his discourse and life, at once." In the national senate it is usual for only one lengthy oration to be made in the course of a day, so that a senator, intending to answer another, has all the evening to prepare himself. Cries of "hear! hear!" and "oh! oh!" are never heard in the legislative assemblies of the United States; and a long quotation or a tiresome speech is submitted to with a resignation unknown to us.

The "Protestant Episcopal Church," the daughter of our own English establishment, has made a few, and but very few, changes in its prayer-book from ours. These changes (one of which is the omission of the Athanasian creed) many both of our own clerical and lay members would regard as improvements. It every three years holds a convention, in which the bishops form an upper, and representatives from the clergy and laity, a lower, house.

"The Constitutions and Canons for the Government of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America" are published in New York. Dr. Wilberforce, the present Bishop of Oxford, has produced a history of this church; but I do not know what reputation the work bears in America.

The same differences have arisen in that Church that are agitating ours. Thus, in the adjoining dioceses, Dr. Lee, the Bishop of Maryland, is Low Church; Dr. Doane, the Bishop of New Jersey, is Tractarian; and Dr. Potter—a name distinguished in the literary and episcopal history of England during the last century, as it is now in the United States—occupying a middle path, presides, with zeal, dignity, and prudence, over the diocese of Pennsylvania.

The national government of the Union levies no taxes, but is supported by the duties on imports and the sale of public lands. The taxes imposed by the different states are generally not heavy, but the rates exacted for local purposes, education, police, public works, &c., are often exorbitant. Yet the opulent citizen of the United States has this great security against a tax, or the assessment of a tax, being inflicted on him that shall amount to confiscation, namely, that he can move to another city, another township, or another state, and, carrying his wealth with him, deprive the locality by which he has been injured of all future advantage from it.

Unlike ourselves, the Americans have a written constitution, for making any alteration in which greater formalities are required than for passing an ordinary law of congress. By this constitution all parties profess to hold; but, in some points, there is a slight difference in its interpretation; and the different political parties claim to be guided by different views of these points. The only two great parties of the nation were, till lately, the Whigs and the Democrats; but recently a third, called "The Free Soil Party," and characterised by great activity, has sprung up in the North. This last opposes the introduction into the Union of any more slave-holding states; and it opposed the passing, and still opposes the execution, of the law by which it was enacted, that slaves flying from their master to the free states should, on demand, be returned. By regarding these points as paramount, it seems to aim at exercising the same sort of influence in the United States that the Irish party does with us. The Whig party leans most to those portions of the constitution which aim at extending and strengthening the general government; whereas the Democratic party strives to render the separate states as independent of the general government as is possible within the limits of the constitution. All of its original independent sovereignty, that a state by its ascent to the con-

stitution of the Union has not expressly yielded to the national government, it still retains.

The slave-holding states are jealous of the least approach to national interference, and are, for the most part, democratic. The Democrats are free-traders, the Whigs are protectionists. In the north-eastern states many manufactories exist, but labour is dear; so the inhabitants want protection, in order to prevent countries where labour is cheap competing with the home producer in his own market, and are, consequently, Whigs. In the south and the west the land is very fertile, and the occupation is agriculture; so the inhabitants want free trade, in order that they may get a great foreign market for their produce, and are, consequently, Democrats. The mob of Irish and German emigrants know nothing about either party, except the names; but, liking the name of Democrat best, they vote for the candidates that are on what is called "the Democratic ticket." From these various causes the Whigs will not be able to carry a tarif more hostile to foreign manufactories than the present. Before every election, the Whigs and the Democrats have each a separate meeting, called a "caucus" meeting, to decide what candidates it is most desirable to place on their respective "tickets" of recommendation, in order to promote the success of the party. The Americans are warm politicians; but, with them, you may belong to a different political party, as you may to a different church, from other members of your family, without giving them offence.

The senate is the federal element of the constitution; each state returning two senators to Congress. The house of representatives is the national element of the constitution; the representatives sent to Congress from each state being proportioned to its population. In the slave-holding states "coloured people" never vote; but for the purpose of apportioning the representation in the house of representatives, five slaves are counted as three white men. This proportion is called "federal numbers." The conservate principle in the Union receives its most effective support from the southern states.

As to the mode of electing* the President of the United States there is not space to enter. I will observe, however, that the measures of his cabinet are considered *his* measures, and that his ministers, who are regarded constitutionally as his mere secretaries, are not allowed to sit in Congress. It is constitutional in the United States for the President to retain a ministry of different political views from either house of Congress, or both, because the President, being himself elected, has as good a right as the Congress to claim to be the representative of popular opinion.

In drawing a picture of a people displaying so much of prosperity, enterprise, and virtue, we may not omit the painful fact, that some of the states have shamelessly repudiated the debts which they have contracted, and which neither Congress nor the United States court has any constitutional right to compel them to pay. But it is some consolation to an Englishman to know that there is no state, on which the stain of repudiation still appears, that was ever a colony of England.

* The election of President and Vice-president is confided to State electoral colleges, composed of apportioned numbers of popular representatives, whose individual votes are transmitted to Washington. By the legislature of each State, its senators to the *national* Senate are appointed. In each State the qualifications, for voting for a member of the *national* house of representatives, are the same with those for voting for a member of the house of representatives of the particular State.

THE SEA-SIDE AND SPORTING RECREATIONS OF MR. JOLLY GREEN.

CHAPTER IV.

I EMBARK ON A SM—GGL—NG EXPEDITION.

ABOUT a week after the conversation which I last recorded, I was roused from my prawns one morning, as I sat at breakfast, by the cheery voice of my first lieutenant, Tom Capstan. This bold son of Neptune came to announce to me that *The Tub* was ready for sea, the crew in the best spirits, and everything propitious for the adventure I meditated.

"P'raps, Cap'n," he said, "you'd like to overhaul her a bit afore we starts, try her rate of sailing, and sech like."

"I think," I replied, "that I may as well look at her by daylight, but I shall not go on bord till dusk. That would scarcely be politic. I will survey her from the shore."

"Jest as you pleases, sir," returned Capstan, "there's some hies can see thro' a two-inch plank as well as if they was a lookin' down the scuttle."

I appreciated the honest fellow's compliment, for it was the untutored expression of his sentiments, and putting on my glazed hat, I sallied forth, telescope in hand, to examine the craft. A walk of about three-quarters of a mile to the western extremity of W—rth—ng enabled us to reach a spot where this operation could be performed in security, without exciting the suspicions of the lynx-eyed preventive service. Sheltering myself behind the hulls of some fishing vessels that were lying in ordinary on the beach, and with Capstan at my elbow to offer any necessary explanations, I calmly raised my glass and brought it to bear upon the ocean, sweeping the horizon till I had got *The Tub* into the proper focus.

"A little more to the east'ard, Cap'n," said my first lieutenant, gently touching the instrument to give it the required direction—"that's she, now you has her!"

"She looks very dark," I replied, "but I can't make her out very distinctly."

"That's queerish," returned Capstan, "for she's plain enough to the naked hy; you seems to be right on her, too! Allow me, sir!" and he took the glass from my hand to examine it.

He did something to it, and then, returning it to me, observed with a smile,

"I thot how 'twas. You hadn't shifted the slide. Lord Nelson couldn't have seen her thro' that there brass!"

I was pleased to think that Nelson and I were classed in the same category, and quietly resumed my survey.

"I have her now," I presently exclaimed. "One upright mast with a red flag at the main-top and something dangling behind her that looks like a boat."

"It *is* a boat," observed Capstan, rather gruffly.

"I knew it," I replied—"it's not easy to deceive *me*—oh yes, that's *The Tub*, no doubt."

"In coorse it is," said my first lieutenant; "'taint hard to make *her* out, for there's not ne'er another within a mile."

"But what makes her lie so far off?" I asked; "are you afraid of her being boarded by the—*the authorities?*" I added, in a whisper.

"Not a bit of it," replied he, "she *must* lie where she is, if she's to sail to-night; it's only jest beyond low-water mark. What do you think of her trim, Cap'n? ain't she the moral of a duck?"

I could not exactly see the resemblance, but knowing that the expression was intended to convey the idea of symmetry, I assented.

"Yes!" said I, "a perfect duck; I long to see her ruffle her feathers."

"Would you like to see her under sail, Cap'n?" inquired my companion. "If so be as you do, I'll make her a signal."

I answered in the affirmative, and Capstan having cautiously made the crew aware of my wishes, by waving his hat in a peculiar manner, which was responded to by their dipping the flag and raising it again, in a few minutes the anchor was "fidded home"—I speak technically—and *The Tub* was got under weigh.

When I say with Shenstone, one of the best naval authorities we have, that "she walk'd the waters like a thing of life," I am barely doing justice to my opinion of her capabilities. She did more than walk, she ran; now rolling like a porpoise, now pitching and tossing like "the white sea-mew," displaying, in short, all the qualities which belong to a thorough sea-going craft. I was delighted, and expressed my satisfaction to my lieutenant.

"Ah!" said he, "I thot you'd be pleased with her when you sor her. But that's nothin' to wot she can do in a gale o' wind. You should see how she behaves in bloo water under a close-reefed mainsle."

He then added something in an under tone as if, in sailor-fashion, he were communing with himself, but, as I only caught the words "ballast," and "by the head," I could not exactly gather his meaning, and, of course, refrained from pressing him on the subject that occupied his thoughts.

Meantime I continued to watch the vessel as she tacked, and wore, and luffed, and ported, and performed a great many more scientific manœuvres, in a manner highly creditable to the gallant crew, for about a couple of hours, during which time Capstan was assiduous in imparting nautical information, not, however, that I stood in need of any, for I could see as well as he what *The Tub* was about.

At the expiration of the time I have mentioned, she bore down to the spot she started from, moored her anchor a-peak, brailed up her tiller, sheeted her mainsail well home, and, once more a free agent, swung steadily round to windward, where she lay perfectly motionless, the dark outline of her timbers defining themselves with startling accuracy against the deep blue sky. The crew then hauled the dingy abaft and, stepping into it, rowed quickly to the shore, beaching the boat about thirty yards from where we stood. They consisted of the yellow-headed mate—who preserved a religious incognito as to his name—Capstan's brother-in-law, who acknowledged to being called "Grummit"—which means a name of some sort in S—ss—x,—and the boy "Jack."

"Capstan," said I to my first lieutenant, "if it had not been broad daylight I should have harangued those fine fellows, but I reserve that till by-and-by. Now convey to them my sense of their seamanlike conduct;

and stay—here's half a sovereign for a bowl of punch at "The Crab," to drink my health in. Be at my lodgings at half-past seven this evening to carry down a few things, and, in the mean time, let the strictest secrecy govern all your actions. Till then, farewell."

I pressed the gallant seaman's briny hand, and turning away, walked steadily back to the Esplanade, *as if nothing had happened!*

The value of example is most felt on occasions of real emergency. Remembering the *ruse* of the D—ke of W—ll—ngt—n on the night before the b—tt—e of W—t—rl—o, I implicitly followed the same line of action. I did not, it is true, give a ball, like him, to the K—ng of the B—lg—ns, but I wore the same impenetrable mask; and few, I imagine, who saw me riding that afternoon on one of Mrs. Slowman's donkeys carelessly smoking a cigar, or who witnessed the *nonchalance* with which I raffled for, and lost, a *papier-maché* bread-basket at Mrs. Coachman's library, and afterwards lightly laughed with her pretty nieces at my ill fortune, would have suspected the dark thoughts I was harbouring in my mind; so true it is that nobody ever knows what a man is thinking of—he sometimes even does not know it himself!

Nor did I betray myself when I returned to Ocean Cottage, and sat down to my fried whiting, my lamb chops, my stewed mushrooms, my S—s—x beafices, and my apricot tart, *arrosée* with a few glasses of choice Madeira, sent in by Binns of the Promenade Hotel. Calmly, also, did I peel my figs and crack my filberts, and with unquivering muscle did I raise the fruity port to my lips, and silently drink success to my daring enterprise. But I narrowly escaped detection, when, as the evening drew in, I summoned Mrs. Towrope, my landlady, and informed her that I should be absent all night, as I was going out deep-sea fishing in my yacht. The quick eye of woman was turned sharply on me as I made this announcement, and glanced from my countenance to every object in the room, as if she were making a rapid inventory of its contents. I was afraid she suspected that I had weapons concealed in my portmanteau, for she looked very steadfastly at it, and at a large boat-cloak that was lying across a chair; and it was with some difficulty that I preserved my presence of mind, and returned her scrutiny with an unfaltering gaze.

"You'll excuse me, sir," she said, "but it's usual when lodgers is goin' on water-parties—which it's a perfect stranger you are to me, Mr. Brown, there having been no recommendations—to settle for the week's apartments, which the last was out yesterday morning before twelve o'clock, and due again next Thursday. We never knows, Mr. Brown, what may go for to happen when once the foot is off dry land, which poor Mr. Towrope, as lays in Tarring Churchyard, is a witness; and what with rates and taxes, and the new meeting-house, and fresh gravel on the Prom'nade, and meadin' the shores, and subscribin' to the Steyne band, which it's Ethiopiums and not people with clean faces, goodness can tell what's to become of a poor widder with nothin' but her roof to protect her from the sinfulness of mankind, let alone evidents, which is quite as bad! I'm not one to put upon nobody, and I'm not one to be put upon, but when I sees a gent which it's only a fortnight he's been livin' in my apartments and no recommendations,—not that you haven't paid me reg'lar, Mr Brown, I'm far from denying of that,

—with your porkmankle packed up ready to go the Lord he knows where, then's the time to ask for my money, which it's your convenience, I hope, Mr. Brown, to settle now and here!"

I was inexpressibly surprised at this speech, which Mrs. Towrope delivered without once taking breath, but I was, at the same time, greatly amused and relieved. The idea of my thinking of bolting without paying up to the last farthing was almost too ridiculous, but it was an immense satisfaction to me to think that when her eyes were fixed on my portmanteau she had never imagined what was in it. I was glad to be let off so easily, and, taking out my purse, I said:

"There is no occasion for alarm, Mrs. Towrope, on *your* account." I curled my lip with an imperceptible sneer as I said this. "I have not the slightest objection to pay you a week in advance. Three guineas, I believe?"

"And the kitchen-fire, plate, linen, and attendance, milk, washing, boats, and extras," added Mrs. Towrope, "which they've not all been had but is provided for in the week's account and trouble given, Mr. Brown, and nearly a week's let lost if the waves goes over your head and you're never no more seen!"

I am not one of those who can fight a battle of pounds, shillings, and pence, especially with the softer sex, so I took out a five-pound note, and, laying it down on the table, I said emphatically:

"THAT, Mrs. Towrope, will, I hope, cover all expenses, past, present, and to come, until you see me again. If not, you are at liberty to put up your bill immediately, and I shall send what baggage I do not take with me to the Promenade Hotel."

Mrs. Towrope took up my note, and changed her own.

"I'm sure, Mr. Brown, which it's a perfect gent you are, and so I says to Betsy clean Mr. Brown's boots, muddy though they is, before you brings me my tea every morning I do assure you, though I have the stomach-ache fasting, and never thought otherwise you would behave, which pray excuse the liberty of reminding of your little account, seeing that ways and means is scarce and seasons bad. And so you're goin' fishin', Mr. Brown! well, it's luck I wish you and a good ketch; I've a beautiful drying-ground for whitin', and happy shall I be to cure 'em."

I laughed in my sleeve at the poor woman's simplicity, and the allegory of young Lobsky rose to my mind.

"If you salt any of the whiting I catch to-night," I thought, "they must be French ones, and caught with a silver hook." However, I said nothing, as at that moment I saw Capstan coming up the gravel-walk in front of the cottage to fetch the things I had told him of.

"I like to have my night-clothes and dressing things, Mrs. Towrope, though I am at sea. Admiral Benbow, I believe, always had his hair curled before he gave the signal for action; he did that, as I do, to shew, that nothing can disturb a brave man's equanimity. Please to let Betsy open the door, Mrs. Towrope, here's Capstan coming for my trunk; you know him, I think, Mrs. Towrope!"

"My own brother-in-law's cousin, Mr. Brown, by the mother's side; their parents being two half-sisters, which the youngest died of the small-pox, took naturally, before the cow was interduced; four also have I lost likewise of the same complaint, which everybody has their troubles. A

good evening, Mr. Capstan," pursued the voluble old lady; "so you're a-goin' to carry off my lodger a fishin', and a nicer better behavioured gent, I'll say it to his face, there never was. Would you like a drop of anything, Mr. Capstan—you too, sir, if I may make so free—to keep out the raw night air?"

I declined the proffer, as did my lieutenant, who shook his head.

"We must be joggin', Cap'n," said he, "if we're to make a good offin'. Be this all?"

"All!" I replied, as he shouldered my portmanteau. "My toilet is simple, as becomes a son of the deep. I'll just trouble you, Mrs. Towrope, to help me on with my cloak. Thank you, that will do. Good night."

Mrs. Towrope followed us to the gate, and I noticed that when she closed it she concealed her features beneath her apron, no doubt to prevent her emotion, at my departure, from being seen by me. Incidentally remarking upon the tender feelings implanted by nature in the breast of woman, I observed that Mrs. Towrope was "a good creature," and was somewhat surprised at her relative's reply.

"A good crittur, Cap'n? One of the greatest sherks in all the town! There aint a thing doin' that she don't make a profit out on't. I owes her an old grudge. Hows'ever, it's no use talkin' about she. I said she was a sherk, and so she is, and that's all about it."

Having uttered these sentiments in a tone of some irritation, Capstan doggedly continued on his way, leaving me vainly attempting to conjecture the cause of his hostility towards my landlady.

I did not, however, pursue the theme very far, the purpose for which I was about to embark claiming all my attention. On our road to the beach we met old Smirker, the ex-preventive service man, and victim of official tyranny. We just stopped to exchange a word of greeting, though I need not say that Capstan had *not* placed him in our confidence; for there are certain situations in life when it is imprudent to trust even those who are nearest and dearest. The old seaman, in the simplicity of his heart, wished good luck to our fishing, and slipping a sovereign into his hand I strode across the sand, to where Grummit was waiting in the dingy, took my seat, and manned the tiller with an air of stern resolution, and my lieutenant and his subaltern silently pulled the boat from the shore. In about ten minutes we reached *The Tub*, and giving the word to "stand by," I nimbly leapt on board.

What my sensations were at this moment it would be difficult for me to express. All that I had ever read or heard of Corsair life rushed at once to my memory; my frame dilated, my pulse beat with tenfold rapidity, a warmer current seemed to rush to my heart, and fresh vigour circulated through all my limbs, expanding every muscle and bracing up every sinew. Ordering my portmanteau to be taken below, I followed the boy Jack, who carried it into the "State Cabin," as my first-lieutenant described the accommodations which had been prepared for me. The apartment was neither spacious nor lofty, seeing that I had barely room to turn round it, and could not venture to stand upright, though my stature does not exceed the height of most intellectual men; neither did it receive any light but what came from the entrance, and if it had been called a kennel, instead of a state cabin, I think the description would have been more

accurate. I felt, however, that I had chosen the Sm—ggl—r's wild career of my own accord, and must be prepared to rough it; and so thoroughly did I school my feelings, that even the hardest plank would at that moment have appeared to me a "thrice-driven bed of down."

I desired Jack to go aloft and inform the first lieutenant that previous to weighing anchor I wished to say a few words to the officers and crew, and ordered him to summon them abaft for that purpose. I then, by the aid of a lantern, opened my portmanteau, and took out certain articles of dress which were necessary to complete my costume as chief of my wandering barque, for when I went on board I was simply attired as a plain British sailor. I now threw off my pilot coat, but, as the night was rather cool, retained my thick trousers, investing the upper part of my person in a richly-embroidered Greek jacket and vest, which I had written for to Messrs. N—th—n, of T—chb—rne-street; I girt my waist with an Algerine scarf of crimson and gold, buckled on my sabre, thrust a pair of Colt's revolvers into my girdle, and put on my head the same tarboosh that I wore in Paris in 1848, when I headed the Peckham deputation to wait upon M. de Lamartine. I then, with a piece of burnt cork which I had previously prepared, traced a pair of dark moustaches over my upper lip, and taking up a small parcel which had been forwarded to me from town by the St—ge-M—n—g—r of the Ad—l—i Th—tre, ascended to the quarter-deck, where, in obedience to my commands, the *équipage*—as the French say—were assembled.

After a brief pause, to enable them to recover their presence of mind, I addressed them as follows:

"Officers and men," I said, "you guess the purpose for which I am amongst you. On yonder shore"—pointing to the coast of S—ss—x—"no man is free to drain the flowing bowl, or puff the fragrant weed, unvexed by the myrmidons of a fiscal tyranny. We all of us have felt the galling yoke. Shall we longer tamely submit? For my own part I boldly say 'No!' Your sentiments, I feel, are in unison with mine: we will shiver the manacles which an obnoxious law has vainly sought to rivet. In that direction, where the southern sun never sets, there lies a haven where brandy and tobacco—where silk and cambric—think of the girls of your hearts, men—are to be had for a mere song! Columbus smashed the egg which opened a path to the western world—I rend the trammels of custom; or, I may say, of the Custom-house. Let every man's motto be, 'kegs, bales, and barrels, a moonlight night, and a heavy swell on a lee shore;' and let this," added I, tearing open the brown paper parcel which I had till then kept under my left arm—"let this be the flag you sail under!"

As I uttered these words I displayed a weft of broad black bunting, in the centre of which was a death's head and cross-bones skilfully portrayed.

"Hoist the pirate-flag," I exclaimed to the boy Jack; "and remember, men, no quarter, no surrender. Now, Capstan, serve out the grog, and make sail for the coast of France."

Chapter V.

I cross the Ch—nn—l and discover the Opp—s—te Co—st.

Having issued these brief orders, I walked to the after-part of the vessel,—that is to say, I removed to a distance of two or three paces, the size of the deck being somewhat contracted,—and, sitting down on a coil of rope, began to contemplate my position.

To an indifferent observer it would have appeared that I was a mere passenger, or, at the most,

> All that a careless eye could see,
> In me, were some young Galiongée.

But to a close scanner of human actions a wide difference might have been perceptible. He would not have failed to discern in the quenchless fire of my eye, and the restless quivering of my limbs, the master-spirit which gave life and movement to the whole of the ship's company. Other hands than mine might cat the anchor, belay the spanker-boom, or splice the main-brace—perform, in short, all the slavery of working the vessel—but it was I to whom it owed its directing impulse; without me, *The Tub* might have rotted on the stagnant waters, crewless, provisionless, and purposeless. My care had assembled the first, my purse had provided the second, and my energy now guided the third.

"A thousand years ago—more or less," thought I, "an expedition, not very dissimilar to that in which I am at present engaged, set sail from the shores of Normandy, whither I now am bound, headed by the bastard son of Robert the Devil, who afterwards lost all his fortune by gambling. It is true that Duke William's force was more numerous than mine, but if the account in the 'Romance of the Rose'* be correct—and that, I believe, is the best authority on the subject, all modern novel writers being agreed on the point,—they could scarcely be considered so respectable. The followers of the Norman were adventurers whom he had picked up wherever he could find them; German *condottieri*, Italian *lanzknechts*, French *hidalgos*, the Spanish *mousquetaires*, reckless and improvident gamblers, sharpers and swindlers of every age and sex; whereas my crew, consisting merely of three men and a boy, were well-known natives of W—rth—ng, and all bound together by ties of consanguinity, so that the interest of one must necessarily be the interest of all. Again, as to the manner in which my troops were armed, the advantage was entirely on my side. William's soldiers,—history tell us nothing, that I am aware of, about his sailors, and consequently his vessels must have been badly managed,—his soldiers, I say, were cased in plate armour, which, if it resembled modern earthenware, was a very brittle material,—a pistol-shot would have shivered it to atoms; their weapons were the two-handed Scottish broadsword, every one of which required three men to lift it,—spears, shields, helmets, spurs, and bows and arrows, a sort of ammunition which proves that the Normans were

* It is very seldom that we attempt to correct the MS. of our imaginative friend, but we apprehend that Mr. Green is mistaken here, and that he has fallen into the common error—a very unusual thing with him—of confounding the "Romance of the Rose" of William of Lorris with the "Roman de Rou" of the chronicler Wace.

little better than the savages who were killed by Captain Cook. My fellows, on the other hand, were encumbered by no offensive armour,—a Guernsey frock, a sou'wester, a light heart, and a thin pair of trousers, constituting their only warlike apparel; while, for weapons, these were boarding-pikes, cutlasses, and hand-grenades, all carefully stowed away—so Capstan assured me—in the lockers, which, on the signal being given for 'close action,' had only to be unlocked, and there they were ready for immediate use. I also had my Turkish sabre on my thigh, and a pair of Colt's revolvers in my waist belt, and I very much question if William the Conqueror sported anything of that kind. With respect to our personal characteristics I am altogether silent. The Norman Dux—so he is occasionally called, but why I know not, unless he were duck-legged—was without doubt a brave, though I rather suspect a foolhardy man; but he was tainted with the vices of his countrymen, and his fondness for dice and improper society was so remarkable, that Beethoven has set it to music, and I have myself witnessed a representation of the piece at Her Majesty's Theatre, in which his glaring conduct is shown up as a warning to all opera-goers. I need not observe to the intelligent reader that, except in the matter of personal courage, I bear no resemblance to William the Conqueror."

Such was the complexion of the thoughts which mounted to my brain as I reclined upon the rope while *The Tub* was getting under weigh. I was disturbed from my reverie by the approach of my first lieutenant, who came to me, as he observed, for "sailing orders."

"Sail," said I, emphatically, "for France!"

"That's rather a wide berth, Cap'n," was his reply; "p'r'aps you'll have the goodness to mention what part of France?"

"That part," I returned, "where the brandy and tobacco grow,—that is to say, where they are made."

"For the matter of that," said Capstan, "them articles is mannyfactured everywhere along the French coast, only there's more on it in some places than in others."

"Paris," I observed, after a short pause, "is *not* upon the coast; I know it, for I have been there several times, both by diligence and railway. It is a pity it is so far inland, or else we might have got some excellent tobacco from thence, the very best cigar-shop I know being next door to the Vaudeville in the Place de la Bourse; the cigars you get there leave a flavour in your mouth which you don't get rid of for a week. The Paris brandy is of two kinds: one, called "Sacré-chien," is a great favourite with the military; the other, bearing the name of "Trois-six," is chiefly patronised by the *ouvriers*, both classes being first-rate judges. If we could get some stuff of this sort we should make a capital hit, but I am afraid that Paris is too far off. What is your opinion, Capstan?"

"Lord bless you, sir," he answered, "I should as soon think of sendin' to Jeroosl'um. There's lots of 'strip-me-naked' to be had on the coast, only they don't call it 'sackershang,' nor 'trawsee,' nor nothin' of the kind, only 'Conac,' which is all the French I ever heerd tell on for brandy, though it's a rum langidge, and may mean anythin', and they're a rum lot, blest if they ain't. Damme, if I han't a seen Frenchmen do things that an Englishman 'ood be ashamed to think of, let alone do. You'd hardly b'leeve it, but they drinks stuff that they calls 'ole

sookery,' made out of shooger and warter, and, what's more, perfers it to beer!"

"You forget, Capstan," I observed, mildly, "that I have resided a good deal in France; I am well acquainted with the peculiarities of the natives."

"In that 'ere case," said my lieutenant, "it's not o' no use my tellin' on you, and you can bear me out that wot I say's true. Hows'ever, to go back to what I was a askin' of: what port shall we make for?"

"I will be guided," I replied, "by your naval experience. I am a very good geographer, as far as regards the interior of the country, and know my way about Paris as well as anybody, but I am not quite so familiar with the shores of France, so you may sail to whatever place you think most convenient and best adapted for our purpose."

"Well, then," said Capstan, "I fancy we couldn't do no better than make for Havver-de-Grass; if the wind keeps where it is we can go free all the way, and make the port in about fourteen hours."

"Free!" I exclaimed, "I should imagine so. When was slavery permitted in the British Islands! The moment a man with a black face puts his foot on the deck of an English vessel he is free, and I should hope that *my* crew have equal privileges with the negroes of Asia!"

The first lieutenant made no reply to this remark; indeed, it struck me that he did not comprehend my meaning. I therefore dropped the subject.

"What tack," said I, "are we sailing on, and how's her head?"

"She's got her starbud tacks aboard," answered Capstan, "steerin' southanbyeast as nigh as can be, wind on the larbud beam."

"Make it so!" I said, with the terse dignity of a captain of a man-of-war, when the clock strikes twelve bells. "Make it so!"

"I can't make it nothin' else," returned the unvarnished seaman, who was probably ignorant of the custom I have alluded to.

"It is a fine night," I remarked, in order to cover his confusion at finding that I knew more about the naval profession than he did. "Shall we have any moon?"

"In coorse not, sir, else we shouldn't have this job in hand. Moons isn't plezzent to look at when tubs is to be run."

"I meant," I observed, correcting him, "will it be very dark? I have never been out at sea so late as this before."

"Why," answered Capstan, "it'll be darkish; but don't you think, sir, if you're not accustomed to the night air, you'd better turn in? The state cabin isn't over large, but there's room enough for one of your size to lie down in't, if you doubles your knees a bit."

"No," I returned, coldly, for I fancied that I detected a tone of familiarity in his observation. "I shall keep watch on deck all night. Such of the hands as can be spared may go below."

"And won't you take off them fine things, sir?" he asked.

"Certainly not," I answered. "Suppose we were to be attacked in the night! How would the enemy recognise me else? That reminds me," I pursued, "that the black flag is not flying. How is this? Let it be hoisted immediately."

"It's arter sundown," said the first lieutenant, in a tone, as it seemed of expostulation. "Nobody never heerd of flags flyin' in the dark."

"There are many things to be done," I retorted, with some bitterness, "that people have never heard of. Obey my orders, or——"

I turned away from him as I spoke, and placed my hand on the handle of one of my revolvers. I know not if he guessed my intention, for, as it was almost dark, he could not well see the movement; but I feel pretty sure that he did, as he went to the sternpost of the vessel, and, after busying himself there for a few minutes, pulled one of the ropes, and up went the Buccaneer's ensign. This convinced me of the value of promptitude; for, in all probability, if I had not acted as I did, a desperate mutiny might have been the consequence. Thanks, however, to my resolution, it was nipped in the bud.

I strode a pace or two across the deck to vindicate my position, and then, unwilling that he should suppose I harboured any enmity or vindictive feeling in my bosom, I said,

"As the wind is rather fresh this evening, and blows under my 'snowy camese,' I'll trouble you, Capstan, to tell the boy Jack to bring me my 'shaggy capote.'"

"Your what, Cap'n?" inquired he, in a subdued tone.

"I forgot," said I; "you are not acquainted with 'Childe Harold.' Let him get me my monkey-jacket."

"Ay, ay, sir. Now I knows what you means, I'll fetch it myself."

"Do so, and while you are about it, hand up a bottle of brandy and my cigar-case. We must do something to keep the cold out while we remain on deck."

On hearing these orders, my first lieutenant exhibited an alacrity that was truly gratifying—the more so, as it satisfied me that my firmness of manner had not been thrown away upon him. In a few minutes he reappeared on deck with the things I had asked for.

"Where shall we stow ourselves away?" said I, strong, nautical language having now become familiar to me. "Shall we bouse ourselves up on one of the lee cat-heads, or lower our jibs abaft the binnacle?"

"Whichsomdever you pleases, Cap'n," answered my first lieutenant, who appeared delighted to hear me "carry on" in his own dialect, exploding, as it were, like a marine torpedo, when least expected—"whichsomdever you pleases; but if I may make so free, I should say here's as nice a place as any, under cover from the wind, and all open afore us."

"By the coamings of the hatchway, I suppose?" This I threw out suggestively, not being *quite* certain what was the name of the place he indicated, though, of course, it must have had a name, as everything has on board ship, and it never answers to appear ignorant on any point when you have to do with professional men.

Capstan made no reply to this remark, which clearly showed that I had hit the right nail on the head, and by the coamings of the hatchway we sat down. A demijohn of cold water and a couple of tumblers were placed beside the brandy-bottle by the boy Jack, who then received permission from me to "turn in." I gathered my monkey-jacket round my stalwart form, lit my cigar, extended my limbs along the deck, and, caressing the hilt of my scymetar with one hand, in an attitude which Capstan closely imitated, prepared for a night at sea.

NIEBUHR THE HISTORIAN.*

Barthold George Niebuhr is chiefly known in this country as the author of a work which, though it tends to inculcate a great degree of scepticism with regard to many hitherto received facts, throws more light on the genuine annals of Rome than any of his predecessors, and has by his admirers been generally considered as the most original work that this age has produced. But Niebuhr, son of the celebrated Danish traveller of the same name, was also a man of science, a philosopher, and a politician. He was a rare combination of the man of business, the scholar, and the man of genius. If he had no other claim to celebrity, he would have deserved to be mentioned among the general linguists whose attainments have from time to time astonished the world. Niebuhr was also essentially a man of the world. Born in Denmark, he received the rudiments of education at Kiel and in Hanover, was perfected in Edinburgh, entered the service of the Prussian government, lived as a diplomatist in Holland and in Italy, lectured on the Rhine, and his name belongs to all nations. Everywhere at the same time, his habits were those of a retired student, and his manners those of an unassuming domestic man. Luckily, also, Niebuhr lived at a time when German literary men wrote their histories in their private letters. While the public man was known and appreciated and admired, his early aspirations and youthful foibles, the accidents of his career, his household affections and virtues, the private griefs and the secret struggles which fell to his share amidst a few hollow friendships and many avowed enmities—these and the closing scene of a conspicuous and glorious career, were still wanting in our memories and on our shelves. The two volumes now before us, founded on "Lebensnachrichten über Barthold Georg Niebuhr," edited by Madame Hensler, fully supply this deficiency. From early youth Niebuhr was a constant and attractive letter-writer—to Madame Hensler he was at once learned, graceful, elegant, and confidential. The relations of this lady to Niebuhr were indeed very curious, and as they have been justly designated, very German. During his residence as a student at Kiel, this lady became a young and beautiful widow. Niebuhr himself was an extremely shy and nervous boy—though a man already in ripeness of character and in grasp of intellect; and in reference to his first interview with Dora Hensler, he wrote to his father: "I felt to a painful degree my timidity and bashfulness before ladies; however much I improve in other society, I am sure I must get worse and worse every day in their eyes." Dora's father-in-law, Dr. Hensler, was a profoundly learned man; but he was even then astonished at the bashful boy's extraordinary knowledge of the ancient world, and at his faculty of historical divination. In his family circle Niebuhr was soon at home. The ladies were very kind to him, and he made the young Madame Hensler an offer of his hand. She—a pietest in religion—had made a vow at her husband's grave never to marry

* The Life and Letters of Barthold George Niebuhr, with Essays of his Character and Influence. By the Chevalier Bunsen, and Professors Brandis and Loebell. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.

again, and she was disposed to keep her vow. As she could not marry Niebuhr herself, he asked her to choose a wife for him; and, after some thought, she selected her own sister Amelia. In his union with this lady Niebuhr was happy for some years. He succeeded in the world, served the state in various high offices, acquired the friendship of the first men in Germany, and through the delivery of his lectures on Roman history at Berlin, raised himself to a high place in the intellectual hierarchy of Europe. His wife died, and he again solicited Dora Hensler to accept his hand. But she adhered to her vow; and again failing in his suit, he again requested her to provide a substitute. It would seem that the vow only stood between her and himself, for she still retained him in the family. This time she selected her cousin Gretchen, and—strange as all this seems to us—he married her. Dora's refusals do not, therefore, appear to have caused any, even momentary suspension of the friendship between Niebuhr and herself. His letters to her—ever kind, serene, affectionate—present an unbroken series. The moment he parted from her, he began to write to her regularly. In the most trying situations of his life—during the fierce bombardment of Copenhagen—amid the terrors of the flight to Riga before the victorious French—in the sickness of his first months in Italy—amid the excitement of his opening lecture sessions in Berlin—his letters never failed. He wrote a long epistle to her only a few days before he died.

Niebuhr's precocity was something extraordinary. He learnt to write Greek characters in his sixth year, and composed small essays, and made abstracts of Shakspeare's plays before he was nine. He learnt French and English before he was out of his teens, and, on his father's assertion, he knew twenty languages before he had reached his thirtieth year. Born in 1776, his early years fell into a time of great and, indeed, of morbid excitement. As a mere child, he was inoculated with the literary and political mania of the age. Any new work of the great writers of the time was hailed as an important event, the bearings of which lay beyond the reach of human knowledge. Young Niebuhr was taught to thrill with excitement at the sight of a new book from Goethe, Klapstock, or Lessing. It was but natural that this time, when his feelings were strongest and freshest, should, at a later period, appear to him as the culminating point of German literature, and that, consequently, that literature seemed to him, in after years, to droop and to decay.

A curious psychological phenomenon presented itself in young Niebuhr. From passing his infancy on the level, marshy plain of Meldorf, he was long insensible to impressions of natural beauty. Thus, writing from Edinburgh in 1798, he says, that nature has denied him the taste for picturesque scenery, but given him instead a perception of the sublime. In later years, however, he was keenly sensible to the charms of a beautiful landscape.

At Kiel, young Niebuhr's favourite study was history. He adopted at that early period of his life elementary ideas, which, in this country, would be scouted as more than sceptical, and would, as in Mr. Lawrence's case, entail persecution. Thus he writes, on the 7th of June, 1794: "I believe further, that the origin of the human race is not connected with any given place, but is to be sought everywhere over the face of the

earth; and that it is an idea more worthy of the power and wisdom of the Creator, to assume that he gave to each zone and each climate its proper inhabitants, to whom that zone and climate would be the most suitable, than to assume that the human species has degenerated in such innumerable instances."

He also argued that great national races never sprang from the growth of a single family into a nation, but always from the association of several families of human beings, raised above their fellow-animals by the nature of their wants, and the gradual invention of a language; each of which families, probably, had originally formed a language peculiar to itself:

Here (he adds) is one of the most important elements of history, still remaining to be examined,—that which is, in truth, the very basis upon which all history must be reared, and the first principle from which it must proceed. This of all subjects should be thoroughly investigated in the first place; and then (to which philosophy is necessary) a universal history ought to be written, which should exhibit all nations from the same point of view. This point of view Reinhold beautifully defines as the relation between reason and sensation. When this universal history is completed, the separate history of each country should follow. This is the way in which I would teach history, if I had Hegewisch's learning and position.

Whatever foundation there might be for history thus taught it is scarcely for us to say. Certain it is, it would have no possible reference to Biblical history. Niebuhr had, at this early period of life, a peculiar inclination to the English, whom he studied both for his literary and historical improvement:

. . . . I spent an evening with Behrens lately, and we laid a wager. He asserts that within a year more than one revolution will break out, and I assert the contrary. On the other hand, I have offered to lay a wager with him, that in four years a monarchical government will be re-established in France. I find myself constantly confirmed in this opinion as I read the English history, which I do a good deal in my leisure moments. If I had time, I should like to get more facts together; and as it is, I have found in the very rare notices which are inserted in the notes to Algernon Sidney's "Discourses," and seem to be quite unknown in Germany, very striking and extraordinary parallels. Unfortunately I have no time for employments of this kind at present! And yet history grows dearer and dearer to me, so much so that my ardour in reading history interferes with my zeal for philosophy, while no philosophy can blunt my inclination to history. . . . . Salchow came in just as I was writing about him. We took up our usual occupation. I am dictating to him a short outline of the history of the French war. I am astonished at my own memory, for I still remember with great distinctness the merest trifles that have occurred from 1792 onwards.

He made quite a hero of the imagination of Algernon Sidney. "This," he said, writing from Kiel, December 6th, 1794, "day is the anniversary of Algernon Sidney's death, one hundred and eleven years ago, and hence it is in my eyes a consecrated day, especially as I have just been studying his noble life again. May God preserve me from a death like his; yet, even with such a death, the virtue and holiness of his life would not be dearly purchased. And now he is forgotten almost throughout the world; and perhaps there are not fifty persons in all Germany who have taken the pains to inform themselves accurately about his life and fortunes. Many may know his name, many know

him from his brilliant talents, but they formed the least part of his true greatness."

In January, 1796, Niebuhr left Kiel for Copenhagen, in the capacity of private secretary to Count Schimmelman, the Danish minister of finance. From this he was promoted to the post of supernumerary secretary at the Royal Library, with permission to travel abroad after a time. He visited first his parents, and thence returned to Kiel, where he cemented his attachment with Amelia Behrens, the daughter of his preceptor, Dr. Hensler. A letter to his friend Moltke is highly characteristic of the classical and philosophical yearnings that, in Niebuhr, even pervaded the passion of love:

Dora and I send you and your wife this messenger, because we cannot bear to wait several days before writing to you, especially as our letter would be a long time on the road; so you will receive this before another, that Dora wrote to you two days ago, which announced as close at hand what has now really taken place. I am in far too great an agitation to say much. Each of you take one of our letters; Dora's will tell you the most. Yesterday evening, at Dora's house, Amelia decided in my favour. Her heart had already decided. Love can distinguish between truth and pretence. She assumed no girlish affectation when Dora gave words to feelings that had before scarcely expressed themselves, and joined our hands. This pure simplicity, this Roman decision, in a gentle heart, made my happiness perfect, and made it possible. A long time of trial, full of doubt and uncertainty—servitude to win a love, that cannot be sustained by gallantry and pretty flatteries, but must take root in the heart—would either have frightened me away, or harassed me to death; and yet one scarcely sees anything else, except where the suitability of the connexion is calculated, and everything negotiated by the papa and mamma on each side. I long considered this servitude as the only means of becoming intimately acquainted with a girl, for the gulf which custom and our folly have placed between young men and women seemed to me impassable. And so it would have been to me, had not Dora's heart and Dora's wisdom allowed me to follow my nature completely. I know that I have earnestly endeavoured not to deceive Milly. In our conversations when we met, I spoke to her from my inmost heart, and took pains to discover to her what, if concealed, might have deceived her, and made her very unhappy hereafter; for I thought myself bound not to deny what still clings to me from former evil times as a stain to be washed out; but I hope to God that happiness, and the power of love, this new unknown force, and above all, the contemplation of the proud joy in her angelic heart, and an openness that will rather gain than lose through absence, will purify me before we can be united,—for absence is before us. The letter Dora wrote to you the day before yesterday will have told you all about it. It is inevitable, and you will not misunderstand me when I tell you that I do not now view it with dread. O who could feel themselves separated, when in spirit and in love they are so inseparable! I embrace every effort, every toil, every sacrifice, for all will render me worthier of my Milly. It is true we have a long future before us, but who knows how it may be shortened? And if I, who have not your equability, cannot promise Milly your evenness of temper, your constant warmth, I can promise her inviolable truth, and ever-growing, exclusive love. And woe to him who does not repose with full confidence upon the truth of a pure-hearted maiden! I shall assuredly know neither suspicion nor jealousy. And she who equally possesses both our hearts, our Dora, who can now live wholly for us, and is through us brought back to the world, will unite us by the rarest bond. Thank you, dearest of friends, as much as it is possible to thank, for the kind solicitude that you shared with Dora. My heart was sealed up, and my courage gone. Many a pretty face, and here and there a bright creature, had given me a passing pleasure, but only once had the

thought of a connexion risen vividly before my mind; and when the event made me angry with the maiden and despise myself, yet consider myself happy that the delusion was over, my heart seemed quite dead. I believed no longer in that energetic feeling which irresistibly fixes our destiny.

. . . . Milly has a Roman character, and this was always my ideal of a citizen's wife; pride, intellect, the most retiring modesty, unbounded love, constancy, and gentleness. In history we only meet with such women among the Roman matrons,—the Calpurnias, Portias, Arrias. Soft, weak, tender girlishness would neither have elevated nor strengthened my character. I must stop. This is too confused, and I must go and take these pages to Dora, and then go to Milly and her mother, who willingly consents. Farewell.

In June, 1798, Niebuhr sailed from Cuxhaven to Yarmouth. He took letters to Sir Thomas Rivers, Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Wyndham, Roscoe, Rennell, and others, so that he was unusually well introduced; unfortunately, the only letters referring to his residence in England and Scotland are those addressed to his betrothed, and which are hence much mixed up with personal matters. Niebuhr always retained a great predilection for the English nation. Their great consistency of character, their general strict integrity, and their great truthfulness, raised them in his estimation above every other nation, excepting his own; and, therefore, he was more disposed to form lasting connexions with individuals belonging to it than with any other foreigners; in fact, most of the foreign friendships were with Englishmen. His first impressions were, however, by no means flattering:

The dinner at the Royal Society fully justified the sentence that has often been passed upon such meetings. It was a feast, and the conversation extremely indifferent; in fact, below the every-day conversation of learned men in Germany. We must not be unjust to ourselves: it is our own fault that we are not nobler than we are in general; but whether the Good and the Beautiful find a temple in more hearts here in England, is a great question, and worth the solving, if it can be solved. Everybody here is in action; idleness and half-done work are certainly less common than with us; practical ability is certainly more general—a false show of knowledge rarer; a smooth exterior gains little respect; the word of a man may be depended on, and I believe the better sort trouble themselves little about the opinion of others. But it cannot be denied that mediocrity is very common, and is by no means looked down upon: that, as Schönborn says, it is a question whether genius is an attribute of this nation, and certain that true warmheartedness is extremely rare; a little of the fog that "Allwill" talks about seems very prevalent,—hence, also, the great indifference, the one-sidedness, the self-will. You see that novelty has not raised my opinion as to place me in danger of having, hereafter, to moderate a flaming enthusiasm. It would indeed need much to make me feel here as in my fatherland,—to make other advantages compensate for the absence of that harmony of sentiment which made me happy in the society of our friends, even before you were mine.

I think that most learned men here, as elsewhere, look more to the authority that a man brings with him, than to his talents and intellect. My father's name, which is very celebrated here, introduces me everywhere. But I look forward with pleasure to the time that will transfer me from a rather too conspicuous position to the quiet of Scotland.

The erudite Dane frequently finds fault with the English for their unpedantic style of conversation. "The superficiality and insipidity of nearly all the conversations to which I have listened, or in which I have joined, is really depressing. As far as I can hear, little is said about

politics, which is a good thing—much better than our German mania for going beyond our depths on such subjects; but, that narrative and common-places form the whole staple of conversation, from which all philosophy is excluded—that enthusiasm and loftiness of expression are entirely wanting, depresses me more than any personal neglect of which, as a stranger, I might have to complain."

Upon the occasion of a visit to Westminster Abbey, he says he looked with reverence and gratitude upon the busts of so many great men. "But how characteristic is the equally honourable position accorded to so many nameless and insignificant persons by the side of the noblest dead! What a quantity of nonsense is to be seen on these venerable walls! One man writes a Hebrew inscription on the tomb of his daughter; on another, I think also belonging to a woman, there is an Abyssinian inscription; Chatham has an absurdly over-burdened allegorical monument; Sidney and Russell have none at all; and in Milton's, the man who erected it gives his own name and title in several lines; Milton is mentioned in the quietest manner."

Alluding to the inhabited house which then occupied the spot of Pope's cool retreat at Twickenham, Niebuhr justly remarks that it ought to be a temple for the grove—a fit accompaniment to the charming scenery, and a memorial of the poet. As he came to know the English better, so he got to like them more, or rather to understand them better, but he still justly condemned the habitual dissoluteness of the youth of the better classes:

> I know no nation to which I would rather belong as a citizen than the English, not only on account of their constitution, but from my delight in the hard-working, active intellect, and the strong, straightforward common sense of the thinking men, and because of the superior, almost universal cultivation of the burgher class, strictly so called, and, as I believe, of the farmers, who might put to shame many a conceited scholar, and many a high-bred, polished aristocrat. Of the English scholars, on the contrary, I have a very mean opinion: I keep to my assertion, that they are without originality; also, that England can boast of no true poets at the present time. And yet literary men are the only people with whom a foreigner can come into close contact; for only a very brilliant intellect or external advantages can procure him admittance to the interior of families. These are only open to natives, and I think it right that it should be so; for, in fact, what can a foreigner bring with him, unless he be an extremely distinguished man, to make his friendship wanted, when people have been long surrounded with friends already? I positively shrink from associating with the young men on account of their unbounded dissoluteness, which makes me feel that I should be more likely to meet with uncourteousness and repulse from them than cordial friendship.

This is in a letter to Count Moltke, not to Milly, as he calls his betrothed, and after a residence of upwards of three months in England. The same month, that was, in October, 1798, he left London for Edinburgh, resolved, as he wrote, whatever the professors might be, if they could not teach him mathematics and astronomy, to teach himself. Considering that these were the palmy days of Edinburgh, the days of Playfair, Robinson, Hope, Gregory, and most other distinguished men, it would certainly appear that self-conceit formed no small portion of the young man's character. The same flippancy is further betrayed where he speaks of Professor Robinson as wasting his time with very superficial remarks on the origin and value of the sciences; and further with very

unseasonable invectives against modern philosophy. This burst of arrogance was, however, as quickly followed by one of modesty. It had cost him in London, he says, at the rate of nine guineas a year to have a hairdresser, so in Edinburgh he availed himself of the liberty of wearing his hair plain. The piety, so characteristic of the Scotch, he designates as strict and rather pedantic, and as causing him much embarrassment; but he denounces in still stronger language the dissoluteness of a fellow-student. He writes indeed of the "universal licentiousness" of young Englishmen, and says "they are only happy in the enjoyment of sensual pleasures." This a most unmerited condemnation of the Edinburgh students, many of whom will work enthusiastically eighteen hours a day, when even the wondrous Niebuhr was satisfied with twelve. But Niebuhr attached an importance to conversation and every trifling expression that we never dream of in this country, and was therefore only calculated to mislead him. Many a young man talks of misdeeds that he never commits, and affects an indifference to feelings and conduct that he is far from really entertaining.

After residing a year and a half in London and Edinburgh, Niebuhr returned to Holstein, whence he started early the ensuing year to Copenhagen, having obtained an appointment, the income of which enabled him to marry Amelia Behrens, and take her with him to the Danish capital. In 1806 he left Copenhagen for Berlin, where he accepted the situation of joint-director of the first bank that was founded in Prussia. The opening of the University of Berlin, at Michaelmas, 1810, brought him forward as a lecturer on Roman history; and the lectures which he delivered in this and the following year were published in 1811, and contain the germs of those new combinations and discoveries for which he will be best known to posterity. Niebuhr's studious life was interrupted by the war of liberation in 1813-14, and in which he took an active part. In 1816 he was sent as ambassador to Rome, and on his return from Italy he retired to Bonn, where he gave lectures on Roman antiquities and various subjects, and ultimately died in 1831.

The truly valuable work before us contains illustrations of all these eventful epochs in the historian's life; and although it is evident, from many passages, that Niebuhr was what would be called in this country a Freethinker, and from a fault in his mental constitution, which adhered to him through life—that of measuring his fellow-creatures by an ideal and far too high a standard—he was also a philosophical republican; yet, as his mind was imbued with a pure devotional spirit, albeit of a philosophical character, as his morals were untainted, his virtues genuine, and his republicanism ideal and not practical, there is no portion of this truly learned and good man's letters, that may not be read with advantage to the heart, and improvement of the understanding. The character presented to the reader, it has been justly remarked, is that of one wise and noble far beyond the generality of men. His letters, indeed, constitute a study for the moralist not less than for the scholar; there is a vein of reflection, and an unceasing flow of suggestive thought that pervades them, which, as in the instance of Goethe, render it impossible to tear oneself from the perusal of such a thoughtful, instructive, and delightful correspondence.

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

LORD PALMERSTON, ENGLAND, AND THE CONTINENT.

AUSTRIAN VIEWS OF ENGLISH FOREIGN POLICY.

THE annals of European history contain no epoch characterised by more general, more violent, and more extraordinary events, than what occurred in 1848. The agitation was clearly discerned, yet every one was taken by surprise. There was not want of foresight, there was want of resolution. Nothing was opposed to the revolutionary deluge, but a mistaken, dignified silence, and arms blunted by the lapse of time. To repair so great an evil, and to prevent any similar catastrophe, is the great problem which now engages the courts of Europe. But the problem is not one of very easy solution; governments accuse the people, the people accuse governments, when there is, or ought to be, mutual responsibility—a responsibility which, however, is greater on the part of government, and the more so as its forms are more or less despotic. To re-establish, on the one hand, a former state of things, that has been destroyed, is a new revolution; to continue, on the other, an open and incessant hostility against all existing institutions, is to destroy everything, even to the germs of futurity.

As the basis of order lies in government, so we see in the present day all kinds of systems bolstered up—monarchies anticipating that the basis being once re-established by force, society will reform, and all will go on smoothly; monarchies which are to be durable, without the people being royalist; and, lastly, republics springing up among people of decided anti-republican tendencies. Proportionately brief, also, has been the duration of the latter. One might just as well pretend to establish the supremacy of religion where there is not a sentiment of its truths. The Count de Ficquelmont, formerly President of the Council, and Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Court of Austria, takes no account of this mutual responsibility of people and governments; with him the people are alone to blame, and the evils that weigh down upon them, in the shape of a re-actionary despotism, are of their own seeking—the natural punishment of their faults.*

Among the great catastrophes of 1848, the revolution in Austria was the most surprising. It was most difficult to understand how so extensive a political body, which had never ceased to act in the extreme system of defence, could be so easily overthrown. The French revolution of 1789 was effected by an entive change in social feelings, brought about by philosophy, by literature, and by manners; and France has ever since

* Lord Palmerston, l'Angleterre, et le Continent. Par Le Comte de Ficquelmont, Ancien Ambassadeur à Constantinople et à Saint Petersbourg, Ancien Ministre d'Etat et des Conférences, Ancien President du Conseil et Ministre des Affaires étrangères d'Autriche.

lived upon the capital placed at her disposal by incessant insurrections and revolutions, without troubling herself with sowing the seed of morality on a soil now almost exhausted. The situation of Austria, in face of its revolution, was, according to M. Ficquelmont, entirely of a different kind. It had been brought into such a position by purely material causes. It was a revolution of weakness. There was a superabundance of vitality to which the social state gave no employment, and which was cast back upon itself by the languor of a political system, which not only rejected all active measures, but applauded political inactivity as a virtuous moderation. No one was desirous of power. Princes, ministers, and nobles, alike agreed in preferring privacy to the active support of the throne. The signs which were given of change in every direction were seen, but none wished to compromise themselves by early manifestations of mistrust or defence. An almost idolatrous worship of the monarchical principle, permitted none to imagine even that it was possible to fortify sovereign power, unless the initiative came from the sovereign himself. A well-organised administration occupied and filled efficiently all the lower regions. But a want was felt, where superior minds should have been to give movement and direction. The movements of that administration were like a galvanic operation performed on a body whose vital principle was inactive. Those who said they were going to inspire it with a new life, easily carried others along with them; for this body only asked to regain, no matter in what way, the sentiment of self-being which it had lost. The dead who regains life does not ask upon what conditions. Thus, while the revolutions of great states are usually accomplished by the disputes of princes, ministers, or factions for power, the revolution of Vienna took place because there was no one to govern. To believe M. Ficquelmont, such a state of things necessarily imparted also to external politics the same character of negation that belonged to the interior. Everything was reduced to mere appearances. The idea became common throughout Europe, that there only remained the appearance of an empire, easy to tumble down, and still more easy to despoil. This opinion added to the difficulties of the political position of Austria, which only found, among the powers that were not hostile to her, that kind of feeling which is entertained towards a friend whom we look upon as lost. It was thus only within itself that the Austrian empire could seek and find the force necessary to restore confidence to such of her subjects as remained faithful to her, to subject those that were in rebellion, to triumph over external enemies, and to regain its political rank in Europe.

It is unnecessary to follow M. Ficquelmont in the details of the events of 1848 and 1849, viewed in the light imparted to those details by reflection from the Austrian cabinet itself. The minister compares the organisation of the Austrian army to that of the English army in India, which, after defeating its most bellicose opponents, the Sikhs, incorporated a number of them in its own ranks. This is not very complimentary to the European populations, Italian, Hungarian, and Slavonian, that were in arms against Austrian bureaucracy. In the half-civilised East, it is only through the medium of the Anglo-Indian army, that the semi-barbarous Orientals acquire those notions of order and of justice to which they were before utter strangers, and become initiated into the feeling of re-

spect for the protection of the law. The Anglo-Indian army is thus not merely an armed force that keeps an empire in subjection, it is also a great institution, constituting, by its nature, a portion of the populace, contributing to its civilisation, and to infuse into it European manners and ideas by the example which it presents in its daily life, of order, discipline, and moral qualities. But does the condition of Italian and Hungarian society present anything analogous with that of prostrate Scindian or predatory Sikh, or do the mixed elements of the Austrian army, German and Slavonian, present so great a contrast to the nations that rebelled against her supremacy or her despotism?

Austria was attacked upon the double basis of the sovereignty of the people and national rights; but what was Piedmont, asks M. Ficquelmont, that marched to the aid of the Lombard populations in revolt, and ventured to attack, arms in its hand, an empire like that of Austria? It is composed of elements as heterogeneous as Austria itself; but, unlike Austria, all are upon a small scale. Savoy is French. The Novarais is a province of Lombardy, ceded by Maria Theresa to the King of Sardinia, to purchase his neutrality on the occasion of that empress's war with the King of Prussia. The state of Genoa has never ceased to sigh after its ancient sovereignty and independence. Sardinia added a title, without giving any additional power, to the prince of this incongruous kingdom. In the distribution of parts, the Pope was to have been the soul of the enterprise, and Charles Albert the sword. Then was seen what never happened before. Scarcely had the struggle commenced, than that sovereign proclaimed the incorporation of the Lombardo-Venitian kingdom, and of the duchies of Modena, Parma, and Placentia, into the kingdom of Piedmont. The "convention" never went so far, for it only decreed the incorporation of Belgium and of the left bank of the Rhine with France when it had conquered them. In the face of such an enormity France and England remained silent. "The silence of France," says M. Ficquelmont, "can be understood. Invaded by a revolution which it knew not how to restrain, it could not interfere in that which took place without. But how can that of England, proud as she is in having been out of the sphere of revolutionary contagion, be explained? Is it not to undergo oneself a moral revolution, to thus allow all the laws of international right to be trampled under foot?" We must leave the supporters of the doctrines of non-intervention to answer M. Ficquelmont. It is well known in England whence this silence proceeded, and whence came the Polish general who, according to the Piedmontese, *sold* the battle of Novara—a mere calumny, invented to shield a disgrace.

"England," adds M. Ficquelmont, further on, "could exercise no influence in Austria, except through Italy. It did not suit the character of her then policy to remain neutral. For some time back she had withdrawn from alliance with Austria; so she now became hostile to that country—hostile as she knows how to be, when she wishes to be so, without going actually to war."

That is to say, by the application of what the Austrian minister calls industrial, or monied and commercial hostility, in contradistinction to armed hostility. M. Ficquelmont is not only a disbeliever in the pacific intentions of the British government and people, but he actually derides the pretensions of the peace party *par excellence*—the industrial peace

propagandists—who, in the opinion of most Englishmen, would insure peace and prosperity by giving up the lamb to the wolf, but who, in the opinion of the Austrian, are just as warlike as those who speak out more openly and candidly.

"It requires," says M. Ficquelmont, "few words to reduce the asseverations of industrial peace to their real value. If the productions of industry give riches, a word that is synonymous with that of power, do all nations possess the same powers of production? If they do not, they cannot become equally rich; they will, therefore, be of unequal power. Their relative position will not be changed. It would require, then, on the part of industrial preponderance, a degree of abnegation and of virtue which is rarely seen united to the sentiment of power. Has not industry, in order to make war, arms that appear to be inoffensive, and which give, nevertheless, the most deadly wounds to nations? For my part, I neither believe in peace, nor in liberty, nor in riches, that industry can give or impart, no matter from what country. Money, which is the soul of industry, has never given anything to any one. It is lent at greater or less interest, but it is never given."

The Austrian's Utopia would from this appear to be a home of pastoral idleness—for man must be industrious even to fish or hunt, still more so to till the ground—a land where peace and liberty, and means of some peculiar kind, unknown to ordinary political economists, are to be acquired in combination with utter moral and intellectual prostration.

Even the Crystal Palace, according to the Austrian, contained within its frail precincts the elements of war. "The English government," says M. Ficquelmont, "sought to raise the exhibition at the Crystal Palace to the dignity of an event, which should become an epoch in the history of mankind. From that epoch should date a durable, an universal peace. Because all the products of industry came and permitted themselves to be arranged under the same roof, and show themselves as at a festival, will the rivalry of the forces of production have ceased? Will it not be the inevitable result of this comparison, to excite it more? Is not this object openly proclaimed?"

No doubt it was, and none but an Austrian bureaucrat could have seen, in the honest and ennobling rivalry of art and industry, a cause of disturbance and an element of discord or war.

After a few pages devoted to the condemnation of national loans, and the system of the stock-exchange generally, and deducting from thence that money is never neutral—either always friendly or inimical—M. Ficquelmont passes to the consideration of the Don Pacifico demonstration, as a case in point, to show that England, which has loans everywhere, and capital employed all over the continent, as well as in every part of the world, makes use of this monied supremacy to advance its political interests. Greece excused itself, when pressed for payment of its debt, on the score of poverty, to which England answered, that this untoward state of things was brought about, not by failure of resources, but because the country was badly governed. Here, then, by means of the debt, an opening was found for political interference; so in the Don Pacifico case, according to the Austrian diplomatist, Lord Palmerston only wished to show that he was resolved not to defend the direct rights of government, but also those of every adopted subject of the British empire.

The peace of the world, M. Ficquelmont argues, would be impossible, if all the ministers of foreign affairs were prepared to stake, in every commercial transaction, and, consequently, in the person of every merchant, the honour, dignity, and rights of their country. Protection, no doubt, is due to such, and it is the duty of the country to grant it to them; but it should only be done within the limits of the rights of nations.

A month after the Don Pacifico affair—in July, 1850—Lord Palmerston celebrated his personal triumph, and that of his system, at a banquet at the Reform Club. This is a new subject for recrimination on the part of the Austrian minister, who declares that he cannot understand how the courage and enterprise of the English can be raised to the dignity of a mission of Providence; how a single man, in face of the intelligence of the universe, who has only an atom of reason, who has only an ephemeral existence, should dare to embrace the whole world and all people in his combinations, and make them all mount the fantastic ladder of an imaginary civilisation! It is to despise the lessons of history; to ignore why so many nations have perished. The ruins of empires are no lesson to such a person. And in the face of such vast pretensions, what is taking place at the gates of England? Within the last ten years, four hundred and fifty thousand families have emigrated, or have been deported from Ireland. If the British parliament has its "Blue Books," in which are consigned its *mutilated* acts of diplomacy,* history has also its records, only they will be complete, unaltered, and in them will be registered all the facts, and the men who brought them about, leaving to each his share of good or evil, of good or bad influence, of truth and falsehood; *suum cuique.*

The policy pursued by England, M. Ficquelmont argues, has been now, for some time back, stamped with the seal of the most manifest contradiction. Possibly, in times gone by, she had not the sense of the evil she was preparing for Europe. She sought, at the outset, simply to raise her commercial power, by opposing all possible obstacles to the development of the maritime relations of other states, but leaving to each the responsibility of self-government, for good or for evil, as they best understood it; but now she openly avows interference with the government of all other states. An assertion like this, on the part of the Austrian diplomatist, will be seen at once to be characterised far more by the petty opposition of political personality, than by a fair and comprehensive judgment of things. The party of non-intervention in this country is far more numerous than the out-and-out followers of the Palmerstonian policy are. Many, even of the admirers of the noble lord, cling to him more from an idea that he has been one of the most courageous ministers that England has for a long time possessed, in resisting the encroachments and dictation of others, than from admiration of his principles of intervention during the late crisis. The principles of free-trade, and the modification of the navigation-laws, opposed by all Englishmen of real Conservative and patriotic feelings, did not deserve such

* The mutilation of despatches in "Blue Books" was openly avowed at the meeting of Parliament, on the 17th of February, in the case of Captain Sir Alexander Burnes, and Mr. Macnaghten's Reports relating to the affairs of Cabul.

a curious display of ingratitude on the part of the continental powers towards the government, who in such measures have in reality been looking more to the interests of the foreigner, than to those of their own countrymen. Such, however, is the ardour of international jealousies, that it blinds the diplomatist even to the value of the greatest concessions ever made by a great industrial, commercial, and colonising nation to others.

According to M. Ficquelmont, England obliged Charles VI. of Austria to break up an Indian company he had founded at Ostend. England closed the port of Antwerp. She obliged the same Charles to renounce the idea of establishing a Levantine company at Trieste. According to the Austrian, Lord Palmerston, who has not contented himself with merely throwing impediments in the way of commerce, but has actually brought the system of direct action upon the social organisation of foreign states to a political system—a system which pretends to call all nations to liberty, whilst all the means of expansion are more than ever closed to that liberty. To be sincere, according to M. Ficquelmont, England ought, if she wishes to continue to oppose herself to the development of the power and maritime relations of Europe, cease to excite it incessantly, and by every means in her power to take the forms of government that are free; for by so doing she only, as we have had the misfortune to witness, brings about the convulsions of liberty without any of its advantages.

"Let us come to the facts," continues our Austrian antagonist, "for they concern a future which terrifies the whole world. Is there an Englishman who will dare to pretend that England, by herself alone, and without the assistance of any other people, could have conquered and formed all the establishments that Europe has founded in all parts of the world?"

The English establishments, M. Ficquelmont goes on to argue, at length, were at first of the most feeble character. Even to the time of separation of the United States, she had nothing to compare with Mexico, with Vera Cruz, with Buenos Ayres, Monte Video, Rio Janeiro, Lima, or others. Yet, as she cannot be master of all, she is constantly struggling to prevent other European nations possessing that which she cannot hold herself. The catastrophe which threatens Europe will date from the emancipation of the colonies. This event is by its very nature inevitable. For a colony, to last, must prosper; and its prosperity necessarily leads to its emancipation. The colonial powers have hastened this catastrophe by their rivalry. France and Spain coalesced in favour of the revolt of the United States, the former to revenge herself for the loss of Canada. England, in her turn, to revenge herself on Spain, assisted in the emancipation of Mexico and all South America, and, by creating the empire of Brazil, caused Portugal to fall into the condition in which we now see that country.

In the time of the imperial wars, England, after having destroyed the French, Spanish, Dutch, and Portuguese navies, directed her whole power against the East Indies. It was a richer and a readier prey than the United States. The French were driven out of the country, and the Indo-Britannic Empire was founded. So with regard to the Dutch

colonies. She restored some, but kept Ceylon and the Cape of Good Hope. She seized upon immense territories in Australia. Wise considerations for the future are what lead England to people, to cultivate, and to civilise these new possessions. It is in that part of the world that the power and the colonial prosperity of England must lie for the future. Yet, when general peace was restored, England had a trial of strength with the United States; but she found, to her cost, that that young state was already too strong to be brought back to her allegiance by the force of arms.

Since that time, every step has been in favour of the new state. She has annexed Texas, and has appropriated to herself the vast regions of the Oregon, in order to open to herself a way to the Pacific. But just as that act was consummated, the war with Mexico opened to the same states a readier and more desirable way. New Mexico was conquered, and California was ceded to the Americans. The unexpected mineral riches of that country are the most trifling advantages connected with it. From thence, at this very moment, the American flag waves over the sea of India and China; and, to further open the way, the Sandwich Islands, the intermediate station, are made to solicit the protectorate of the United States. The wars of the next century will be fought between Anglo-Indians, Anglo-Australians, Anglo-Zealanders, and Anglo-Americans. And the English cabinet, which made such a disturbance for a few pounds of sulphur in Sicily, a few thousand drachmas at Athens, and a few trifling commercial questions in Spain and Portugal, never uttered a word upon events so pregnant with importance to the future. The English press, so occupied with the most trifling affairs of continental Europe, and which watches and scolds its own government for the slightest omissions, was as silent as that government itself. (We beg to except ourselves from this category; we did our best at the time to point out the bad policy of the cession of the Columbia. A railroad from Canada to Vancouver would, however, still counterbalance all present, and possibly many prospective disadvantages of the sea-board power of America on the Pacific.) "The whole of England," continues M. Ficquelmont, "seems to recognise in North America a power against which it can no longer struggle."

The Austrian diplomatist next proceeds to compare the progress of the two most flourishing cities in England and in the United States. The population of Liverpool was, in 1700, only 6000; it is now nigh 400,000; the population of New York was, in 1694, 4300; it is now 643,000. Liverpool gives at the same time the best idea of the benefit derived from commercial relations with the United States; but in Washington, thoughts of the future go beyond mere commercial advantages. That future is contained in two words, placed in antagonism: Europe, America. Whatever England may do, M. Ficquelmont goes on to argue, she must remain European. Although this fact is overlooked in the actual diplomacy of England, it ought not to be so, for England may yet have to look for safety to an European or continental alliance. To attempt now to stop the United States in her career of power, prosperity, and universal dominion between Europe and Asia, M. Ficquelmont says, would be *le plus grand trop tard de l'histoire*—"the greatest case of being too late in the field that would ever have been recorded in history!"

"When," continues M. Ficquelmont, "America shall have attained the moral, material, and political power towards which its own movement and that of the world are alike conducing, is there an Englishman who will dare to pretend that England alone, that the English navy unassisted, without alliance with any other nation or any other navy in Europe, would be powerful enough to defend and protect Europe in a war that should arise between Europe and America? Is it likely that these young American states, strong as they would be in the principle of unity which has called them into life, would fight in Europe, as the European states have had the misfortune to do in all parts of the world? Not in the least. It would be a war between United America and Europe divided; their youth would preserve them from those old rivalries which have so long torn up and still tear Europe to pieces. For, notwithstanding the gloss of words, it is still the rivalry of France and England that disturbs Europe. The struggle has changed its character, because the two countries have changed their form; but it is so much the more dangerous as the arms for the combat are the less visible, and that one party alone knows how to employ their sharpest points.

"In such a struggle, continental Europe would no doubt defend its territory. But in what manner? Would political liberty suffice for such a result, when such a liberty divides far more than it unites? Whence, then, would that protection come?

"If the emancipation of the colonies must create powers which may one day become dangerous to Europe—I wish to limit myself to saying dangerous to its political liberty—another struggle, that of the material riches of other portions of the globe—would they not bring about its decline and fall? Europe, far inferior to America and to Asia in extent, is it not still more so in respect to the valuable productions of the soil? Can she resist a concurrence against which distance is no longer an obstacle?"

M. Ficquelmont goes on to illustrate the last point by the extent given to the cotton factory system in England, a branch of industry which, while it has enriched a few, and given support to an adventitious factory population, has hurt the agricultural population and interests of England, entailed misery to Ireland, and been generally disadvantageous to the continent, where cheap cotton manufactures have superseded the dearer but more durable manufactures of linen and flax—the natural products of the country. One of the most productive branches of rural industry in Germany—the wool market—is also threatened with proximate ruin by the superiority in extent and goodness of the pasturages of Australia. England has already for some years ceased to be a purchaser of wool in the German and Austrian markets.

"What, then," exclaims the Austrian minister, "can come of the theory of free-trade, when the exceeding superiority of production and of fabrication on one side, leaves nothing to the other either to produce or to manufacture? What must be the result to the safety of all Europe, when every private individual, the proprietor of a small farm, finds himself compromised, if not ruined, by products that arrive from the most distant parts of the globe? A man may struggle against other men, his neighbours, by his intelligence and his activity. He knows what he can

do, what he can undertake. But what can he do against the universe?"

This kind of argument will sound strange in the ears of our merchants and manufacturing political economists, who have only one simple principle to regulate them—to buy in the cheapest markets, and sell in the dearest; but the fact is, that such recrimination for a preference shown to the cheaper wools of Australia, our own colony, to the expensive merinos of Moravia, and for the preference shown by continental and other nations for our cheap cotton manufactures, to more expensive linen and thread tissues, comes with ill grace from Austria—a nation which upholds the most grievous commercial monopolies wherever it has the power to do so—on the Danube, in Hungary, Lombardy, Bohemia, Croatia, Styria, and in the Adriatic and Turkish frontier provinces. For some idea of the system pursued, we may refer to Mr. Spencer's lately published work on Turkey in Europe.

M. Ficquelmont next proceeds to a more ingenious than kindly comparison of Rome and England. Both, he says, arrived at political supremacy in the world, but by essentially different means. The Romans conquered territories and men by war, and then subjected them by military colonisation. The English, if they do not destroy, at least know how to neutralise their adversaries by war; and then they terminate the conquest of things and of men by subjecting them through their wants. They have always known how to gain more by treaties of commerce than by treaties of peace. The Romans civilised men to attach them to their empire; the English civilise men to make consumers of them. If a similar decline and fall happened to England as has happened to Rome, it would entail greater misfortune to its young and distant civilisation than followed in the so-called dark ages which ensued upon the fall of Rome.

"Is there an Englishman," exclaims M. Ficquelmont, "who dares to pretend that England owes to itself alone all that it knows—all the capacities with which it is endowed; that it owes to itself all that civilisation which distinguishes it, and which its merchant-ships carry everywhere with their merchandise? No Englishman will dare to say so."

The answer certainly was easily found. No Englishman, to the extent of our knowledge, and we have many strange and eccentric characters among us, ever ventured to propound such an absurd proposition. Where are the dead languages, so unprofitable to the mere worshipper of mammon, so generally studied as in England? Where are the modern languages more generally known? Where the progress of art, science, invention, literature, and philosophy, more quickly or more carefully chronicled? What were the objects of the Great Exhibition, but to improve art, taste, knowledge, and invention, by comparison with other countries? The wonder is, why such a silly question was propounded. For this reason: because M. Ficquelmont will have it that the republic of letters is replaced in England by the republicanism of trade, which is grasping at the possession of the whole universe!

When England is so proud of its constitutional and of its religious and political position, that it calls upon all people to flock to its standard, M. Ficquelmont inquires, how is it that it does not address itself to the semi-savage nations of Asia and Africa, or even to the Turks, who are at

least more in want of amelioration than the continental nations! Has England even been always successful in her diplomatic interference, one of the bases of which is a system of protection in favour of the weaker states? Ought it, when it cannot preserve that influence without the approbation of the other European states, to never cease to disseminate trouble and disorder among those states? These are questions which the Austrian minister propounds at length, and he answers them by saying, "The influence of England is in the present day preponderant; she ought, in consequence, to give a scrupulous attention to the use that is made of that influence in her name; for the mischief and evil that she may do to the continent is sure to recoil ultimately upon herself." And then he adds afterwards, in a less candid and honourable spirit: "If a state of disorder diminishes competition in industry and commerce, to the advantage of English merchants and manufacturers, political men ought to consider that the permanency of the prosperity of states demands other conditions than those of the temporary prosperity of their trade." We cannot speak as to what advantage any individual merchant may have taken of the non-productive state of other countries, but of this we feel morally certain, that no English minister, to whom we may be even politically opposed, ever lent his influence to promote disorder for the advantage of a few traders or merchants. M. Ficquelmont must measure British policy by a scale peculiar to the council over which he once presided in Vienna.

But the Austrian diplomatist does not confine himself to the very fair and just ground of condemning our system of interference and propagandism on the continent; he also attacks the very constitution and principles which it has been of late so great a matter of pride to disseminate among other nations. He argues, that ours is neither a better government than others, nor is it by any means the most active promoter of civilisation. There is no truth in it. The English are, in reality, so many *felons*, as every man was called in feudal times who failed in his word.

"There is not an Englishman," says our author, "who does not carry with him, in all the relations of life, the secret, or at least a portion of the secrets of his party. He is always, in the presence of his adversaries, in a state of restraint—of self-observation; he is constantly on the watch to make himself impenetrable, while he penetrates the secrets of others. The parliamentary man who is most successful is the one who can speak longest, and upon all matters, without his real thoughts being revealed!" Then, again, "When an Englishman arrives on a mission in a foreign country, his first care is to ascertain the position of parties, and to select his friends from those who ostensibly approximate most to the interests of England. If such a party were not in existence, he would at once set to work to establish one. As soon as it existed, his constant labour would be to carry it into power!"

Life in England, according to the same authority, is a perpetual school of intrigue. Dissimulation is a permanent necessity. Words are veiled in hypocrisy. The English have attained to a point of esteeming, in the very highest degree, qualities which in private life would render all social relations utterly impossible and out of the question. Preferring on all occa-

sions the rivalry of interests to those of principle, the British government is to be seen in strange contrasts in different countries. Thus it lent, at the same time, its influence to the royal party in Portugal and the liberal in France. When France supported Christina in Spain, England gave its countenance to the ultra-liberal Espartero; when France supported Narvaez, England went round to the queen's party. The struggle of Mavrocordato and Coletti in Greece was a mere episode in the rivalry of France and England—the interests of Greece herself were scarcely considered in the matter.

But England has not only its official organs to disseminate its activity. Every English traveller is the apostle of the doctrines of his country. Every writer—every editor of an English newspaper, co-operates in the work of the ministry; all receive their inspirations from the princely merchants of the city. Thus it is that the basis of all questions is purely commercial. Constitutions are only the arsenals that give arms for the combat. The public mind has long since been trained to this kind of warfare in England; hence it is that she is able to carry it on with a spirit of combination that ensures success. France is still a novice in this kind of warfare, and hence it is that the great questions of social reform and constitutional liberty are decided in that country by the sword.

There was at one time a public right that was common to all nations, and which governed international relations. England was the first country to adopt a public right of its own, and from that moment it was no longer the king or his council that regulated the political progress of the country; it was the constitution that became the bases of political movement, and the public mind that regulated the public right. Foreign nations were no longer anything but fish with which the English ministers marked their parliamentary game. But to play this game with advantage, they required analogies in foreign states. Constitutional propagandism had for object to create these where they did not yet exist. No man was more skilful in this kind of game than Lord Palmerston.

After a just panegyric of Sir Robert Peel, at once conservative and yet progressive, and who fell from the impossibility of any one man uniting in himself antagonistic doctrines, M. Ficquelmont goes on to observe that it was in the time of William Pitt, as recorded on his monument, that the English first learnt that continental war could be made to favour the development of commerce. The long wars of the French revolution, while giving to England the opportunity of conquering commercial supremacy, at the same time involved the country in so vast a national debt, *that she never can sustain such a struggle again.* Her political march was thus changed in its direction. The state of her finances commanded the economy of peace, at the same time that the possession of commercial supremacy, which she had acquired by war, could only be preserved to her by war. Lord Palmerston has a claim to a monument which shall record that the English nation is indebted to him for a solution of this problem; for if peace reigns in England, there has been a state of almost continuous warfare among all the nations of the continent.

Poor Lord Palmerston! Not only to him is the continent indebted for four years of civil war between Don Pedro and Don Miguel, for seven

years' war between Don Carlos and the two queens, but also for two years' war between Poland and Russia, the insurrections of Posen, Cracovia, and Gallicia, the war of Schleswig-Holstein, the Hungarian struggle, the uprising of Italy, and the catastrophe of Charles Albert! "England in her great struggle," says M. Ficquelmont, "made war with her fleets and her armies in all parts of the world at the same time. She paid subsidies or lent money to her allies; she called nations to arms by appealing to their passions. Since the time of peace, she has scratched from her budget all the expenses of war; but she has continued the appeal to the passions, to which she has learnt, as it were, to impart permanency, by raising new questions of social order and political order. The results are before us."

In the face of these awful facts, continues M. Ficquelmont, the English minister continues every year, on the occasion of the opening of parliament, to felicitate the people of England upon its calm attitude, and the political peace which its government has preserved amidst the revolutions that have afflicted the continent, and in a language so simple, so natural, and so candid, as really to have the appearance of innocence!

Lord Palmerston has more than once officially declared that the English government had resolved to make no alliance with governments which did not profess the same principles as England. "Such," says M. Ficquelmont, "was the basis of the alliance of France and England in opposition to that of the three great continental powers." But what will the Austrian diplomatist say now that Lord Palmerston applauds the usurpation of Louis Napoleon as a political necessity?

M. Ficquelmont next proceeds to investigate how Lord Palmerston has been enabled to follow out for so long a time a policy which was arbitrary, for it was full of contradictions; which was violent, since so many complained against it; and which was unconstitutional, for it proclaimed and violated principles just as it chose. To this effect he traces how Lord Palmerston was educated in a school of vast combinations, from which he inherited courage in action and the art of combating his enemies at once by regular alliances and by irregular excitements to insurrection and revolution. He discusses the state of parties during the Peninsular war, and the Italian question from the days of Lord William Bentinck to those of Lord Minto, in which discussion he brings into prominent light the discrepancies of the Tory and Whig administrations—the first acting for a principle, the second for an interest. From this he passes to the consideration, that in his late acts of passive hostility to Austria, Lord Palmerston went in contradiction to the principle of the natural alliance of England and Austria, founded on the two elements which had been so firmly established by the past—the rivalry of England and France, and the rivalry of France and Austria. The Whig cabinet, M. Ficquelmont argues, having founded its power upon its alliance with the middle-classes in England, wishes, in the same manner, to make the basis of its political power in Europe the protection of secondary states—a retrograde policy, only fit for past times, undignified, and dangerous. England wishes to group around it little states, to oppose them to great, whose power she fears, and which yet she cannot weaken. For this selfish purpose she launches the minor states into a sea of trouble and conflict, in which they

must inevitably perish. Italy, the Austrian argues, is so circumstanced geographically, as compared with the two great states, its neighbours, that it never can be a great power again. It was because Constantine saw that he could not cope with the Franks and Germans, who had already in his time attained a high military organisation, that he removed his seat of empire to Byzantium. It is to deceive Italy, therefore, to make it believe in its regeneration! These errors of the Whig cabinet, M. Ficquelmont avers, have done more to ensure the power of Austria in Italy than have the Austrian forces. There has been neither object nor aim in the excitement kept up in that country. There has been no aim; for an object that never can be attained, is not a target. A united, independent Italy is a dream. A strong, independent Italy, divided into separate states, is another dream. Austria has proceeded upon the principle that the independence of secondary states, and still more so those of a third order, can only be assured by the agreement of the great powers. But to excite such second and third rate states to war against first-rate powers, with nothing but moral support, is a cruel error. The answer to all this is, that it would have behoved the Austrian minister, in making so serious a charge against the English minister—Whig though he be—to have more clearly established his premises that England did excite the second and third rate states of Italy against, not a too powerful neighbour, but the actual occupier of her best provinces.

It is almost needless, now that France has become a military dictatorship, to point out the argument of the Austrian against any permanent alliance between France and England, founded on Whig or so-called liberal principles. The following, however, is a summary of these views: France follows at the same time the path of liberty and equality, whilst in England it is a principle that equality renders liberty impossible. The theory of the sovereignty of the people has led France to universal suffrage. That country attaches no political value to the principle of right of inheritance: whilst in England the same theory, which admits of only one limited mode of election, attaches high political importance to the right of inheritance. The majority of the French people are Catholic, whilst England is Protestant. (Ireland must be excepted, but she is not free, since she is subjected to laws against which she never ceases to protest.) In France, the Catholic Church, in its quality of universal Church, labours incessantly at rendering itself independent of the state. In England, the Protestant Church is the national Church, and it constitutes an eminent portion of the political constitution. It is impossible, M. Ficquelmont deduces, that with such differences the principle of liberty can ever be the same in the two countries.

"England," says the Austrian, returning to the original charge, "insists upon propagating its political belief among continental states; how would it like to have the continental creed forced upon itself? Would Englishmen, so proud, so self-willed, and so independent, ever submit their mode of thought to that of any other nation? Would they give up their convictions for those of others? No; and yet they expect all the other people of the continent to do precisely that which they themselves would never accede to!"

This, after a long philosophical episode on the nature of man, viewed

in his moral and political aspects, according to the system of Chateaubriand, is followed by a declaimer against the vaunted freedom of the press. Publicity, with all its admitted advantages, M. Ficquelmont argues, can never be a good principle of government, for publicity is the element of nothing; it is never, in the natural order of things, anything more than the sequence of an act (*fait accompli*), of a thing done; when it anticipates that event, it delays it, or corrupts it, or renders it impossible. That is to say, that all that is done in nature is done in the most secret manner possible, as a kind of mystery, and only shows itself to the eyes as a result.

All social unity would be impossible, if the thoughts of all could at the same moment be expressed in words. There is not a thought of the future in the mind of man that he does not keep secret, if he expects any results from it. The commander of an army moves whole bodies of men without imparting the secret of his plan to any one; he would fail if it was known. The head of a commercial establishment communicates his speculations to no one; his books are not open to the public, except in case of bankruptcy. The poet and the artist conceive in secret; publicity takes away from the freshness of their ideas. Mount Sinai, the Grotto of Egeria, and the Cave of Muhammad, are proofs that good laws are meditated in solitude. The affections as well as the virtues, love secrecy. Fanaticism runs through the streets sword and torch in its hand; true religion enters humbly and silently into the house of worship. "Publicity, in fact," says M. Ficquelmont, in the most poetic chapter of his work, "is opposed to the practice of virtue, to noble sentiments, to the products of intelligence, and is dangerous to all interests." It is impossible to propound a more palpable case of sophistry. Place the flint and the steel apart, and where is then a result? Let every man devote himself to a life of silent selfishness, and woe to the progress of art, science, intelligence, and all that is concerned in begetting civilisation! M. Ficquelmont appeals in support of silence to nature. The seed, he says, to germinate and produce, must first be secreted in the ground. Silence and modesty are the virtues of nature. "I have not succeeded," says the Austrian political economist, "in finding a single force, the element of which was not hidden; nor one single productive operation which did not require mystery to be carried into effect. Even the dew is not sent to refresh the earth, till day has ceased and night commenced! And does man consider himself without creation, that he imagines he can impress by publicity laws of social order that shall be different to those which rule the universe?" Does he really imagine that human society would not go as well if it was just left to go on its own way? The answer from any one, but an Austrian or a Turk, would be, that it would go on—to barbarism. One would really think that the ex-president of council at Vienna was soliciting a situation at Paris, under the existing arch-extinguisher of publicity.

M. Ficquelmont having disposed of the "tyranny of the press," proceeds to place religious faith and political faith on a parallel line, which is enforcing obsequiousness to the powers that be, to a point that almost approximates to idolatry. It is true that England differs from France in possessing the elements of both; but devotion to the country, loyalty to

the sovereign, obedience to laws, confidence in an old and tried constitution, have never yet in this country assumed the form of religious veneration, nor have they ever been deemed by the English to be at all necessarily connected with that intellectual submission which is essential to true faith—political faith can only be demanded of subjects very differently educated and circumstanced to what the English are. M. Ficquelmont does not believe this. "The English people," he says, "positively worship their constitution, cemented as it was by their blood, and they have ended by submitting their intellect to its law." It was, he adds elsewhere, political faith, acting simultaneously with a new religious faith, which raised England to the highest pinnacle of power and prosperity. Proud of this result, and looking upon their constitution as their work, instead of that of time and of all the circumstances of their history, they have wished to innoculate all Europe with the same principles. France was one of the first to suffer from this innoculation; and how could it be otherwise, when her people have neither religious nor political faith, by which to distinguish liberty from anarchy, or to know where to stop in the progress of reform.

Another thing, M. Ficquelmont argues, which has preserved England amidst all the violence of revolutionary passions, and which does not exist for continental powers, is a state of social order dependant on its insular position. The waves of the ocean at once act as a rampart to insurrectionary violence, and by casting such back on itself, restore that force of cohesion which intestine wars threaten with destruction. Cromwell, according to the same authority, understood well that the greatness of England was based upon a system of repulsion for all that was foreign. In his time, England, which had successively lost all its territorial possessions in France, and was wearied with continental wars and struggles, first established for its power a basis that was exclusively maritime and commercial. If this is the case, the system, with the exception of the principle of propagandism, so much deprecated by the Austrian minister, dates some little time anterior to Lord Palmerston. But M. Ficquelmont tells us that "Old England" has ceased to exist. There is neither deliberation nor morality, neither submission nor independence, neither talent nor generosity. "England may be, for some time yet, in a material point of view the richest and, perhaps, the most powerful of states; but it has fallen from the high political and moral position that it once held; it has lost at once the confidence of governments and that of people: that of governments, because it is hostile to them both in principles and in interests; that of people, because the English theories have not conferred upon them the happiness which they were led to expect from their adoption. Her influence acts upon the world in the present day only as a destructive power; she has ceased to be protective and beneficent, because she has ceased to be mistress of herself. She has fallen from that excess of pride, which inevitably tumbles down all who are guilty of such excess."

No wonder, if the Austrians believe all these evil things of us, that passports are refused to our countrymen travelling in their territories. M. Ficquelmont will have it that, forgetful that our strength lies in repulsion, and anxious to give the guarantee of further duration to our now

worn-out institutions, every Englishman is a fanatical disseminator of political doctrines in other countries. Thus it is that the faults of one are made to recoil upon every individual of a nation. To conceive such a thing, however, argues very little for the intimacy of the Austrian diplomatist either with the English character or institutions. What has been our conduct in India, where we do not interfere, we rule? Why, in no other part of the East is there so much religious and moral liberty. Every form of worship is not only tolerated but respected, except there was sacrifice of life, as in suttees, Juggernaut processions, and other barbarous practices. The grossest prejudices of castes, sectarianism, and even the practices of—in our eyes—immoral customs, are sanctioned, because national. If our missionaries were asked, there is nothing for which they would so much blame the English government as for not assisting them with all their influence. England, it is well known all over the world, notwithstanding this tremendous onslaught *à propos* of a presumed mistaken policy of interference among the small Italian states, is the least propagandist of all the nations of Europe. Its success in colonising may be traced to this fact. Has France never been a propagandist of revolutionary doctrines? Why does not the Austrian minister reproach her with her armed missions into Belgium, Hesse Cassel, Baden-Baden, and Savoy? No, his work is published in Paris; and England is made to bear the whole brunt of the actual division of Europe into two parties, daily becoming more hostile—the constitutional and the absolutist. If the armies of the French republic or empire could pass the Channel with the same ease as they have the Pyrenees, the Alps, or the Rhine, England, M. Ficquelmont says, would long ago have had to call its old absolutist allies to its aid. The battles of Leipsig and Waterloo would have been fought in its own territories, by Russian and Austrian armies united to the English. Hence, in its insular position lies the peace, the power, and the prosperity of England; hence its political liberty and independence. A country where an O'Connell is hailed in triumph, a Wellington insulted; "an admiral never." Such a state of things is impossible on the continent; and the facility for transporting armies, brought about by steam-navigation and other appliances, may soon render such pride of doctrine and arrogance of propagandism, to the loss of all its old alliances in Europe, not only impossible, but fatal to the country from whence they have so long emanated.

Such are the tenour of the Austrian minister's deductions for the future. Let us hope better things. The diplomatist is angry; there is more of the fire of political controversy in such denunciations than of calm philosophical deduction. But things have changed much, both on the continent and at home, since these pages were written. A strong dictatorial power has sprung up in the former, which is already an object of greater distrust, and is more threatening to the other absolutist powers, than all the constitutional outbursts of all the petty states in Europe. With us a new era has also opened. A Conservative and a truly English Administration has taken the place of the effete and disjointed Whig Cabinet. New men—some of them, it is true, as yet untried—have taken the places of those whose doctrines of political intervention involved us in perpetual troubles and misunderstandings with the continental powers—our old and well-tried—our natural allies.

THE CONCLUDING YEARS IN THE LIFE OF ANNA LEICESTER.

I.

A YEAR or so rolled away,—a long, weary year for Anna Leicester. The fatigue, the pain, the bitter recompense of a governess's life was hers, yet the object with which she had so zealously undertaken it, the end and aim of all her thoughts, seemed further off than ever. Forty guineas had been the amount of salary earned, and with all her carefulness in her own expenditure, not twenty could she hand over to her parents. The small, dull back-parlour, with its humble bed, still contained her dear father, and fewer comforts than ever attended him; for, as her two brothers grew older, they grew more expensive, though they were still but little fellows, and Dr. Leicester *would* try to give them an education that should help them to make their way in the world.

It was a pleasing sight to witness the family of an evening, especially when Anna had a few days' visit allowed her, and then everything was made to look as bright as possible. The good doctor propped up in bed —he had the use of his hands more freely now than at first—reading to them by the light of the lamp, which stood on the small table at his side; Mrs. Leicester sewing, Aunt Grape knitting stockings; and the children gathered round the fire, listening to their father; Anna, in her customary thoughtful position, her hand pressed upon her calm, open brow, dwelling, if the truth were known, more upon her own anxious subjects of thought than upon the book. In due time the doctor would close the volume—it was sure to be one of instruction, combined, perhaps, with amusement; and he would address them with his old, earnest, affectionate manner, and tell them how their conduct should be regulated; pointing out how they might best perform their duties in this life to themselves and to their fellow-creatures, yet at the same time be fitting themselves for a better. And again, as on the first night of her arrival from France, would Anna retire to her chamber with an aching heart, to reflect on that good, intellectual man, mistaken though he had once been, confined by a distressing malady to a useless and solitary career; to witness his patience under his affliction; his anxious solitude and exertions, so far as in him lay, for his children's temporal and eternal welfare; and his entire resignation to all his poverty and privations. It seemed to Anna that she would willingly forfeit half the years of her life, to be able efficiently to contribute to the comfort of her father. At rare moments, and those chiefly when Anna was at home, the doctor would close his eyes, and lean back, lost in reverie, his thoughts reverting to how different his life might have been, had not that dangerous curse fallen upon him—the inordinate love of gold. He saw himself in imagination still pursuing his flourishing profession,—in possession of most things that could make life desirable, or that moderate wealth can procure,—living in comfort and great respectability,—his young sons trained to be worthy and important members of society,—his daughters making the happiness of his home. That is a bitter sigh, Dr. Leicester, but it will not recal your own work. There are thousands in the world now—ay, and will be to the end of time—reaping as remorsefully as you are the fruits of lamentable imprudence.

But now a more advantageous engagement offered itself for Anna. It was in the family of a widowed gentleman, Mr. Chandos; to be the instructor and companion of his only child. The salary named was sixty guineas per annum; and Anna prepared to enter upon her new duties with a lightened heart. Mr. Chandos was of the Established Church, but the little girl was reared in the creed of her mother, who had been a Roman Catholic.

It was a dark, wintry day when Miss Leicester drove through the domains attached to her future residence—a picturesque villa, situated in a county adjoining Middlesex. Two or three servants in a handsome livery appeared in the hall, one of whom ushered her into the sitting-rooms.

A lady of austere aspect and a little girl, whose years may have numbered nine or ten, came forward at her entrance. Miss Moore was an elder sister of the late Mrs. Chandos, and, since that lady's death, she had chiefly made Chandos House her residence.

"Miss Leicester, I presume," she observed, stiffly. "Allow me to introduce you to your future charge, Miss Chandos." The young lady bowed haughtily.

There was something in the whole scene that jarred against Anna's notions of cordiality. But she hastened to commence her new duties.

The little girl had been neither well nor badly instructed—a mixture of both. In all worldly studies she was forward enough, but the benevolent, social qualities of the heart had been totally neglected. Anna saw into her character at once. She was proud and arrogant; her little head running constantly upon the fact that she was an heiress—the only child of the wealthy Mr. Chandos. Anna and her pupil dined at two o'clock. The repast was served with much elegance; far more than it usually falls to the lot of governesses to enjoy: "But this state is observed," explained the cold Miss Moore, "for Miss Chandos."

"Who has been your instructor, my dear?" inquired Anna, as, their studies over, she sat with her pupil at the dusk of the evening.

"You know that I had a governess before you came?" answered the child, giving her ball a twirl that she might catch it in the cup.

"Yes, yes—but does your aunt not instruct you?"

"She teases me about sitting upright, and carrying myself with grace, which I do quite sufficiently well already," answered Miss Chandos.

"Do you remember your mamma?"

"Scarcely; she died when I was five years old. Miss Moore says that I must endeavour to be like her, for she was noted, far and near, for elegance. She says she would rather I had never been born than that I should grow up like papa; but we don't tell him so. Can you see what o'clock it is?" continued the young lady, still catching her ball.

Anna bent close to the timepiece over the fireplace, and with some difficulty distinguished the hour.

"It is twenty-five minutes past five," she answered.

"I don't think it is. I never heard the clock strike."

"You may not have heard it," returned Anna, gently, "but it is the time that I tell you."

"Have the goodness to ring the bell then," continued the young lady. "Willis ought to have been here for me."

Miss Leicester turned to her with surprise, but she spared herself comment then, for the door opened, and a servant-maid entered, and spoke:

"Miss Chandos, it is time to dress."

"Have you a good fire in my dressing-room?" inquired Miss Chandos, "for I am very cold."

"Famous," answered the servant; "it is blazing away to the top of the grate."

"Will you come to my dressing-room for me?" cried Miss Chandos, turning to Anna, "or shall Willis bring me here to you?"

"Am I expected to go down with you?" said Miss Leicester.

"Of course you are; my other governesses always did. Did Miss Moore not tell you?"

"Miss Moore sent her compliments by me, ma'am," interposed the servant, "and she hoped you would be ready to accompany Miss Chandos to the drawing-room at six."

"You can come for me here," said Anna to her pupil.

Accordingly, a few minutes before six, Miss Chandos returned. Her dress was of black velvet, trimmed with white lace, and she wore several golden ornaments. Anna sat reading, in her simple, but new and good, violet merino dress.

"Are you going down in *that?*" exclaimed Miss Chandos, standing still.

"Yes. Will it not do?"

"I don't think my aunt—I don't think Miss Moore will like it," continued the young lady.

The drawing-room was empty when they entered. Miss Moore had not yet come in from dinner.

"They dine at six in summer," explained Miss Chandos to Anna, "but in the winter papa gets so tired, especially these dark evenings, that he wishes for the dinner early, and it is ordered for five. Miss Moore does not like it at all; she has been accustomed to dine at seven."

Before the child had finished speaking, Miss Moore entered, colder and stiffer than ever, in a handsome flowered satin gown, all standing on end. After a few minutes' silence, she moved haughtily towards Anna.

"Pray excuse me, Miss Leicester, but did you receive the message I sent you by Miss Chandos's maid, that you should attend Miss Chandos hither?"

"I received it, madam," replied Anna.

"I judged otherwise," remarked the lady, "and that you had not sufficient warning to prepare your dress. You are probably fatigued, and we will, therefore, excuse it for this evening, especially as we have no visitors; but I must request you to remember, for the future, that you are made Miss Chandos's companion as well as her governess, and, as such, you must in this room be more suitably attired.

Anna bowed low her head to conceal the tears that rushed to her eyes. Must she then spend her sixty guineas in dress, and still not assist her family?

The tea had been some time in the room when Mr. Chandos appeared. He was a stout, ungainly-looking man, past the middle age, with coarse, repelling features, and an eye and mouth the very essence of sensuality.

It was the first time Anna had seen him, and she instinctively shrunk from his presence. There appeared to be an unsteadiness in his gait too, as he walked across the room towards her, which would seem to hint that he had indulged freely in wine. Anna soon found no day passed that he did *not* indulge in it; and it was not once or twice that she saw him dragged up to bed like a clod, in the arms of his servants.

"You are my daughter's new governess, I presume?" he said, as he took a seat beside her; and she bowed in acquiescence.

"Do you find her a docile pupil? If not, you must make her one. And I hope they will render you comfortable here. Should there be anything in the arrangements that you do not like, you can mention it to myself or to Miss Moore."

"Sir, you are very kind."

"You are a Roman Catholic, I understand, Miss Leicester?—indeed, otherwise, you would not have been eligible for my daughter's instructress. But, between ourselves," he continued, lowering his voice, "I must request you not to make her a bigot. It is not my faith, you may be aware; but I am very tolerant myself, and I wish Georgina to be the same. I deem there can be no true religion without it. I should have enjoyed a happier married life, Miss Leicester, had her mother learnt to be more tolerant. Towards its latter period, it was not, I can assure you, all flowers and sunshine."

Anna moved away as soon as she conveniently could. She could not help thinking that Mr. Chandos was entering upon matters which he would not have done, to her, previously to his dinner.

II.

AGAIN a year glided away, and Anna Leicester found it was as she feared it would be—that she had less money to transmit to her parents than ever, Miss Moore being so exacting upon the subject of her dress. Had it not been for this, and for the instinctive dread she still retained of Mr. Chandos, she would have been sufficiently happy. Not that Mr. Chandos behaved *to her* at any time otherwise than as a gentleman—as much so of one, at least, as he could be; but she knew that he was as different from all she thought good and refined, as dark is from light; and the shuddering dislike she had taken to him the first moment of their acquaintance could never be overcome. At times she detected a peculiar glance of his eye towards her, which she did not understand, but it would cause her to shrink from his presence, and to wish herself miles away.

On the day that the twelvemonth expired, she determined to seek an interview with Mr. Chandos, to ask him to raise her salary. She was aware that money was no object to him—that he was not illiberal with it, and she believed she gave satisfaction in her care of Miss Chandos. The interview took place in the library. Mr. Chandos heard her to an end without interruption, pacing up and down the room as he did so. She told him why she wanted more money—the deplorable case of her father.

"But you cannot expect to be of efficient service?" he observed.

"Oh no; not efficient. I can only hope to contribute a little help."

"Extremely little it appears to me," he continued. "Why, allowing

that I accede to your request, what sum could you set apart as a home-gift, yearly?"

"Perhaps forty pounds," she answered. "I hope so."

"Forty pounds!" he exclaimed, a touch of derision in his tone. "With all the requisites wanted in your family! Could you allow them two or three hundred, it would be more to the purpose."

She leaned her arm upon the library table, and pressed her hand to restrain the tears. He had mentioned the thought that had for years been uppermost in her mind; but she had latterly driven it from her, in despair at its utter hopelessness. Mr. Chandos resumed—it would almost seem that he had divined her thoughts—

"I say, Miss Leicester, it would be a lasting gratification to you, could you bestow that sum upon your parents."

"I should have nothing left in life to wish for," she whispered, earnestly.

"I will put it in your power to do so," he returned.

She looked up keenly at him, wondering if the failing apparent in him in the evening had already been resorted to, early as it was. But no: he was calm and collected.

"I will enable you to do what you wish, what you please, for your family, upon one condition."

"And that one, sir?" she inquired, thinking he was about to impart to her some Utopian scheme for making wealth.

"That you become Mrs. Chandos.

A burning flush rose to her forehead—a sensation of utter sickness rushed over her beating heart. Her terrible dislike of this man rose before her in all its force, and she gasped out, motioning with her hands as if to repel him from her, "Oh never, never; any misery but that."

"You have misunderstood me," he observed, with his customary coarse ideas. "I said, Miss Leicester, that I would make you my wife."

She heard, and burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"My wife—the mistress of my home—the mother of my child."

"I thank you," she faltered out, when her emotion allowed her to speak—"I thank you greatly for your kind intentions, but it is impossible for me to accept them."

"Take time for consideration," he concluded. "I do not ask for your immediate answer. Deliberate whether it be worth your while to remain a dependant governess, earning a precarious subsistence, or to secure an honourable position as my wife; with the power—which I swear to you shall be yours—of raising your father from the reach of his difficulties?"

Oh, what a temptation it was! To sacrifice herself, all that she had ever dreamed of happiness in her own future, for the sake of her father. The day was devoted to stormy debate and battling with herself; the whole of the long wintry night she remained on her knees before her crucifix, according to a nearly obsolete Catholic custom, praying for Heaven's help to strengthen her, and enable her to perform her pious wish. But to no purpose. With the bright sun and the bright life of morning her heart failed her; and she felt that she would prefer to die rather than become the wife of that repulsive man.

As the clock struck eleven she entered the library. Mr. Chandos was

there, basking idly upon a couch before the large fire. He rose, and handed her a chair, but she only grasped the back of it, and repeated her refusal of the previous day.

His dark crimson face turned of a deeper red as he listened, but she contrived to speak before he could interrupt her.

"It may not be agreeable to you, sir—it would not be agreeable to me—to remain here now. I shall therefore be prepared to leave your residence as soon as you shall have procured a substitute—much as I regret to give up the care of Miss Chandos."

He did not answer her at first, but began pacing the room with his hands in his pockets, in his favourite slouching, untidy manner.

"In my opinion, Miss Leicester, such a proposal as I made you requires more consideration."

"I have well considered it, sir," she interrupted.

"I should think not," he continued. "But suppose you take a few days' holiday—go home to-day, or to-morrow, if you will. Consult with your friends: in a week's time return hither prepared to become my wife, or do not return at all."

Anna Leicester left Chandos House, and took farewell of her pupil as if it were for ever. She believed that she had laid the seeds for better things in her heart, and she sincerely hoped that her future training, to whomsoever it might be entrusted, would aid in their development.

III.

It was a cold bitter day in January: sleet and snow had been falling since the morning, and Dr. Leicester lay propped up in his bed as usual, with not a spark of fire burning in the grate. His second daughter, Edith, now growing up a fine girl, and hoping soon to go out as teacher in a school, where they would give her the benefit of masters, had just brought in his dinner on a tray—sadly frugal fare—with a glass of water to drink. The family were beginning dinner in the next room; Aunt Grape heading the table, but Mrs. Leicester was nowhere to be seen.

Suddenly there was a cry from some of them, "Anna, Anna!" and poor Dr. Leicester feebly pushed aside the curtain to watch the entrance of his favourite child. She had not been at home for six months, and her coming was a surprise to them.

She took it all in at a glance—the fireless grates—the bare dinner-table—and a sick sensation rose in her heart, for she saw herself, in prospective, the wife of Mr. Chandos.

"But where is mamma?" They looked very grave at the question, and Aunt Grape spoke.

"We kept it from you, Anna dear, not wishing to give you pain, but your poor mamma has been laid up with a long illness—a nervous fever, brought on, I feel convinced, by all sorts of anxieties. You shall go up to see her when we have prepared her for it; it does not do now to take her by surprise. She is better, and I hope will soon be amongst us again. That is the secret of this," added Mrs. Grape, in a lower tone, pointing to all that Anna had noticed; "her illness has been expensive, and we cannot afford to spend in one point without retrenching in another. We manage to have a bit of fire in an evening, and your mamma has it all day."

Her suffering father, patient and cheerful under his many discomforts; her emaciated mother, in need of restoratives and luxuries quite beyond their means of procuring her! Oh, Anna Leicester, you arrived at home at an unlucky moment for the strengthening of your resolution never to become Anna Chandos.

Not quite, that day—not quite; but the next her mind was firmly and irrevocably made up. In proof of which she imparted the tidings to her parents.

"But, Anna," cried her thoughtful father, "can you esteem—like this gentleman? Is he in all respects one that your better judgment would approve of for a husband?"

She answered in the affirmative, but, with a changing cheek, inwardly offering up a prayer to the Virgin to pardon her falsehood. The quick-sighted Mrs. Grape was the only one who detected the hesitation; but she was a woman of the world, and a marriage to her seemed desirable only as its means were ample; so in her heart she commended Anna.

In quicker time than any week for her had hitherto flown was Anna Leicester again standing in the library of Chandos House, face to face with Mr. Chandos. It was after his dinner hour when she arrived, and she had wished to avoid seeing him that night; but scarcely had she joined Miss Chandos in the drawing-room, before a message came from him that he waited for her. She trembled excessively as she entered the library, fearing she knew not what: but he seemed more collected than was usual with him at that hour of the evening.

"I am glad you have returned," he said, more gently, or it may be better to say less roughly than he was accustomed to speak.

"If you will pardon my former rejection of you, sir," she faltered, "I am ready now to become your wife."

"Your friends have persuaded you to accept my offer, thinking it an advantageous one."

"They have neither persuaded nor dissuaded me. I act of my own free will."

"But the privations of their home have been too painful for you to witness," he continued; "so to relieve them you retract your unqualified rejection. Not very flattering to my love, Miss Leicester."

The tears were dropping silently from her eyes as she stood there under the light of the lamps, her head bent downwards.

"I am aware I am not a general favourite with women," he resumed, "but no wife of mine need be unhappy unless she choose. I have some peculiarities, and, if you are wise, you will adapt yourself to them. At any rate, there will be no storms in our wedded life; for you are gentle and mild: qualities that unfortunately were not possessed by the first Mrs. Chandos. I will promise that you shall have every external requisite about you to make you happy."

External! However, she faintly thanked him, though the rebellious sobs were rising in her throat.

He went to a desk, and, unlocking it, returned to place some bank-notes in her hand. There were five of them for 100*l.* each.

"You will require funds for your new preparations," he said, "and it may be for your private wishes."

She would have pushed the roll of notes away from her indignantly,

and the angry crimson rose in her face. What, Anna Leicester! you who have deliberately—whatever may have been your praiseworthy motive—sold yourself for gold, would you reject the first fruits of your barter? No; she might not: and they remained clasped in her cold and reluctant fingers.

"You can return home to-morrow," proceeded Mr. Chandos, "for I suppose you would prefer, now, not to remain in this house until you enter it as its mistress. The settlements shall be forwarded to you at your father's residence for signature; and you shall hear from me there as to arrangements."

She thought the interview was over, and was turning to leave the room; but he spoke again.

"And now, Miss Leicester, which day will you fix upon for our wedding? Let it be within a month."

"Sir!—wedding!—within a month!" she gasped, looking up at him within the sudden contraction of pain upon her brow.

"What need of delay? We have known each other for twelve months. In our case there need be no time given to courting."

Courting—from him! Oh, thank God, she shivered, that he was going to spare her that! Yet marriage must come after.

"The law, I believe, requires three weeks' delay," he said. "But let it be as soon as you can after that."

"I will write you word," she whispered.

"And now, Miss Leicester, I will bid you farewell. We shall not meet again until our wedding-day."

She held out her hand in answer to his; but, leaning forward, he drew her face towards him and kissed her, more than once. With a scarcely-suppressed cry of anguish, Anna Leicester flew from the room when he released her.

IV.

It was a grand wedding; made so by the wishes and by the bounty of Mr. Chandos. Anna stood amidst her bridesmaids, her cheeks a glowing red, too surely the effect of high excitement. It is much the fashion to represent an unwilling bride with a face all white and ghastly: few girls have gone to the altar in a sorer spirit than did Anna Leicester, yet her crimsoned cheeks shone through all the lace and veils with which they were bedizened.

And now she had to step from amongst them, and kneel beside Mr. Chandos. The Catholic ceremony had already been performed. To kneel there by his side, and in God's holy house, in the presence of His minister, to plight herself to be to that man a loving and faithful wife—to be part and parcel of himself—the friend of his bosom—his by night and by day—to cleave unto him alone, and to love and to cherish him until death did them part.

And she did it all. There was neither fainting nor hesitation; and she rose up from the altar Mrs. Chandos. There was one wild burst of hysterical sobbing when they pressed round in the vestry to offer her their congratulations, the clergyman calling her by her new name; but it was over in a moment. And when she stepped with her husband into their bridal chariot, with all the appurtenances and attendants necessary

to wealth and station about her, to be conveyed miles away, the party would have laughed incredulously had they been told that she had rather been borne along in her coffin.

V.

Again the years wore away, and Anna Leicester, now Mrs. Chandos, was in her four-and-twentieth year. Her married career had been one continued scene of inward strife—strife to put up with the companionship of her distasteful husband, now grown more like a brute than a human being—strife to subdue her own chafed and rebellious spirit—strife to do her duty amidst the many drawbacks that surrounded her. Her shattered health, her pale cheek, and her saddened eye, told of the lot that was hers. One consolation attended her—it did not compensate for her own life of disappointment, but it went far towards it—the effectual assistance she was enabled to render to her family. And those were pleasant days when, driving in her carriage to their now cheerful home, she witnessed the comfort and happiness she had been so delighted to bestow.

Her own home was one of solitude. Few persons were anxious to visit Mr. Chandos, and his daughter had removed at his marriage, to reside with her mother's family, they having taken umbrage that Mr. Chandos should have chosen her governess for his second wife.

It was not to be expected that Mr. Chandos, with his habits, should enjoy a long life; but his sudden death caused a shock to all connected with him. He retired to rest one evening, not far removed from a state of insensibility; and Anna awoke in the night, and found him dead by her side.

The greater portion of his property went to his daughter. Anna had a handsome jointure, which would go from her at her death; but there was a sum of money in the funds, about eighteen thousand pounds, and this was left to her unconditionally. Mr. Chandos had, at least, been mindful of his promise, that she should have it in her power to support her family.

To all who looked upon her, however, it might have appeared little probable that she would long survive her husband. Consumption, the disease which had carried off her brothers in early life, had undoubtedly attacked her: though so gradually, so imperceptibly, that her family, who had long been accustomed to her hollow eye and faded cheek, suspected it not.

"I expect a gentleman on business to day, mamma," she observed one morning to Mrs. Leicester, who was spending two or three days with her. "I shall be engaged with him some time."

Mrs. Leicester thought nothing of the remark, nor of the lengthened visit, though the gentleman was there for several hours. She knew that Anna had had business of various kinds to transact since her husband's death. In the evening, however, when they were sitting together after dinner, Mrs. Chandos inquired if her mother had no curiosity on the subject.

"Not any," replied Mrs. Leicester. "Why do you inquire?"

"I was giving directions for my will."

"Oh, Anna!" uttered Mrs. Leicester, "a will!—at your age!"

"The young die sometimes, mamma."

There was something in her daughter's tone which struck to the heart

of Mrs. Leicester. "Have you cause to think that you are ill, Anna?" she inquired.

"This is spring, mamma—early spring," was the answer of Mrs. Chandos. "I do not believe that I shall live to see the autumn."

Mrs. Leicester was too much shocked to speak, and Anna continued:

"Hence I have been making my will. With the exception of a small annuity to Susan, who has served me faithfully since my marriage, and a thousand pounds to the Church to put up masses for my soul, the whole of the money at my own disposal is bequeathed to you and papa. May you long enjoy it together, my dear mother—long after I am gone. I may surely pray for that, for I purchased it with my life's happiness."

"You must have advice," cried Mrs. Leicester, starting up in agitation —"the best advice the kingdom can afford, instantly; without a moment's delay."

Anna laid her hand upon her arm. "Calm yourself, mother; excitement will benefit neither of us. *I have had advice:* you cannot think that I should give myself over to death *now*, without an effort. But not all the skill in England can avail me anything."

"Did they tell you so?"

"Do they ever? You never find a doctor so frighten his patients. But I gathered sufficient to know that my days are numbered."

Oh, child—child!" exclaimed Mrs. Leicester, "who is to break this to your father?"

"I wonder," cried Anna, trying to speak gaily, as if to cover the last words, and checking the tears they had caused to arise—"I wonder if I shall live to see this wonderful Exhibition?"

"*That* will open before autumn, Anna."

"But when I come back I may be too weak to visit it."

"Come back from where?" inquired Mrs. Leicester, almost doubting if her usually collected, sensible child was wandering.

"I have wished for a long while to go to France to see my old instructress," explained Mrs. Chandos, "and, now that I have nothing to prevent me, the wish has become irrepressible. I *must* gratify it, mother."

"But not to remain long, Anna?"

"Two or three weeks, probably."

"The voyage—the change may do you good," exclaimed Mrs. Leicester, brightening up. "It may quite restore you; for oh! Anna, I do hope and trust it is not as you dread. Aunt Grape shall accompany you. When do you think of going?"

"As soon as I have signed my will. And that is to be ready in a few days."

VI.

They arrived in Dover, Mrs. Chandos and her aunt, in time to catch the mail-packet, the *Undine*. It proved to be a violently rough sea, and ere Mrs. Chandos landed at Calais she had broken a blood-vessel. They carried her on shore, and medical assistance was immediately at hand.

"Do not write home to alarm them," she said to Mrs. Grape. "It is but a trifling hurt, caused by the straining. I shall be better in a day or two."

She really appeared to be so; and, in spite of the remonstrances of her aunt, persisted in going on to the place of her destination sooner than she ought to have done. Anna proceeded at once to the school.

She was much excited at meeting her old friends and companions; a distressing fit of coughing came on, and the blood-vessel burst a second time. Her recovery now was hopeless, and Aunt Grape wrote for Mrs. Leicester.

On receiving the letter, Mrs. Leicester, in the greatest distress of mind, started for France; and on her arrival at the hotel at —— (the name of the town is purposely omitted), she was met by her sister-in-law, in so strange a state of excitement that she appeared to the quiet Mrs. Leicester to be almost frantic. She could not immediately comprehend the cause.

"It was at the school that Anna was taken ill," repeated Mrs. Grape, galloping her words one over the other, "and they laid her in bed there. But since the following morning they have not allowed me to see her, and I have found out that she is constantly surrounded by those priests. The Catholic religion may demand that—I know not; but it can have no right to separate a dying girl from her nearest relatives."

With pale, compressed lips, Mrs. Leicester took the arm of her sister-in-law, and, just as she was, in her travelling attire, walked at once to the school. They were shown into the visitor's parlour, and the younger of the two sisters keeping the establishment appeared.

"I am come," said Mrs. Leicester, "to see my child."

The lady shrugged her shoulders, and replied. She was *fâché*, and *désolée*, and all the rest of it that the French are so fond of being, but to comply with Mrs. Leicester's demand was impossible.

And to all the forcible remonstrances of Mrs. Leicester, the indignant ravings of Aunt Grape, which, being uttered in English, lost somewhat of their effect, and the threatenings to appeal to the public authorities, the same uncompromising answer was returned. It was quite impossible they could be allowed to see the invalid, for her spiritual directors had issued a mandate to forbid it.

Mrs. Grape was for hastening to the Hôtel de Ville at once, or to any other place where she thought she could obtain assistance; but the night hours were growing late, and she found she had no alternative but to wait till morning.

And what was taking place in that sick chamber?—what had been taking place ever since Anna was laid there? Standing round her bed were three holy fathers, in their black shirts and shaven crowns. The one nearest to her, who was the chief spokesman, or remonstrator, was Father Pierre; he who had formerly been most instrumental in her conversion.

But could they have been all that time—days—bringing her mind into a fitting state for death, and administering to her the last consolations of religion? No; they had not begun to administer its consolations yet; and, moreover, they were telling her they never would administer them, unless she complied with their demands, and bequeathed all she might die possessed of to their Church.

And the whole of this time, in spite of the persuasions, sometimes insinuating, sometimes angry, of those priests—in spite of the irresistible mastery they exercised over her will, had Mrs. Chandos held out. Her distress of mind—distress is but a weak word for it—was pitiable to witness. On one hand, she must leave her parents to the bitter ills of poverty for the remainder of their days on earth, her poor, suffering

father, still, comparatively, so young; or she must die una
consign herself to eternal tortures.

She had turned her face from them, and lay with it pre
the pillow, knowing that not many hours of life were left to
Pierre, for the hundredth time, was exhorting her to obedi
good of her soul; and one of his brethren held in his hand a
they had caused to be prepared, bestowing all her propert
Catholic Church. The only thing wanting was her signature

"It has been the end and aim for which I have toiled," sh
tone of anguish, suddenly turning towards Father Pierre. '
gave up all dreams of happiness in my own existence. I am
a disappointed, worn-out woman, yet scarcely more than a girl in
this one source of consolation, which has served to support
all, to whisper comfort to my aching heart by night and day,
remove from me."

"Recollect that the duration of eternity cannot be comput
my daughter," remarked the priest. "Are you so lost in com
your own soul that you persist in condemning it to perdition f

"Have mercy upon me!" she moaned; "have mercy upon

"Have mercy upon yourself, my daughter. I tell you th
sacraments cannot be accorded you until the sin you were g
marrying a heretic shall be expiated. And that can only
bequeathing such of his worldly substance as remains at your
the true Church, that it may be spent in saying masses for yo

She turned her aching head from side to side—she presse
hands upon her troubled brow, on which the dews of death w
ing—she dwelt on the conflicting thoughts that were turning
to madness, and making a hell of what ought to have been
dying bed—and then she threw her arms beseechingly out t
fathers, imploring of them any words that might bring her cal

Can the result be doubted? A weak, terrified woman, conte
three wily men, and completely in their power—men, moreove
her perverted mind, were endowed with attributes from
Before morning the deeds were signed by Mrs. Chandos, and th
religious sacraments were administered to her. The priests ha
their wishes, the money was theirs, and Dr. Leicester and his fa
left to poverty.

Do not think the account of this death-bed an idle tale, you
it. Still less deem it has been drawn from any scenes which
gone forth latterly to the public in England. It took place
last year, just as I have related it here to you.

"Say that you forgive me, mother, ere I go," she whisp
now that their ends were answered, the priests graciously wit
prohibition to exclude her relatives from her—"I had no a
Yet, oh, believe me!—tell it to my dear father—it has taken
the tranquillity that would otherwise have been mine in dying."

Mrs. Leicester leaned over and blessed her.

"Tell Edith," she gasped, "to be patient and hard-working
may qualify herself for a governess, as I did. And Heaven g
she may some time have it her power to do for you as I would h
To her the same impediment can never arise, for she will live
Protestant."

COLERIDGE THE TABLE-TALKER.

' is not every great man whom you would infallibly find to be such, ɐeans of a five minutes' gossip with him under a gateway, during a er of rain. There have been gems of purest ray serene, and all that f thing, which have emitted a very dreary lustre at the dinner-table of nising big-wiggery, or in the *salons* of blue-stockingism. There have gentlemen, and possibly gentlewomen, of genius, invited to packed ıblies for the express purpose of being pumped; who, when the e was applied, no matter how vigorously, by successive relays of teers, have given out no one drop of the anticipated living water; vho, in the wickedness or the crass obduracy of their hearts, have ɐd the fact of the pumping process altogether, and though eating d supper themselves, have, to all conversational intents and purposes, the exhausted pump-handlers empty away. It would be malicious ume, as a general rule, that they have done this out of malice pre-

Perhaps to will was present with them, but the power was want- for in this world of ours, *velle* and *posse* are highly irregular verbs, ıe potential mood not always easy of conjugation. Taciturnity is aly no proof of genius—witness the memorable story of Coleridge's fellow-guest, whose mouth was opened only at the advent of the -dumplings, *they* being the jockeys for him; but neither is it a dis-

Some fine spirits who can present novel ideas in kaleidoscopic y upon paper, not only aweing you by their profundity, but dazzling ɹy their tropical splendour—the sole wand of their enchantment the pen of a ready writer—are notorious for their inability, positive nparative (and in either case superlative), to put two ideas together ɹrd of mouth; failing even to find a door of utterance in what Mr. l Cole calls "that eternal refuge for the destitute of small talk"— eather.

ıen some strong-minded and hale-lunged female complained to mith that really he made but an indifferent figure in conversation, for once *had* the power to acquit himself with *éclat* in the retort ous: "Madam," quoth he, "I have but ninepence in ready money, can draw for a thousand pounds." Nor, with all our admiration for reat bear of Lichfield, can we help sympathising with honest Noll, he rebuked Boswell and the Boswellian clique for the exclusiveness ir hero-worship, and for making conversation a monarchy when it to be a republic. Monopoly is opposed to sound and healthy policy ese social economics. The Protectionists are in this instance, at heretical; the Free-traders are the catholic communion. The al tendency of things, however, is to the former—to the monopoly m, in deference to the superiority of some one master-mind; and the nce of such legislation as the subject admits, is to provide checks counteracting forces against the undue development of restrictive s. Among the Greeks, every *symposium*, as Mr. de Quincey some- e observes, had its set of rules, and vigorous they were; had its own *posiarch* to govern it, and a tyrant he was—elected democratically, he me, when once installed, an autocrat not less despotic than the King ersia. Thus, recurring to Johnson, the anti-social effect of his con-

versational autocracy may be illustrated by the disgust which poor sensitive "Goldy" felt, when interrupted in a tolerably successful speech by the cry of a German guest, who had noticed Herr Samuel's preliminary symptoms, "Stop! stop! Toctor Shonson's going to shpeak!" Gentle and holy George Herbert gives good counsel, and profitable for all times, when he says:

> If thou be master-gunner, spend not all
> That thou canst speak, at once; but husband it,
> And give men turns of speech: do not forestall
> By lavishness thine own, and other's wit,
> As if thou madest thy will. A civil guest
> Will no more talk all, than eat all the feast.*

Of the last line, the better-known verses of Swift are little more than a paraphrase or amplification:

> Conversation is but carving:—
> Give no more to every guest
> Than he's able to digest;
> Give him always of the prime,
> And but little at a time . . . . .
> And that you may have your due,
> Let your neighbours carve for you.

There should be no first fiddle, it has been pithily said, at a private concert. Nothing can be more offensive than the *pas seul* of a pretentious twaddler, who mounts the table "crammed like a Cambridge wrangler or a Norfolk turkey," in some particular subject, and figures away like one who has taken out his license for the evening, and means to enjoy the full benefit of the act. Hanging is too good for him, and smoking him for a bore is what he cannot appreciate. There are despots of this kind who seem to claim the right of monologue as indefeasibly theirs *de jure* as well as *de facto*, and who echo in effect the command of Augustus to Cinna:

> Observe exactement la loi que je t'impose:
> Prête, sans me troubler, l'oreille à mon discours;
> D'aucun mot, d'aucun cri, n'en interromps le cours.†

And yet they will congratulate you, at parting, on the pleasant evening you have had together, and on the charming tone of the conversation. Chateaubriand tells us, that when he had his first interview with Napoleon, every sentence was the property of the consul; nevertheless, "Fontanes and Madame Bacciochi spoke to me of the satisfaction the consul had felt with my *conversation!* I had not opened my lips; so this meant to say that Bonaparte was pleased with himself"‡—a pleasure, by the way, not unknown to Chateaubriand himself, honest gentleman. And we should be sorry to deny, that where genius is the oracle, the pleasure is two-edged; the boon is not like the Irishman's reciprocity, all in one direction, but blesseth him that takes as well as him that gives—listener as well as speaker. Even genius, however, as we have implied, may assume too much, and swell its prerogative to a degree that shall make the faithful commons of its realm exclaim with one accord, "This

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* "The Church Porch."

† Corneille: "Cinna," Acte V., Scène I.

‡ "Mémoires d'outre-tombe." A D. 1803.

power of the crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished."

When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war. The conversational autocrat of America, Margaret Fuller, discovered in an eloquent table-talker's eye a beam that might have honoured the trees of her native aboriginal forests—big enough and solid enough to settle that little mote of *hers* in an "almighty smash." She complained to Emerson, "The worst of hearing Carlyle is, that you cannot interrupt him. I understand the habit and power of haranguing have increased very much upon him, so that you are a perfect prisoner when he has once got hold of you. To interrupt him is a physical impossibility."* It makes one laugh maliciously to contemplate this process of retribution. But the more immediate object of our present "exposition" is one whom Mr. Carlyle himself has lately weighed and found wanting in the scales of conversational power—Samuel Taylor Coleridge—"de monologue," as De Staël used to call him. A monopolist he was by common assent, and *ex animo* consent, except in few and transitory cases. Charles Lamb mentions that Irving once "came back to ask me if I could ever get a word in with Coleridge. 'No,' said I, 'I never want.' 'Why, perhaps it is better not,' said the parson, and went away, determined how to behave in future."† Until recently the right of monopoly, on account of his oracular infallibility, has been almost universally conceded to him. But the note of reaction has sounded; the flowing tide is threatened with an ebb; the Latter-day Pamphleteer has indicated, in his own significant way, that the Highgate hero-worship was wasted on Coleridgean moonshine, and that it is full time for stalwart iconoclasts to use their axes and hammers upon the curious carved work of this latter-day sham. We, who love—from laziness or other cause—the comfortable old canon, "*In medio tutissimus ibis*," and who often detect ourselves quoting good Sir Roger's wise saw, that much may be said on both sides of the question—who eschew superlatives, and presume to translate *semper in extremis* by "always in hot water"—propose indulging ourselves with a brief retrospect of the position enjoyed by Coleridge, and the peculiar attraction exercised over satellites, small and great, by this bright particular star.

As devout Mussulmans regard Mecca, even so did bands of young England, twenty years ago and more, regard Highgate Hill, and the house of Mr. Gillman, or Killman, as Elia perversely misread the worthy doctor's name. Here the sage uttered his philosophic responses to clients of every order. He was altered, indeed, from days "when he was young —ah! woful when: ah! for the change 'twixt now and then!" His conversation was in another key from that of the time when Hazlitt first knew, and De Quincey first admired and aided him; when, like the Reverend Doctor Brown, so cleverly etched by Mackworth Praed,

> His talk was like a stream, which runs
> With rapid change from rocks to roses;
> It slipped from politics to puns;
> It passed from Mahomet to Moses;

* Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli. Vol. iii.

† Letters, Conversations, &c., of S. T. Coleridge, 1835.

Beginning with the laws which keep
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels or shoeing horses.

It was now pent up in narrower channels; wide enough, however, and diversified enough to excite pilgrims of every caste to hasten thither and seek to quench their thirst. Those who had known him of old, and a new generation to whom his new theories promised an El Dorado of spiritual wealth, met together and worshipped under the same roof. Lamb, "the frolic and the gentle," came in grateful remembrance of evenings at the "Cat and Salutation," and went away grieving over the wreck of ancient hopes.* Wordsworth came, to renew his much-prized fellowship with that

Noticeable man with large grey eyes,

with whom he had so often and so happily walked in friendly guise, or lay upon the moss by brook or tree. Southey came, to talk about old friends and old scenes—Bristol and the Cottles, Keswick and the Lakers, from old Bishop Watson to poor Hartley, or Job, as his uncle called for him, for his *im*patience. Talfourd came, "a lawyer prosperous and young-hearted." Edward Irving came, and sat at this Gamaliel's feet, and gathered seed to fructify in next Sunday's sermons. John Sterling came, and measured every mellifluous cadence of the old man eloquent. And Carlyle came, and came, and came; and, by his own showing, went empty away. So he says now; but did he think so *then*? Perhaps he did; and perhaps others shared in the conviction: but none could, for all that, resist the spell of the wizard, attracting them again and again within the circle of his enchanted ground. The effect was like that wrought upon the melancholy mild-eyed Lotos-eaters in Tennyson's fragment, when they found

How sweet it was, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream.

For, stimulating as was Coleridge's talk, it was something of an opiate withal, and partook of his own sluggish *physique*. His was a mighty intellect, says Leigh Hunt, put upon a sensual body: two affirmatives in him made a negative; he was very metaphysical and very corporeal—so in mooting everything, he said (so to speak) nothing.† Opium confirmed this constitutional predisposition, and confirmed the habit of reverie. Tasso, in Goethe's play, is assured by that well-meaning but officious and priggish gentleman, Messer Antonio, that

* In one of his letters he speaks of Coleridge at Highgate as "playing at leaving off laud—m; I think," he adds, "his essentials not touched; he is very bad, but then he wonderfully picks up another day; and his face, when he repeats his verses, hath its ancient glory; *an archangel a little damaged.*" See Talfourd's "Final Memorials." The allusion to "playing at leaving off" the fatal drug, reminds us of De Quincey's remark, that it would seem that although Coleridge came to Gillman's for no other purpose than to leave off laudanum, he did entice G. to commence opium-eating. "This is droll; and it makes us laugh horribly. Gillman should have reformed *him*; and lo! *he* corrupts Gillman." See the review of "Gillman's Coleridge," in *Blackwood*, January, 1845.

† Autobiography. Vol. ii.

> It is most certain, an intemperate life,
> As it engenders wild, distemper'd dreams,
> At length doth make us dream in open day*—

a *tandem*, or "at length," which Coleridge was now driving in gallant style. For he had taken to drinking what Horace† calls the *pocula Lethæos ducentia somnos*, until *he*, too, was thoroughly versed in that *mollis inertia* which *tantam diffundit imis oblivionem sensibus*. After lauding Godwin's power of concentrating his faculties, of keeping them at home, to ply their task in the workshop of the brain, diligently and effectually, Hazlitt complains,‡ by way of contrast, that Coleridge's gossiped away their time, and gadded about from house to house—that he delighted in nothing but episodes and digressions, neglected whatever he undertook to perform, and could act only on spontaneous impulses, without object or method. His lethargic love of procrastination was proverbial. Like Will Waterproof he might too truly sing,

> For I had hope, by something rare, to prove myself a poet;
> But while I plan and plan, my hair is grey before I know it.

Or, like the to-morrow worshippers in Persius, he seemed to argue with himself,

> Cras hoc fiet. Idem cras fiet. Quid? Quasi magnum
> Nempe diem donas? Sed cum lux altera venit,
> Jam cras hesternum consumpsimus; ecce aliud cras
> Egerit hos annos, et semper paulùm erit ultrà.§

There was something radically unpractical in his mind, and this "effect defective" rather aided than marred his reputation as a prophet of idealism, a fine spirit who could live and expatiate and soar in an exhausted air-pump. Southey described his mind as being in a perpetual St. Vitus's dance, eternal activity without action. He excited vast expectations on the part of his auditors, but the glorious summer of their hopes too often faded into a winter of discontent. They seemed, at the outset, to catch glimpses of new truth, revelations of an all-embracing and all-reconciling science, and were fain to confide in his dicta as in an inspiration, to accept them as a key to the arcana of life, to scrutinise and cherish them as a potential solution of all mysteries; but ere long the disciple had to complain of being run out of breath, and to mourn the indefinite postponement of his hope, the mirage-like character of his Fair Havens. This winged man, he would object, in Emerson's fashion, who will carry me into the heavens, does nothing but whirl me into the clouds, leaping and frisking about with me athwart the sky-rack, still affirming that he is bound heavenward; and I, being a novice, am slow in perceiving that he does not know his way thither—or that if he *does*, it is in some aerial vehicle *not* licensed to carry two. While Coleridge was speaking—descanting on human existence, and exhibiting in vivid hues "the various forms of things, caught in their fairest, happiest attitude," his hearers were wrapt in admiration, and kept still silence, and felt their power to see even as he saw; but when that voice was hushed, they could not but own to themselves, with a sigh,

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* Torquato Tasso. Act V., Scene I.
† Epod. xiv.
‡ Spirit of the Age.
§ Persius, Sat. v., l. 66-69.

That combinations so serene and bright
Cannot be lasting in a world like ours.*

Minds congenial to his own in philosophy and religion were often compelled to a confession of this kind. Minds of a more antagonistic order expressed it without compulsion. Thus Hazlitt, in his rough way, pronounced him an "excellent talker—very, if you let him start from no premises and come to no conclusion." Similarly, Mr. Leigh Hunt† considered his politics and theosophy to be both at the mercy of a discursive genius, intellectually bold, but educationally timid, which, anxious to bring conviction and speculation together, mooting all points as it went, and throwing the subtlest glancing lights on many, ended in satisfying nobody and concluding nothing. In more caustic style has Mr. Carlyle analysed the table-talk of the "rapt one with the godlike forehead"—than which, he affirms, no talk in this century, or in any other, could be more surprising,—talk that did not flow anywhither like a river, but spread everywhither in inextricable currents and regurgitations like a lake or sea; terribly deficient in definite goal or aim—nay, often in logical intelligibility; *what* you were to believe or do, on any earthly or heavenly thing, obstinately refusing to appear from it: so that most times you felt logically lost, swamped near to drowning in this tide of ingenious vocables, spreading out boundless as if to submerge the world.‡ A refined and often sublime mysticism was the cunning of his right hand, the very lock of his strength; so that he is truly as well as finely called

The *visionary* Coleridge, who
Did sweep his thoughts as angels do
Their wings, with cadence up the blue.§

His art as a painter of chiaroscuro was consummate; but then the limning, by its very nature, would not bear inspection. It was like his "Kubla Khan," which poetic vision he repeated so enchantingly, that, to quote Charles Lamb again, "it irradiates and brings heaven and elysian bowers into my parlour while he sings or says it; but there is an observation, 'Never tell your dreams,' and I am almost afraid that 'Kubla Khan' is an owl that won't bear daylight. I fear lest it should be discovered, by the lantern of topography and clear reducting to letters, no better than nonsense, or no sense."‖ Even the "Lay Sermons" were censured by Southey, as teeming with matter which scarcely half a dozen men in England could understand,—"I certainly," he frankly avows, "am not of the number." And what he talked was still more charged with the like *splendida facinora*. Good Dr. Chalmers, in his candid naïve mode, while paying homage to the mighty unremitting stream of Coleridge's eloquence, marvelled how Irving could sit at his feet so long and so frequently: "There is a secret, and to me as yet unintelligible communion of spirit between them, on the ground of a certain German mysticism and transcendental lake-poetry, which I am not yet up to. Gordon says it is all unintelligible nonsense, and I am sure a plain Fife man, as uncle 'Tammas,' had he been alive, would have pronounced it

* Wordsworth.
† See his Imagination and Fancy.
‡ Life of John Sterling.
§ Mrs. Browning.
‖ Mr. Landor characterises S. T. C.'s poetry as made up of "bright colours without form, sublimely void."

the greatest *buff* he ever heard in his life."* And all because the talker's life had been an "abstract thinking and dreaming, idealistic, passed amid the ghosts of defunct bodies and of unborn ones." You were hydropathised in copious shower-baths of water bewitched—you were homœopathised with infinitesimal globules of patent-medicine—you were mesmerised and placed *en rapport* with a clairvoyant of the first class. "And you swam and fluttered in the mistiest wide unintelligible deluge of things, for most part in a rather profitless uncomfortable manner. Glorious islets, too, I have seen rise out of the haze; but they were few, and soon swallowed in the general element again."† Be his topic what it might, it was not long in leading him into the "high seas of theosophic philosophy, the hazy infinitude of Kantean transcendentalism, with its 'sum-m-mjects' and 'om-m-mjects.'" Yet in constructing this main line he loved to diverge into branch lines a thousand and one; never forgetting the primal and all-absorbing theme, but enriching, or, at least, diversifying it by multitudinous subsidiary digressions. If this discursive habit was a fault, it was also a charm. It might prove the talker's want of method; it also proved his mental wealth. If it kept you waiting for the Q.E.D., it made amends by its fertility of "by-the-way" illustration and parenthetical suggestiveness. His conversation, if it is to be so called, has been defined a self-evolved speculation of the moment—a thinking aloud, requiring almost as comprehensive a mind as his own to follow out its chain of reasoning, its linked subtleties. Few, however, had the patience, if they had the power, to accommodate themselves to the meanderings of his monologues. Hazlitt was wroth at "nothing but episodes and digressions," and maintained they were without object or method. It was, however, what has been called the surpassing subtlety‡ of Coleridge's mind which thus tended continually to retard him in, or divert him from, the straightforward path of thought—a subtlety which was constantly descrying the most unobvious relations, and detecting the most veiled aspect of things, and pervading their substance in quest of whatever was most latent in their nature; so that, in entering on a train of argument to determine a given question, he would advance one acute thought, and another, and another; but just then perceiving among these primary thoughts so many secondaries—so many bearings, distinctions, and analogies—so many ideas starting sideways from the main line of thought—so many pointings towards objects infinitely remote—he would often suspend for a good while the progress towards the intended point, in his attempt to seize and fix in words these secondary thoughts. "Thus each thought, that was to have been only *one* thought, and to have transmitted the reader's mind immediately forward to the next in order and in advance, becomes an exceedingly complex combination of thoughts—almost a dissertation in miniature; and thus our journey to the assigned point (if, indeed, we are carried so far, which is not always the case) becomes nothing less than a visit of curious inspection to every garden, manufactory, museum, and antiquity, situated near the road throughout its whole length."§

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* Hanna's Life of Chalmers. Vol. iii. † Carlyle.
‡ John Foster's "Contributions to the Eclectic Review." Vol. ii.
§ Ibid.

Naturally, the mental transitions in these cases were often highly perplexing; but it is rash to deny the existence of a clue, or to repudiate the presence of logic, in the transitions. A living author, the constitution of whose mind approximates, perhaps, more closely than that of any other to Coleridge's "surpassing subtlety," and who is similarly noted for his indulgence in digression and *excursus* from the royal road of argument—we mean Mr. de Quincey—has stoutly defended the impugned logic of his friend's devious table-talk. Coleridge, to many people, he says, seemed to wander; and he then seemed to wander the most, when, in fact, his resistance to the wandering instinct was greatest—viz., when the compass, and huge circuit, by which his illustrations moved, travelled farthest into remote regions before they began to revolve. Long before this coming-round commenced, most people had lost him, and, naturally enough, supposed that he had lost himself. They continued to admire the separate beauty of the thoughts,* but did not see their relations to the dominant theme. Had the conversation been thrown upon paper, it might have been easy to trace the continuity of the links; whereas, in oral delivery, the loss of a single word may cause the whole cohesion to disappear from view. "However," adds the Opium-eater—who, by the way, has been pronounced, by Archdeacon Hare, "the great logician of our times"†—"however, I can assert, upon my long and intimate knowledge of Coleridge's mind, that logic the most severe was as inalienable from his modes of thinking as grammar from his language;" so that, while he traversed the most spacious fields of thought, it was by "transitions the most just and logical that it was possible to conceive."‡ Yet other minds, shrewd and subtle as that of Mr. Carlyle, would listen to Coleridge talking, with eager musical energy, two stricken hours, his face radiant and moist, without his communicating to them any meaning whatsoever, notwithstanding their still eager listening in all the tenacity of hope; and their verdict is, that his talk was distinguished, like himself, by irresolution—that, after accumulating "formidable apparatus, logical swim-bladders, transcendental life-preservers, and other precautionary and vehiculatory gear, for getting out," he would, once started on his way, turn aside to glance at "some radiant new game on this side or that, into new courses—and ever into new; and before long into all the universe, where it was uncertain what game you would catch, or whether any."§ And such is likely to be the impression on the minds of the majority, to whom there will be something akin to *caviare* in Mr. de Quincey's ‖ Coleridgean apologetics.

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* What Mr. Carlyle calls "balmy, sunny islets, islets of the blest and the intelligible . . . eloquent, artistically-expressive words . . . piercing intervals of a most subtle insight that came at intervals."—*Life of Sterling.*

† See "Guesses at Truth." Second Series, p. 55 (1848).

‡ Autobiography of an English Opium-eater. 1834.

§ Life of Sterling.

‖ This gentleman is neither unconscious, nor ashamed, of his own cognate instinct of rambling. In one of his recent autobiographical fragments, he calls this instinct an intermitting necessity affecting his particular system; like that of migration, which affects swallows, or the moulting of feathers, which affects birds in general. "Nobody is angry with swallows for vagabondising periodically, and surely I have a better right to indulgence than a swallow. I take precedence of a swallow in any company whatsoever. Indulgent or not, the reader

What raw and uneducated minds would have made of this dreamer of dreams, this discursive dissertator, may be inferred from the testimony of both depreciators and admirers. He required not only men of culture, but men of a certain class and degree of culture, to sympathise with his outpourings. His learning, and his intellectual temperament, were specially of a German type, and asked for hearers of kin and kind to do him justice. When Niebuhr was in England, he found fault with the superficiality and insipidity of all the table-talk to which he had access, pronouncing it "truly depressing," and saying that narrative and common-places formed the whole staple of conversation, from which were excluded all philosophy, enthusiasm, and loftiness of expression.* The mythopœic Daue would have amended his criticism, had he tested the prowess of Coleridge in this arena. He would have listened to one learned in all the learning of the Egyptians, as well as the Greeks and Romans, and of whom Christopher North avers, "though we have heard simpletons say that he knows nothing of science, we have heard him on chemistry puzzle Sir Humphrey Davy, and prove, to our entire satisfaction, that Leibnitz and Newton, though good men, were but indifferent astronomers." Sir Walter Scott, describing a dinner-party at Sotheby's, at which Coleridge was present, says that the great talker, after eating a hearty dinner, during which he spoke not a word, began a most learned harangue on the Samothracian Mysteries, which he regarded as affording the germ of all tales about fairies, past, present, and to come. He then diverged to Homer, espousing the Wolfian hypothesis, against which Sotheby and others took up the cudgels. "Mr. Coleridge behaved with the utmost complaisance and temper, but relaxed not from his exertions. Zounds! I was never so bethumped with words."†

As action with the orator, so delivery with the table-talker is of first-rate import. Coleridge's manner of talking had an individual interest. His voice was "naturally soft and good;" and though it had contracted itself into "a plaintive snuffle and sing-song," so that his pet phrases of German terminology, "object" and "subject," were nasally organised into "om—m—mject" and "sum—m—mject," with a kind of "solemn shake or quaver as he rolled along,"‡ there was yet a dreamy soothing in his accents of irresistible power, especially when poetry and imagination were the theme of his high argument. Such influence it then had upon all poetical and imaginative souls—

> Quale sopor fessis in gramine: quale per æstum
> Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo.§

His benignity of manner (says Justice Talfourd) placed his auditors

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must put up with my infirmity. . . . Yet what evil is there in an interruption? It is a kind of rest, or, as Coleridge used to call it, a *landing-place* in a flight of stairs. Call it a *parenthesis*, as do all writers—call it an *excursus*, as do all German commentators—call it an *episode*, as do all narrative poets—and the momentary interruption, instead of a blemish, comes to be regarded as the prime luxury and *bonne bouche* of the whole work." The passage is illustrative of the mental analogy existing between the writer and his *quondam* guide, philosopher, and friend.

* Life and Letters. 1852.

† Life by Lockhart, chap. lxxvi.

‡ Carlyle.

§ Virgil, Bucol. v, 45.

entirely at their ease, and inclined them to listen to the sweet low tones in which he began to discourse on some lofty theme.* They were charmed into a consciousness similar to that ascribed by one poet to the hearers of another—

> Thus moving in his own enchanted sphere,
> This wondrous man doth still allure us on
> To wander with him, and partake his joy;
> Though seeming to approach us, he remains
> Remote as ever, and perchance his eye,
> Resting on us, sees spirits in our place.†

The stimulus of society became as necessary a condition to the full exposition of his mental stores, as that of opium to the morbid demands of his nervous system: give him his hushed expectant circle, and he would pour forth, in ceaseless profusion, the *spolia opima* of his long career in the ranks of poesy and philosophy. Few will dissent from the observation of one who knew him well, that there was a noble prodigality in these outpourings, a generous disdain of self, an earnest desire to scatter abroad the seeds of wisdom and beauty, to take root wherever they might fall, and spring up without bearing his name or impress. His sentences were modulated to an "unheard melody," relieved by "richest pauses, evermore drawn from each other mellow-deep." On the ears of the assessors they fell as with the sound of a soft inland murmur.

> A willing ear
> They lent him. Who but hung to hear
> The rapt oration flowing free
> From point to point with power and grace,
> And music in the bounds of law,
> To those conclusions when they saw
> The god within him light his face?‡

But surely we have quoted and rambled to the end of our tether; and by this time we have as little disposition to attempt, as the reader to peruse, a balance-sheet of all the pros and cons we have cited *in ré* Coleridge the table-talker. If the witnesses summoned into court have given discrepant evidence, we can but leave the testimony on record, and advise the jury—not being a packed one—to forbear intemperate recrimination against the ultras of either side, the Hares and Sterlings, or the Hazlitts and Carlyles; and, in short, to ruminate the sometimes wholesome maxim which bids us agree to differ.

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* Life of Charles Lamb.

† Goethe (Swanwick's translation).

‡ In Memoriam, lxxxvi.

STOTHARD.

The life of every great artist is a page in the general history of art. This is true of all who by their genius have illustrated that wide and noble field, but it is eminently so of one who, like Thomas Stothard, achieved from such small beginnings a fame so assured as that which he has bequeathed. His life, moreover, is traced more distinctly in his works than is usually the case with men of the class to which he belonged; for of the generality we find, that their earliest efforts, those mere indications of future fame, are more traditional than extant, and that accident or intention have placed them beyond the reach of examination. But in the instance of Stothard this is far from being the case. The first attempts which *he* made are accessible to all—the drawings which attracted the attention of his first patron still exist; and were they not to be found on the shelves of our libraries, the agreeable volume which Mrs. Bray has written* would amply afford them, so abundantly do her pages teem with *fac-simile* engravings from the original designs.

As a *written* biography of Stothard, the present "Life" is less complete. This is not the fault of Mrs. Bray, but is attributable to the want of the necessary materials for compiling a consecutive and detailed account of the distinguished painter, with whom Mrs. Bray was connected no less by sentiments of affection than by the ties of domestic relation. Of the scantiness of her resources Mrs. Bray complains, telling us how little was attainable for her purpose beyond the generally-known facts of her father-in-law's history; his private letters, which are chiefly addressed to his wife, being so few, and for the most part confined to subjects of only domestic and passing interest, and his personal memoranda so imperfect, rarely bearing a date, and seldom more than fragmentary. From personal intercourse, it seems, little biographical information was to be gleaned, owing to Stothard's natural reserve, and the modesty which prevented him from talking of himself. Mrs. Bray has, however, derived assistance from the anecdotes communicated by contemporaneous artists and literary men; Mr. Leslie, R.A., and Mr. Peter Cunningham having aided her in this respect; and on the whole a very pleasant, if not a very perfect biography has been the result.

Thomas Stothard was born in London, on the 17th of August, 1755. His father, though descended from a good family, was an instance of the mutations of "the whirling wheel" of Fortune, and occupied no higher station than that of an innkeeper, first at Stutton, near Tadcaster, in Yorkshire, and afterwards in the metropolis, whither he removed a few years before the future great painter was born, and carried on his business in Long Acre. At five years of age, being of delicate health, Stothard was sent to live with his uncle, at Acomb, near York, and was placed under the care of Mrs. Stainburn, "a good woman and a staunch Presbyterian," who kept a day-school in the village, and was, doubtless, the original, whom the painter had in his memory when, in after years, he illustrated "The Schoolmistress" of the poet Shenstone. Under the care of his re-

* Life of Thomas Stothard, R.A. With Personal Reminiscences. By Mrs. Bray. London: Murray, 1851.

lations, Stothard grew stronger; and with his strength was developed a love of art which formed the marked feature of his whole existence. It originated, Stothard himself says, after this fashion:

"The old lady had two sons in the Temple, London, who sent her a present of some of the heads of Houbraken, framed and glazed; likewise an engraving of the "Blind Belisarius," by Strange; and some religious pictures by the same artist. I looked often and earnestly at those productions; for the old lady seemed pleased with my admiration of them. I gazed till a love of art grew within me, and a desire to imitate what was on her walls. I got bits of paper and pencils, and made many attempts. I could see that my hand was improving, and I had sketched some things not amiss, when, at eight years old, I was removed to Stutton, the birthplace of my father. Before this I should have mentioned that my father, pleased with my attempts, had sent me boxes of colours, which I knew so little how to use, that I applied to a house-painter for some mixed paint, which he gave me in an oyster-shell, and the first man I painted was in black. I had no examples: you know how necessary they are: literature may be taught by words, art must come through signs.

When eight years old Stothard was withdrawn from Mrs. Stainburn's care, and sent to school at Tadcaster, where he remained till he was thirteen; he then left Yorkshire altogether, and was placed at "a genteel boarding-school" at Ilford, in Essex, where, amongst other outward signs of gentility, he learned to dance, his preceptor being no other than Grimaldi, the celebrated clown; though it does not appear that Stothard ever turned the accomplishment he thus acquired to any notable account. When Stothard was fourteen he lost his father, who left him the sum of 1200*l.*, and for a year afterwards he resided with his mother in a small house at Stepney Green; but his fondness for drawing becoming every day more manifest, he was then apprenticed to a draftsman of patterns for brocaded silks, where, if he learnt nothing else, he must have acquired freedom of hand and something of a flowing style. But this description of art did not content him, and in his leisure evening hours he occupied himself in making designs, chiefly from the "Iliad" and the "Faery Queen;" and his master indulged him, by allowing him to paint in oil from these compositions. Though a kind man, it was well for Stothard that his master died before the term of his apprenticeship had expired; for though he continued with the widow, who carried on the business, an incident happened through her instrumentality which determined his future career. At her request the young painter gave her one or two of his sketches to ornament her parlour, and these were accidentally seen by Mr. Harrison, the editor of the *Novelists' Magazine*, as he called one evening with a friend, who went to give the widow a business commission. Mr. Harrison, struck with Stothard's skill, took a novel from his pocket, desiring him to read it, and when he met with a subject that struck his fancy, to make a design from it. The young man did so, and produced three sketches, of which Mr. Harrison approved so much that he gave him half a guinea; "and," says Mrs. Bray, "Stothard's future lot was decided."

When about twenty years of age, Stothard formed an intimacy with Shelly, the miniature-painter; Darcey, an artist; and a clever amateur draughtsman named Scarlett, a clerk in the Bank of England; all of whom studied together, and in whose society he made considerable progress. At the expiration of his apprenticeship, in 1777, we find him

living with his mother at Bethnal Green, "studious of the art of painting, and adding a little to my narrow income, by now and then painting some small family portraits amongst my acquaintances." In the following year he paid a visit to Portsmouth, where his friend Darcey had begun a successful professional career, and on his return took lodgings in the Strand, in company with his other friend Shelly, and lived on the interest of his 1200*l.* and his small gains, derived chiefly from the works he illustrated for Mr. Harrison, on whose *Novelists' Magazine*, and other books of that kind, he was engaged until 1783. By these early drawings —exquisite as they were, and for which collectors now give any price, his "gains" were "small" indeed.

Stothard states, in some old memoranda of accounts found in his own handwriting, that he made 148 designs for the *Novelists' Magazine*, at one guinea each; that for twenty-six designs for the *Poetical Magazine*, he had the same rate of payment; that for twenty theatrical frontispieces (and these were always portraits of the chief actors and actresses of the day) he received seven shillings each; and that for every separate border or vignette his remuneration was six shillings.

The beauty of these illustrations is here made evident to the reader of Mrs. Bray's "Life," by a full-length portrait of Mrs. Jordan in the character of *Priscilla Tomboy*, and scattered all through the volume are similar evidences of the genius which was condemned to illustrate such ephemeral productions as the "magazines" of that day, the pocket-books, and even the "ladies' fashions," in which latter many a sweet face has rendered the caprice of costume immortal.

Soon after Stothard joined Shelly, he was admitted a student at Maiden-lane, where (before the establishment of the Royal Academy at Somerset House) the artists held their meetings, and the young men drew from the living model and the antique: he had, also, the advantage of being frequently admitted to the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, by whose advice and criticism he greatly benefited.

We have a notice here of the manner in which he studied, which may safely be commended to general attention. His practice was to sketch his subjects in pen and ink, on a scale of about five inches, for the purpose of impressing them on his mind at once, and of familiarising him with proportions; he would then change the aspect, and, before he had finished, make seven or eight drawings of the same figure.

During the holidays of the Academy, he used to make excursions into Wales to study scenery; and the sketches with which he filled his portfolio were those on which he afterwards founded the backgrounds introduced into his illustrations of "Robinson Crusoe," the "Fête Champêtre," and the "Decameron." An adventure occurred to him about this time, which the experience of many living artists—to say nothing of that of Hogarth, so admirably rendered last year by Ward—can parallel. While out on a sketching expedition up the Medway, himself and his companions, Ogleby and Blake, the eccentric artist, were made prisoners by an over-vigilant sentry, who took them for French spies; nor were they released from the terrors of the capturing bayonet till responsible friends appeared to vouch for their loyalty and British citizenship.

The date is not given, but it appears to have been shortly after this temporary thraldom that Stothard willingly devoted himself to one of

a more permanent nature, from which he never attempted to set himself free. He fell in love with a fair Anabaptist, Miss Rebecca Watkins, whom he afterwards married, though not without a protracted courtship. Perhaps he thought he had taken trouble enough in his suit, or it might have been the "serenity" which, Mrs. Bray says, "was a marked feature in his character," that caused him so quietly to abandon his bride on her wedding-day; but that he left her very much to herself on that eventful occasion, we have the following proof:

After he had led his beloved to the altar, not to lose an hour from his studies, even on his wedding-day, he conducted home his bride, and then very quietly walked down to the Academy, to draw from the antique till three o'clock, the hour at which it then closed. There he sat, by the side of a fellow-student named Scott, with whom he was intimate, and after drawing the usual time, at length said to his friend, "I am now going home to meet a family party. Do come and dine with me, for I have this day taken to myself a wife."

It is said that when the late Sir Charles Wetherell was married he showed himself equally attached to his profession, to the neglect of her to whom his troth had just been plighted; for the learned knight went further than the painter—he disappeared altogether, and when sought for, as a *dernier ressort*, in his chambers, was discovered amidst a heap of papers, endeavouring to solve questions of practice nearly as intricate as the duty of a husband towards a newly-married wife.

The consequences of marriage, however, rapidly and regularly presented themselves; for, within as many years, Stothard found himself the father of eleven children; and this increasing family compelled him to accept commissions that were too trifling, and of too minute an order, for a painter such as he was. We have already alluded to the character of those works, and if, for Stothard's sake, we regret that he was occupied on sketches of royal balls and hunts, of ladies' head-dresses, and theatrical celebrities, for the sake of that style of art of which he was the founder, our regret is very greatly diminished. But, though obliged to devote himself to the illustration of court amusements, he received, we are sorry to say, none of the patronage of the court; nor were his merits recognised by that universal patron, Sir George Beaumont; and while he toiled for the bookseller, his labours often wrung from him regrets which Mrs. Bray has thus embodied:

He used, with regret, to compare the condition of an English historical painter with one of the old Italian school. The latter, were he really skilled in painting, was certain to have ample time and opportunity afforded him to execute a great picture. Whilst it was in progress he was supported by his prince, or by one of the nobility, who would take him into his palace, give him spacious apartments, and cause him to be treated with all honour. He had not one worldly care to distract him, or take off his attention from his work, or to compel him to hasten over it, or to bestow on it one hour less than he desired. But the English painter, left solely to his own unassisted and precarious exertions, is often obliged to hasten through one subject to secure employment upon another for bread, and lives by the *number* of the works he executes, instead of by their individual excellence as works of art.

But in spite of the want of encouragement, which a more generous appreciation of his genius in high quarters would have removed, Stothard made his way steadily in the path of public approbation; and in the year 1792, when in his thirty-seventh year, was elected an associate of the

Royal Academy, and exhibited his well-known picture of "The Confirmation." He attained the rank of a Royal Academician in 1794. But this ostensible dignity did not remove him from the field of illustration; for, soon after he became an Academician, he made the designs for the "Pilgrim's Progress," which, as Mrs. Bray very justly observes, "as a series, have never been surpassed by his pencil;" and he devoted himself with equal assiduity to the commissions which were given to him by Messrs. Rundell and Bridge; and most of the gorgeous plate which was at that period executed for the sovereign and nobility, owes its chief embellishments to Stothard's studious observance of nature and exquisite taste in art.

His name was now made; and though patronage did not pour in upon painters in those days *à flots d'or*, he received what he considered an adequate compensation for his toil, and executed some of his largest works—we mean the paintings which adorn the grand staircase of Burleigh, in Northamptonshire, the seat of the Marquis of Exeter, for which he was paid at the rate of a thousand guineas for three years. These paintings occupied him from 1799 to 1801. They are the best record of his proceedings during that time; for the letters which he wrote from Burleigh to his wife afford but a meagre indication of his pursuits. While they were in progress he lost his mother, who died in her eighty-seventh year.

The next ten years of Stothard's life exhibit him ever occupied by designs and illustrations of multifarious character, and all of them stamped with excellence. He appears to have refused nothing as below the dignity of art, for by his art he exalted every subject; and whether he chose "Robinson Crusoe" or "Froissart" for his theme, or consented to paint the large transparency for the Jubilee, which was displayed in front of the house of Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, on Ludgate-hill, he was equally successful, though it was not by this latter enlargement of the sphere of his art that he earned the undivided admiration of the public. That was due to productions with which his name is indelibly associated, the foremost among them being the renowned "Canterbury Pilgrims."

The subject of this great work was suggested to him by Mr. Cromek, an engraver, who, notwithstanding the apparent difficulty of rendering a procession tractable to the highest purposes of art, was firmly persuaded that Stothard could accomplish that which would have been a stumbling-block to all other living painters. It was undertaken and completed in a comparatively short space of time—and how completed, it would be superfluous to say, since there are few who have any knowledge or love of art to whom the engraving made from the painting is unknown.

The picture itself was exhibited throughout the country, and the sale of the engraving was enormous. But observe how slight was the remuneration which Stothard received for "this, the most celebrated and popular of all the productions of his pencil." Up to the publication of Mrs. Bray's "Life," it has generally been supposed that the price paid by Cromek was 200*l.*; but the rough draft of a letter, in Stothard's own handwriting, which was found amongst his papers, establishes the fact that the sum in question was only *sixty pounds!* Here is Stothard's statement:

When I undertook the picture, the price agreed was *sixty pounds;* the degree of finish was left to me at the conclusion of it. In the progress of the work,

the subject and design appearing more important—worthy of more attention than either of us at first apprehended, Mr. Cromek himself made the following proposition: that if I, on my part, would give one month's additional attention to the picture, over and above what was first agreed, he would make the sum one hundred pounds. This additional forty was to be paid as soon as he could collect from his subscribers. This he did not do, excusing himself on the score of the expense he was at in advertising, &c. He sold the picture to Mr. Hart Davis for three hundred pounds or guineas (Mr. Alfred Stothard says it was five hundred). He then, in like manner, excused himself as he had done before; and as I received his plea of success with the public with indulgence, and as the plate was in progress towards completion, deferred my demand till publication. This I have done in his alleged difficulties. Schiavonetti's death following soon after, put a stop to the work; and from what succeeded to this, I had additional reason not to urge my demand on the widow.

While on the subject of this popular work, we may mention an anecdote illustrative of Stothard's invariable practice of deriving his authority from the fountain-head, wherever procurable. Stubbs, the animal-painter, being curious to know how Stothard would deal with so many horses as there are in the picture, called upon him for that purpose.

On looking at it, Stubbs exclaimed, "Mr. Stothard, it has been said that I understand horses pretty well; but I am astonished at yours. You have well studied these creatures, and transferred them to canvas with a life and animation which, until this moment, I thought impossible. And you have got such a variety of them; pray, do tell me, where did you get your horses?" "From every-day observation," replied Stothard; and Stubbs departed, acknowledging that he could do nothing in comparison with such a work.

We have said "wherever procurable," and we did so advisedly, for there is a notable instance in Stothard's "Boaz and Ruth" how the most observant and conscientious may sometimes fall into commonplace. Speaking of this work, Mrs. Bray says: "The buildings and terraces seen in the background have in them an appropriate character of Eastern taste and opulence." This is true enough; but nothing else in the composition is Eastern: the girls in the corn, in their round straw hats, and even Ruth herself, might as fitly do duty for Devonshire lasses as maidens of Palestine. Appropriate costume was not, however, so accessible fifty years ago as it is now; and artists were not seen then—like Roberts and Lewis—extending their studies in the Syrian deserts, and beside the banks of Nile.

But criticism on Stothard's pictures is not the object of our present sketch. We return to the enumeration of some of his more important works, for to catalogue them all would far exceed our limits.

As a diligent student in the school of Raffaelle, he produced the "Angels appearing to the Shepherds," and found time to do something in the way of travel—not by that pilgrimage to Italy, which is now the recognised necessity of the young painter's studies, but by a journey to Paris in 1815, before the spoils collected by Napoleon had been restored to the galleries from whence they had been taken "par droit de conquête." Stothard, Chantrey, and four others—"a goodlie compauie"—performed the distance, *all the way*, in six days! We do it now in nearly as few hours. He thus describes his impressions of the Louvre:

I was much gratified in seeing the spoils of the Vatican, that I might say, *These things I have seen.* But, most of all, I was delighted with the assemblage of paintings to be viewed and compared with each other. The altar-pieces of

Rubens, with his school, covered the most space, and made a splendid show; but "The Transfiguration," by Raphael, *surpassed everything else*. The splendour of colouring far surpassed my expectation. It was splendid as a painted window, or as enamel painting, yet not tawdry.

Stothard's "St. John preaching in the Wilderness" is another example of one of his most successful efforts in the highest reaches of art.

"The Fête Champêtre" exhibits beauties of a different kind, being chiefly remarkable for its exquisite finish. It was purchased, as a surprise for her husband, Sir John, by Lady Swinburne, and the price which she paid for it was three hundred guineas, a sum which had already frightened an amateur baronet from his studio.

Stothard, without being an imitator, was thoroughly imbued with the style of his favourite masters. We have mentioned Raffaelle, and have to add Watteau. But similarity, as Mrs. Bray accurately remarks, is widely different from imitation; and though we trace resemblance, the servility of a mere copy is nowhere discoverable. On this point Mr. Leslie observes, with perfect justice:

It is scarcely possible but that, among the thousands of Stothard's productions, repetition of himself should not occur; nor that he should not occasionally have adopted ideas suggested by the antique, or by the old masters. He not seldom reminds us of Raphael, often of Rubens, and sometimes of Watteau; but he does so as one worthy to rank with them, and as they remind us of their predecessors. Yet his works will bear the deduction of every such instance of imitation, and of every repetition of himself, and we shall be surprised to see how much of the most beautiful original imagery will remain. His designs for the "Novelists' Library" remind us of no other painter.

In proof of what relates to Watteau, let the reader turn to Stothard's "Sans Souci" (engraved for the "Bijou," in 1827), and to his designs for the "Decameron." He will find in those pictures all the grace and gaiety of the French painter, transfused, not imitated, with a quality all his own.

The work which, next to the "Canterbury Pilgrims," will probably prove the most enduring monument of Stothard's genius, is "The Wellington Shield," for which he furnished the designs. It was competed for by numbers, but Stothard was chosen by the committee to execute it without a dissentient voice. The history of this production in all its details is one well worthy the attention of the reader; and it is gratifying to learn—though we do so without surprise—that when, in the prosecution of his labours, Stothard sought "protection for his plates" from the illustrious warrior for whom the shield was wrought, he received it in a manner worthy of the noble Duke, who at once acceded to Stothard's request that no one else should make a copy of the shield without his permission.

But while we are adverting to Stothard's designs, we must not forget a memorable one, which assisted in establishing the fame of the greatest British sculptor of his time. This was the sketch which he made for Chantrey's celebrated group of the "Sleeping Children," in Lichfield Cathedral. The idea was derived by Chantrey from some remarks made by his own mother when her children were infants; but the sculptor felt that he could entrust the design to no artist who could do justice to the subject like Stothard, and to him he accordingly went. The result was the drawing of which the tenderness and truth have been so admirably preserved in Chantrey's marble group. The monument of Garrick, in

Westminster Abbey, and that of Miss Johnes, at Hafod, are also amongst the sculptured works which owe not their least value to the pencil of Stothard.

It would be a long task, however pleasing, to instance the endless variety which characterises Stothard's numerous compositions. To mention them by name would be impossible. The most we can do in this place is to refer the reader to Mrs. Bray's valuable and beautifully-executed volume.

Of Stothard, the man, we have little more to say. He fought and struggled as all must fight and struggle who set Fame as the goal towards which they strive. He gained a hard-fought victory, and lived long enough to enjoy the laurels he had won, dying without effort, and of nothing but a natural decay of the vital powers, when he had nearly reached his eightieth year, the last day of his life being the 27th of April, 1834. He worked almost to the end; and his latest effort, in the autumn of 1833, after suffering from an accident, having been knocked down by a carriage in the streets, is thus recorded:

His son Alfred had been commissioned to execute a seal for the Central National School Society at Westminster. The subject he selected was from one of his father's designs for the poems of Rogers, from the Grecian story of the mother inducing her child to return from the verge of a precipice. This required some alteration, some adaptation to the subject proposed. Stothard made his remarks upon it, and advised a change of position in one of the hands of the principal figure. The better to explain his meaning, he made an effort to sketch what the alteration ought to be; but his son observed with extreme pain that he was unable to do so. The pencil dropped from the hand of him who had for years employed it with such inimitable grace. He never more regained it.

OLDEN DREAMS.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

How sweet in slumber soft reposing
Some vision of the past to see,
Some dream of bygone bliss disclosing
The sunny days of youthful glee;
When fancy, fairy vigils keeping,
Gives back youth's bright and glorious themes;
Oh! say not time is lost in sleeping
That conjures up such golden dreams.

When sailing o'er the raging billow
The hardy sailor's forced to roam,
How sweet upon his ocean pillow
His dream of absent friends and home;
Once more he views the woodland bowers,
The fertile hills—the gushing streams,
And nothing in his waking hours
Can charm him like those golden dreams.

But sweeter far, 'mid fancy dwelling
On some loved form to mem'ry dear,
Are those wild strains, with rapture swelling,
That but in dreams enchant the ear.
Oh! still may fancy, vigils keeping,
Give back youth's bright and glorious themes,
For time is never lost in sleeping
That conjures up such golden dreams.

YOUNG TOM HALL'S HEART-ACHES AND HORSES.

Chapter XX.

The catastrophe with which we closed our last chapter, happened as follows:—Colonel Blunt, who was at all times rather rash with the reins, was doubly so when under the influence of liquor; and having got his horses well clubbed in going down hill, his difficulties were further increased by the cry of the hounds, and the cheering of the hunters, who presently crossed the road a little before him. Old Major Pendennis, who had a taste for the chace though it had not been much indulged in, first set the bars a rattling, which, being responded to by his brother leader, Billy Roughun, there was such a milling, and rearing, and squealing, and snatching as soon broke the pole, and landed the coach against the bank of a wide newly-cleaned ditch, shooting the ponderous colonel on to his head in the next field, with Mrs. Blunt a little beyond him.

The hounds had been running some fifteen or twenty minutes, with a breast-high scent over a stiffish country, settling all parties in their places with the regularity of a table of precedence. First came Bill Brick, the head whip, breaking the fences for Dicky Thorndyke, who was as pleased to ride second as first; after him came Lord Heartycheer, going as straight as a line, followed by a groom in scarlet to keep off the crowd, his lordship's maxim being that the real danger in hunting consists in being ridden over, not in falling at your fences.

"*Y—o—n—der* they go!" cried his lordship, flourishing his whip in the air, as he flew the hedge and wide ditch on to the Fleecyborough-road; "*y—o—n—der* they go!" repeated he, eyeing the hounds settling to the scent on the pasture beyond. Just then, his quick eye caught the prostrate vehicle on the road; "Ha—hem—haw—corpulent captain capsized!" exclaimed he, glancing at the glorious confusion, as he gathered his horse for the off-the-road leap; "haw—ha—hem; sorry we can't offer him any assistance," added he, flying the fence into the next field. He then dropped his elbows, and rising in his stirrups, set to and hustled the white horse along as hard as ever he could lay legs to the ground, hooping and holloaing as if he was mad.

Fortunately, some of the field were less engrossed with the hunt than his lordship, and the half-dozen composing his immediate tail; indeed, some were very glad of an excuse to pull up; and ere the second whip was out of sight, a crowd of dismounted horsemen had gathered round the vehicle, joining their clamourous directions with the kicking, and struggling, and groaning of the horses.

"Sit on their heads!" shouted one; "Cut the traces!" cried another; "Get the lady out!" roared a third; "Where's the colonel?" asked a fourth; "Catch my horse!" exclaimed a fifth.

Lord Heartycheer's country being a good deal infested by sheep, as Dicky Thorndyke said, most of the gallant sportsmen carried knives to cut the nuts, and Mr. Shirker had scarcely seated himself on Major Pendennis' head, before a cry of "Now they're loose! stand clear!" was raised, and kicks and cuffs began to resound upon the horses' hides, making first one and then another rise like horses at Astley's; when,

after surveying the scene on their haunches, they regained all fours, and stood shaking themselves, and staring wildly around them.

Just at this juncture, and as the smoking steeds were all scattered about the road, the fair Angelena emerged through the window in the arms of farmer Quickfall, and Tom came scrambling all-fours after her. The colonel, too, with Mrs. Blunt, now appeared, at the white gate a little lower down—the colonel having sorely damaged his shoulder and cardinal-like hat, and Mrs. Blunt having completely crushed her fine new terry velvet bonnet. Great was the wrathful indignation of the colonel, now vented on Mrs. Blunt for catching at the reins, now on Pendennis for kicking, now on Billy Roughun for swerving, now on the wheelers for jibbing, now on this person, now on that, but never a word as against his own coachmanship! The old coach was well imbedded in the bank, the splinter-bar was broken to shivers, and the old harness had been cut and mangled into a state of utter uselessness. Our Tom, too, shared in the common misfortune; for his tops, which had been sadly too tight for him all along, had now so swelled his fat calves, that he could no longer bear them, and gladly availed himself of Quickfall's penknife to rip them open behind.

By the time our friends had got themselves shook, and the actual damage ascertained, the assemblage had very greatly increased; and Dr. Bolus, who led the roadsters, having at length arrived with his tail, and examined the colonel, and assured him, with a shake of his head, that he must be very careful of his shoulder, it was arranged that our Tom should take Farmer Quickfall's dog-cart, and drive to the barracks for the colonel's carriage. Quickfall's house, Hawthorn-hill, being close at hand, thither our party proceeded on foot, accompanied by the horses and cushions, leaving the old coach to be righted when they got some available harness. Mrs. Quickfall, little used to such quality guests, insisted on ushering them into the best parlour, where they underwent the usual process of lighting a spluttering, smoking, greenwood fire, while there was a fine hot one burning in the kitchen. While Quickfall was out ordering the dog-cart, Angelena, who was the least damaged of the party, having fallen soft on our Tom, and only deranged her ringlets, arranged, with great adroitness, to accompany Tom in it. A lady so close upon an offer, was not likely to be put off without an effort to recover the line. Fortunate indeed it was that she did accompany him, for our Tom, though a very enterprising youth, had never before tried his hand at driving a gig, and Quickfall's mare being rather fresh, he would assuredly have walked into a waggon-load of turnips, had not Angelena caught the reins at the moment. Tom then very prudently resigned the command to her, and, without changing her seat, the fair lady drove along with the greatest ease on the left. On coming to rising ground, she got the hot animal eased down into a walk, and commenced operations on Tom. Never did Dicky Thorndyke make a more knowing cast to recover a fox, than she did to recover the line of conversation the upset had interrupted. Like Dicky's casts, it was wide and comprehensive, and made at a good brisk pace. She began with the "pinting" again. Well, now, he mustn't forget to be pinted. "Couldn't he now, couldn't he go to Mr. Ruddle's and make an appointment? Artists always pretended to be busy. Dare say'd he had nothing to do—nothing, at least, that he couldn't put aside for

such a customer as you. He told Mr. Jug just the same thing—said he was so busy he didn't know when he could appoint his first sitting. Mr. Jug just turned on his heel, and said, 'Well, I don't care about it; it's my granddad, Lord Pitcher, who wants it.' It wasn't, you know," said Angelena, confidentially to Tom; "the silly boy meant it for me"—a piece of information that caused Tom to bite his thick lips. "'It's my granddad, Lord Pitcher, who wants it,' said he. And would you believe it, as soon as Ruddle heard he was the grandson of a lord, he immediately said he would arrange it, and gave him his first sitting the next day. He was pinted in full uniform, with his hair curled like a cauliflower. Silly boy, he's so vain—thinks himself handsome—thinks, because he'll be an honourable, everybody must want him. No patience with such conceited boys," added she, whipping the mare on, vexed at Tom for not catching at the opening she had now given him. "I think you'll wish now you'd gone with the hounds," observed Angelena, as Tom began rubbing the dry mud off his knees.

"No, indeed I don't," replied he; "I'm quite happy where I am."

"Stupid dolt," thought she, whipping the mare again; "that's what he said before. "What! and saved the upset?" asked she.

"Oh, I don't care about an upset," replied Tom. No more he did, so long as he fell soft.

"But you'd have tried your fine new horse," observed she.

"Oh, I'll have plenty of opportunities of doing that," replied Tom; "the season's only just beginning."

"A bad beginning for us," observed Angelena, "seeing the hounds upset the coach."

"It was," assented Tom.

"I declare I havn't got over the fright yet," observed Angelena, after a pause, as if she had been revolving the matter in her mind.

"Nor I either," replied Tom, who felt excessively for his tops; indeed, the pain of his swelled calves, and the damage to his boots, which would wholly prevent the perambulation of the streets in his red coat, operated against a return of the enthusiasm the upset of the coach had interrupted.

After several more fruitless attempts to get up the steam of Tom's ardour again, they now rose Benningborough-hill, from whence Fleecyborough, with its railway-station, its spiral churches, its tall-chimnied opposition gasometers, its barn-like opposition tanneries, and towering town-hall, burst conspicuous on the view.

"There's Fleecyborough, I declare," said she, eyeing the white villas fringing the smoke of the blue and red town.

"So there is," replied Tom, thinking of his damaged tops, instead of expressing regret, or making any pleasant allusion to the quickness of time flying in pleasant company, or anything of that sort.

Finding there was no chance of moving him to courtship, Angelena got the mare well by the head, so as to time herself properly, and thus came at once to the point.

"By the way, Mr. Talliho, what were you saying when we were upset?"

"Saying—upset—upset—saying," stammered Tom.

"Yes, you know, about Jug—about my not being Mrs. Jug."

"Oh, ah!" replied Tom, blushing crimson; "I was—I mean't—I thought—I was glad——"

"Glad at what?" snapped Angelena.

"Oh! ah! yes—glad that you were not going to be Mrs. Jug—the Honourable Mrs. Jug."

"But why were you glad?" asked she.

"Oh—why—to tell you the truth," replied Tom, screwing his hands together for the great effort—"because—simply because—I hoped—I ventured to hope—that you would be Mrs. H."

"Shriek!—screech!—shriek!" went Angelena, as if horrified at the thought—"shriek!—screech!—shriek!" repeated she, startling the mare and astonishing a ploughman who happened to be turning on an adjoining headland.

Fortunately, the loss of her presence of mind did not entail the loss of her command over the mare, whom she pulled up out of the undignified canter at which she went off, just as they met a Fleecyborough fly, with three Miss Gigglewells on the look-out for fatigued fox-hunters. How they stared! However, it was lost upon Tom. He was frightened. He feared he had offended the great heiress, and now saw the temerity of a man like him aspiring to the hand of a lady who had refused the son of a lord that was to be. He wished himself well out of the gig.

"Oh, Mr. Hall! oh, Mr. Hall!" gasped Angelena, as she got the mare calmed into a trot, "you've—you've completely unnerved me—I—I—am not myself—indeed I'm not—you—you——"

"My dear Miss Blunt," exclaimed Tom, thinking the sooner he dropped Angelena-ing her the better, "my dear Miss Blunt."

"Oh, don't Miss Blunt me!" exclaimed she, putting her little hand up as if in deprecation of the word—"don't Miss Blunt me—pray don't."

"Well, but my dearest Angelena," resumed Tom, plucking up his courage again, "tell me how have I offended—how have I hurt you?"

"Oh, Mr. Hall, you've taken me so by surprise—you can't *think* how you've astonished me."

Tom thought this was rather queer from a lady who seemed ready for an offer from the first.

"I'm sure I appreciate the compliment of your partiality," continued she, now driving very slowly; "I do appreciate the compliment of your partiality, for I believe it's disinterested—yes, I believe it's disinterested; but don't, pray don't think the worse of me for saying it—but girls in my situation—girls, you know, without brothers—heiresses, in fact,—are so liable to be persecuted by the unworthy, that, that——" and here her voice faltered. "Oh," continued she, doubling herself up as if attacked by the stomach-ache, "what I would give for a brother!"

"A husband would be a much better thing," observed Tom, in his dry, matter-of-fact way.

"Oh, Mr. Hall, a congenial spirit—one in whom I could confide—one whom I might look forward to for supplying the place of my dear, dear father. It isn't wealth or station I ambition—I wouldn't marry that little drunken Jug if he had a million a-month."

"He *is* a little nasty varmint," replied Tom, who hated the very name of Jug.

"No, Mr. Hall, no," continued Angelena; "I believe you are sincere—I believe I may trust in you—it's not my money you——"

"Fourpence!" exclaimed a voice from the Tiptin turnpike-gate, through which she now drove without dispensing the usual compliment—"fourpence!" repeated a shirt-sleeved follower in a louder strain; adding as he overtook the gig, "why don't you pay your pike, you dirty bilks?"

This inopportune interruption, combined with the fretting of the mare, while Tom fumbled for his pence, completely threw Angelena off her point; and as the half-acre allotments and little sentry-box summer-housed gardens of the outskirts now appeared, to be quickly followed by the bad pavement of the town, she just got the mare well in hand, and, changing places with Tom, drove smartly through the streets that cut off an angle in the direction of the barracks, leaving a long train of excitement and speculation among the natives, whom the rattle of the wheels brought to the windows. Arrived at the barracks, they found all stir and consternation. Rumour with her hundred tongues had got there before them, and had inflicted every possible injury on the gallant colonel and his wife. Having ordered a servant to get ready the mail-phaeton, and an orderly to return with the dog-cart, the now nearly betrothed couple entered the colonel's house, in whose comfortable privacy our Tom closed the rivets of the bargain, swearing eternal fidelity to the fair lady, and telling her as much of his father's affairs as he could, computing him of course at the usual young gentleman's rate of ten thousand a-year.

When Colonel and Mrs. Blunt arrived, which, either from accident or design, they were in no great hurry in doing, they found our Tom and Angelena comfortably seated on the old horse-hair sofa, Tom making a sandwich of the fair one's little hand between his own fat ones. The first transports of joy were well over, and the greasy one was regarding Angelena—the future partner of his life—very much as a man does a new horse, wondering whether she was as good as she looked; indeed, if truth must be told, the idea had crossed his mind whether the little taper hand he then pressed, would be equal to boxing his great docken ears.

Hearing her mother's rustling satin coming first, Angelena just kept her hand where it was, and having satisfied herself that her mother saw it, she just slipped it out, adjusted her collar, and gave her clothes a propriety shake, as the colonel appeared at the door.

At first, of course, their conversation was all about their injuries and miraculous escapes, with anathemas at the horses for their bad behaviour, and speculations as to the probable damage to the drag. These interesting topics being exhausted, the lovers then sat silent for a time, Angelena expecting our Tom would give tongue, and Tom thinking it was as much her business to do it as his, particularly in her own house. Although this was her ninth offer, she was just as eager to be into the thick of it as she was with the first one; and mamma, who was well versed in her ways, saw she had a difficulty in containing herself. As Tom sat mute, now looking vacantly at her, now comparing his feet or eyeing his damaged tops and swelling calves, Angelena at length motioned her mother away; and, after a few minutes spent in consultation, the colonel was summoned to the council. Of course, among themselves they dispensed with the usual forms of surprise—forms that, in nine cases out

of ten, are pure hypocrisy, for no woman ever gets an offer without expecting it—and went at once to the point. "What should they do?" "Should they tell old Hall, or let Tom tell him; or carry it on as a sort of conditional engagement, to be ratified hereafter if both parties liked?" The ladies were all for trying to clench it at once, considering that Angelena—though a trifle older—was a most unexceptionable match for our Tom; while the colonel's experience and ulterior views made him rather incline to keep it on, lest he might kill the goose that lay them the golden eggs in the horse way. The ladies, however, prevailed. Mrs. Blunt thought it was due from her to "say something," so, having exchanged her much damaged bonnet for a fine fly-away cap, full of poppys and wheat-ears, and arrayed her shoulders in a large, profusely-worked collar, she emerged from the thinly-partitioned little room in which they had held their confab, and found Tom tying his damaged tops up with a little twine, leaving Angelena on her knees with her eye at the key-hole—a *surveillance* not very conducive to eloquence. After a good deal of hemming and hawing, and clearing of her throat, she gave two or three downward sweeps to her gown, and seating herself beside Tom, on the sofa, thus addressed him:

"Well, my dear (hem) sir, my (hem) darter has been telling (hem) me the (hem, cough) compliment and (hem) honour, I may say, you have done (hem) her, which, I need hardly say, has taken the (hem) colonel and (hem, cough) me very much by (hem) surprise, though we cannot but feel (cough, hem) grateful for the (hem) preference you have shown; and though it must necessarily be a very (cough) heinous and (hem) painful separation, yet the colonel and I have such a high sense of your (hem) integrity and excessive (hem) philanthropy (hem), that of course we must yield to the (cough, hem, cough) observances of nature, and wish you every (cough, hem) happiness that this (cough, hem) world can (cough) supply."

Tom sat agape, for he had never been regularly overhauled before, and did not know where to make the responses. After waiting a time, to see if he would rise, Mrs. Blunt resumed as follows:

"My darter's young," she said, with a twinkle of her eye, as if she would shortly shed a tear, "and inexperienced in the ways of the world; but I'm sure we're entrusting her to a gen'l'man who will (cough) appreciate her (hem) talents and excellencies, and preserve her in (hem) affluence and (cough) independence."

"Yes," said Tom.

"It's an anxious moment, settlin' a young lady with the pretensions of our darter," observed Mrs. Blunt, much to the satisfaction of the fair listener at the door, who was afraid her mamma was going to omit touching on that important point—"it's an anxious moment, settlin' a young lady with the pretensions of our darter," repeated she; "for, of course, the (hem) reputation of (cough) riches awakens the cupidity of the dangerous, and exposes a gal to great persecution, not to say temptation; but, I must say, Angelena has always shown a discretion far beyond her years, and no (hem) parents ever had a more satisfactory child. She might have made great matches—great (cough) lords, great (hem) baronets; but she has always shown a disposition for the enjoyment of (hem) intellectual society, and the (cough) tranquillity of

country life. She's quite different with you to what she's been with all her other admirers," added Mrs. Blunt, looking smilingly on her fat son-in-law.

"Indeed," said Tom, "I'm sure I'm very much flattered;" and he thought what a triumph he would have, brushing past Jug, with Angelena on his arm.

And now the fair lady, thinking her mother had said quite enough, and fearing she might commit herself by further indulgence with her tongue, rose from her knees, and after a prefatory glance at the looking-glass, smoothing her glossy hair, she sidled into the room, and announced that her dear papa thought of going to bed. Mrs. Blunt, auguring from this that he was worse, lost no time in leaving our young friends alone; and Tom, being shortly after seized with the qualms of hunger, and smelling nothing in the way of dinner where he was, resolved to avail himself of a fly that had just set down at the officers' barrack, and drawn up to wait the chance of a fare. Hailing it from the window, it was quickly at the door, and after a most affectionate, lover-like leave-taking, Tom jumped in, with his packthread-tied tops, and, kissing his hand from the window, was presently whisked out of sight—he loved, and drove away—and, ere he was well clear of the gates, Jug was occupying his place on the sofa with Angelena, laughing at her greasy suitor.

Chapter XXI.

"Well, Tummus, and have you caught the fox?" asked old Father Hall, as his dirty, tatter'd, booted son nearly upset him in the passage, as he was travelling from the cellar to the parlour with a bottle of port in each hand, and a bottle of sherry under his arm—"well, Tummus, and have you caught the fox?" asked he, as he recovered his balance.

"No; but I've caught something better," replied Tom, grinning from ear to ear.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the old man. "I thought there was nothin' but foxes to catch out a-huntin'."

"Yes, but there is," replied Tom, full grin as before.

"What is it?" asked the old man, passing on into the parlour.

"Guess," said the son, following him.

"Can't," replied the father, after a pause.

"What do you think of an heiress?—a fifty thousand pounder?"

"Fifty thousand pounder!" gasped the old man. "Impossible, Tom."

"Fact, I assure you," said Tom, with a look of compassion.

"Wonderful," observed the old man, eyeing him intently.

"Wonderful! I don't see anything wonderful in it," replied Tom, recollecting Angelena's pretty compliments, and how irresistible Miss Sowerby and Jane Daiseyfield had found him.

"And who is it?" at length asked the old man, thinking it time to come to particulars.

"Guess," replied Tom, again.

"Nay; I don't know," replied the banker, running all the monied people through his mind, and thinking who was likely to have such a sum as fifty thousand pounds, or anything like it. "Somebody you've met at the Castle?" at length suggested he.

"No," replied Tom.

"No," repeated the father. "I don't know who it can be, then. Anybody I've ever seen?"

"Don't know," replied Tom; "not sure—p'r'aps you may. No; I think not."

"Can't think," replied the father.

"The lovely Miss Angelena Blunt!" proclaimed Tom, with victorious emphasis.

"Miss Angelena Blunt!" repeated old Hall, with terror-stricken looks —"Miss Angelena Blunt! What, do you mean the colonel's daughter?"

"The same," replied Tom; "most charming, captivating creature."

"*Hem!*" mused old Hall.

His wife and he had had their misgivings about the lavender-coloured flounces, but little dreamt they were so near mischief.

"Ain't I a lucky fellow?" asked Tom, wondering that his father didn't hug him for joy.

"Sivin and four's elivin, and fourteen is thirty-five, and nine is forty-four. If I throw cold water on it, it will only make him worse," mused he; "and twenty-five is sixty-nine. I'd better humour him, I think. I s'pose she's a beauty, into the bargain?" observed he, having heard that she was not.

"Oh! she's lovely—she's angelic—she's perfectly divine!" exclaimed Tom, thinking over all her pretty speeches and prudent inquiries.

"Sivin and four's elivin, and ninety-nine's a 'under'd and ten. I'll sound him about the £. *s. d.*," thought Hall. "Fifty thousand punds, did you say she had?" asked he.

"Fifty thousand pounds," repeated Tom. "Fifty thousand solid substantial sovereigns," continued he, repeating Major Fib's information.

"It's a vast of money," observed the father, with a shake of the head.

"It is," replied the son; "but not more than such an angel deserves."

"Oh, no," replied the father, who was not to be surfeited with money.

"It's near dinner I s'pose," said Tom, seeing his father reverting to the bottles, "so I'll go up-stairs and change;" the tightness of his nether garments making him wish to be out of them.

He then went lobbing up-stairs to his room; and old Hall, having hastily deposited the bottles in the celleret, went to communicate the dread intelligence to his wife in the kitchen. Mrs. Hall was horrified. Independently of having set Tom out for a titled lady, she had had a good look at Angelena while cheapening some Irish poplins in Frippery and Co.'s back shop, and had come to the conclusion that she was nearer thirty than twenty. The fifty thousand pounds she declared she looked upon as purely imaginary; nor did the prospect of having the colonel to protect them from the "new Boney," as Mrs. Hall called the now Prince President of the French, reconcile her to the military connection. However, she took her husband's advice not to appear to oppose the match—nay, rather to approve it; and, dinner over, the evening was spent in narrating the adventures of the day, varied by reiterated explosions respecting Angelena's beauty, and confidence in the abundance of her wealth. So satisfied was Tom on this latter point, and so plausible did the ladies' speeches appear, that the old people came to the conclusion that there might be something in it; and if the "something" amounted to fifty,

or even to five-and-twenty thousand pounds, Old Hall was inclined for a deal. So, with his usual tumbler of toddy, the old banker at length went to bed.

Morning brought no change of opinion on the subject; and, urged by his wife, our cautious friend decked himself out in his best black coat and waistcoat, with knee-breeches and black silk stockings, to pay a complimentary fishing visit to the great commander at the barracks. The sooner the thing was settled one way or another the better, they both thought. Having breakfasted, and seen the bank fairly open, and cautioned Trueboy against certain weakly parties' "paper," who he thought might call, he stepped into Jack Flopperton's fly, and was soon lilting and tilting over the irregularities of the pavement, raising the speculations of the curious as to whether he was going to a funeral or to a meeting of creditors.

The colonel and Mrs. Blunt had had their talk over the matter, and it had occurred to them that such a visit was likely; so they had had the little room tidied, the colonel's spare swords and weapons arranged in a conspicuous way, and themselves got up in an extra-elegant style. The colonel had anticipated a clean dressing-gown by at least six weeks.

The grinding of the fly through the barrack-yard attracted Mrs. Blunt's attention, and, looking out of the window, she saw such a fat hand dangling over the door, as could belong to none but Tom's father; so, raising a cry of "Here he is!" the colonel soused himself into the sofa, and Mrs. Blunt, sweeping away a pair of his old flannel drawers that she was darning, and the remains of a bottle of stout, threw a painted crimson-and-black cover over the table, and dealt a dirty old "Keepsake," a copy of "Fistiana," and an army-list around it, as Hall came heaving and puffing up-stairs. The flounce of her dress just swept through the one door as the soldier-footman announced "Mr. Hall" at the other.

"Oh, Hall! how are you?" exclaimed the monster, attempting to rise, and falling back like an over-fed pig in its stye—"Hall, how are you?" repeated he, extending a fin, with an "excuse my rising, but the fact is, I'm sufferin' from the effects of a fall—deuced bad fall—nearly killed yesterday—upset on my coach—stupid old man and his hounds—horses took fright—pitched on my head—he just rode on—never asked if I was killed. However, here I am, and I'm glad to see you; pray take a seat—arm-chair at your side—hope Mrs. Hall's well?"

Having sidled himself into a seat, Hall crowned one knee-cap with his broad-brimmed hat, and resting his fat hand on the other, sat contemplating the colonel.

"You're the very man I want to see!—you're the very man I want to see!—you can tell me all I want to know!" exclaimed he.

"Sivin and four's elivin, and nineteen is thirty, and twenty-four is fifty-four; he's comin' to the point at once," thought Hall.

"You see, Brown—I mean, Hall—confound it, you're so like Brown that I never know the difference—hang'd if there isn't a resemblance throughout the whole of you Fleecyborough commercialists. Juggins is as like Huggins as ever he can stare—Tiffin and Trotter might pass for brothers."

"Sivin and four's elivin, and nine's twenty; they are brother's," replied the banker.

"What, was the father called Tiffin?" asked the colonel.

"Trotter," replied the banker.

"Ah, then Tiffin changed his name, did he?—for a fortin' most likely—mercenary dog. And that reminds me of what I was wantin' to ask you—to talk to you about. I've been in a devil of a stew these last few days. Every *Times* that I take up contains some marvellous story about gold—gold in the mud, gold in the clay, gold in bridges, gold everywhere; and I want to know what's to be the value of gold? I want to know whether gold's to be of any more worth, or one may just take and sow it broadcast over the land, or empty one's pockets of it among the little boys in the streets? 'What shall I do with my money, in fact?' as I see staring me at the head of an advertisement."

"Sivin and four's elivin, and thirteen is twenty-four; there's no doubt," replied Hall," slowly and deliberately—"there's no doubt that the abundance of any article has a tendency to lower its value; but gold's not become a drug yet."

"Drug yet!" exclaimed the colonel, striking out both fins—"drug yet! then you anticipate its becoming a drug, do you?" added he, with a look of alarm.

"Sivin and four's elivin, and thirty-three is forty-four; there's no manner of doubt there's a great deal of gold comin' into the country—the quantity from California was immense, and they're gettin' as much, if not more, in Australia. The Bank of England can't afford to pay three pund sixteen and a penny-halfpenny per ounce for gold, when others can buy it for three-four-six per ounce, seven-and-a-half per cent. better than the standard."

"Ah, now," exclaimed the colonel, "you're gettin' into the mysteries of the currency, a thing I never could understand. I'm not a learned man—I'm not a mercenary man—I'm not a covetous man. I know that twelve-pence make a shillin', and that twenty shillin's make a pund; but I want to know if a pun's to be only worth ten shillin's in futur', and if everything else is to fall in proportion?"

"Sivin and four's elivin, and eighteen is twenty-nine; the man has money, I think," mused Hall; "and ninety-four is a 'under'd and twenty-three. I'll try and find out where it is." He then addressed himself to the colonel. "Money—that's to say Consols—will fall undoubtedly, colonel," replied Hall. "If you reduce the interest on the national debt, say one per cent., you'll reduce the value of money one-third; but land, shares, and all other tangible available property, will rise."

"The devil they will!" exclaimed the colonel. "Then do you mean to say the fundholder's to be robbed for the landowner?"

"Sivin and four's elivin, and forty's fifty-one; that touches him," thought Hall. "The monied interest has had a longish day, and not altogether a bad 'un," replied he, slowly and deliberately. "Much of our debt was contracted at sixty, and is now worth ninety-six and three-eighths, and it's about time the land had a turn."

"What! you're a landowner, are you?" asked the colonel.

"Sivin and four's elivin, and forty-nine's sixty, and fifty-four's a 'under'd and fourteen. Not exactly a landowner," replied our friend; "somethin' akin to it, though."

"I twig," replied the colonel, with a knowing leer. "An *uncle*—an

agricultural *uncle*, you mean to say. Haw, haw, haw! ho, ho, ho! he, he, he! I dare say there's a vast of land up the spout. You'll be grabbing an estate some day, and setting up for a gentleman."

"Sivin and four's elivin, and ninety-nine's a 'under'd and ten. Wonder if that would make me one," thought our friend.

"Fellers used to think, when they got four silver side-dishes they were gentlemen," continued the colonel; "but since those plated Brummagem things came up, they've gone upon land—they think land's the thing. You'll be setting your son up in an estate, at all events?" added he.

"Sivin and four's elivin, and two 'under'd and thirty's two 'under'd and forty-one, and ninety's three 'under'd and thirty-one," calculated Hall, getting up the steam. "It was my son I was comin' to talk to you about," replied he—"my son and your darter," added he.

"Oh, faith, aye! I'd forgotten all that in my anxiety about my money," replied the colonel, in the most matter-of-course, off-hand way. "I dare say you and I will soon settle that. We'll be much of the same mind. It's all very well for boys and girls to philander, and bill and coo, and make eyes at each other; but experienced men of the world, like you and I, know that it don't do for people to marry too young. A man shouldn't marry before he's thirty. Doesn't know his own mind—tires of a woman—neglects her. Don't do—woman much better single—girl with a fortin', at least. At the same time, I assure you, both Mrs. Colonel Blunt and I are sensible of the compliment your son has paid our daughter. He's a very fine young man, is Joseph—I mean Henry."

"*Tummus*," interposed the parent.

"I beg your pardon, Thomas. I was thinking of Bus's son; his name's Joseph—a smooth-faced lookin' sinner he is too—deep file for all that. But Thomas is a good feller—very good feller—nice open countenanced feller, and fat. Don't like your whipping-post boys. Now you and I," continued he, looking the banker over, "are much what men ought to be—full limbed and plump; but the generality of the men now-a-days are mere lath and plaister, if I may use such an expression."

"Sivin and four's elivin, and ninety-nine's a 'under'd and ten; he's not such a bad old buffer after all," mused Hall, as the colonel proceeded; "looks as if he had money, not being keen for the match. The room certainly isn't well furnished," continued he, looking about him; "carpet doesn't half cover the floor, and sofa looks like a job from Mrs. Smoothley's in the Terrace-lane; curtains, too, are faded and dirty—but that may be whim, or the fortunes of war."

This reverie was interrupted by the colonel stamping with his iron-plated heel on the uncarpeted part of the floor, and exclaiming,

"You must take a little refreshment after your walk, Hall; keen winter air must have given you an appetite. You don't hunt, I think, do you?"

"Never either hunted or gammled," replied the banker, sententiously, with a shake of his head.

"Ah, well, you're a wise man," replied the colonel; adding, to a gigantic soldier-footman who now came settling himself into his tawdry coat, "bring a tray, Jasper, bring a tray."

"Thank'e, colonel, nothing for me, I'm obleeged," interposed the man of money.

"Oh, but you must; indeed, you must," exclaimed the colonel. "This is the first time you've been in my little crib—wouldn't come to our ear-ache and stomach-ache—most brilliant thing of the season. Must break bread with us now—indeed, you must."

Jasper now returned, bearing a massive silver tray, with a richly-cut decanter of sherry, surrounded with little blown glass plates, containing finger-biscuits, saucer-cakes, currant buns, and other remnants of that notable feast, now fresh out of Mrs. Blunt's bonnet-box.

"Get out the Cardigan, Jasper," said the colonel to the man, who forthwith produced a three-quarters-full black bottle, with the word "Brandy," in black letters on the ivory label.

"Ah, that's the stuff!" exclaimed the colonel, as the man placed it on the stand; "that's the stuff!" repeated he, his eyes glistening with delight. "Now, take a drop of this—just a thimbleful," continued he, seizing a tumbler, and filling it about half full.

"Thank you, sir; thank you, sir—I'm very much obliged to you, sir," exclaimed Mr. Hall, endeavouring to arrest the filling, "but I really——"

"You really must oblige me," interrupted the colonel; "this is the first time I have had the pleasure of seeing you—at least, of seeing you here; and though I've not had the pleasure of dining with you yet, I shall have very great satisfaction in doing so; for you Fleecyborough folks, though there's not much style about you, have a deal of good rough honest hospitality, which, in my opinion, is a much better thing; and I don't know any quarter in England where you get such undeniable mutton—mutton that eats like mutton, instead of the nasty watery, stringy, turnipy stuff, neither mutton nor lamb, that other countries are inundated with." The colonel then filled himself an equally liberal glass, and, nodding to his guest, was soon deep in its contents. "That's good," said he, "very good!" smacking his lips, as he placed the glass on the table.

"Very bad," thought Mrs. Blunt, who was listening at the door; adding to herself, "I'm sure you'll be tipsy."

"Take a biscuit, or a bun, or some of these absurdities?" said the colonel, flourishing his hand over the tray.

"None, I'm much obleeged," replied the banker, who thought they didn't look very fresh.

"Ah, well; I dare say you're right," observed the colonel. "Drinkin's better for the teeth than eatin'," added he, draining the contents of his glass. He then took, if possible, a more liberal measure than before. "To resume our conversation," said he, glancing his blood-shot eyes at the banker—"to resume our conversation about the young people. I think we understand each other—I think we understand each other. I have, I assure you, the very greatest regard and consideration for my young friend Joe—I mean to say, Tom; there's no young man I have so high an opinion of as I have of him—no young man that I would sooner have as a son-in-law; and if he continues of the same mind, and all things were made pleasant, of course I should not say no. But then, that must be all in good time—all in good time; must know each other—must understand each other—must appreciate each other. Young folks hardly out of their 'teens are not fit to enter into the binding entanglements of matrimony—monthly nurses, coral rattles, caudle, and cryin' childern,"

the colonel kicking out his right fin as if undergoing persecution from a crying child then.

Hall followed the renewed debate, with the following mental commentary:

"Sivin and four's elivin, and a under'd and ninety's two under'd and one—wonder wot he's going to be at now; and thirty's two under'd and thirty-one—wonder if *he* would make things pleasant; and fourteen is two under'd and fifty-three—she's a devilish deal older than that; and forty's two under'd and ninety-three—a cryin' brat's a terrible nuisance; Mr. Buss's bairn's always cryin'."

Text and commentary coming to a close, the plump diplomatists then sat staring, each wishing the other would come to the point.

"You don't get on with your beverage," at length observed the colonel, seeing his guest sat nursing, his tumbler on his fat knee; "would you like sherry, or gin, or shrub, or anything else?"

"Thank ye, no, colonel; it's very good, but rather strong," replied Hall, taking a sip, and setting down the glass.

"Oh, brandy can hurt no one," replied the colonel; "brandy can hurt no one—most wholesome beverage there is, recommended by the faculty," continued he, draining his tumbler again, and replenishing it plentifully. "Your good health, Hall," said he, holding it up, and addressing the banker; "your good health—Mrs. Hall's good health, my friend Tom's good health. I like a feller like you," said he, smacking his lips, as he set down the glass—"a man without any gammon or blandishment, who comes to the point at once, instead of hummin' and hawin', and beatin' about the bush, as some aggrivatin' fellers do."

"Sivin and four's elivin, and forty-five is fifty-six—he's humbuggin' now," thought Hall; "what does he mean by blandishment?"

"You and I are gettin' on in years," continued the colonel, "and shall both be damping off before long, and our objects, I've no doubt, are the same—to see our children comfortably settled while we live; and should anything come of this youthful—romantic attachment, I've no doubt you'll come down devilish handsome—turn some of your dibs into land, and buy them a good substantial family house, with green-house and granaries, and gardens and all complete, so that they may increase and multiply in comfort."

"Sivin and four's elivin, and five-under'd and nine is five-under'd and twenty—he's coming to the point in style," thought Hall. "How would it suit *you*, colonel, to get out of your money, and invest it in land?" asked he.

"(Bad word) Old beggar has me there," growled the colonel to himself. "Why, I don't know," replied he, "it might be a temptation; or as we *are* castle building, you and I, s'pose we say—if the thing takes place—we each put down—what shall I say?—twenty, or five-and-twenty thousand?"

"Sivin and four's elivin, and three under'd and four is three under'd and fifteen—that's to the point, at all events," mused Hall. "Well," said he, taking up his hat, and stretching it incontinently on his knee, "well," repeated he, "I'm not prepared to say that I wouldn't. But then, again," continued he, after a little more mental arithmetic, "it would fall much heavier on me than it would on you."

"How so?" asked the colonel, chuckling at the idea of any one supposing him worth five-and-twenty thousand pounds.

"Why, this way you see," said Hall, still stretching away at his hat; "my money's employed in business, yielding me from fifteen to twenty per cent."

"The devil it is!" exclaimed the colonel; "and yet you only allow two per cent. to depositors, and talk of reducing that. Well (bad word) me," added he, slapping his thigh, "but I've always said bankers, brewers, and bakers, are the biggest rogues under the sun!"

"Indeed," smiled the banker, amused at his host's vehemence; "mine's a successful business, because it's well attended to—you never see me huntin', or gamlin', or drivin' coaches and four." Our friend looking earnestly at the colonel, as if he had paid him off for his rude speech. "But what I was goin' to say, colonel, is this: my money being so well employed, and yours so ill, wouldn't it be better, before the great influx of gold sends down the funds, for you to sell out and buy an estate?"

"Well, I don't know but it might," replied the colonel, with an air of indifference. "I'll consult my lawyers on the point—no man dare blow his nose without consulting his lawyer, you know; *haw, haw, haw!—he, he, he!—ho, ho, ho!*"

"Well, then," observed Hall, after a long pause and a side-ways stretch of his hat, "I s'pose that's as far as we can go this mornin'?"

"I s'pose it is," replied the colonel, "unless you'll take another go of brandy—plenty in the bottle," added he, nodding towards it.

"Thank'e, no more, colonel, I am obleged," moving his chair as if about to rise; when a thought struck him—"You're in the funds, I think you say—Consols, I s'pose?"

"Consols," nodded the colonel.

"In your own name, of course?" observed the banker, with an air of indifference.

"In my own name," repeated the colonel.

The man of metal then rose to depart.

"Well, then, Brown—that's to say, Hall," observed the colonel, scrambling off the sofa, and grasping his hand, "I'm much obliged by the friendly nature of this visit; (bad word) it, I like an honest, open-countenanced feller, without guile or blandishment, who comes to the point like a man. I little thought, when I called to ask you to our ear-ache and stomach-ache, that we should ever come to anything like this; but I'm sure, if the young people, after a rational acquaintance, feel the same way towards each other that they do now, that we, out of our great abundance, will make them very comfortable," the colonel dashing his fat paw across his blear eyes, as if to check a rising tear, as he spoke.

Hall returned the warmth of the colonel's grasp with his little suet-dumpling of a hand, and then, with a "Your servant, colonel," rolled out of the room, nearly tumbling over Jasper, who was kneeling with his ear at the key-hole.

Arrived at the bank, Hall drew out his daily letter of advice to his London correspondents, Messrs. Bullock and Hulker, enclosing a slip of paper, with the following written in pencil:

"Please get Mr. Ferret to find out the amount of stock standing in the name of Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Blunt, of the Heavysteed Dragoons. I have a particular reason for wishing to know. T. H."

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAST CAFFRE WAR.

It may not be uninteresting at the present time, when we have a protracted Caffre war so imminent, and when we learn by recent arrivals that the Caffres are again threatening to attack Graham's Town, to describe some few events that occurred during the first commencement of the war of 1834 and 35; and how the inhabitants of that town managed to protect and fortify themselves when they were then threatened, until they were relieved by a reinforcement of troops from Cape Town. Much of what I am about to relate, I was an eye-witness to. And although Graham's Town is now partly fortified, and they have soldiers to protect them, yet the continual warfare that has ensued, with scarcely an intermission, since the time above mentioned, has given the Caffres all the advantages and experience of civilised war, and time has also supplied them with a good stock of fire-arms; so that an attack at the present time will, I doubt not, cause as much anxiety and alarm as it did then. It will serve my purpose, if it but conveys to the public a feeling of sympathy for those who are now battling with these savages. But, oh! how should I rejoice, if it could in the slightest degree impress on the minds of those who think that troops are not needed in peace, as well as in war, that in all cases prevention is better than cure! By having soldiers always stationed in Caffreland, any further outbreak could be easily suppressed; and the poor farmer and the inhabitants, I may also add of the towns of the eastern province, may look forward to spending their days in peace and quietness, in a land flowing with milk and honey.

What precious lives have been sacrificed, and blood shed, since the commencement of the disasters of which I am about to write! How much property has been ruthlessly destroyed, to acquire which years of toil and labour had been spent by its owners! How many mothers have been left childless, and how many wives are there, even now, mourning for those who have fallen a sacrifice to the mistaken measures of a government which could listen to the promptings of people who, to serve their own purposes, caused the land to be returned to these savages, and represented them as an ill-used people!—after the hard-fought battles and protracted sufferings of the colonists, who had so joyfully thought that the admirable arrangements made by the late Sir Benjamin d'Urban and Sir Harry Smith could not fail to meet the approbation of the home government; as the settlement made by them left the Caffres satisfied to consider themselves a conquered people, and also contented at the treaties which established for the English a permanent stronghold in the heart of Caffreland, and thereby insured the peace of the whole colony.

Although it was pretty well known before the first outbreak, that such was premeditated, by the symptoms of the Caffres, who are usually so indolent, being constantly employed in the manufacture of their war-weapons, knob-kerries, &c., and by their more than usual avidity to purchase fire-arms and ammunition from the traders, and by those Caffres who are in service in the colony deserting to a man, yet it was extraordinary with what apathy those preparations were regarded, and it was only

when too late to prevent the mischief that the colonists seemed aware of their perilous position.

Graham's Town, it may not be unnecessary to state, is situated on an undulating piece of ground, surrounded by moderately high hills; the houses were at that time mostly thatched, one and two-storied brick buildings, and, from the irregular way in which they were built, extended over a large space. The principal streets run in right angles to each other, having a large square in the centre, where the houses were of a better description, being mostly slate and flat-roofed, and nearly two stories in height. The possession of this town by the English has always been a source of much envy to the Caffres, as they are foolish enough to think that, could they but obtain it, they would, to use their own words, "Drive the white man into the sea."

It was, then, in the latter end of December, 1834, that the Caffres first burst upon the colony; and well can I recollect the afternoon of the 22nd of December, and the strange scene the town presented, as express after express arrived at the public offices from the different military outposts, with the appalling news that the Caffres had spread themselves all over the colony, burning and laying waste the farms, murdering the inhabitants in cold blood, and carrying desolation and terror wherever they appeared. At the time I write of, there was but H. M. 75th Regiment and the Cape Corps on the frontier; and my readers may, then, imagine the fearful consternation of the inhabitants when knowing their unprotected state, for the soldiers were mostly at the outposts, and there were but a few in town. They were informed, by almost the first express, that the Caffres were even then marching down on them, contemplating to take the town as their first bold achievement. Immediately on receiving the intelligence, a meeting was held, and attended by the most influential of the inhabitants; and a resolution was formed of taking immediate steps to protect themselves, and fortify the town as well as they were able, until they could get assistance from Cape Town. It was deemed prudent to make the Episcopal Church, which was situated in the centre of the square, a stronghold for the arms and ammunition; for, as the magazine was some little distance from the town, it was thought the safest plan to convey its contents into this central position. The church was also to serve as a nightly refuge for those people who lived in the outskirts of the town. As soon as the meeting was dissolved, the church bell tolled forth the alarm. Gentlemen were seen on horseback, galloping about, some carrying orders to different parts of the town, others already armed, rushing and jostling in amongst the immense crowd collected, as if the Caffres were already pursuing them. As it drew towards evening the scene grew more exciting: men, women, and children, with terror and alarm depicted on their countenances, were seen carrying beds, bundles, and all their little valuables, hurrying to their refuge in the church; soldiers, with carts loaded with ammunition, hastening to and fro. Carriages and carts, full of the families of the civilians and merchants who had houses in the suburbs, were seen emptying their contents at every door in the square. Fortunate did those consider themselves who could get accommodation for their wives and children within it—whether in warehouse, dwelling-house, or "negotic winkle" (retail shop). All night long were expresses coming in.

Anxious groups of men were waiting about the square, and at the public offices, for any fresh gleam of intelligence, and the busy hum of voices did not cease till morning dawned.

On the 23rd, barricades were raised, fourteen feet high, with gates in the centre, of sufficient width only to admit one carriage or cart at a time. Iron chains were laid across the streets, as it was rumoured that the Caffres intended coming in amongst droves of cattle; seemingly supposing that, from the colour of the cattle being mostly black, and the confusion that would ensue, they would be better able to screen themselves. Cannon were also placed at the corners of the streets and the barricades. All day long, families came pouring in from the surrounding districts, adding to the alarm and dismay by their separate tales of sorrow and woe; some had lost husbands and fathers, others had lost all their earnings and savings of years, and the husband and father of their children.

On the morning of the 24th, a militia was formed, and a mounted corps established, called the Graham's Town Volunteers, companies of which were sent off to assist the troops in intercepting the progress of the Caffres, others to escort the families of the farmers who were hurrying to town. Before night, every male capable of handling a musket was under arms. A picket of men were placed at night on the flat-roofed houses of a Mr. N., a merchant whose block of buildings occupied a large portion of one side of the square, and which were considered in the best position to protect their stronghold the church. In the stables, large yards, &c., &c., of these houses, one hundred mounted men were billeted; a guard was also placed at each barricade, and the gates were ordered to be closed at six in the evening, and could not be opened except by a written order from a commanding officer. Mounted patrols and soldiers were placed at night on the surrounding hills.

On the morning of the 25th, Christmas Day, the militia first came to parade. Their appearance at any other time would have been ludicrous enough, for never have I beheld a more motley assemblage; and, to judge from the gesticulations and rage of the old sergeant who drilled them, they did not take kindly to their new profession of arms. I must not forget to say, though, that they managed much better after some experience; and some ladies presented them with a splendid set of colours, very nicely embroidered. Just before they dispersed, a mounted express came in, bringing, amongst other intelligence, the frightful news that a respectable merchant of Graham's Town, and his father-in-law, had been cruelly murdered, and that the wife of one of the sufferers and her grandchild were then within two miles of town. A carriage was immediately despatched for them, and they soon drove up the square, where they were greeted with tears of sympathy and distress by all; for Mr. H. was deservedly loved for his many noble and good qualities. The little girl had her dress stained with the blood of her father, and as she looked around her, she held up her arm, and said, "See, see the blood of my poor papa." I think I still hear the shriek of the agonised and bereaved mother, as, coming up, anxiously expecting her family, the fearful truth burst upon her. Mr. H. had been for some time seriously ill, and had been staying at the farm of his father-in-law, with two of his children. On the intelligence reaching them of the outbreak, the whole party, con-

sisting of Mr. and Mrs. M., Mr. H., and his two children, left the farm in a bullock-waggon, and were within six miles of Graham's Town, when they were attacked by Caffres; and while some of the marauders unyoked the oxen and drove them off, others attacked the waggon. Poor Mr. H. lay sick and helpless; and as the Caffres commenced stabbing him with assegys, his little girl, a most beautiful child, fearlessly attempted to pull them out; until a Caffre threw her from the waggon, and giving her a shawl, told her and her grandmother to be off, or they would murder them. They then crushed poor Mr. H.'s head with the waggon-chest. Mr. M. ran about six hundred yards, endeavouring to escape; but they quickly pursued him, and he fell dying, in the act of stanching a wound in his neck. A little boy, son of Mr. H., was lost in the *mêlée*, and supposed by poor Mrs. M. to be also murdered, as no trace could be seen of him when she left.

Strange to say, amongst such ruthless savages they do not willingly molest either women or children; and during the whole of the war I only heard of one woman being killed, and that was through an assegy being thrown through the window of a lone farm-house, *the owner of which was a marked man.* It was a redeeming point in their character, as women and children must have been constantly in their power, for many families were hid in bushes and holes until a favourable opportunity occurred of joining some patrol to town.

The Sunday following these early events was also worthy of being marked. I never can forget the appearance the church presented as we entered it for morning service. Round the pulpit and reading-desk were piled stands of arms; and barrels and heaps of gunpowder, and other ammunition, were up at the communion-table, and a guard of soldiers was mounted to protect them. Groups of Fingoes (who also came into town for protection), Dutch families, poor people, all were bivouacked—may I make use of the expression—in the house of prayer. Solemn and impressive was the service of that day; and, to judge from the sobs and emotion of the congregation, the beautiful portion of Scripture and sermon selected must have sunk deep into the hearts of all, and carried consolation and hope even unto the most desolate. After service, an immense sensation was created in town, by the appearance of a Caffre, with the missing child of poor Mr. H. in his arms. The Caffre, it appeared, had been, up to the month preceding the outbreak, in the service of Mr. M., and had grown fond of the child. He happened to be one of the party who attacked the father; and although he assisted in the murder, his heart failed him at the sight of the child, and apprehensive for its safety, he fled with it into a bush, and there fed it for some days on wild berries and flour and water, until the health of the child (previously delicate) caused him so much alarm that he came into town with it in his arms, fearless for himself until he had placed it in safety, when he attempted to get away, but he was stopped; and on being asked what could have caused him to assist in the murder of Mr. H., who was so ill, he said that he thought he was doing Mr. H. a service, as he was so ill he could not get better. The poor child, only four years of age, did not long survive its escape, for the exposure to cold and privation it had suffered, caused it to bring on a complaint from which the poor little sufferer soon died.

On the Monday, a company of volunteers from Algoa Bay, with

a captain of the Graham's Town Volunteers in command, went as an escort to a bullock-waggon, to bring in the bodies of poor Mr. H. and M. Soon after arriving at the spot, a false alarm arose that the Caffres were in sight, when immediately the gallant Algoa Bay people *turned*, mounted their horses, and fled, leaving their captain and the driver to bring in the *bones* of the poor sufferers (for the hyæna and wolf had done their work) in safety to town. A few days now elapsed, although each day brought its own tale of bloodshed and arson, some well-known farmer or individual coldly murdered, yet people were almost beginning to view these things calmly, they happened so often; and they were still too anxiously expecting to hear that the Caffres were upon *them*, for each patrol that came in had been pursued, or had had chance shots fired at them within a mile or two of town.

At last, on the night of the 8th or 9th of January, an alarm was given by the out-pickets on the hills that an immense body of Caffres were assembled in Grobler's Kloof, and others were seen coming up from all directions. The inhabitants of the town soon caught the alarm. The church bell again tolled forth. The houses were all illuminated; lighted tar-barrels were placed every six hundred yards in the streets; additional guards were placed at the barricades. The militia were called out; an extra company of them sent to guard the Skit Kraal, or Pound, where there were 800 head of cattle; and from the Caffres generally trying to sweep them off first if they can, it was of course necessary to double the guard.

At length everything appeared ready for action. For a little while a rather smart fire was kept up by the hill guards, and of course caused the people in town the greatest possible anxiety; but at length it ceased, and morning dawned with no appearance of a renewal of the promised invasion. It has been supposed that the Caffres had got alarmed at the sudden lighting-up and commotion in the town, and so, after a slight skirmish, when a few of them were wounded, they retired to their jungle (the Cowie Bush). It was stated that the Caffres at one time were round the town in such overwhelming numbers, that the parties on the hills could scarcely bear the horrible effluvia that always accompanies them.

On viewing all the occurrences of that memorable night, the people congratulated themselves indeed that no further mischief had been done; for I have often heard it stated, by people who could be allowed to judge, that had the Caffres actually come into the town, half of it would have been burnt down, and the people sacrificed, before any resistance could have been made, in spite of arrangements so well carried out. For imagine, gentle readers, one of our gallant captains of militia, put on guard at a most distinguished post, actually sank fainting into the arms of his men at the first tocsin of alarm! A major of militia turned pale, and declared himself so ill, that he also forsook his post, and was carried home (to run away another day)! A gallant cavalier of the mounted corps, dressed in a pea-green cloak, and a wide-awake hat with a splendid ornament of ostrich feathers, and the butt-end of his rifle sticking up by the side of his neck, forsook his troop altogether, and galloping about furiously, with his wife following in her carriage, hoping to make their escape, as soon as the Caffres appeared, to Algoa Bay, or some other

place! I think it was a night or two after this that another alarm sounded, and the militia turned out, and it was even said that the Caffres were already in the town; and as a *drove of cattle* was seen hurrying down the hill to the main entrance of the town, the excitement increased. It turned out to be a poor Irishman and some women and children. This poor fellow had heard of the murder of his brothers-in-law, and that their wives and children were alone in the bush, and gallantly resolved to set out in search of them, alone; and he was rewarded in finding them, and this drove of cattle, that had by some means strayed from the Caffres, and succeeded in bringing them in safety to town.

Acts of bravery and courage, almost unprecedented, were frequently occurring amongst the poor settlers and farmers; and I have often heard of them managing to beat off the Caffres, when they were sometimes twenty to one of them. One particular instance, I recollect hearing, of six Dutch farmers, who, stationed on a small hill, found themselves surrounded by 500 Caffres, and managed to defend themselves until they were unexpectedly relieved, although they had been the whole day on the hill, and had fired till their guns had become so hot that they could scarcely load them.

A few days again elapsed, when intelligence came in of another gentleman from Graham's Town having fallen a victim to the Caffres. He, Mr. B., had a farm close to that of Mr. M. before mentioned; and as he had built a substantial stone house, with a flat roof on it, he felt himself comparatively safe, as he knew the Caffres too well to suppose they would molest him whilst in it. The Caffres, however, hovered about it for days, and endeavoured by all manner of means to get Mr. B. out, but of no avail, until at last they entreated him to come and speak to their chief, and he most foolishly agreed to the proposition, when they seized him, dragged him up a hill, and beat him to death with their knob-kerries. The Caffres scarcely ever forget an injury, and several people who had fallen under their displeasure were sought for at the outbreak, and followed until they could wreak their vengeance upon them. Poor Mr. M. and Mr. B., whose farms adjoined, were both *marked* men. Their farms abounded in the red clay or ochre that the Caffres rub their bodies with, and as these fellows were continually in the habit of stealing horses and cattle whenever they came, they were warned repeatedly that an example would be made of them by being sent to Graham's Town Gaol; and as they did not heed the threats, a party of them were seized and sent; and this was the cause of their waiting so determinedly around the house of Mr. B., until they gained their object, in revenging their imprisonment by his death.

The Caffres are well-known cowards, and never openly attack a house. A party of them will first secure the cattle and horses, and another will set fire to the house, and wait until the inhabitants come out, to murder them; for they are always afraid of being overpowered by numbers, and never enter the house until they are pretty certain the fire has brought all out that were in it; they then commence breaking and destroying every thing within their reach, nothing escapes them. In one instance, a gentleman had to fly with his family from his house, before he had even secured his plate; and the Caffres, finding it, took it and melted it up for bullets. They always secured all the iron-pot legs they could find, for when

they were short of ammunition for their guns, they made no scruples in placing bits of iron two and three inches long in them; and I remember a poor young officer that was wounded having two pieces of iron taken out of his leg and thigh, almost three inches in length. An interval of some weeks had now elapsed, and all further apprehension of another attack on the town gradually subsided. Other evils were now felt. The increase of so large an addition to the population, caused provisions to be so raised in price, that the inhabitants formed a board of relief for those who had been rendered destitute by the ravages of the Caffres. A fever, too, broke out, of so virulent a character that it carried off a great number of people in a very short time, and it continued in the town, increasing and lessening in its severity, until the end of the war.

The 72nd Regiment had arrived some three weeks after the first outbreak, and Colonel Smith was also there to take command. Martial law was proclaimed; and several ludicrous scenes occurred about this time, from merchants refusing to mount guard, and being marched off by a file of soldiers to the guard-house. And during this time several conflicts had ensued between the Caffres and the troops in Caffreland; and so little advantage had we gained by them, that Colonel Smith at last went up himself with a large force, and there remained until he brought the war to a peaceful conclusion. I need not, after what I have already written, continue repeating the sufferings of the poor frontier colonist; they are already too well known. I can only pray, that if the war which is now raging be brought to as good a conclusion as the first was, that no representations from individuals will ever deter the home government from keeping a strong force of European soldiers in the heart of Caffreland, and never trusting for a moment to either Hottentot, Fingoe, or Caffre. They are all utterly *faithless*. This will be found, I am convinced, the only effectual way of preventing future war.

THE DUKE DE RIVAS, AND THE MODERN POETRY OF SPAIN.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

THE literature of Spain has amply shared in the decay, political and social, of that noble and once-flourishing country, which, in years gone by, stood forth so proudly pre-eminent, the home of heroism, of chivalry, and of loyalty, and of their handmaidens, imagination and poetry. The golden age of Castilian literature was that when Spain, after the struggle of centuries, arose to the highest pitch of grandeur, and seemed destined to extend its dominion over more than half the world. That exaltation of mind which gives rise to elevated sentiments, and kindles poetic fire, was then at its height; and that love of the beautiful and the sublime, that craving for the marvellous, which form the elements of romance, were everywhere prevalent, as well among the gentle dames of these times as among the hidalgo and other heroes who were

> Firm in trial, bold in peril,
> Mighty in the battle-field.

But the literary splendour of Spain became overcast along with its political horizon. Its energies became exhausted—reverses and disasters checked the flights of fancy, and the fatal influence of the Inquisition, chilling into timidity the natures that had been so fearless and free, put a finishing-stroke to the mental degradation of the people. The country of those Moors, to the elegance of whose ideas the halls of the Alhambra still bear witness—the land of the Cid—the birthplace of Cervantes, became as an arid desert—a tangled wilderness in the midst of those enlightened European nations upon whom it had once looked down with proud disdain.

The art of sinking, unhappily, is more easily acquired, both by communities and by individuals, than the art of rising; and during the reign of Charles II. there no longer existed a single poet, or a single writer of the slightest pretensions to celebrity in all Spain! "The literary aliment disappeared along with the political vitality," and it is from this abject fall in its position in the world of letters, that the authors of modern Spain have to elevate it.

The Duke de Rivas, whose history is in itself a romance, is taking the lead among these pioneers, it is to be hoped, of brighter days. Circumstances have thrown this remarkable man both into camps and courts, and have made him by turns a soldier and a statesman; but it is to prodigal nature alone that he owes his genius and his poetical talents. Don Angel de Saavedra (it is worthy of remark that he bears the same name as the author of "Don Quixotte"—Miguel Saavedra Cervantes) was born on the 10th of March, 1791, at Cordova, and was the second son of the Duke de Rivas, a Spanish grandee. From his infancy he evinced a decided taste for poetry and painting. The first elements of education he received from an emigrant French priest, and afterwards he was placed at a seminary for young noblemen at Madrid. Entering the army at a very early age, he was constantly engaged in the stirring events of war, from the year 1808 till 1814, when the pacification of Europe permitted Spain, for a brief space, to taste of repose.

In 1822, Don Angel was sent as a deputy from his native town, Cordova, and speedily became involved in the political broils of that period, which, within one year, led to his proscription and flight from Spain. In the midst of the powerfully stimulating occupations of war and politics, which would have been sufficient to have absorbed the faculties of most men, Saavedra contrived to cultivate his literary tastes and studies. Their literary tastes, as well as their political sympathies, formed a bond of union between him, Quintana, and Martinez de la Rosa, who also, during the war of 1808, had appeared before the public as authors.

This union of physical and mental activity, considered in general so rare, was a distinguishing characteristic of some of the ancient authors of the Peninsula. It was during his military movements from Vienna to Tunis, that Garcilasso de la Vega, one of the most renowned soldiers of Charles V., wrote his Spanish Eclogues, as if therein to seek temporary repose from the din and tumult of arms. Hurtado de Mendoza was better known as a diplomatist and governor in Italy than as an author, and yet he wrote the history of the Wars of Grenada. Cervantes himself had lost an arm at the battle of Lepanto in 1571, and having been taken prisoner by an Algerine corsair in 1574, he had been a captive at Algiers for five years before he wrote "Don Quixotte."

At the sanguinary battle of Ocaña, near Toledo, where, in November, 1809, the Spaniards were vanquished by the French, Don Angel de Saavedra, severely wounded, was left among the dying and the dead. He was rescued by a common soldier, and the life thus saved has been devoted by him to the benefit of his country, to the service of the muses, and to the claims of friendship and affection. He has by turns been loaded with honours and oppressed by persecution. Sent to the Cortes as a deputy from Cordova in 1822, he was soon obliged to seek refuge in England. In 1834, the poet and the patriot, who had then become Duke de Rivas, by the death of his elder brother, repassed the Pyrenees, and in 1836 became Minister of the Interior under Isturitz. At the fall of that ministry the duke had again to fly his country, and only escaped the fury of the misled populace by assuming a disguise. In 1845 he was the Spanish ambassador at Naples; in January, 1851, he was offered the foreign department, on the resignation of the ministry of which General Narvaez was the head; but on his declining to accept it, the office was filled by M. Beltran de Lis. Recently, in January, 1852, the Duke de Rivas, along with the Duke de Vista Hermosa, and M. Martinez de la Rosa, have been appointed to the three vacant seats of councillors in the Royal Academy of the Noble Arts of St. Ferdinand.

The most esteemed work of the Duke de Rivas is his "Moro Exposito," which was published at Paris in 1834. It, and his historical romances, have acquired for him the flattering name of "The Walter Scott of Modern Spain." His lyrical poems form a kind of impassioned history of his life, while a fugitive from his beloved country. "El Desterrado," "The Proscribed," was written when the poet, obliged to leave Spain in 1823, had reached Gibraltar, from whence he embarked; the ship sailed at sunset, and the melancholy poet exclaims:

When morning dawns, I shall behold no more,
O loved Hesperia, thy beauteous shore!
Borne by the swelling breeze far, far from thee,
In vain those eyes shall seek thee o'er the sea!

Ah, sink not yet, bright sun! In pity stay!
While on yon plains I gaze, with verdure gay,
And on yon noble stream amid them flowing,
That 'neath thy parting ray is warmly glowing.

Hail, Guadalquivir, Andalusia's pride!
So swiftly rolling to the ocean's tide.
Alas! reflected on thy waters clear,
Do not Cordova's ancient walls appear?

Cordova! where these eyes first saw the light,
Where Fortune's smiles seemed promising and bright,
And in her golden cradle rocked—to me,
None could have deemed how faithless she would be!

A simple child, upon thy banks I strayed,
While gathered shells and flowers my treasure made;
An ardent youth, my charger's fiery tread
Impressed thy shores, as wildly on I sped.

Thy murmuring wavelets echoed back the sound
Of martial lays, or of love's sighs profound;
On thy sweet margin, riches, glory, love,
Were mine, till rose an evil star above.

O thou, who erst beheld me flushed with joy,
Behold me now!—malignant Fortune's toy—
Poor, sad, proscribed. O Guadalquivir, see
A homeless, hopeless wanderer in me!

Ungrateful country! Exiled from thy sward,
Is this, for my devotion, the reward?
Yet, in thy cause, have I not fought and bled?
Where are thy freedom and thy glory fled?

My mother! how *thy* name consoles my heart!
Thy tender love, at least, can ne'er depart.
Alas! that thou for me shouldst shed such tears,
And live a prey to agonising fears!

My brothers! ye for me will also grieve;
And thou, Angelica, whom I must leave!
Thou, who hast kindled in my soul a fire,
Which never can, but with my life, expire!

And ye, my friends, affectionate and true—
Ah! must I quit you all, ye faithful few!
Unhappy Spain! how, in this evil hour,
Strangers and tyrants crush thee with their power!

And if thy sons have fallen, it is not
From their corruption, but their piteous lot.
Yet liberty shall triumph once again,
Nor the avenger's sword be drawn in vain.

When will that glorious day's bright morning dawn?
May it arrive before long years be gone!
While yet the blood flows hotly in my veins,
And this right arm its sinewy force retains!

But if the laws of destiny shall place
Between *this* hour and *that* a lengthened space,
Still may it come before Death's cruel hand
Relentlessly hath waved its last command!

Oh, may these tearful eyes, my country, rest
Once more on thee—and thus once more be blest!
Though even on the grave's dark brink I stood
The prey of weakness, age, decrepitude!

Oh, may I press thy soil but once more free,
And rich and happy as thou wert—for me,
Though but a desert then, no love to bloom,
No friendships but those buried in the tomb!

Then let me seek my native vale once more,
And on the Guadalquivir's lovely shore,
Beneath the silent moon's pale, tranquil ray,
Chant to the winds my last expiring lay!

And be thy glory, Spain adored, its theme!
No more alone a hope, a wish, a dream:
Thy poet, then, would life contented close,
And, with his ancestors, go seek repose!

During the years of his exile, Don Angel de Saavedra visited France and Italy, as well as England; and in France he was compelled to have recourse to one of the amusements of his earlier years—painting, in order to maintain himself and his family, for he had at length married the Angelica apostrophised in his poem, "The Proscribed." An ode to

his son, who was born in exile, is full of tenderness and simplicity. The following translation is an extract from it:

Upon thy mother's breast thou sleepest, love,
As on a flower the pearly dew-drop stays;
Pure, innocent, as cherub-forms above,
Bright, as on diamonds fall the sun's clear rays.

Thy feet have not yet pressed this grovelling earth—
Thy hands touched cruel steel, corrupting gold;
Thy smiling mouth, still speechless from thy birth,
Has ne'er offended man, nor untruth told.

Thou know'st not what is death, or what is life;
For thee the hours glide on devoid of sorrow.
Ah! what may be thy lot—sweet peace, or strife?
Thou car'st not, for thou dream'st not of a morrow.

Sleep, blessed babe! or wake but to receive
Our tender kisses, o'er and o'er again;
Enchant me thus, until I cease to grieve
Over the bitter cup Fate bade me drain.

Ah, when thou smilest at my fond caress,
Forgotten are the trials of the past;
Forgotten, too, what ills may yet oppress,
What frowns on me may adverse fortune cast.

Yet even *this* is all imperfect joy,
For my heart asks, what destiny is thine,
In that mysterious future, which, my boy,
Nor gold, nor strength, nor science can divine?

There is much variety in the historical romances of the Duke de Rivas; his imagination has enabled him to create quite a brilliant and poetic world: tragic adventures, chivalric combats, prodigies of valor, tales of love—all adorn and diversify his glowing pages. The royal lover of Maria Padilla, Don Pedro the Just, or the Cruel, as he has also been termed, is the hero of more than one of the duke's historical tales. "Recuerdo de un grande hombre," "The souvenir of a great man," presents a sad picture of the chagrins, the trials, and the obstacles against which the celebrated Genoese navigator, Christopher Columbus, had to struggle, when, strong in his religious faith, and led by his glorious genius, he ventured across unknown oceans to discover a new world, and pointed out to succeeding generations the liquid pathway to the sunny islands and rich continents of the West.

When the Duke de Rivas first attempted the revival of Spanish poetry, he stood almost alone. His example has been worthily followed by many of his countrymen; among whose names may be mentioned those of Zorilla, Mora, De los Herreros, Gil y Zarate, and Garcia Gutierez. All success attend the patriot-poets of Iberia! May they be "skilled to imitate an elder page!" For surely there must still exist—

Of strange tradition many a mystic trace—
Legend and vision—prophecy and sign—
Where wonders wild of arabesque combine
With Gothic imagery of darker shade,
Forming a model meet for minstrel line.

PICTURES OF MY BARRACK LIFE.

BY A GERMAN SOLDIER.

CHAPTER VII.

VILLAGE QUARTERS AND TOWN ARREST.

AFTER stowing away our horses in what the boor, who came out to receive us, magniloquently denominated "the stable"—a humble shed, romantically situated at the foot of a towering mountain of animal and vegetable *débris*, surrounded on three sides by a miniature sea, whose colour tempted one to call it the "Red Sea," but whose oderiferous pungency rendered the "Putrid Sea," a more appropriate denomination—four of us, that is to say, Dose, myself, and two cannoniers, marched in grim array towards the house which was destined to receive us during the sojourn of the 9th brigade at Wilhelmstadt. At the door we encountered the boor's better half, who with her knuckles to her sides, and petticoats tucked up to her knees, displayed a far more martial air than her lord and master. He had gazed at the Kriegsleute in silent wonderment, and answered all our interrogatories with a low bow and a scrape; but this bellipotent virago maintained her foot upon the threshold with a never-surrender air, eyed us with considerable hauteur, and asked in an undaunted tone for our quartier-billet.

Dose, who had previously advised me to take note of his conduct on such an emergency, immediately broke ground before this hostile fortress, and began to bluster and rave in a most incoherent manner, and in a style that plainly showed he had taken Captain De Foe as his model orator. Accustomed as I was to his rambling circumlocutions, this time I could not succeed in detecting anything like a glimpse of ratiocination in the vehement apostrophe with which he overwhelmed our audacious antagonist. "Military services!" "Patriotism!" "Prussia!" "Fatherland!" and even "German Unity!" were mingled in an odd farrago with "Schnapps!" "Sausages!" and "Sauerkraut!" But if oratory were to be judged by its effects, and not by style, then Sergeant Dose might be entitled to rank with the first orators of the age. The bewildered woman, assaulted by such a flood of oratory, no doubt the more terrible from its incomprehensibility, by degrees was expelled from the hostile position which she had taken up with so much resolution. One by one her outworks were stormed and demolished by the battery of words, a formidable breach was made in the circumvallations behind which she had entrenched herself, and the assaulting columns were ready to pour with the irresistible force of irrefragable arguments into the centre of her stronghold. So without more ado, she yielded to the overwhelming odds, and delivered her citadel unconditionally into the conqueror's hands.

After this slight passage of arms, and the bloodless victory of our chief in the wordy war, all negotiations were conducted with the greatest civility. The Hausfrau, all complaisance, promised that we should be treated as themselves, should eat out of the same dish with her and her good man, and many other assurances equally satisfactory to our feelings,

but which we afterwards found to be made a virtue of from necessity. If we had not, literally speaking, partaken of the same dish with our compulsory entertainers, their cottage would have afforded us nothing but chameleon's fare; and the goodwife's culinary accomplishments went no further than the manufacture of one dish, the only one that ever graced her table, though to give her her due, she did sometimes venture upon a slight variation by a change in the proportions of its heterogenous constituents. Thus, in the morning, she would prepare a decoction of oatmeal and greasy water, inspissated by a congeries of leguminous particles, among which almost every production of the kitchen-garden might have found a representative, and sparsely interlarded by fragments of some doubtful-looking fatty substance, which on inquiry we found to be portions of the friends and relatives of the long-legged swine we had seen acorn-hunting in the forest. At midday the meal was used with a more sparing hand, and there was a decided preponderance of pork; while in the evening there would be a substratum of meal overlaid with a fleet of beans, floating about in circumambient grease. Such was the preparation, which, with a loaf of Pimpernickel (a coarse rye bread), composed our hostess's bill of fare. After my first trial of the unctious oglio I was very shy of renewing the acquaintance, and generally preferred catering for myself at one of the numerous little Schenken, which sprang up like mushrooms at the advent of the military to Wilhelmstadt Heath. Limited as was the goodwife's catalogue of dishes, it far outdid all she could offer in the way of sleeping-room to four artillerymen. Her house contained but three apartments, one of which did duty as kitchen, parlour, and room of all work; the second was the bedroom of herself and husband—so that we had no choice between the third room and the stable. When roosting-time drew near, we made some inquiries after our destined sleeping-place, and to our great surprise were referred to a small square door, which by some unaccountable whim on the part of the architect had been placed close under the kitchen ceiling, and was only to be entered by placing our hands on the threshold, and swinging oneself up like a harlequin. This, we were informed, was the door of our room. An ignorant observer would have immediately pronounced it to be that of a cupboard or an oven. The interior of the room corresponded to its singular entrance. It was a small cavernous apartment, whose only outlet was the door above-mentioned. Its bottom had been covered over with straw, and on the straw reposed a mattress and feather-bed occupying the whole superficies of the floor. This was but an uncomfortable prospect for four artillerymen, especially on a July night, after the sun had been mercilessly pouring down his hottest rays upon the shingle roof; but since no *ruse de guerre*, however ingenious, could have bettered our condition, as at Herr von Querfurth's, we were forced to be content, and dispose of ourselves as best we might. Accordingly after the Bauer and Bauerinn had retired to their roost, we undressed in the kitchen, and Dose, after carefully reconnoitring the whole terrain, hoisted himself into the gorge and descended safely on the other side. This, for his long legs, was an easy task, but for such a homunculus as myself it proved a most hazardous operation. I succeeded, indeed, in swinging myself up to the threshold with some ease, but there I remained, with a leg on each side, contemplating how I might affect the descent in the

most convenient manner. Before I had succeeded in excogitating a feasible method, I unfortunately overbalanced myself, and fell more rapidly than comfortably into the bed on the other side. The two cannoneers proved as clumsy as myself, so that we all lay tumbled in a disorderly heap one upon the other. That Dose possessed some of the qualities of a great general, I had never doubted, and he did not lose the present opportunity for making a display of his energy and coolness under danger. With his stentorian voice he shouted to the hostess for a light, and then, with much composure and regularity, though labouring under such serious inconveniences, he assigned to each of us his place. I lay by his side, and the two cannoneers were placed with their heads in the opposite direction, so that their feet reached nearly to our knees. This ingenious arrangement was the device he hit upon to obviate the inconvenience we should otherwise have experienced by finding the counterpane too narrow to cover four abreast. In this position he and I kept firm hold of the upper, while the two cannoneers tugged at the lower end of the covering till it was stretched out as tight as a drum-head. Dose, who on any unusual occurrence was generally ready with a pertinent illustration, now favoured us with an apposite episode out of his own experience. When he was yet a bombardier, he happened once to be quartered for the night in a very small village, so small that every house had to take eight or ten men. In his there were nine who had to share two beds between them. Dose was put into one bed with four cannoneers under his charge. The bed was not intended for more than two persons, and consequently they were obliged to lie very compactly, fitting into one another, like spoons in a spoon-basket. Dose occupied the right wing, and had arranged that at his command, every one should turn simultaneously from one side to the other, for which purpose he gave the words "to the left!" or "right about!" when a majority of voices expressed a wish to that effect. At last one of his comrades, "in Schlaftrunkenheit begraben," misunderstood the command, and turned the wrong way, or did not turn sufficiently. "You may imagine," said he, "into what confusion this threw the whole line. My exclamations of 'Order, order—as you were,' &c., were not, or could not, be obeyed. The bedstead was not strong enough to sustain such violent evolutions, but yielded with a loud crash, and precipitated us all on to the floor. The strangest part of the business was, that after we had cleared away the ruins of the bedstead, and divided the clothes between us, every one declared he was twice as comfortable as before. I assure you," he concluded, "there is nothing like experience after all."

As no one was found hardy enough to controvert this proposition, we were soon wandering in the land of dreams.

The heath where our exercises were to be carried on, was a rushy plain some miles in extent. Near its centre we erected, under the colonel's superintendence, the model of a bastion *à la Vauban*,—by its side a small but fierce-looking redoubt, and stretching out for some distance on either side of these fortifications, we piled up two banks of earth about six feet high, which were intended to represent lines of infantry, and serve as a butt for our guns and mortars. At some distance in the rear of these works, and near the end of the heath, was a large mound of sand, called the Kugelfang (Ball-catch) intended, as its name

imports, as a receptacle for all the missiles that might chance to overshoot their mark. Side by side with these martial sights, the social brigade of sutlers, servants, and other inseparable concomitants of a brigade in cantonments, had thrown up their temporary encampment under the pleasant shade of an acacia-grove. There a numerous army of provveditori and Bierschenker set up their stalls and gaudy booths, each under the auspices of some eccentric signboard, in which they strove to outdo each other in singularity and attractiveness. One fat Frau, who retailed Schnapps, Brauntwein, and the like, styled her establishment "Zum nassem Schwamm" (The Wet Sponge), which seemed rather a taking idea, for at a little distance from her booth, some uninventive rival, desirous of eclipsing the Wet Sponge, informed the world that he kept "The Wetter Sponge," while on the other side, another competitor, seemingly resolved at once to distance all competition in that line, was guilty of a similar plagiarism, by hanging out "The Wettest Sponge of all" (Zum allernassesten Schwamm).

After the bastion, redoubt, &c. were completed, the colonel held a grand parade, ere he commenced the hazardous operation of breaking ground before the fortifications, now in the enemy's hands. This task was to be done by night, and with the greatest silence, because, as Teschchenschech told us, we were now in the enemy's territory, and the greatest circumspection would be necessary.

The colonel was attended during this parade, and, indeed, during most of the operations at Wilhelmstadt, by two officers who did not belong to the brigade, but were enjoying their *otium cum dignitate* in Wilhelmstadt —both of them oddities in their way. One of these was a Colonel von Mantelschwingh, who, it was maliciously asserted, had nothing real about him. That he wore corsets and was pretty tightly laced could not be doubted by any one who witnessed his strange manœuvres and odd contortions, to which he was obliged to have recourse if he wanted to pick up anything from the ground; and his valet declared, that his trousers and uniforms were so stiffly wadded that when taken off they would stand up by themselves. Connoisseurs maintained that his raven hair partook by nature of the carrot's healthy hue, and was only preserved from relapsing into its former state by repeated applications to the barber's dyeing-tub; and I myself can testify, that whenever the sun shone upon it it reflected a most suspicious purple tinge. I had never in my life seen any one with a clearer or fairer complexion, but here, again, Fame, with her malicious trump, declared that it was manufactured in Paris! The name of the colonel's second satellite was Major-General von Ente, an old superannuated officer, who had served against the French under Brunswick in the last century, and after taking a distinguished part in the war of liberty, he received a pension on the retired list in 1816. This crotchetty septuagenarian was distinguished by his pertinacious adherence to an old-fashioned uniform of the style of the great Frederick, which he still persisted in wearing whenever there was a military gathering in his neighbourhood, and its somewhat comical effect was heightened by his plan of buckling up his sword so tightly, that it stuck out behind him like the tail of a fly-bitten bull. This singular custom was productive of rather an amusing prelude to our grand parade. One of our officers possessed a handsome little poodle, who was an admirable proficient in all the ac-

complishments which are usually displayed by highly-educated dogs. He could smoke like a Dutchman, stand on two legs with as much solemnity as a burghermaster, and make as graceful a bow to the ladies as any frog-devouring *petit-maître*. One of his qualifications, though only a second or third-class one, consisted in his leaping over a stick or sword when held before him, and of his abilities in that way he now made a most laughable exhibition on the parade-ground. He was usually shut up during parade in the officer's room, but this day he managed to effect his escape, and immediately came to seek his master on the parade-ground. Whilst snuffing about in search of him, he happened to descry the sword of Major-General Ente in its usual horizontal position. With a short bark of delight at this opportunity for an exhibition of his talents, he scampered up to and sprang over it in gallant style. The officers who were behind the general could not refrain from laughter. The little animal, encouraged by this applause, repeated his leap for the second, third, and fourth times. The general, totally unconscious of what was passing behind his back, turned round to discover the joke, and, in so doing, presented his rear to the troops, upon which Napoleon (the poodle), in the highest glee, followed the retreating sword and repeated his leap for the benefit of the brigade. The effect was irresistible. Not all the rules of discipline and taciturnity could restrain a gentle titter in every one who had witnessed the spectacle; and as this was not suppressed by the laughing officers, a general roar ran down the ranks as the happy little poodle continued his exercise with unabated vigour, which did not cease till he was snatched up by the officer's servant and carried off the ground, still yelping with all his might. What made the matter worse was, that it afforded an opportunity for the satirical folks of Wilhemstadt, who are ever ready for a *bon mot*, to declare that this was the first time the general had ever put any one to the sword.*

At the exact time fixed upon in the programme of the evening's operations, the obedient sun quenched his fiery orb in the bosom of the Atlantic, and just three-quarters of an hour later the business of the night began. At this first essay we were to throw up, according to the colonel's instructions, five batteries, two for heavy breaching-guns, two for mortars, and one for howitzers. The principal thing, of course, in the construction of a battery before a fortress, is the breastwork, or parapet, which protects the artillerymen from the enemy's fire. For mortars and howitzers, which pitch their missiles parabolically, it is merely a sloping mound of earth and turf a few feet in advance of the guns, but for breaching guns, which have to be thrust out through an embrasure, it is a more elaborate erection, being composed of a bank of earth, which is surrounded and kept in shape by palisades or ports, fascines, and gabions filled with earth. As soon as it was dark enough for us to work at the trenches without danger of discovery by the bastion or redoubts, the whole brigade was up and doing; the officers crept forward to mark out the lines, and the men stood waiting for directions, some with gabions, fascines, or spades, and some with large hammers, which were covered with felt, that the pales

* The joke cannot be preserved in English. The German idiom for "to put to the sword" is "uber die klinge springen lassen," which, literally translated, is "to make to spring over the sword-blade," wherein the point of the witticism lay.

might be driven in with as little noise as possible. My good Dose, who was charged with the erection of one wall in the breaching battery, did not assign to me a very toilsome share in the general distribution of labour, but left me with three other Freiwilligen to guard the depôt, which is a reserve-store of tools, &c., stationed a little in the rear of the entrenchments, in order to supply the workers with any *matériel* they may be in want of, so that I could enjoy all the excitement of the scene without any of its fatigue. For some time the proceedings were highly interesting; the silence and secrecy with which the men worked and talked seemed so perfectly real and unfeigned, that once or twice I caught myself glancing towards the bastion, expecting to see a bright flash light up its frowning parapet, and to hear the deep boom of a heavy gun sending an iron messenger to warn us off its ground, or to see a fizzing tourbillon or rocket come wagging its long tail through the air, with the treacherous intention of giving us an unasked-for illumination, and affording the enemy a clear view of all our doings. But, by constant disappointments, this hallucination waxed fainter and fainter, and was ultimately dispelled by the imperturbable silence of the hostile fort. Then the monotonous rap-rap of the muffled hammers, the click-click of the spades, and the *sotto voce* exclamations of the men began to fall upon our ears, and when at last the stores, which we had been set to watch, were all dealt out, we all agreed that the night was very tedious and chilly; so, holding a council of war, it was unanimously resolved, that "Whereas we had been ordered to watch certain stores, and these stores were now consumed, we were, *ipso facto*, released from the duty which had been assigned to us;" and it was further resolved, that "such being the case, the most advisable course, on the whole, for us to pursue would be, not to report ourselves to the commanding officer, but to repair forthwith to one of the Schenken on the heath, and there hold high carouse on humming beer and strong kanaster. After some further discussion, in which the various merits and demerits of the several taps were fully argued and decided, it was agreed, *nem. con.*, that the Merry Sutler should be the fortunate place felicitated by our society; for, though we were not unmindful how much it was haunted by the gold epaulettes, we considered ourselves secure against any invasion by them, so long as the works on the heath were in active progression.

This being settled, we divided into four companies of one man each, that we might with more care and circumspection thread our devious paths through the throngs of non-commissioned and commissioned, and after having all accomplished that delicate task with perfect success, we again found ourselves together before the door of the Merry Sutler, by Margaret Kaiserinn. The latch is lifted by the Weizkopf, who of course is captain of the company, and the four Freiwilligen enter the principal of the two compartments of the Merry Sutler. But see!—What awful shock have they all received? Why do they all recoil as if from an electric battery? Why do they knock each other down in their hurry to get out, as if Beelzebub were waiting for the hindmost? There is no one in the room but the buxom hostess, and it surely cannot be her smiling face that has sent them all flying so *precipite-volissime-volmente* as an Italian might say in one of the nine-cornered compounds in which his language luxuriates? No. But look upon the table and there you will discover sufficient reason for our headlong panic. There stood some glasses, a bottle

of Rudesheimer, and a plumed hat and sword of most unmistakable identity, often seen on the person of our redoubtable commander. As soon as these objects imprinted themselves upon our retinæ, we naturally enough concluded that the owner was not far distant—probably in the next room—and we were accordingly proceeding to evacuate the premises with all possible celerity, when the laughing hostess rallied our flying columns, by assuring us that the colonel was away with the brigade, and had only left his sword and plume that he might go about and watch the proceedings incognito. Thus reassured, we again crossed the threshold of her hostelry, and after taking due precautions against a surprise, by locking the outer door and placing chairs against that of the inner compartment, which had also a door leading outwards, we sat down to our hostess's society—a box of flavorous Manillas, and some unparagoned punch, for the beverage of which Frau Kaiserinn had a regimental reputation. Before we had got half-through our second glasses, the outer door of the other room was opened; and whilst we sat silently deciphering our neighbour's conjectures, by the expression of their faces, we were startled from our seats by the voice, not, thank Heaven, of Von Teschchenscheck, but of our never-enough-to-be-detested Captain de Foe, calling loudly for Frau Margaret. She, dear little woman, knowing as well as ourselves, that if discovered two or three days arrest would be our luckiest lot, motioned us to escape with the utmost silence and secrecy, and went into the other room to wait upon her unwelcome guest. There we heard De Foe accost her in a would-be-insinuating tone, vainly endeavouring to play the amiable, and even try to kiss her aggravating little mouth; failing in which, he requested her to give him some brandy-and-water, lock the door, and not suffer any one to come in, as he did not wish to be disturbed. This last request showed us how matters stood. Captain de Foe had no more right to be absent from his post than we had, and would not approve of a surprise by the colonel a wit more than ourselves. This discovery stayed our incipient flight, and in an evil moment inspired me with the idea of playing a trick upon the captain, by making him believe that the colonel was at hand. So, putting the colonel's hat upon my head, though that was quite a work of supererogation, not at all necessary to the success of my stratagem, and, taking his sabre in my hand, I began to stamp up and down the floor, hemming and humming in a tone as similar to Von Teschchenschech's as that of a youngster, still in his teens, could be to that of an old veteran of sixty, at the same time suffering the sabre to clank against the floor and the table-legs. My stratagem was blessed with almost unhoped-for success. Like the hare that hears the baying of the hounds, our Foe flew to the door and vanished in the twinkling of an eye.

Amazed at this sudden exodus, the wondering hostess opened our door with dubious looks, but immediately comprehending the state of affairs, joined with us in a hearty laugh. But the old proverb, "He that digs a ditch for another, &c.," was never more strikingly exemplified than in the present instance. In the midst of our jubilations at the valorous captain's flight, we were thunderstruck by the apparition of the still-more-to-be-dreaded Colonel von Teschchenschech, accompanied by some of his under-strapping officers, among whom, as if to render our confusion and astonishment complete, who should appear but the self-same captain whom, a

moment before, we had put to such an ignominious flight. The lucky hypocrite having met with the staff at a little distance from the door, had in all probability managed to fall into the number in an unsuspicious manner, and he now stood before us with a physiognomy as sharp and precise as if, in his opinion, neglect of duty was a capital offence. The pause which now ensued as both parties gazed upon each other—one with dismal forebodings, the other with incredulous surprise—was the most awful epoch in my life since that never-to-be-forgotten Sunday on which my presentation to his Majesty of the Rats took place. For a while I stood motionless as a statue, the plume still upon my head and the sabre in my hand, too much taken aback to be able to remove them. The colonel was equally dumbfoundered. With eyes wandering from his hat to his sword, and back again, he remained for a moment speechless and transfixed with horror. He was, however, the first to recover from this paralysis, and, with a long-drawn sigh, he gasped out,

"Donner und Blixum! My sword!—my hat!" But gradually recovering his volubility, he went on more emphatically: "Wretch, Millionenhund, hol'ihn der Tefel! det is en Verbrechen.* I'll have a court-martial on the scoundrels. Margaret"—(this was to the hostess, in a tone which betokened relapse)—"a chair! Those villains have upset me. Call the watch!" Then again to myself, in a scream of spasmodic energy, "My hat and my sword, with his majesty's *port d'épée!* Drop them, you young scum of the earth."

This command partially restored my scattered thoughts, and, with a respectful salute, I replaced the unlucky articles upon the table, and stood waiting for my doom. Just then, to my infinite disgust, the impeccable De Foe chimed in with,

"The young rascals! I am always correcting them for such foolish tricks, but they seem to grow worse instead of better."

This, of course, was intended to add fuel to the flames, and exasperate the colonel still more against us unfortunates; but in this benevolent intention he was only partially successful, for though it produced another avalanche of execrations from the colonel, yet he prefaced them by saying, "Yes, Captain De Foe, it is very strange that all these scapegraces come from your company."

But this detestable hypocrisy on the part of the equally-culpable De Foe roused my gorge, and recollecting, at the same time, that there was no use in looking foolish and frightened before Von Teschenschech, who abhorred all such, as he thought, hypocritical disguises, I looked him boldly in the face, and told him, though without mentioning names, why I had ventured upon such a sacrilege.

Although he hurled many a "Donnerwetter" and "Millionenhund" at me during the relation, he grew much cooler, and I had evidently succeeded in turning some of his choler into another channel; and when I had finished, he insisted (as I had hoped and suspected) on knowing the name of the officer who was neglecting his duty equally with ourselves, for which, he declared, we should all be brought before a court-martial.

I at once, and without mincing the matter, maugre the sparkling eyes

* His provincial pronunciation of "Hol'ihn der Teufel! dasz ist ein Verbrechen." "The devil take him! that is a crime" (or misdemeanour).

which blabbed of our Foe's deep malice, replied, "I believe, Herr Oberst, that it was Captain De Foe."

"So-o-o-o-o!" was the portentous poly-monosyllabic interjection with which the colonel greeted this announcement—"so-o-o-o-o! it was Captain De Foe, was it? Captain De Foe's battery has long been the nursery of all the rascals in the brigade. And no wonder; it is all plain now."

At this conjuncture the watch came in, and Von Teschchenschech interrupted his homily to order us away to the artillery park, to be afterwards placed under arrest, with a court-martial in perspective, so that we did not get the benefit of the remainder; but as long as we were within earshot we were comforted by hearing his crescendo voice dealing out some famous rhetorical thumps upon the peccant captain's head.

A little before daybreak a signal called the men from the trenches, and the whole brigade assembled to hear the order for the day read out. As far as it concerned us, it was to the effect that we should be put under arrest in the fortress of Wilhelmstadt, there to await our trial. So thitherward we marched, accompanying the staff and a portion of the brigade, cheered upon our way by the pleasant prospect of a court-martial, with a week's imprisonment at its fore, and three weeks at its tail.

With any other commander than Von Teschenschech, our best policy would have been to march gloomily along, with downcast eyes and timorous looks, as if struck down with terror at the thought of having incurred his dreadful displeasure. But with him we knew the futility and shame of such a course; so, dissembling our uncomfortable prognostications, we marched along with the step of conquerors, trolling out the words of an old song, which began with

> Es steht ein Wirthshaus an dem Rhein,
> Da kehren die Soldaten ein.
> Frau Wirthin schenkt vom Besten
> Ulrichsteiner Fruchtbranntvein,
> Und setzt ihn vor den Gästen*

—a hobbling ditty, which certainly had not many intrinsic merits to recommend it, but was chosen by us because we knew it to be a favourite with our colonel; and this adroit courtship was not without its reward, for when he next approached us we had the pleasure of observing a grim smile upon his face, which encouraged us to hope that the song would not be without its effect upon the duration of our imprisonment.

Soon after sunrise we reached Wilhelmstadt, and on the glacis the troops were dismissed to their respective quarters, we malefactors being despatched, under a body-guard of a pair of mounted orderlies, to the military gaol. It was a glorious Sunday morning when we were thus paraded through Wilhelmstadt, in doleful dumps, as the hour of our fate drew near. Shutter after shutter was being taken down, and door after door was opened, from some of which issued servant-maids, with pitchers

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* There stands an inn upon the Rhine,
Where all our merry soldiers dine;
The hostess' vintage is the best
Of Ulrichsteiner's racy wine,
Which she gives to every guest.

in their hands, to procure their matutinal supply of the crystal lymph that bubbled up from a spring in the market-place, just as if the whole town were awaking to get a peep at our forlorn procession. This, of course, was not by any means a paregoric to the irritation which we naturally felt at being obliged to spend such a splendid day within the gloomy precincts of a prison, and we were indulging in some hearty pereats upon the burghers for their early rising, when our spleen was still further aggravated by some words which came from a carriage standing at the door of an hotel, apparently on the point of setting off. The tired looks and dust-bespattered trappings of our confraternity seemed to have attracted the attention of some one within it, for we heard a voice inquire, "Who are these?" To which the waiter at the door replied, "Those Eurer Gnaden? They are arrestants from the artillery." This question and answer awakened our curiosity. What on earth did they mean by inquiring who we were? Could not they let us poor devils go past without making some observations on our sorry plight? or did they mean to insult us? Waxing wroth at this impertinent interrogatory, I turned my eyes towards the carriage from which the voice proceeded. Tausend Teufel! Whom did I see? Thunderbolts and hailstones! What would I not have given for "Perseus' wondrous helm," or Siegfried's magical Tarnkappe (invisible cloak), to veil my shrinking form from the sparkling eyes that were laughing at my confusion? Oh, ye Gods! that ye should ever have played me such a villanous trick!—that the fair sylph who, ever since I first beheld her, had been the cynosure of all my thoughts, should ever have surprised me at such a disreputable and unromantic conjuncture! How completely had ye turned the tables upon me at this my second meeting with the enchanting Emilie of Machenheim! For she it was. She and the elderly gentleman who had made the gratuitous inquiry about ourselves were the occupants of the carriage that stood before the door of the Three Kings' Hotel. By the bones of Beelzebub it was a stunning blow, from the effects of which I did not recover till I found myself and three compeers safely lodged in a comfortable cell under the hospitable roof of the military gaol-keeper.

Here, after taking a dispassionate survey of the state of affairs, we were rejoiced to find ourselves considerably better off than we had anticipated. Civilisation had not yet made sufficient progress at Wilhelmstadt to have introduced that odious refinement of cruelty, the Pennsylvanian system of solitary confinement; so that, to our great joy, we were all locked up in a batch, and we could enjoy the comfort of hearing a fellow-creature's voice. We also welcomed it as a happy omen that the colonel had not ordered us into Untersuchungs arrest, or arrest that is to be followed by a court-martial; so that now we should get off with two or three days' incarceration, instead of as many weeks. Thus recomforted, we had not been long in our new habitat, before, overcome with the toils and troubles of the night, we were all sound asleep upon the dirty boards, with our consciences for bolsters; and I must confess that our experience in that way did not verify the truth of the old adage, that "a good conscience is a soft pillow."

After sleeping till near mid-day, we were aroused by the noise of our iron door grating upon its rusty hinges. Drunk with sleep, we started up, and beheld the adjutant-lieutenant, Diggendorf, who smiled as he

beheld our hasty and futile endeavours to smooth our ruffled plumage and divest ourselves of some of the extraneous coatings of adherent dust with which we were plentifully overlaid. His smile encouraged us; for, as I have said before, he was a kind-hearted officer, and not one of the De Foe school, who are never content except when scolding or punishing their men. He had all Von Teschchenschech's real good-humour without any of his harshness or severity, and we now welcomed his appearance as the harbinger of happy news, in which we were not deceived. He had been that morning interceding for us with the colonel, who, after some delay, had at last consented that we should be released, on condition that we did not delay a moment in Wilhelmstadt, but should set out forthwith for our country quarters. It may be imagined with what joy we received this announcement; and after thanking the lieutenant for his kind offices, with as much fervour as discipline would allow, we immediately marched through the town, and finding a waggon that was bound for some place near our quarters, we jumped in to hide our dirty persons from the eyes of Sunday promenaders, all smug and critical, and were soon rolling over the dusty heath towards Fettenweiden, where, after dropping my companions by the way, I arrived, as the Spaniards say, "sin novedad," without novelty.

THE SEA-SIDE RECREATIONS OF MR. JOLLY GREEN.

Chapter VI.

I LAND AT H—VRE, AND BECOME AN OBJECT OF GENERAL ATTENTION.

With the exception of the yellow-headed mate, who steered *The Tub*, the whole of the crew were what is called "'tween decks"—that is to say, below—and the breeze continuing to be steady, and not too strong, the time wore away very pleasantly. I entertained my lieutenant with some of the adventures of my chequered life, which gave him a high idea of my capabilities; and he, in return, spun me several long yarns about the many wonderful things that had happened to him in the course of his maritime experience, leaving me under the firm conviction that a man's knowledge of the world is only half acquired until he crosses the line.

During a pause in our conversation my thoughts reverted to the story he had previously told me of his remarkable escape from the bagnios of Brest, and a feeling of anxiety arose in my mind as to whether it was quite safe for a man in his position to show himself openly in France. I therefore named the subject to him, and hinted that perhaps it might be as well if he remained quietly on board *The Tub*, while I went ashore with Grummit and the yellow-headed mate, and transacted the necessary business.

With the daring which is habitual to the British Tar, he replied by a short, reckless laugh, adding:

"Lord bless you, Cap'n, none on 'em would know me agin—p'r'aps none on 'em's livin'."

"But you are aware," I resumed, wishing to impress upon him the necessity for caution, "that amongst the police arrangements in France there is one of a very peculiar nature. No person, whether a native or a foreigner, is ever confined in their prisons, if it be only for a few hours, without being obliged to sit for his portrait."

"Port what?" asked my lieutenant, in a tone of surprise.

"His likeness," I replied; "surely you remember what must have happened to yourself?"

"Oh, ah! that I do," said Capstan, hastily, desirous of covering his confusion at not knowing the meaning of "portrait." "Yes, yes, that they did,—oh, I recollects,—they took my likeness in black, as the man on the chain pier does at Brighton,—what he calls a *pro*-feel."

"I was not quite certain about the manner in which it was done," I answered; "I was only sure of the general fact. So they did it in profile! It is a shorter and more dangerous one for the prisoner, as the outline of the features never varies. It seems to me, Capstan, that you run a greater risk than ever, for your profile is very remarkable."

"Ax your parding, Cap'n," was his reply, "but that makes it all safe. You must know that when I was took prisoner, I had what people call a fine roaming nose,—one of that there sort as stands out from the face like our flying-jib there, with this breeze to belly it out. Well, I forgot to mention that when I was a bein' hauled into the boat by them as presarved my life, I came with my nose end on agin the gunnel, and broke the bridge right down. The surgeon he tried to splice it, but 'twouldn't do, and there it is a broken nose to this day; you may lay your finger in the holler. Feel, Cap'n, then you'll know that what I say's true."

"There is no occasion," I answered; "I have all along noticed that peculiarity in your countenance."

This was, indeed, the case; but from motives of delicacy I had refrained from alluding to the circumstance, as there is nothing about which a man is so sensitive as the shape of his nasal organ; you may touch anything but that. The nose, abstractedly, is a most singular feature. Nothing influences the character, or determines a career, like the proboscis. To follow your nose is, perhaps, the safest maxim for a young man just entering life; and had I a dozen sons, my first advice to them would be to adopt that golden rule. To return, however, from this slight digression.

"What you have just told me," continued I, "satisfies me that you may land on the French coast without fear. An arbitrary government may do much, but it cannot reverse the laws of nature. Your accident was, after all, a fortunate occurrence."

"Werry so," observed the lieutenant, with seamanlike brevity; and the subject was then dropped.

To tell the truth, as it got towards daybreak, I began to feel drowsy, and though I struggled against the sensation, and once or twice jobbed my head rather heavily against the beam-ends, in endeavouring to save myself, as I fancied, from falling overboard—a common delusion when one is sleepy—I yielded at last to the soothing influence, and fell into a pleasing slumber, from which I did not awake till the sun was well above the horizon, and the French coast in full view.

When told by Capstan that this was the case I could scarcely believe him. I rubbed my eyes with the same kind of astonishment that Columbus must have experienced when first he discovered New York, and, like him, I felt that I had now really broken the basket of eggs; all the rest was plain sailing, and my name would henceforward be added to the list of British circumnavigators.

"Where is Havre?" I inquired of my first lieutenant, "and how long will it be before we get in?"

"You see that 'ere headland," said Capstan, directing my attention to a high promontory of a dark purple hue; "well, that's Cape Lee Have, Havver lies round the pint; I should say we was about seven mile off or thereabouts, a matter of better than an hour's sail, may be longer, for the wind's gettin' light and bafflin'."

"I wish it was nearer," I replied, "for I'm beginning to get hungry, and long for a French breakfast. In the mean time, perhaps, I could have something got ready here?"

"In coorse, sir; which do you prefer, tea or coffee—Grummit's a good 'un for coffee. You boy, Jack, look to the fire in the caboose. In ten minutes, Cap'n, it'll be all right; p'r'aps you'd like a nice streaky rasher, or a briled whitin'?"

"We will have both," said I, rubbing my hands joyously; for if there is anything that sets a fellow up, after passing a night on the deep, it's a cup of coffee and a broil.

Capstan was as good as his word. In less than a quarter of an hour the breakfast was smoking in the main cabin, and while *The Tub* careered on her course towards Havre, I descended to do justice to it.

On referring back to the pages of my present narrative, I find I have omitted to state, that when I became a marine proprietor I immediately wrote a letter to the Secretary of the R—y—l Y—cht Sq—dr—n, at C—w—s, expressing my desire to become a member of that distinguished body, as it was my intention to enter *The Tub* against anything in the S—l—nt. The reply which I received was highly satisfactory. "They wanted something," the Secretary wrote, "to take the conceit out of the Y—nk—s, who, since the victory gained by the *Am—r—ca*, did nothing but crow over the Cl—b; from the account which I had given of *The Tub*, he made no doubt that the honour of England was in my keeping," and added that, "when my name came to be balloted for, he should be very much mistaken if I were not admitted with flying colours."

Being secure of my election, although not yet admitted a member—the balloting season being over—I thought myself fairly entitled to write R. Y. S. after my name, and in a position to hoist the colours to which the Secretary had evidently alluded. Having my own ensign flying at the yard-arm, I did not adopt that of the Cl—b, but contented myself with a simple burgee in my maintop, just sufficient to let the French know the quality and condition of their new visitor, and few vessels, perhaps, ever entered a foreign port more gallantly than *The Tub*; though, owing to a stupid swell of the sea as we rounded the pier-head, we were very nearly being bumped against the lighthouse. This slight accident was entirely the fault of the yellow-headed mate, who would not give up the command of the tiller, though I tugged at it in a contrary direction to him, when I saw which way he was steering. My energy on this

occasion in all probability saved us from being swamped, for the moment I set the vessel free, she forged her head, as the mate said, and shot right into the mouth of the harbour.

My passport and ship's papers (which consisted of the Secretary's letter) being all right, *The Tub* was admitted to pratique immediately, and the inspection which she underwent was merely formal, the recognition of the R. Y. S. being one of the articles of the French Constitution. I had taken care, as the public may readily suppose, to divest myself of my monkey-jacket and coarse trousers; and when I reappeared on deck after breakfast, it was in the full dress of an Albanian chief, wearing a kilt, in whose ample folds were at least thirty yards of white dimity;

> The greaves below my knee that wound
> With silvery scales, were sheath'd and bound;

on my feet were a pair of richly embroidered Suliote slippers, and a Candiote cap of scarlet velvet and gold replaced the veteran Tarboosh. I could have wished that my followers had borne about them some more distinctive mark than their Guernsey frocks and glazed hats, but as the word *Tub* was on the latter in conspicuous golden letters, there could be no doubt to whom they belonged.

I have, on so many occasions, made my public entries in France in striking costumes, that I have, to a certain extent, become *blasé* with the excitement which my appearance always creates. But I must do the inhabitants of Havre the justice to say that they seemed fully sensible of the magnificence of my turn-out. As I walked along the quays, with Capstan and the boy Jack a few paces behind me, the former carrying my boat-cloak and the latter charged with a carpet-bag, the *queue* that followed, and, indeed, the crowd that surrounded me, was something quite extraordinary. Whenever I stopped they stopped; when I moved on they were again in motion; but whether standing or advancing, their voices were not for a moment still. The Norman-French *patois* differs considerably from the dialect of the Parisians, in which I had been educated, but by lending an attentive ear, though I feigned not to do so, I could easily recognise the words of admiration which were on every tongue.

"Ah, le Pantin! est il beau donc! Quelle figure! mais faites attention aux jambes. A-t-on jamais vu rien de pareil! Ah le petit magot qui se promène! On dirait un vrai Mamelouk! Sapristie! Nom d'un mâtelot!"

These and a thousand other flattering exclamations reached my ears on every side. "As to the Mamelukes, my fine fellows," thought I, "you are not far out there." However, I did not make a speech, but contented myself by simply bending my head to the people as they escorted me in triumph to my hotel. Arrived there, I drew myself up on the *perron*, and raising my hand to obtain silence, the tumult of tongues was instantly hushed, and addressing them with my accustomed purity of accent, I said, "Comment vous portez-vous?" and at the close of that simple *allocution* I made the crowd a low bow and walked straight into the Hôtel d'Europe,—the cheerful, I may say the merry, applause of the light-hearted Normans ringing in my ears as I retired.

Notwithstanding my early meal on board *The Tub*, I was in very

good cue for a second *déjeuner*, served *à la Française*, nor were my *suite*, whom I permitted to sit at the other end of the table, below the mustard, at all less active in their operations. The *côtelettes de mouton*, the *bifteck aux pommes*, the *œufs à la coque*, and the *rognons au naturel*, disappeared with startling rapidity, and a few bottles of Grand Imperial Ordinaire—a wine very much in fashion just now—completed the repast.

Preparatory to taking the business in hand which formed the principal object of my mission to Havre, I despatched Capstan, who, during his confinement at Brest and his subsequent intercourse with the coast had picked up a few French phrases, though his manner of speaking sounded in my ear like a sad jargon, to find out the dealers in the articles which it was my intention to "run." While he was gone on this errand, I decided upon inspecting the town; and converting the boy Jack, for the nonce, into the character of my page, tiger, or henchman, I issued forth, not without some apprehension, however, lest the crowd should gather again in such numbers as to prevent me from making those statistical observations which I meditated.

But it is an old and a true remark, that the French people have no stability of character. They are pleased with whatever is new, even if it be for the worse; indeed, I am inclined to think that they prefer it on that account. As a nation, they very much resemble their own Champagne: liberate their cork, which, whatever it is, has always been in its place too long, and off they go, all splutter, fizz, and excitement, a state of things which lasts exactly five minutes, and then all is dull as ditch-water till something wholly different occurs to stir them up again. It is only on this principle that I can account for the extraordinary indifference which the inhabitants showed on my second appearance in public. The stupid fellows passed one in the streets without turning their heads, or making the slightest observation, though I more than once took off my cap and bowed, not for the purpose of attracting attention, but just to show them, as Louis XIV. remarked to Prince Talleyrand, that if politeness be banished from the manners of the French *bourgeoisie*, it is still to be found somewhere. I consoled myself, however, with the reflection, that if the natives refused to speculate on my appearance and character, it was not my intention to return them that negative compliment, though the remarks which arise from my course of observation at Havre shall be brief.

There is one peculiarity at Havre which strikes a stranger more than anything else, and that is the myriads of monkeys and parrots that fill the shops, particularly on the quays. In a general point of view, I look upon these restless, quarrelsome, impudent, chattering, screaming animals, as types of the French nation, and I think the shopkeepers of Havre are greatly to be commended for the *esprit* and *savoir faire* which has induced them thus to display their natural characteristics, as an innkeeper hangs out his sign to signify to his guests the sort of entertainment they are likely to find within. But there is something more than this. I have a tendency to believe in the metempsychosis, especially with regard to Frenchmen. As they have no belief in a future state—I mean as to another world—it is but natural that their rewards and punishments after death should take place in this. It is not for me to decide to what category the condition of monkeys and parrots belongs—it may be pleasant

or it may not—but I am firmly of opinion that the moment a Frenchman's spirit evaporates over the domestic pan of charcoal, or exhales on his way from the Seine to the Morgue—the instant he has read the account of his suicide in the papers, and has heard the inevitable *discours* over his remains at Père la Chaise—at that critical point of time it takes its flight to Havre, to animate the body of a monkey or a parrot. It is impossible, otherwise, that there should be so many of these creatures assembled together, or that they should snarl and fight, grin and bite, cut capers, play tricks, and make faces in a manner so exactly resembling their human prototypes. I suggest this theory, with all due deference, to the Ethnological Society.

Let me not, however, be thought too severe. My criticism upon mankind is literally what it professes to be, a showing-up of *man only*, for the fair sex will always meet with proper consideration from one who has proved himself so devotedly their admirer. And this I will say: the fair sex are *very* fair in Normandy. Milton tell us, in his *chef d'œuvre*, the "Paradise Regained," that an Oriental Paradise is easily made:

'Tis but black eyes and lemonade.

A Norman heaven requires something more, and, if what captivates us on earth is to please us hereafter, I should say that besides the black eyes and the lemonade (for which, probably, Capstan's *eau sucrée* would be substituted), the addition of rosy cheeks, white teeth, a pretty foot and ankle, a handsome *tournure*, and plenty of it, would be requisite to make that Paradise complete. There is also a lively curiosity about the Norman women—so different from the men—which, I think, adds greatly to their attractions. They examine your features, and notice your appearance, as if they were really desirous of imprinting your form upon their memories, and I entertain no doubt that many a fair Cauchoise went back to her village home that day, carrying with her an impression of a certain Greek chieftain, which will not readily be obliterated. The headdresses of these agreeable beings are very remarkable, both for shape and size; but I suppose it is a wise ordinance of nature, that there should be a compensatory principle in all things, for if their caps are very high their petticoats are proportionally short. I might say much more on this subject, but I reserve it for some future occasion, feeling sure that the public would much rather know what I do than read what I think, action being, after all, the mainspring of a statesman's life.

After promenading the quays and market-places of Havre, which occupied me for two or three hours, I directed my steps, still followed by my young standard-bearer, Jack, to the great bathing establishment on the beach. The science of natation is natural to the French; indeed, it is owing to that cause that they have earned the nickname of "Frogs," and not, as is popularly supposed, from the delight they take in reptiles as an article of food. I have dined at a hundred different *restaurants*, and I cannot recal a single instance of having seen on the *carte* such a dish as a *grénouille aux truffes*, a *crapaud aux cressons*, or a *couleuvre sautée dans sa glace*. If there is a national predilection in favour of creeping things, it must be sought for at cabinet dinners, to which, in France, I have never been admitted. But to resume. The French are as fond of dabbling in water as in politics, and when once they make a plunge, it is

a difficult matter to get them out again. They bathe *en société*, issuing out of the little sentry-boxes, which do duty for machines, and, walking down *deux à deux*, male and female, to the water's edge, where they separate with a low reverence, *de part et d'autre*, and enter their respective pens, divided from each other by a slack rope, on either side of which they perform feats of agility worthy of the most distinguished *acrobates*.

I had a lesson on the subject of bathing the first time I visited France, which has ever since deterred me from showing what I can do as a swimmer on their shores; but though I had been somewhat rudely assailed by a lady on that occasion, there was no reason why I should not reconnoitre the proceedings of the ladies generally on this. Taking my telescope, therefore, from Jack, who always had charge of it, I planted myself on a mound of shingle, and, adjusting the sight, began to take a deliberate survey of the lovely swimmers. It was extremely curious and instructive to mark how they dived, and dipped, and paddled in the purple pool, now cleaving the yielding surface with their outstretched arms, now raising a tornado of foam beneath their agitated extremities, and all the while singing and calling to each other in accents as clear and melodious as the notes of the seamew in a gale. I was quite entranced with the pleasure afforded by the scene, or I might, perchance, have been sooner aware of the approach of an individual whose gruff voice suddenly disturbed my waking dream, and so disturbed it that, in the confusion of the moment, forgetting my elevated position, I made a step backwards and measured my length on the flinty shingle, scarifying my bare legs in the fall, and giving such a shock to my right funny-bone that I thought for a moment I had shivered my frame in pieces; at the same time the telescope flew from my grasp, and rolled to a distance of several yards upon the beach.

"Qu'est-ce-que vous faites là, monsieur!" were the words which saluted my astonished ears, the speaker being a tall, stout, grim-looking man, dressed in blue and buff, jack-boots, cocked hat, and gauntlets, and trailing behind him a long sword in a steel scabbard. "Qu'est-ce-que vous faites là?" he repeated.

I was still on my back, and the reply of the celebrated Nong-tong-paw rose to my lips, but before I had time to give it utterance, this fierce intruder broke in with a volley of exclamations.

"Nom d'un saltim banque! p'tit gr'din de Turc. Sais-tu pas que le rivage est defendu aux prom'neurs tandis que les dames soient au bain? Sacré lorgneur,—avec ta longue-vue!" and as he uttered these words the ferocious-looking giant stooped down and picked up the offending instrument.

I gathered from this person's coarse language, not that I attempted to analyse his expressions, being guided to my conclusion more by the tones of his voice than the exact meaning of his words, that I was in a manner a trespasser on a tabooed spot; that this part of the sea-shore was dedicated to Venus, and that, like another Adonis, I had profaned it.

"If this had happened at Ramsgate," said I to myself, "I might have looked through the telescope till I was tired. It would have been long enough before the beadle of the parish came to interfere with the visitor's innocent amusements there. But I am in France, and the case, it seems, is different."

While these thoughts were passing through my mind, I scrambled—

that is to say, I rose—with dignified rapidity to my feet, and giving vent to an exclamation of a purely British nature, took up a position which ought to have reminded the gendarme—for such he proved to be—that he stood in the presence of one of the heroes of Thermopylæ, three of whom, as Lord Byron says, defeated the whole of the Prussian army. I refrained, however, from drawing my scymetar, being fearful that it might lead me to extremities, and, though this official had attempted to insult me, I did not wish that his blood should be on my head. I, therefore, merely darted at him a glance of unutterable scorn, and for some moments we both of us stood silently glaring at each other. It was not long before the Frenchman's eye quailed under mine, his features lost their first savage expression, and an ambiguous smile played in his wrinkled nostrils.

"Aha!" said he, "'Goddam!' so, you English. Eh bien donc, vous serez quitté pour un amende. Five franc to pay your peep, or I take you to the prison."

"The scoundrel," muttered I, "he has me at an advantage. If I resist, it will be a *casus belli*, and my object in coming here will be defeated. *The Tub* will be seized, my followers incarcerated, and I, most likely, sent to Cayenne. Jack," I observed aloud, addressing the boy, who, while these things had been going on, had armed himself with some large stones, one of which he stood ready to hurl at the head of the gendarme—"Jack, my fine fellow, desist from that hostile attitude; put down those stones, the—the—officer means no harm."

Jack looked rather sulky at this order, and, though he dropped the missiles, doubled his little fists as if he was quite prepared to use them instead. Then, turning to the gendarme, I said,

"I regret that I should have invaded the ladies' privacy, but it was not my intention to do so. A little harmless *espionage* was all I meant."

The brow of the gendarme grew dark as I uttered these last words, but I did not give him time to speak.

"If I have incurred the penalty of a fine," I continued, taking out my purse, I will cheerfully pay it. You said five francs, I think?"

The ogre smiled again.

"Oui, monsieur, cinq francs l'amende. Voyez-vous, c'est écrit!"

He pointed to some writing on a board that was affixed to a post on the shore, but it was so far off that I could only make out the word "Defense"—a poor defence, I thought, and very badly spelt. I took out the coin, and advancing towards the gendarme, put it into his horny palm, which he had quickly uncovered.

"Now," said I, "give me my telescope, and permit me to withdraw."

"Monsieur," he replied, "cet instrument est confisqué à l'état. Je vais le déposer à la Préfeture."

"What!" I exclaimed, "rob me of my property! this is too bad!" and my hand instinctively sought the hilt of my scymetar.

"Bah!" said the gendarme, "faut payer encore un p'tit peu. My duty to keep him, but once more five franc he is your own."

As I look scowlingly at him, prepared to defy him to the *outrance*, I observed three or four men in the distance who appeared to be approaching the place where we stood. It struck me that these persons might possibly be the husbands or brothers of some of the bathing ladies, and

if the gendarme denounced me to them, I should have rather fearful odds to contend with.

"Hand over the telescope," said I; "here's the money."

The exchange was made in a moment; but the gendarme had not quite done.

"Monsieur aura, sans doute, quelque petite chose pour moi!" and as he uttered these words be took off his cocked-hat.

My first idea was to seize him by the throat and dash him on the shingle—my next, to turn my back on him with contempt—but my third was the wiser course. I reflected that I had gained a great moral victory—the man who had threatened me was now a suppliant for my bounty.

"Here is a franc," said I, coldly; "much good may it do you!"

"Merci bien, monsieur," he replied. But I cut short his thanks, merely saying, "Come along, Jack," and left him *planté là*. I walked quickly towards the town, and did not once turn my head; but I could imagine the fellow's feelings, for I heard him utter a discordant laugh, as if he were stung to the quick by my haughty bearing.

"I should like to have peppered that cove," said little Jack, coming up to take back the telescope, and cramming the stones into the pockets of his trousers.

"'Tis better as it is," I observed, loftily. "We must step out, for it's going to rain, and these things won't stand the wet. I shall go on board and change. We will then see what Capstan has been about."

A quarter of an hour's walk brought us back to the quay where *The Tub* was lying, and I was not sorry to exchange the glittering garb of the Greek for the rough-and-ready raiment of the genuine British tar.

Chapter VII.

THE FIGHT AND THE CAPTURE.

My first lieutenant, who was well acquainted with the town of Havre, had given me a rendezvous at a small *cabaret* on the principal quay, where the merchants were to meet me to receive payment for the goods which he might purchase on my account. The remainder of the crew being ashore, I left the boy Jack in charge of *The Tub*, and, guided by my unerring instinct, soon found the house, over the doorway of which I read the words, "Au hareng, vins et spiritueux," and was further informed that the establishment was "Tenu par Coquelard-Dubucq,"—the representative, probably, of an ancient mercantile family. If I had any doubt about the locality, it would have been removed by a glimpse which I got of Capstan's remarkable face through the window, where a small red curtain had been partially withdrawn; I, therefore, at once lifted the latch and entered the *cabaret*.

It was a long, narrow room, with a stone floor profusely sanded, and furnished with small tables painted a dingy red, and smelt strongly of *absinthe*, dried fish, and the smoke of peat. Behind a sort of bar at the further extremity sat a stout, elderly, and rather good-looking woman, who wore a red handkerchief wreathed round her head, a pair of long, gold ear-rings, was somewhat *decoltée* in her attire, and, to judge by

the peculiar brightness of her complexion, was not habitually a water-drinker. This I found was Madame Coquelard-Dubucq; and the sharer in her name, who had contributed the first part of it, was seated at one of the tables near the window, in company with my lieutenant and two French gentlemen, whose enormous beards, white nightcaps, and *blouses*, satisfied me at a glance that, whatever their position in the mercantile world, they belonged to that class of persons who, from the red complexion of their politics, are called "Rouge-gorges."

With national politeness, the whole party rose at my approach, but I graciously desired them to resume their seats, and, accepting a chair which was offered me by M. Coquelard-Dubucq, I took my place at the head of the board, and proceeded to examine the estimates, which were laid before me by my first lieutenant. I need not enter into the details of how much brandy, tobacco, eau-de-cologne, lace, silk, and cambric, were included in them; nor enumerate the numbers of pairs of gloves, silk stockings, &c., that completed the bulk of prohibited merchandise which I intended to "run." I had given Capstan a *carte blanche* with respect to the articles, limiting the amount to a couple of hundred pounds, which I thought a sufficient venture to create the excitement I sought in undertaking the transaction; for the public need not be told that I cared nothing for the profit which would arise out of it. The vouchers for the goods, as an additional security, had been drawn up and countersigned by M. Coquelard-Dubucq, whom, for a long time, I could not persuade to take anything for his trouble; but at last he consented to accept what, in the language of his trade, he called a "pot-de-vin,"—a mere trifle of twenty francs, "with which," observed I, gallantly, "Madame" (meaning the lady at the counter) "will probably do me the honour to match the charming *coiffure* which she wears so becomingly." He insisted in return that his wife should drink my health; and the lady very affably complied, by pouring out a tumbler of *anisette*, which she emptied at a draught. I acknowledged this courtesy in a graceful speech in English, expatiating on the influence of the fair sex in all the relations of life, and dwelling, with emphasis, on the mutual benefits which England and France would henceforth derive from my having thus cemented the bonds of commercial enterprise between the countries, and, in conclusion, I begged to drink all their healths, particularly those of the two merchants who had come forward to represent the interests of the important city of Havre.

M. Coquelard-Dubucq, who spoke English, replied for his countrymen, regretting their inability to answer me in my own (eloquent) language, and stating that political circumstances kept them silent in their own, as they were actually at that moment under the *surveillance* of the secret police. In order not to compromise them, I merely filled my glass and nodded to the two merchants, who followed my example. They were fine stout fellows, and the better to screen themselves from the observation of the *mouchards*, had smeared their faces well with dirt. It was odd enough, though perhaps it was only fancy, but one of the merchants appeared to me to bear a very strong resemblance to the yellow-headed mate, and but for his beard I should have declared he was his brother.

Having handed over bank-notes to the necessary amount, my first lieutenant informed me that, secrecy being as desirable on that side of the water as on this, the bales and casks would not be shipped till dark,

and that we must sail with the tide on the morrow, so as to reach the English coast about the middle of the night. I then took leave of the party, very well satisfied with the result of my negotiations, and went to the hotel, where, in the course of half an hour I was joined by the boy Jack, who came to report to me that the crew had come aboard with the first lieutenant. Since I had witnessed the spirited demonstration of the little fellow with respect to the gendarme I had taken quite a fancy to him, and resolved to entertain him about my person. I bought him a few trifles, such as boys like, saw that he got a good dinner at the hotel, and then giving him a few francs, dismissed him to amuse himself in the town till it was time to join *The Tub*.

For my own part I dined at the *table-d'hôte*, and afterwards went to the theatre, where I greatly enjoyed one of those domestic tragedies for the production of which the combined talents of Scribe and Molière have earned them so merited a reputation.

It was not until about eleven o'clock on the following day that the tide served for our departure. About a quarter of an hour before that time I went on board, where I was received in state by my first lieutenant, who informed me, in a whisper, that everything was snug under hatches, "well forrard," and that the crew and himself had worked like horses to get the goods stowed away before daylight. I thanked him warmly for his zeal, and assured him that it should not pass unrewarded, hinting that it might possibly lead to his promotion. We then bent our tackle, cast off our gearings and stayropes, and dropped gently down to the mouth of the harbour.

I was standing by the tiller, ready to seize the helm in case of necessity, when casting my eyes on the pier, who should I see standing there but the gendarme with whom I was so nearly having a conflict on the beach the day before. The man caught sight of me, and began to grin with all his might, tapping the side of his nose with his finger, a gesture which is equivalent, in France, to what we call "taking a sight," and is not intended to convey a mark of personal respect. I shook my fist at the ruffian, and felt half inclined to order *The Tub* to be put about that I might go on shore again and punish his insolence, which, when he saw he had attracted my attention, he repeated. It was unlucky for him that he did so, for while he was in the act of gesticulating in the offensive manner I have described, a large stone, aimed with rocket-like precision, struck him full in the mouth, and down he dropped, as if he had been shot. It was the boy Jack who had avenged my cause. It seems that he had never parted company with the pebbles which he had stuffed into his pockets when we left the beach, and when he saw the gendarme on the pier he resolved, as he said, "to have a shy." How effectually he did so I have described. The gendarme rose from the ground bleeding from the mouth like a pig, and I strongly suspect that if he has not laid out the eleven francs he obtained from me in the purchase of a new *ratelier*, his mastication from that hour must have been very imperfect. He drew his sabre, and stamped and danced about like a madman, uttering a volley of indistinct imprecations, while *The Tub*, catching the breeze, lifted gallantly over the bar, and scudded away before it. A crowd soon gathered round the gendarme, but in the midst of it I could perceive him tossing his arms like a windmill in a passion. Presently the crowd dispersed, and all set off running towards the pier-head, led by the frantic Goliath.

"That 'ere means mischief," said my first lieutenant. "Please to lend me the glass, Cap'n."

He took the telescope, and after he had got the range, without taking it from his eye, began to speak.

"I see where it is," he said; "them Mounseers has clustered up by the big gun at the end of the pier. Blest if I don't think they're going to have a shot at us! We must sheer off as fast as we can. Shake out that reef in the mains'le, Grummit—run up the flying jib—keep her a good full, mate—put all the way on her you can. That's she; make her dance. There goes the portfire. Now, then, down, all hands. Stoop your head, Cap'n; ten to one but they misses us."

He had hardly uttered the last words before we heard a hissing sound in the air, closely followed by a loud, booming noise, and a heavy mass struck the sea about ten yards to the right of our track, and shot along the surface of the water, dipping and raising the foam till it was lost in the distance. Capstan jumped back to the taffrail, and resumed his look-out.

"That wasn't so bad for a fust attempt," he cried, laughing. "I wonder what they'll do next time, for I sees 'em at it agen, as busy as bees in a tar-barrel. Ram it well home, Mounseer, that's you. If you don't make haste we shall be out of the range."

Capstan was wrong in this respect. The second shot passed exactly over our heads, but, fortunately, did no damage; and, by the time they fired again, we were fairly out of reach.

"They're windictive fellers is the French," said Capstan, coming forward to where I had coolly taken my station—at the post of danger, of course, as became the captain of a vessel like *The Tub*—"werry windictive when their bloods is up. I say, Jack, but you spilt that 'ere Mounseer's jawing-tackle."

"A gallant boy!" I exclaimed. "I have half a mind to knight him on the spot. At any rate, I will take care of him. I am sorry, though," I continued, turning to my first lieutenant, "that you did not take my advice about those carronades. We might then have thrown ourselves up into the wind's eye, poured a broadside into the town, and compelled the place to surrender at discretion."

"It was best not, Sir," replied Capstan, seriously. "We shouldn't have known where to have put the pris'n'rs."

After a moment's reflection, I said, "You are, perhaps, right; there would have been that difficulty. However, as hostilities have now commenced with France, it will be necessary for me to send a report of this affair to head-quarters. Luckily I brought my desk with me, and have the materials for writing a despatch. Keep the vessel as steady under sail as you can, while I go below for the purpose. I shall take care, Capstan," I added, as I descended, "to make honourable mention of your conduct and that of the whole of the ship's company."

Perhaps the public would like to see a copy of the despatch. Here it is:

"(*Confidential.*) "*The Tub*, at Sea, Sept. 17, 1851.
South long. 49 deg. 30 min.; west lat. 1 deg.

"Sir,—I have the honour to report to you, for the information of the L—rds of the Adm—r—lty, that, at 11h. 35m. post meridian this

morning, the wind at the time being E.S.W. on the lee-beam, and the Fr—nch coast bearing N. by S. about a quarter of a league, a smart action took place between myself and a four-and-twenty-pounder which commands the entrance to the port of H—vre. We fought at long bowls; and the enemy, who vainly endeavoured to rake my hull and shiver my timbers, was eventually compelled to desist without accomplishing his purpose. My L—rds will perceive that the wind was off shore, otherwise it was my intention to have landed and burnt the town, after spiking the country and taking possession of the batteries in the name of H—r M—j—sty Qu—n V—ct—r—a. The loss of the enemy must have been severe, and one gendarme was severely wounded by a shot from a midshipman, named John Limpet, whom I beg to recommend to my L—rds for promotion. Nor can I omit to state that the gallantry of the officers and crew of *The Tub* was conspicuous throughout the whole of the action. First Lieutenant Capstan, in particular, rendered me most efficient service. I consider him an ornament to the Br—t—sh N—vy.

"I have the honour to be, &c.,

"JOLLY GREEN, Commodore.

"To the S—cr—t—ry of the Adm—r—lty.

"The following is a return of the casualties in the action off Cape Le H—ve.

Killed	none.
Wounded	none.
Missing	none.

"P.S.—I shall probably give chase in the course of the evening."

"A peerage and Westminster Abbey," thought I, as I sealed and directed this despatch, the first which it had ever been my fortune to write. It was something, I felt, to have smelt powder in the service of my country, and I pictured to myself the acclamations of the multitude when I entered the metropolis to the time-honoured tune which hails the approach of conquering heroes. I was doubtful, at first, whether I should be the bearer of my own despatch or communicate the result by electric telegraph, but I finally resolved to confide it to my aide-de-camp, John Limpet, as soon as I landed. "One of these days," I soliloquised, "my despatch may stand on the same shelf with those of F—ld M—rsh—l the D—ke of W—ll—ngt—n!"

I have mentioned that, in order to get beyond the range of the enemy's shot, *The Tub* had crowded sail, and for two or three hours she continued under a press of canvas, until the French coast was "hull-down," that is to say, no longer visible. But by the time I returned to the quarter-deck, the wind had increased so much that it was not advisable to carry on at the same rate, and we, therefore, took a reef in the spanker-boom, hauled the jib taut, and belayed the starboard back-stay, keeping the craft steady on a bowline with the wind four points or so the westward of north-east. I was greatly in hopes that my lengthened nautical experience would have enabled me to weather the gale without being sea-sick, and I did so, indeed, in very manly style till dinner-time, when a boiled leg of pork and pease-pudding, which I had laid in at W—rth—ng as a *bonne-bouche*, upset me altogether, and I was obliged to succumb to the infernal malady. What made the matter worse was that *The Tub* rolled dreadfully, a circumstance partly caused, Capstan said, by the quantity of sm—ggl—d goods we had on board. It was

impossible for me, in this state of affairs, to navigate the vessel, and I, therefore, temporarily resigned the command to my first lieutenant, enjoining him, however, to come to me for advice in case of the worst. It must have been a sad spectacle for him to have seen me lying on the broad of my back, incapable, like Ivanhoe, of wielding a marlin-spike, and only able, like Julius Cæsar, to tell the boy Jack to bring me the basin.

This was bad enough as long as daylight lasted, but when it grew dark my sickness, instead of wearing itself out, appeared to increase, and its effect was heightened by the tempestuous gale which I could no longer see. The celebrated Tom Bowline may have been "a sheer hulk," and I dare say he was, but I feel perfectly certain that I must have been a *sheerer*.

At last, the wind somewhat abated, though landsmen would still have called it fresh, but without any abatement of my sufferings. I was, moreover, wet through, between spray and rain, and had any one attempted to wring me out like a swab, and then have dried the decks with my limp form, I could have offered no resistance. This was doubly unfortunate, for the moment was drawing near when all my energies were necessary for the preservation of the crew and cargo.

We had buffeted our way, as nearly as I can conjecture, to within a couple of miles of the shore, without encountering any other interruption than the elements opposed, when I heard Capstan say that it would be necessary to burn a blue light in order to find our friends who were in waiting on the coast, at a place called Dead-man's-gap, of our arrival. I faintly told him to send up the rocket, and then resigned myself again to my sufferings. He did so, three times, at an interval of ten minutes between each display—looking out anxiously after the last demonstration for a corresponding signal. But to his surprise, it came not. Instead of it, as he was peering through the gloom, he heard what he thought to be the sound of muffled oars stealing over the waters, and straining his eyes, at length descried a dark body approaching *The Tub*. His rapid intelligence quickly told him that it was not a friend, but a foe, who now drew near.

"This is a go, Cap'n," he hoarsely whispered; "the rev'noo sharks is on the look-out. They've seen our lights, and come down upon us. We must carry all sail, and make for the Gap as fast as we can. Ten minnits more will do it."

In a low voice he gave the necessary order, and the crew flew to the windlass to hoist the gaff. Presently I heard an oath from the yellow-headed mate—the toppin' lift had gone by the board—and at the same moment a cry swept over the waves of "Broach to, or we fire!"

"We must make a running fight of it," exclaimed Capstan. "We may beat 'em off yet with the boardin'-pikes. Now's the time, Cap'n, for them rewolvers."

Alas! I was too ill to raise my head, though my hand mechanically stole to my waist-belt, and I seized my pistols in my feeble grasp. The thought of the peerage and Westminster Abbey again flashed before my mental vision, and inspired me with the determination to sell my life dearly. I sat up amidships, leaning my back against the gangway, and cocked my weapons. Meantime, the revenue cutter's boat kept gaining on us, though Capstan exerted every nerve to drive *The Tub* through the water, and enable her to reach the shore. We were within

a couple of lengths of the desired spot, when the revenue officers came right alongside, threw their grapnels into our bows, and attempted at once to board us. The moment their leader made his appearance, I raised the pistol in my right hand and fired—that is to say, I drew the trigger—again and again, but with no result; there was the click of the hammer, but nothing more; and I then remembered, with a feeling of intensest bitterness, that I had forgotten to prime and load. But my movement was not lost upon the leader of the band, whom I had aimed at. In a broad Sussex dialect, which, even at that moment, reminded me of the peculiar tones of old Smirker, he exclaimed:

"Dang it!—pistles! I'll silence *you*." And raising a heavy instrument which he carried in his hand, he struck me a violent blow on the head, which knocked me over into the bottom of the boat, though it did not quite deprive me of my senses. I lay there half-stunned, and unable to rise, while the conflict raged furiously above. Not a shot was fired, for both sides had come to close quarters, and were striving with boarding-pikes and stretchers, as I could plainly discern by the rattling of their weapons. Their oaths were fearful, and the effect of them was greatly heightened by the wild, frantic, hyæna-like laughter with which they were accompanied. The noise on deck was tremendous, and every moment there was a heavy fall, announcing that some gallant spirit had bitten the dust. Loudest above the rest I heard the voice of my first lieutenant; but of what use was his resistance, or that of his noble crew, when I lay there disabled? Himself and the rest of the men were overpowered by numbers, and all of them were taken prisoners, *The Tub*, with my despatch to the Adm—r—lty yet undelivered, becoming the prize of the captors. The vessel grounded, and such was the violence of my emotion that my brain reeled, a dimness came over my sight, and I utterly lost all consciousness.

How long I remained in this state I know not, probably for some days; but when I regained my senses, I found myself in bed at Ocean Cottage, with aching limbs and a dreadful pain in my head, and Mrs. Towrope standing at my side with a basin of gruel. My first words were a hasty inquiry after *The Tub* and my brave companions.

"Little did I think, Mr. Brown," she said, "that Green you was, and a daring smuggler, which I'm thankful it's no worse than the wessel took and capter'd, and the crew sent to Bottomry—leastways, they will so be when caught, for gone they is, Smirker and all, there being nothing run to gratify a poor widder-woman which might have informed agen 'em, but didn't, bein' in hopes of a trifling consideration, and only that boy Jack left to tell the story."

In a few days I became convalescent, and though I could make little of Mrs. Towrope's confused explanation, I plainly perceived there was some mystery in the business, which time alone could clear up. It would have been dangerous for me, under the circumstances, to have demanded a court-martial, so I thought the best plan was silently to submit to the loss I had sustained, and leave the place. I sold *The Tub* to a relation of Mrs. Towrope for ten pounds, which I distributed amongst the widows and orphans of my crew; and then, with the boy Jack as my valet, bade adieu to W—rth—ng for ever.

HESTER SOMERSET.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MUSICAL COMPOSER.

THE young are soon prostrated by sickness, but nature has kindly ordained that, when convalescent, they shall as speedily recover. With the renewed bloom of the cheek, and the light of the eye, Hester's energies, mental and physical, returned, and her recent illness left no visible trace, except that her figure seemed in a slight degree thinner than formerly. To what were her thoughts again dedicated? To her old and cherished design of effecting her father's freedom. Had not, then, her unavailing struggles, and her numerous misfortunes, clouded her hopes, or crushed her spirit yet? In the mental quality of perseverance, Hester's nature partook, perhaps, largely of the masculine; at least, it was essentially English; she would never yield to difficulties, but hoped either to evade or overcome them.

A great cause of regret to her was that, during her illness, she had been compelled to live on her little capital, and thus her savings had been much diminished. "What should she do now?" was the grand question that urged itself upon her—"what new path pursue?" The idea of re-opening a school was opposed by the conviction that, wherever she might establish it, Pike would still have the means of effecting its ruin. The image of this man, as regarded her efforts and plans, was like a constant cloud passing between herself and the sun; the shadow shed a withering and a mildew on every object cherished by her; she might design, but would he not prevent the execution? She might build up, but, alas! would he not more speedily throw down?

It was while continuing in this uncertain state, musing on many plans, but adopting none, that listlessly leaning on the old rustic bench in the little garden at Brompton, Hester, at the request of Julie, sang a song. Not often she exercised her voice, having been taught to believe it inferior, without power, compass, or flexibility: its sweetness, however, and the indescribable quality it possessed of touching the secret chords of the heart, none could deny. The air was simple; the words were as follow:

HESTER'S SONG—"REMEMBER ME."

Remember me, when hill and dell
  Laugh in sweet Morning's rosy light;
When fairies quit the lily's bell,
  In which they've slumbered all the night.

Remember me, when dying Day
  Paints with rich hues the gorgeous west,
And birds pour forth a softer lay,
  And Nature, babe-like, sinks to rest.

Remember me, when stars unclose
  Their golden lattices on high,
To watch, like angels, Earth's repose,
  And soften Sorrow's tear and sigh.

For oh! my heart can ne'er forget
  The joyous days of life's sweet prime;
The rose of Memory bloometh yet,
  Unseared by grief, undimmed by time.

Lands, seas, our lots may sever wide,
  In fancy's dream I'm still with thee,
Unchanged, still thine, whate'er betide—
  Repay my truth, remember me!

How often are trifles, or what appear to be accidents, followed by important results! While Hester had been singing, and, in the fervour of the moment, singing, perhaps, with a greater degree of pathos and power than she had displayed on any former occasion, a gentleman, walking in the path beyond the garden, might have been observed to stop. He was listening attentively. A hedge of prickly holly completely screened him from the view of the two companions. As Hester proceeded, he appeared fascinated and struck, while an approving smile, such as a connoisseur, when pleased, betrays, lit up his countenance. Creeping under the hedge, the stranger drew nearer to the songstress; and when she had finished her warbling notes, that had seemed to thrill the air, as if poured forth by some spirit of the flowers, the charmed listener stood motionless and thoughtful. Yet he speedily formed a resolution, for he entered the garden-gate, and advanced without ceremony to the bench where Hester and Julie sat.

He was a man above sixty years of age, of the middle height, and dressed in black: his appearance was gentlemanly, and his countenance singularly mild and prepossessing. As he approached, he slightly lifted his hat.

"I have to beg a thousand pardons," he said, looking at Hester, "for the liberty which I take in accosting you; but fear and surprise must be my pleas—fear, that since you are a stranger, remaining at Brompton probably but a short time, I may not see you again—and surprise at what I have this moment heard. Do not be angry with me, my dear young lady; as you perceive, I am an old man with a white head, and am more suited to act the father than to play the lover."

The gentleman smiled so benevolently, that Hester felt her heart warm towards him.

"That is my house yonder among the trees, and I have occupied it now thirty years. I have a wife and three daughters—my name is——"

Hester started.

"What! sir, have I the honour to be addressed by the great composer and professor of music of that name?—a name long familiar to me."

The gentleman, whom we shall call Kellerman, again smiled.

"Not great, but little—a gleaner in the wide field of art, after the renowned masters who have preceded me. But if I still compose a few bars, I can sing no more; my voice is broken and departed, and yet I am passionately fond of singing. In a word, I am in search of some

voice—some English female voice, which, by training and tuition, may eclipse the voices of these foreign ladies, with whom, to the disgrace of English art, our country is inundated. I think," added the professor, "you have never appeared in public, for your face is quite unknown to me."

"Never," said Hester, quickly.

"Pardon my presumption—I know not your position or your prospects in life; but should they not be adverse to my views, then, I believe, judging from what I have heard, my search is over."

"I cannot understand you. I am no singer—I have no voice."

"Forgive me if I differ from you: the ear that has attended to musical sounds for forty years must needs have some quickness of appreciation. A dozen notes always enable me to judge whether a voice is worthy of being cultivated. Allow me, then, to repeat, my search is over."

"No, no," said Hester, laughing outright; "you must, at least, be mistaken here. I have no musical talents—no strength of lungs, or execution; and every person who is acquainted with me knows it."

But the professor was persevering.

"I am no idle enthusiast in the art, my dear young lady—I always form quiet, unbiassed judgments, and I tell you I am right. But to be very plain—are your predilections against cultivating your natural talent, or would you be famous, and gain much money?—the matter rests entirely with yourself."

The earnest and serious manner of Mr. Kellerman fixed Hester's attention. Surprised as she might be, she was compelled to believe him sincere.

"I am willing to improve any poor talent I may possess; but, believe me, I have no ambition to be famous. If, however, I thought money could be gained——"

"To be sure it could. Then you are desirous of gaining money? You are too young, I know, to love gold for its own sake; but you wish to obtain a livelihood, perhaps;—let that necessity act as a spur."

"I want it," said Hester, hesitatingly, "not for myself, but my father. He is unfortunate. Oh! if I could get money—that is, sufficient—he would be happy again."

Mr. Kellerman seemed to read a tale in the expressive countenance of the speaker, for he regarded her thoughtfully for several minutes.

"Not for worlds," he said, at length, "would I pry into your domestic affairs; but perhaps your father is in embarrassed circumstances?"

"He is," said Hester—"he is more than embarrassed, sir—he is in prison."

"Poor child—poor gentleman!" said the professor. "And can no one assist him?"

"His only relative persecutes him, and they who were his friends consider his misfortunes deserved, for he lost his property in speculation; so no one will help him in the hour of need. I have been endeavouring to do something—yet, shame on me! during six years I have saved little or nothing. True, I have had my misfortunes—the will is strong, but the hand is weak."

"You are a good child, and a dutiful daughter; but what can you possibly do? No doubt the sum for which he is detained is large."

"It is," said Hester.

"Many thousands?"

"No; about five hundred pounds."

Mr. Kellerman smiled.

"Upon my word," he exclaimed, "sad is the existing state of the law, which suffers a gentleman to be deprived of his liberty for years on account of such a paltry sum."

Hester stared. The sum to her, by brooding over it, and dreaming of it, had become of fearful magnitude.

"A paltry amount, I say—that is, speaking comparatively. Why, my dear young lady, if I did not think, in one year, you could gain double as much by the exercise of your voice, never should I advise you to cultivate it."

"Oh! impossible—you dream; the very thought of such a thing fills my heart with delight."

"Then be guided by me; consent to study and practise under my tuition. Your advance, I am persuaded, will be rapid."

"How long do you imagine it would be necessary for me to remain as your pupil?"

"That entirely depends on your capabilities—probably fifteen months, or it may be two years."

Hester shook her head, and her happy smile vanished.

"I thank you, sir, but it will not do. Even if I possessed talents (a very questionable thing), I could not neglect other duties, and means of gaining a livelihood, during that protracted period. The truth is, I have to support myself, and make a small allowance to my father in prison."

The professor paused, his eyes being fixed in an absent manner on the ground.

"I see, I see; by working honestly together, we shall be mutual gainers. Listen to me. We can easily overcome the difficulty you name, for during the time of your tuition I will allow you a maintenance. Stay, cease your surprise; I am not so generous as you imagine. In return for my outlay, I should expect you to enter into a certain compact—that is, agreement to pay me for two years after your *début* one half of the proceeds arising from the exercise of your art."

Hester knew not what to answer. Her whole communication with this musical professor had been so brief and extraordinary, and the ideas and expectations he entertained appeared to her so unwarranted and extravagant, that she was bewildered, and believed him half a madman. On the other hand, his fame in the world had been so long established, while his manner to her was so kind, that she could not doubt his abilities or sincerity, nor help feeling greatly interested in his proposals. She begged him, however, to grant her time for reflection, and chiefly she was desirous of asking the advice of her father.

"By all means," said Mr. Kellerman. "Never would I persuade a child to enter on any course contrary to the wishes of her parents. Therefore consult your father. Yet I trust you will become my pupil, sing,

enchant thousands, and obtain ten times the amount necessary to liberate your father from prison."

Then the celebrated composer and musician bowed, and quitted the garden, leaving Hester and Julie to their own meditations.

Chapter XVI.

A DISCOVERY.

Mr. Somerset at first expressed a great objection to Mr. Kellerman's proposal. Family pride, or, it may be termed by some, prejudice, was not extinct in his breast; and the idea that his daughter should study an art which would unavoidably bring her before the public, much galled him. But what trials had she not already gone through?—what indignities had she not suffered? And when Hester represented the possibility, although she doubted it in her heart, that this one project might free them from their persecutors, and all their sorrows; and when Mr. Kellerman himself assured him how certainly Hester would command success, and how easily obtain the money required, the proud man considered it his duty to yield. Accordingly, he consigned his daughter to the care of the venerable professor, the man who had recognised in her what others had failed to discover; and whatever the result might be, he would be resigned and patient.

Hester commenced her lessons with little confidence, and less hope; but as the training of her voice, and its development, proceeded, her natural courage arose, and she resolved to conquer difficulties by assiduity and painstaking. The master never doubted her genius, but the pupil continued blind to it. The problem remained to be solved. Hester, however, was not so much engrossed by her studies but that she found time daily to visit the Fleet Prison. Julie resided constantly with her; but far from being a burden, the turnkey's daughter more than earned her own living by the exercise of her needle. But we must here describe a scene which occurred not long after Hester had entered upon her musical career.

"Julie," she said one morning, "I must take you to the prison to-day expressly to see my father."

"What can a gentleman like him care about me?" observed the turnkey's daughter, as her hands were busily engaged in braiding her companion's hair.

"He tells me that he has never yet spoken to you, or properly seen you; for when he used to come to Wardrobe-place, during my illness, his eyes and his whole attention, dear man, were directed to my poor self."

"That is true; he never, I believe, even glanced at me when in the room; and very natural it was, considering his daughter's situation."

"Well, he wishes now to return you his sincere thanks for all your kindness to me. Let us go."

"I want no thanks. Stay, I have not yet finished your hair."

And still the girl's fingers twined the silky and glittering threads, until, her task being completed, she wound the mass round and round, coiling it up at the back of Hester's head, where, fastened by a pin, it looked like a beautiful serpent asleep in the sun.

"We must, and we will go now," repeated Hester.

Julie obeyed, and the two proceeded together to the Fleet Prison.

So often had the turnkeys and other inmates seen the gentle, unobtrusive figure of Mr. Somerset's daughter pass along the lobbies and steal across the yard, that they began to regard her appearance almost as natural as the revolving days, while it was as expected too. Not one of the well-disposed but felt an interest in her; not one but would offer her a kindly greeting; even the coarse and the callous refrained their jest, and never insulted her—proof that virtue can make itself respected even among the profligate; and that filial affection and duty are regarded as beautiful things by those to whom the domestic virtues themselves are practically unknown.

"Let me be at least your attendant, your servant here," said Julie. "What will the people of the prison say if I talk with you familiarly? I would not that Mr. Somerset should think me assuming or forward."

And the girl dropped Hester's hand, and walked behind her. In a few minutes they reached the door of Mr. Somerset's apartment. The ruined gentleman rose from his chair, and his thoughtful countenance was lit up by a smile of welcome.

"Then you have brought to me Reuben's daughter at last, my dear Hester. Happy I am to see her."

Julie curtseyed, standing at some distance, and Mr. Somerset put to her a question which she readily answered. Her words seemed to have on him an extraordinary effect, for he turned around, looking at the door which stood ajar, as if the voice, like that of a ventriloquist, had proceeded from some other quarter.

"Hester," he said, his face pale, while a tremor was visible in his limbs, "she is not outside? Surely you have not brought her with you? No, no, that is impossible."

"Father, I no not know what you mean."

"Oh! it was only a fancy—a passing fancy; I perceive now it was the young woman who spoke. What could make me imagine—and yet those tones so like——Stay!" he added, with energy, addressing Julie, "you stand in the shade—open the door—I am doomed, I believe, to be the sport of dreams and fancies."

The light fell upon the face of Julie, and Mr. Somerset gazed attentively on her. At first, his eyes expressed little beyond a strange curiosity; gradually they opened, staring with surprise, while almost unconsciously he moved nearer and nearer to the object of his regard.

"Who are you, girl?" he exclaimed abruptly. "I have seen you before, but have not observed your countenance."

"Reuben's daughter, if your please, sir," answered Julie, half alarmed.

"Ha! that voice again," said Mr. Somerset, seizing her by the arm; but he instantly let it go. "Forgive me; my mind is disturbed; ideas I can scarcely account for rise within me."

He stepped back and seated himself on a chair; crossing his arms, his head drooped on his breast, and he appeared to sink into profound thought. Hester and Julie were struck dumb with wonder; they could only gaze on the singularly perturbed man before them, and then at each other.

"Speak, father!" said Hester, at length. "Explain to us why you are thus affected."

Mr. Somerset again rose.

"I am striving to collect myself," he said, drawing his hand across his forehead. "I am not mad, dear Hester, although I appear to be so. Bear with me: you know not what is struggling in my breast. That girl——" he exclaimed—"whom you call Julie——"

"I will leave you, if you please; perhaps I have done something to offend you."

"Stay! I command you!" He drew her farther into the room. "There, I will be calm; Hester, stand by the side of your companion—uncover your heads—please me in this."

They obeyed him. Hester, with her taller and more elegant form, and Julie, with her pretty sylph-like figure, stood opposite the scrutiniser. Their beautiful hair was of the same shade, their eyes were of the same colour; but, more than all, their faces, in their sweet, indescribable expression, bore that extraordinary similarity to each other which we sometimes remark in twins. Mr. Somerset, his hands shading his eyes, regarded them in deep silence.

"I understand now, father—you think us alike. This has been remarked before."

"And yet you never named it to me," said Mr. Somerset, in a choking tone.

"I did not think it worth while to trouble you."

"Ah! I remember," he said, speaking apparently to himself, "poor Isabella told me of something a hundred times—let me——" He approached Julie, but again stepped back. "No, I have not courage—pshaw! after all, it may be a dream—yes, I will believe it a dream—but if this—this mark should correspond—— Hester," he said aloud, "draw up the sleeve of Julie's dress—the left arm—do you see anything just above the elbow?"

"Father!" cried Hester, running up to him breathlessly, for he had kept aloof, covering his face, "what do you mean by this? How should you know that a mark is there? But you are right; there is a mole above the elbow. I am beginning, like yourself, to entertain an extraordinary idea."

"Girl—Julie—Blanche!" said Mr. Somerset, with a desperate effort at calmness, "is Reuben in the prison?"

"Yes, father is, sir."

"Call him, I pray you—call him instantly!"

When the honest turnkey appeared, he was not a little alarmed at the agitation manifested both by Hester and her father; and when the latter abruptly asked him where his daughter was born, and in what church she was christened, he stammered and made no distinct answer.

"Tell me plainly, good Reuben," cried Mr. Somerset, "is that girl yonder your own child?"

"Of course I am," interrupted Julie, in astonishment.

"Why, sir, do you see," said Reuben, at length, "I hope I've done nothing wrong, but, to say truth, my wife never had any children. Poor girl—poor little July, I kept the matter a secret from you, thinking it might distress you to learn you had no father or mother; but since this gentleman seems to understand something about you, the truth had best be told."

"Have I no father, no mother?" cried Julie, in a tone of bitter distress. "Then I shall be doubly alone and desolate in the world!"

"Who is she, Reuben?" demanded Mr. Somerset. "How came she into your hands? I implore, I adjure you to tell me."

"I can't guess why you wish to know," observed the turnkey; "but though July, as I suspect, is the child of some poor creature who wished to conceal her shame from the world, she has been a good girl to me, and I don't want to lose her."

"No, do not cast me from you!" cried Julie, clinging to Reuben's arm. "You are my father—I will not believe anything beside—do not send me away!"

"Poor thing!" said the turnkey, looking down upon her, and smoothing her bright hair caressingly. "Poor little girl!—you see she loves me, Mr. Somerset. No, no, don't fear, July; I'll be a father to you still. But this, sir, is the truth. Long, long ago, one night—'twas twelve o'clock—as I was barring the prison gate for the last time, I thought I heard a feeble cry. The cry was repeated again and again, so, opening the gate, close outside on the ground I saw a basket. It contained an infant. I took it in, as I thought it my duty to do, meaning the next day to acquaint the parish authorities with the fact. But my wife and I, somehow, took a liking to the child, and having none ourselves, we resolved to rear this poor come-by-chance, or foundling, as they say, for our own. Of course, the parish was glad to be rid of the burden; so we brought the child up, and named her July, because found in that month, though others have always called her Julie."

"I am satisfied—a thousand thanks are due to you," said Mr. Somerset, wringing fervently Reuben's hand.

The turnkey stared, being at a loss to conceive why the gentleman should be so warm in his expressions of obligation to him.

"I've only done my duty, sir, and as long as I live, and have a penny in my pocket, the dear young woman shall never want a crust."

"You have been indeed a father to her," observed Mr. Somerset, "and she must love you deeply and truly, as you deserve. But I trust," he continued, with a tremulous voice, looking ardently at Julie—"I trust she will be able to love me a little also."

"I *do* love you, sir!" cried Julie, with her usual sweet simplicity; "you are the father of Miss Hester, and that alone makes you dear to me."

"Bless you, poor child!" said the old gentleman, struggling with the feelings which evidently were overpowering him. "Oh! would that Isabella were here, and could understand!—would she could share with me this moment of supreme happiness!"

"Father!" cried Hester, her cheek flushing, and her heart throbbing with a rapture strange as new, "you cannot name the word, but I will. All is now plain to me, as it is evident to you. That mysterious tie, which seemed at the first to draw Julie and myself together, is now fully accounted for; the likeness too, the mark which my poor mother often told me of, and Reuben's tale—all are alike convincing, and banish every doubt. Julie!" she added, in a voice broken and quivering with emotion, taking her hand, and pointing at Mr. Somerset, "that man—that dear unfortunate gentleman, is your father, and I—I am your sister!"

Hester, as she spoke the last words, rushed into Julie's arms. The two fond girls had often embraced before, but never with the feelings they experienced now. The newly-discovered tie between them awoke their most impassioned, their holiest sympathies. Love was speaking in their tears, and breathing in their sighs. Two sisters had they been, living together, serving each other, yet all the while knowing nothing of their relationship. And there they embraced and wept, drew back and embraced again; while Mr. Somerset, leaning over them, was unable to give utterance to the emotions that melted his heart; his poverty, his ruin, his imprisonment, were that moment unfelt and forgotten.

SHELLEY'S LETTERS.*

"ALASTOR" was too distinguished a poet, and too remarkable a man, not to have ensured a welcome, *carte blanche*, for any remains of his, whether prose or verse. The five-and-twenty letters before us, however, now introduced to the public under the auspices of Mr. Browning, constitute no particular novelty, nor do they reveal the writer in any other aspect than that with which we are already familiar. They are to be regarded as supplementary to the existing collection, and as such have a definite value in the eyes of all who admire graceful, thoughtful, and manly specimens of epistolary art—an art wherein Shelley has long since established his fame as an "approved good master." Mr. Browning's preface is eloquent, but somewhat obscure; as in "Sordello," there are thoughts that come like shadows, so depart, and fancies that, in tricksy mood, trip one another up, or seem to do so to confused spectators. It discourses upon the relative value of the biographies of objective and of subjective poets, showing the superior importance of the latter. The objective poet's biography may be fraught with instruction and interest, but it can be dispensed with, according to Mr. Browning's point of view; whereas, in the case of the subjective poet, who does not paint pictures and hang them on the walls, but rather carries them on the retina of his own eyes, we must look deep into those very eyes to see those pictures upon them. His work is an "effluence," and "that effluence cannot be easily considered in abstraction from his personality—being indeed the very radiance and aroma of his personality, projected from it, but not separated." To scan the poetry we must consult the poet, and learn what manner of man he was, and assume as nearly as possible his own stand-point, and scrutinise the objects of his apocalypse from the same focus. "We may learn from the biography whether his spirit invariably saw and spoke from the last height to which it had attained." Nevertheless, Mr. Browning recognises in Shelley's subjectivity, the whole personality of the poet shining forward from the poems, without much need of going further to seek it. Shelley's "spheric poetical faculty," as its own "self-sufficing central light," may be seen "radiating equally through immaturity and accomplishment, through many fragments and occasional completion," so that a *competent* judgment needs not such superfluities as letters, anecdotes, and *mémoires*

* Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley, with an Introductory Essay. By Robert Browning. London: Moxon.

pour servir. But this competency is so rare a gift, that for readers of ordinary calibre these personal illustrations are necessary, and hence Mr. Browning's commendation of the present series to an incompetent and *profanum vulgus.*

In his admiration of Shelley we cordially share, and readily do we echo his conviction that the time is past for confounding with genuine infidelity, and an atheism of the heart, those passionate, impatient struggles of a boy towards distant truth and love, made in the dark, which were ended by one sweep of the natural seas before the full moral sunrise could shine out on him. Whether, however, Mr. Browning has greatly aided the growing tendency to claim Shelley as

> The best good *Christian* he,
> Although he knew it not,—

is doubtful. Shelley's noble heart, his high spirit of intellectual purity, his fervid aspirations after truth, we have ever reverenced. But his antagonism to the creed of Christendom is prominent among the curiosities of literature. It was once remarked to Mr. Leigh Hunt by a "literary divine" and, we believe, "popular preacher," from the North—a gentleman who, alike in pulpit and press, is nothing if not exaggerated and oracular—that the simple distinction between Shelley and Christianity was this: Shelley said "Love is God," while Christianity says "God is Love." Possibly this may seem a distinction without a difference. The definition may have its *modicum* of truth if by Christianity we understand a mere spiritual tendency, abstracted from all concrete particulars, denuded of circumstantials, and considered irrespective of any historical basis. But if by Christianity be meant a system involving doctrine and *cultus*, principles and practice, then the alleged difference is, to our thinking, only another version of that which exists between a horse-chestnut and a chestnut-horse. That Shelley, had he lived, might have renounced his bitter enmity to the religion of the Cross, we have every disposition to hope, and some degree of reason to believe. But side we cannot with those who consider the conversion *un fait accompli*, or something equivalent. Mr. Browning is not one of these too paradoxical people; but he is sanguine as to the ultimate results of Shelley's truth-seeking, had life been spared to the seeker:

> I call him a man of religious mind, because every audacious negative cast up by him against the Divine, was interpenetrated with a mood of reverence and adoration,—and because I find him everywhere taking for granted some of the capital dogmas of Christianity, while most vehemently denying their historical basement.

With equal tenderness and justice Mr. Browning dwells on the physical peculiarities of this poet, whose destiny it was

> To thirst and find no fill—to wail and wander
> With short unsteady steps—

and shows how unfavourable they were to the "steady symmetries of conventional life"—the body tortured by incurable disease, "refusing to give repose to the bewildered soul, tossing in its hot fever of the fancy; and the laudanum bottle making but a perilous and pitiful truce between these two." By his own testimony, Shelley was liable to remarkable delusions and hallucinations, and appears to have been a somnambulist to the very close of his life.

With the present editor's eulogy of his correspondence we sincerely concur. The value of the letters consists in their conformity with Shelley's moral and intellectual character:

There is nothing of that jarring between the man and the author, which has been found so amusing or so melancholy; no dropping of the tragic mask, as the crowd melts away; no mean discovery of the real motives of a life's achievement, often, in other lives, laid bare as pitifully as when, at the close of a holiday, we catch sight of the internal lead-pipes and wood-valves, to which, and not to the ostensible couch and dominant Triton of the fountain, we have owed our admired water-work. No breaking out, in household privacy, of hatred, anger, and scorn, incongruous with the higher mood and suppressed artistically in the book; no brutal return to self-delighting, when the audience of philanthropic schemes is out of hearing; no indecent stripping-off the grander feeling and rule of life as too costly and cumbrous for every-day wear. Whatever Shelley was, he was with an admirable sincerity. It was not always truth that he thought and spoke; but in the purity of truth he spoke and thought always.

Surely, if Mr. Browning's thoughts and speech were always after this fashion, "Sordello" would be popular, and "Bells and Pomegranates" would cease to be the exclusive perquisite of the sacerdotal few, and become ornaments of "every-day wear."

The letters are discursive enough in subject, however uniform in tone. We have one to the editor of the *Statesman* (dated Oxford, 1811), on the liberty of the press—several on reform in matters political, social (especially the marriage rite), and religious—also upon the chancellor's decree, by which his children were removed from his control—one very "flowery" epistle to a lady, a sort of prose ode to botany—and some most interesting sketches of his life in Italy, communicated to Godwin, Keats, and Horace Smith. Passages illustrative of his moral purity and gracious nature abound. Thus, in a letter from abroad, descriptive of imposing scenery, he observes:

Who can stand before that sublime, rich, infinite picture, over against that proud mass of mountains, in view of the sun, rising in its majesty, and entertain a degrading thought? Who does not feel exalted above himself? Who does not feel purified, and will not recal, in dark and contracted hours, that sublime image, in order to exalt himself? The heart is lifted above earth and its trifling concerns, and has intimations of our higher destiny! Nature is the temple of God, the mountains are its pillars, heaven its dome; but God dwells neither in temples made by hands, nor in such as are built of earthly materials—yet we adore him in his temple.

Again—in a beautiful letter to William Godwin, written from Geneva, 1816:

Your views agree with mine. By clearness of mind, by strength and vitality of will, man can accomplish much in the work of virtue; but without the third cardinal virtue—purity of heart—he lacks the true consecration. Even the former virtues cannot be complete without the last. The mind cannot live in perfect purity and clearness, unless the heart be purified from selfish desires;—the delusive phantom of selfishness will always appear near the highest moral aims, and confuse and darken the view. . . . We cannot in the pressure of danger stand perfectly unshaken, nor meet it with unbroken fortitude, unless the pure heart, which desires nothing for itself, but everything for a truly moral aim, is prepared for every sacrifice and deprivation.

Or, let the next excerpt be pondered by those—and there are still a few—who noisily and peremptorily consign Shelley to the same category with obscene and heartless blasphemers:

The just, virtuous man is alone truly happy. He bears indestructible tranquillity of mind in himself, and lives in peace with himself and the world. He is independent of outward vicissitudes. Fickle fortune cannot rob him of his happiness of soul. His virtues win for him the joys of friendship, and, even if friends desert him, an approving conscience gives him comfort, and God and good angels are with him. Yet he ought not to seek virtue merely for the pleasure that will follow it. . . . From him who grasps greedily at the reward of virtue, it will disappear; he destroys the costly prize, like the child who puts into his mouth as food the rose, which is so lovely to the eye, or like the rude boy who breaks with awkward hands the sweet-toned instrument of music.

All this is as remote from Tom Paine as it is from Jeremy Bentham. In fact, we can overhear one section of well-to-do "Christians" stigmatising it as over-refined and transcendental. In his exposition of the law of self-sacrifice, Shelley out-Christianises Paley and Co. to a surprising extent.

By the way, in one of these letters Shelley complains of his being made a "bad Christian" of; and how? By a cause which must ever be insisted upon as one pre-eminently influential on his inner life—namely, physical disease. Does the reader remember Hawthorne's strange and suggestive story of the "Bosom Serpent?" Well, Shelley had such a plague, but in no metaphorical incarnation. "I have been confined two days," he writes to Mr. Graham, in 1816, "with that serpent in my bosom—my old complaint. This often renders my life extremely miserable, and makes me a bad Christian too." With folds of *that* kind writhing about his heart, how could it beat freely? how could its action be other than irregular, abnormal, spasmodic? Let him that is without sin cast the first stone at this

> One frail form, a phantom amongst men,
> Companionless;

but let not him that is without *disease*. Let all think with love and sympathy of that lonely one,

> neglected and apart,
> A herd-abandon'd deer, pierced by the hunter's dart,

and fleeing astray, with feeble steps, o'er the world's wilderness. Well did Alastor describe himself as a love masked in desolation, a power girt round by weakness.

From so limited a series of letters we will not make further extracts, though tempted by some choice *morçeaux* about Florence and Rome, and the life-enjoying spirit of Italy, which Shelley defends against the puritanic mind of the North, and which he believes to nerve for toil, and prevent the ravages of care, and lend graceful buoyancy to life, and reconcile man to his destiny—"the bright episode of a severe epic." There are interesting allusions, too, to Byron and his works, and to some of his own progressing compositions. Let every lover of Shelley, or of epistolary excellence, consult the volume itself. These few letters form fresh, however scanty, materials for a biography of the writer.

And such a biography is a *desideratum*, now more than ever. A biographer is wanted who shall present Shelley in a guise that disfigures not the poet, nor offends and perplexes the reader. For confirmed Shelleyites Mr. Browning might do, had he the will. But anti-Shelleyites require an interpreter of—may we say it?—a less sectarian caste. The hour is come, but where is the man?

SPRING.

AN INVOCATION.

By W. Brailsford.

Up in the hawthorn in the dale
The blackbird tells his loving tale,
  With voice all blithe and free;
Bright sunshine on the willow gleams,
The perch moves softly in the streams—
  Spring! Spring! we call for thee.

The torpid bee, with drooping wing,
Would fain pursue his ministering
  In orchard crofts and bowers;
But ah! he waits thy cheering smile,
Whose truth would all his fears beguile,
  And yield him pleasant flowers.

The violet half opes its eye,
As if it feared some fate was nigh
  To end its early day;
The primrose leaves the mossy beds,
And wavering every petal spreads
  With perfume for love's May.

The snow-flakes melt, the ice is gone,
Only the winds sound drear and lone,
  Life trembles in the reed;
Only the winds in forest trees
Awake sad echoes from the leas,
  And chill the growing mead.

Only the winds, they seem to stay,
As if their part were meant alway
  For recklessness and doom;
Come, fairest Spring, come bid them cease,
And give the slumbrous earth release
  From Winter's freezing gloom.

We call thee from those regions fair,
Where all thy sweet handmaidens are,
  Love sighs where suitors weep.
Hark! hark! the notes of Time's old bells
Would charm thee with their wonted spells,
  So waken from thy sleep.

HUNTING IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

SOUTH AUSTALIA is a colony that, up to the present time, has made but little noise in the world; and although we colonists think very highly of our fine province, and have also a tolerably favourable opinion of ourselves, yet we must sometimes reluctantly acknowledge that we are but in our infancy, and not fit to be trusted out of leading-strings. We rattle away in our little "go-cart" with as much fuss as if we were driving a "'buss," or conducting a railway-train, while our dear old mother-country watches us with a smile, and takes anxious care, that in our self-sufficiency we do not tumble down and break our bones. But if we are not yet fit to be breeched in John Bull's corduroys, if our legs cannot fill John's top-boots, let us at least hope that we have honest John's sturdy disposition and some of his good qualities; and among them I think we may lay claim to the love of rural pursuits, and some of us are still attached to the old English sports of the field. Of course, among colonists generally, the grand and all-absorbing pursuit is the chase after £ *s. d.*; yet some are found who prefer the cover side to the counter, and who would rather draw a "gorse" than a "bill." I consider an introduction of this sort necessary to my account of "Hunting in South Australia," to save me from the imputation of conceit in my description of days with "the Adelaide," and also to impress on my English readers that I believe our colonial hounds do not yet rival the "Quorn." Having said thus much, I, in all modesty, enter on the subject of Australian hunting.

Two descriptions of game afford sport for the chase in South Australia, viz., the native dog (an animal resembling a jackall) and the kangaroo. There is another kind hunted by foxhounds here, but this I tell as a great secret, not to be mentioned at Melton—it is the emu.

The native dog runs much like a fox; he is, perhaps, not quite so fast, but he smells quite as nasty, and has great powers of endurance, combined with much cunning. He is found everywhere, anywhere, and nowhere, for he has baffled us all in our inquiries into his habits. It is always a problem where he is to be met with: sometimes he is in a swamp, at others on the ranges, and when it suits his humour he pads along the highway. His tastes vary so much that it is a toss-up at any time you go out whether it will be "a find" or "a blank." In figure, the native dog is larger than the fox, stands higher on his legs in proportion, is stouter-limbed, wants the very sharp nose, small prick ears, and wide whiskers; and, in short, is a very much clumsier animal. In colour he is generally a reddish, or rather, yellowish brown, though some are met with quite black, and some black and white. He has a fine bushy tail tipped with white, which he carries over his back when marauding or taking his pleasure, but which he puts between his legs when running away from hounds. He has a very tough hide, and takes "a deal of worrying before he gives up the ghost. He often counterfeits death, and will get up after being very roughly handled, and slink away. He has an Etonian appetite for mutton, and, in consequence, is the settler's bugbear."

The kangaroo is, in my opinion, the Australian stag-rampant; and although he only runs on his two hind legs, yet he can go "the pace." His clumsy tail has long been considered of service to him in assisting him

to spring in his long jumps, but this is an error; it may assist him in progression, by keeping the balance of his position, but when the animal is running it *never touches the ground*. It assists him to stand erect, and when on the defensive, he balances himself on it, and strikes out with both his hind legs at the same time. This is not generally known, and may therefore be doubted, but I have seen it frequently done, and a dangerous opponent he is, often ripping up dogs at a single blow. He is always found in scrubby country, and is classed, according to his age, as the "old man," the "forester," and the "flying buck;" of course I confine myself to the male sex, for no sportsman would hunt an "old woman" if he could help it. In truth, old women are at a discount all over the world. The "flying buck" is the fastest of the three, but, in consequence of its artlessness or inexperience, it is less up to the dodges of the "old man" or "forester;" and as the innocent are always victimised, it becomes a certain prey to the hounds.

The emu I really feel somewhat ashamed, as an Englishman and a sportsman, to speak about hunting: a bird, a thing with claws and feathers and a beak! It sounds badly in the description of a day's sport to say, that after a run of fifty-five minutes, without a check, the hounds ran gallantly into a—bird! and that Mr. Such-a-one got the tail feathers. In England, people shoot birds, or keep them in cages; and I think I may say that no one, even with the most vivid imagination, ever contemplated tally-hoing a bird out of cover. Such things might possibly have happened had Mr. What's-his-name's flying-machine come into general use; but on this dull earth, with its round of every-day incidents, such things were never dreamt of. As, however, I am writing from the antipodes, some consideration must be allowed me, and when I say that emus have been hunted, and have afforded excellent runs, I must not be set down as a drawer of the long-bow, or as a romancer, or as anything but a lover of truth. It must be borne in mind, that many strange things occur at this end of the world, where we are all turned topsy-turvy.

Before entering further on my subject, I ought to state that the legitimate chase in Australia has been for years pursued with dogs of a breed between the greyhound and some larger dog, producing a kind of lurcher, and afterwards much improved; they are now called "kangaroo dogs." The large, rough Scotch staghound has also been introduced here, and has been used in the pursuit of the kangaroo. With fast dogs of this kind, that bring their game to bay before it is tired out, and when it has its strength unimpaired, to act on the defensive, it is requisite they should be possessed of power and courage, to attack and overcome their quarry. Hunting the kangaroo with these dogs was but a very tame sort of sport, requiring little skill or judgment; a quick eye, a tolerable seat on horseback, and a firm belief in the impossibility of a man's knocking his brains out against a tree, was all that one required. Any knowledge of country, of the mystery of making a cast, or of helping hounds in difficulty, or, in fact, in anything relating to the science of hunting, was quite superfluous; for in most runs of this sort the dogs and game got clean away, throwing out the horsemen after a few minutes' "spurt." Nothing, when this occurred, was to be done but to wait until a dog

came back, all covered with blood, and perhaps wounded; and then, if he was well-trained, he would "show," that is, take the passive "field" to the spot where lay the slaughtered kangaroo. Yet such is man's love of sport, or the name of it, that many persons in their senses have professed a relish for this kind of hunting. The first time I followed this sport, I was mounted on a mare, with her foal running at her side; when we found, I was eager to keep in sight of the dogs, but my mare, having a mother's cares on her mind, was anxious about her progeny, and kept turning her head back to look after the foal, utterly regardless of the way in which she was bumping my legs against the gum-trees. I know not how much I should have suffered, had she not luckily tumbled over a prostrate tree, and thus brought our gallop to a happy conclusion.

Sometimes it has happened that an "old man," or a "boomer," stood at bay in a water-hole (for they will take to "soil," like a stag), and the horsemen, hearing the barking of their dogs, have arrived in time to kill him; this has caused a little excitement, because the kangaroo will attack a man, and give him a friendly hug, or tear his stomach open with the sharp toe of his hind leg.

Once upon a time, native dogs and emus were hunted in this way. The emus gave the best sport, because they were commonly found on the plains, and then it somewhat resembled coursing; but coursing I never could enjoy: to see two dogs running after a poor little innocent hare, to watch her exertions to save her life, until one quite enters into poor puss's distress, and then to see her chucked up in the air, and caught in the mouth of the victorious greyhound, always seemed to me cruel work. I am tender-hearted naturally, and must be spurred on to cruelty by the "tally-ho"—by the "burst"—by the excitement of the gallop—by the sight of a numerous body of men, seriously bent on breaking their necks, riding at everything before them—before I can enjoy the luxury of seeing any innocent, helpless animal torn to pieces by a pack of hounds; and, therefore, I dislike coursing, because the hare is killed before one has time to get brutal enough to wish for her death. At the same time I must confess that I am not insensible to the merits of jugged hare, hare soup, or a hunted hare, roasted, and served up with sweet sauce; but then I should like my hare to be tenderly killed—mercifully hunted. But all this is digression, and so I will now give an account of a day with the Adelaide hounds.

One bright morning in the month of June, about the year 1843, at ten o'clock, A.M., a body of horsemen, bent upon having a gallop with the Adelaide hounds, assembled on the outskirts of a scrub about nine miles north-east of Adelaide. The hounds had arrived before them, and were being uncoupled; the surrounding scenery was extremely wild, and as unlike a cover side in England as could well be imagined. A thick scrub, formed of a variety of shrubs, extended to the foot of some steep and moderately lofty ranges, which were covered with forest timber. These shut in the view to the eastward and northward; to the southward and westward openly-timbered forest land, in picturesque undulations, reached the sea-coast; bright-coloured parrots and parroquets were screaming in the gum-trees, or flying about in flocks, their gaudy plumage glancing beautifully in the sunshine. The magpie was making the

woods echo with its deep note, and the laughing jackass (*Dacelo gigantea*) was bursting his sides with his uproarious mirth on the top of some lofty gum-tree—perhaps tickled at the idea of a parcel of men, arrived at the age of discretion, coming out with the determination of riding furiously after a poor kangaroo.

When the hounds were uncoupled, they rolled themselves on the grass, and, spreading out, gave one an opportunity of examining them. They were rather of a mixed lot of harriers and foxhounds, did not run at all even in size, and were of all colours peculiar to their breed. They were much criticised by the assembled company. A portly sporting tailor good-humouredly approved of them, as did also a moustached gunsmith; others of more pretensions, but not a whit more knowledge, found fault with the size of some of the smaller hounds, and pretended to look upon the whole affair as a good joke to them. These were mostly young men, whose knowledge of fox-hunting had been picked up in *Bell's Life*, and whose correct idea of hounds had been drawn from Mr. Alken's pictures. They generally expended their enthusiasm for sport at the cover side, so that they had none left for the run, and were, consequently, thrown out early in the day; the real sportsmen looked forward to some fine fun, and were determined to enjoy it. The costume of the field was varied and peculiar. The master who hunted the hounds, and the whipper-in, were in black velvet caps, scarlet coats, tops, &c. One or two of the field likewise sported pink. The jolly tailor was verdant in broadcloth in his upper man, and correct in his nether garments and shoeing. The gunsmith also delighted in a green cutaway, but his breast glowed beneath a scarlet velvet waistcoat, and his legs defied the brambles in leather gaiters.

These were the *élite* of the field. The mob were dressed in shooting-jackets, shirt-sleeves, and red shirts, according to the taste, fancy, or convenience of each. Every one was tolerably mounted, save one or two, who had promoted Timor ponies to the rank of hunters. All appeared delighted with the day, the scene, and the prospect of some fun; but some were exhilarated, I fear, by a less innocent stimulant. A stock-keeper or two smelt powerfully of the rum-bottle, and a spiritual unsteadiness in the saddle, coupled with sudden violent outbreaks of mirth and bursts of sporting view-halloas, led me to suspect that they had been taking their "mornings." But stock-keepers are privileged persons; their natural state is one of drunkenness, their place of worship is a public-house, their moral discourse is swearing, and the beverage of their temperance is rum.

The hounds at length were thrown into cover; the "Hoick in!" with a wave of the hand, was the signal for them, and they went to work in style. Whatever might have been their faults in outward appearance, the moment they were in cover it became evident that they were made of good stuff, and were fully up to their business, although it must be confessed they did riot a little when they came across a kangaroo-rat (an animal about the size of a rabbit); but these abounded in the scrub, and as the hounds had discovered that their flesh was well flavoured and delicate, I for one, having a little failing that way myself, could not blame them for indulging their appetites. Sometimes, indeed, their

steadiness was severely tested, when one of these gamey-flavoured gentlemen would jump up in the middle of the pack. I must say, even if the character of the Adelaide hounds suffer for it, that when this occurred the kangaroo-rat was generally torn to pieces in a very short time, and buried in the bowels of the hounds. However, a double thong having been applied to some of the rioters, and the moral sentence of "Ware rat!" having been bawled into their ears, they were led into a knowledge of their error, and they went steadily to work. After drawing the scrub in a northerly direction for some time, the "sterns" above the brushwood began to "feather," a "whimper" or two was heard, followed by a rush of the whole pack together, and then a "loud burst," and they were away: gentlemen who had been shouted at to "hold hard," stockmen who had been riding over hounds; Timor ponies, with mouths harder than the bits that were in them; the coated, the uncoated, the shirted, the drunken, and the sober, now pressed helter-skelter forward through the scrub; for the pace was good, the horses fresh, and the country not difficult to ride over.

But these good things did not last. At the end of five miles we came into a country intersected by deep creeks; the timber thickened, and as we began to ascend the hills, the grass-fed hunters showed distress, and at last "shut up" altogether. The kangaroo, being determined to cut out some work for us, went right over the range; and the hounds, as if to test the goodness of our horses' lungs and training, breasted the hill at a gallant pace, until they came to some stony ground. Here, as if aware of the old caution to "go gently over the stones," they came to a check, which fortunate circumstance gave such of us as were up with them a little breathing time, and we were all glad to relieve our horses by dismounting; but there was little time for looking about one, for as the country improved, the scent lay better. The pace quickened, we crested the hill, and were quickly shooting down the other side of it, with as much as our horses could do to live with the hounds, who had now got on such good terms with the scent that they were careering it breast high down to a tea-tree creek.

Suddenly they all threw up their heads and flashed out like a flock of pigeons. There was a screw loose. A lift forward was tried without success, and then a circular cast was made, during which a flying buck started out of a clump of acacias into the middle of the pack, and every one thought that he must be "chopped;" but although some hounds clung to him, he broke his way clean through them, and headed down a gully as fast as his long legs could carry him. He had now got us in among the hills, and the country became too difficult for many of the field; we consequently got very select, and at length even the best mounted were thrown out.

When we again fell in with the pack, they were at fault; some slow hunting now commenced, altering gradually as the scent improved, until we were again stretching along at a rattling pace, and at last we viewed the kangaroo, dead beat, heading straight for the Torrens river; the yells we all gave would require great modification to be fashioned into view-halloas. We clapped spurs to our horses, cheered on the leading hounds, and soon forced our antipodean stag into the river; here he stood at bay,

ducking hound after hound as they attacked him, until, poor fellow, he was overpowered by numbers and killed. The spot he had chosen for his death-scene was most romantically situated in the rocky bed of the river; high cliffs rose up on each side, their rocky surfaces were covered with creeping-plants, some of them in flower; for it must be understood that our Australian winter is much like a prolonged English spring. Vegetation does not cease, but recommences after the dry weather with renewed vigour. From inequalities in the cliffs, cassuarinas sprung up, and here and there a gum-sapling, or occasionally a fine gum-tree would grow, where sufficient space was left for its roots to spread, and the waving forest crowned the summits of the cliffs on each side of the river.

After writing this description, it appears to me that I have failed in drawing a very romantic picture of the spot. All I can say is, that there were rocks, trees, flowers, and water; and if my reader cannot make a romantic place with those materials, I blush for his imagination. Besides, the sun was just "tinting the sky with his setting hues," as poets say, which in itself is enough to give a sentimental colouring to the scene.

The hounds, after having killed the kangaroo, very naturally ate him up, all but his tail, which we claimed as our share, for excellent soup is made from it, if placed in the hands of a proper cook, who will not smother it in flour or over perfume it with pot herbs.

Having now finished our hunting, we turned our thoughts and horses' heads homewards. The night was setting in very cold and dark, and a ride through the trackless, gloomy forest was anything but pleasant. Most of us were very hungry, and, as a consequence, some of us were very cross; however, those who were blessed with good-temper told interesting stories of love, and war, and hunting to those who were cursed with crossness; and so we managed to get on very well, and tried to forget how much the cold was pinching our toes, and hunger was pinching our stomachs. At length we arrived at a small house on the roadside, for we had, a short distance from this dwelling, come out of the trackless wilderness into the road. I quite forget whether this house was a lawfully-established house or not; I am rather inclined to believe that it was merely a public-house in prospect; that is to say, that the proprietor honestly intended, at some very distant period, to apply for a licence; in the mean time he carried on his business without one—thus saving money and cheating the executive. Whether the house was licensed or not, we were hungry, we were thirsty, and we were cold; and the landlord told us that he had pork, porter, and a fire. Could any reasonable government imagine that we should inquire if he was legally authorised to supply us with these good things? We certainly did not put any unnecessary questions to him, but entered his dwelling, and with a thankful spirit began to satisfy our hunger, to quench our thirst, and to warm our toes. If I can find out that we cheated the revenue, I will, when rich enough, send some conscience-money to the police magistrate, and so square the account. This man's house was built upon one of those primitive plans so often adopted in the colonies; the walls were composed of wattle and dab, which, being interpreted, means sticks placed upright and interlaced, and then covered with mud; the roof was thatched with grass; it consisted of one room, and, from the confusion of miscellaneous articles, and the general slovenliness and discomfort of it, I

imagine it much resembled an Irish cabin; the fowls roosting on the beams, and occasionally adding to our supper by generous and unlooked-for contributions, strengthened the likeness. Having supped, or dined, or lunched—for the meal was a mixture of the three—we thought of paying the reckoning, but none of us had any money. This was an oversight, quite unexpected by the landlord, who viewed us with no very pleasant countenance; but as we could not return him his provisions and porter, he made the best of a promise of one of our number to pay him next day. We then mounted, and again pursued our way home. Thus ended our day's hunting.

I will not follow our sportsmen into their homes; no doubt they were tired, and went early to bed, but I have some dreamy recollections of punch-bowls, of hunting songs, with very loud and very long choruses, of rubicund faces—in short, of such things, that I am led to believe that I dreamt of the ancient bacchanalian orgies being adapted to modern times.

The foregoing description, such as it is, relates to hunting the kangaroo. I will now describe a run with a native dog. One day the Adelaide hounds met at the dry creek on the plains stretching from the eastern hills to the sea-coast, and extending some distance to the northward; a large miscellaneous field appeared at the fixture, and as a public-house was close at hand, drams were handed about, in the disguise of "jumping-powder," "spurs in the head," &c., so that before the throw-off many were up to the mark, or a thought or so over it. A large assemblage of butchers appeared, well mounted and determined to distinguish themselves: these "knights of the shambles" had been devoting the early part of the day to the pleasures of the wine-cup, and were in a high state of excitement. We drew the sides of the ranges, and in a very short time found a "vixen," who gave us twenty-five minutes without a check, and then ran to earth in a "warrabat"* hole. The field rode furiously; and, as the hounds got away close to the brush of their fox, the pace became tremendous. One of the butchers, mounted on an old grey horse, certainly earned his laurels, for he took the lead, and kept it, riding down the steep, stony ranges at a pace that would have frightened any life insurance company, if they had his name in their books for a large sum; as it turned out, however, his horse's life was more endangered than his own, for he had so pumped the wind out of the poor animal's carcase, that after the run was over he had some fears that his hunter was going to give up the ghost, and came to me with a rueful face to ask what he should do, saying "he was blest if he didn't think he'd ridden him rather too hard." If the man wanted any more convincing proofs of such fact than those the poor devil of a horse gave him, all I can say is that he must have been of a very sceptical disposition; for the unfortunate animal was standing with outstretched neck, distended nostrils, legs straddled out, and his tail shaking like a drunkard's hand; the blood was streaming from one of his sides, and his shoulder was scored like a piece of pork with the spur. No one could be astonished that the brute showed irritability of temper just then, and that he lashed out at every one that came near him. I told the frightened butcher to leave him to Time,

* "Warrabat," an animal something like a badger.

who would either kill or cure him; and so the horse recovered in about a quarter of an hour. This description may appear meagre, but the dog took us in a straight line over an open forest, hilly country; and although the field "tailed" a good deal during the run, yet all assembled at the "finish." A run with a native dog is generally short, sharp, and decisive, although some very strong ones have led us a long dance.

I am afraid I have not drawn a very flattering picture of the morals of some of the South Australians, for which, however, I am not answerable; nevertheless, I here apologise to all the *sober* stockmen and *moral* butchers in South Australia for the liberty I have taken with their callings, in mentioning them in this sketch.

With regard to riding to hounds in South Australia, I would make a few remarks about the nature of the country through which we have to follow our game. Kangaroos, as I said before, are mostly found in scrub, in which they will stay "ringing" like a hare, unless they are bustled out of it at once; they then take the open forest, generally "heading" for a river or water-course; and as the country near these scrubs is commonly cut up with creeks, these form the only obstacles, in that part of the country called the bush, to be overcome when the colonial Nimrod has acquired sufficient skill in riding through the forest to avoid knocking his head against the trees.

I was one day out when two of my companions "bit the dust," or, more classically speaking, were "grassed." One of them happened to have arrived in the colony but a few weeks previously, and not having had much practice in bush-riding, he could not keep clear of the trees; the consequence was that he was swept off his saddle by a bough early in the run; the other, who was an old hand, and a "welter-weight," managed by skilful riding to live with the hounds, when all the field had been shaken off but our two selves. Towards the close of the day we were running in view up an open forest flat, when the kangaroo turned into a creek, the banks of which were particularly steep; my friend's horse floundered at his jump and fell. I, being immediately behind him, had to clear his horse's hind-quarters; and, as I was landing on the opposite bank, I saw my stout companion on his back in the creek, his legs elevated in the air, and radiating in a straight line from his body; and, while a crimson blush suffused his countenance, he bawled out to me to be quick and pull his legs. As the hounds were now killing their game in a water-hole at hand, I had leisure to attend to the calls of humanity, and, quickly dismounting, caught hold of my prostrate brother-huntsman's legs, and pulled them to his heart's content; fancying that I was performing a grand surgical operation, and setting his dislocated hip-joints, until he told me that he had merely had the cramp in his thighs, and that I had quite cured it. But while attending to the misfortunes of my friend, I had neglected to take care of the horses, and they wisely walked off. To catch them again was a work of some trouble, which having accomplished, I returned to the creek, and found my unfortunate companion again in need of my assistance; for he was standing on a fallen tree in a water-hole, with a deeper blush than ever mantling on his countenance, disputing the possession of the kangaroo with the hounds. His "cords," lately so white, were now soiled with mud, wet, and torn;

his body was swayed to and fro in his struggles to rescue the kangaroo's tail from the ravenous mouths of the hounds, and he was on the point of being dragged headlong into the water when I arrived to the rescue. On seeing me, he implored me to catch hold of his coat-tails; and, thanks to the good "braidclaith," as Bailie Nicol Jarvie says, I dragged friend, kangaroo, and two couple of hounds to dry land.

I must now say something about the emu. This is a task I undertake very unwillingly, as I always set my face against such hunting, and have never followed hounds when running an emu, unless in ignorance of such game being "a-foot." The truth is, that in drawing the side of a cover, it sometimes happens that an emu, unseen, will "steal away," and the hounds, hitting the scent, will eagerly run him. The absurd manner in which an emu straddles along at first starting would set any man against seriously hunting it; for the creature's tail is set on somewhat in the fashion of a lady's bustle, and as it toddles away, this part of it waggles up and down, and from side to side, like the before-named article of female apparel when the wearer is dancing that new-fangled affair called the polka.

I was once out when we were drawing a very dense scrub near the sea-coast; the hounds "opened" on a scent, and carried it at a rattling pace through the cover. I was riding a young and awkward horse, and had much trouble in keeping him clear of the timber, so that I was thrown out, and had to run the tracks of the field for seven miles, which I did at a gallop, before I could join the first-flight men. The hounds, when I came up, were puzzled in a swamp; but after a slight check they got cleverly away at a tearing pace, which they kept up for five miles further, when we heard from some farmers that an immense emu had just passed them. The hounds were therefore whipped off, and we were spared the disgrace of killing him; but he had given us a very pretty twelve-mile burst. I once followed hounds for twenty-one miles, without a check, after an emu; but I dislike the practice, and here record my disapprobation of it.

It is possible that some persons may wish to know if hunting in South Australia can be enjoyed with as much zest as hunting in England; and whether the former bears any comparison to the latter. I can only say, that when a man of moderate means arrives at the cover side in England, he sees so many dukes of this, and earls of that, and lords of t'other, that he is quite ashamed of his own insignificance; but he thinks that when the hounds get away, the run, like the grave, will level all distinctions.

Here he is mistaken; for the dukes, earls, and lords, on their thoroughbreds, only bespatter him with mud as they take the lead of him, and keep it; and then, just as his hunter begins to show distress, they mount their second horses, and leave him in the lurch entirely; and so he goes home, without having lived to the "finish," wishing himself a jolly nobleman, and quite discontented with his present lot; possibly he may pack up his traps and come out to South Australia, and then, when he appears at the cover side on this side of the world, he finds himself quite a swell among us; and during the run he can keep with the first flight, and live well with the hounds to the finish.

It is true, he does not ride over so many fences, damage so much

wheat land, break so many hurdles, or do so much mischief of any kind, as he would in England, but then he does not get into any "squire traps," or have so many falls or actions at law, so that the account is nearly balanced.

If he likes to see hounds work well, and does not hunt merely for the excitement of the gallop, he will enjoy the sport in South Australia very much; but if he wants an ox-fence, or a bulfinch, or a flight of rails, to break his neck over, he must not come out here for them; although he may occasionally, when the hounds meet near Adelaide, fall in with a dog-leg, or a kangaroo, or a cockatoo fence, or, probably, with a post and rail; and it will require all his nerve to put his untrained horse at any of these, for the first is formed of logs of wood placed together in the form of an X, thus ×, to clear which requires a flying jump.

I was once out with a very correct field of well-appointed and well-mounted men, when one of these kind of fences, like a nobleman's carriage at the opera-house, "stopped the way;" my horse, not flying his jump, landed on the top of it, staking himself in many places, and sending me into the road.

The kangaroo fences are composed of logs of wood placed close together in an upright position, and ugly-looking customers they are to manage; there is no compromise with them, and, when facing them, you must make up your mind for a clean jump or a regular "burster."

The cockatoo fence is of a more accommodating nature than either of the foregoing, and is made of forked sticks, stuck into the ground as posts, and saplings thrown across them for rails. The height of all these is from four to five feet, as is also that of the post-and-rail fences.

I have seen, when we have met at Glenelg, on the sea-coast, and right in the heart of the fenced country, a field of about twenty well-mounted men, most of them in scarlet coats, and all turned out in the true old English fashion. I have seen this field taking these fences in a style that would do no discredit to any provincial hunt at home; for, although, in my foregoing description of days with the Adelaide, I have stated that the field was a heterogeneous collection of stock-keepers, &c., it must be remembered that I date back as far as 1843, when the hunt was first established. Since that time the real sportsmen have taken up the thing, and we now show at the cover side as correct "turns out" as could be wished.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

AN EPILOGUE TO THE PRESENT NUMBER.

To take a comprehensive survey of the affairs of this world—by which we understand those matters only that concern ourselves—it is not necessary to soar very high; the altitude of our desk is sufficiently elevated for the purpose.

From this "empyrean height" we proceed to take another bird's-eye view of what has been going on in a general way during the last few weeks.

We are in duty bound, we suppose, to begin with Parliament—that wonderful mountain which has produced so many mice.

It would be difficult, generally speaking, for the best-intentioned miracle-workers who ever filled a House of Commons, to satisfy the melo-dramatic expectations of the public when once they have been raised—as during the recess they are always sure to be—by rumour,

Upon whose tongue continual slanders ride;

and for the first three weeks of the session the universal rule of expecting very much from the deliberations of parliament, and realising very little, was not departed from.

But he only is wisely expectant who, instead of calculating probabilities, is always prepared for a surprise. Political events bear a very close resemblance to the tricks in a pantomime. Some change is, from the nature of the case, inevitable, but that assuredly will not happen which you have every reason to anticipate. Now, all the world were, last week, looking anxiously for the result of Lord Naas's motion, which wore an aspect so menacing to the existence of the administration; but the blow was delivered, fell short of its aim, and "the inevitable government," as Mr. Fox Maule called it, rode out the storm in triumph. A short-lived one, however, as the next four-and-twenty hours only too clearly showed. But before we speak of that which, though a week old, is still the subject of conversation, we must, in sporting phrase, "hark back" to the anticipations which heralded the session of 1852.

It was said, for instance, only a week before parliament met, and while the latest of the thousand-and-one cabinet councils was being held, that the "happy family" had become so seriously disunited, that all the owls and rats, and other noxious vermin, were to be turned out of the cage, and nothing left but respectable animals, whose steadiness of character offered a certain guarantee for the propriety of their conduct. But what was the fact? A monkey and a sloth were turned adrift, and the owls and rats still kept their places! A good deal of mischief, and some stupidity, were carted away; but quite enough of both was left to excite the apprehensions of the wise, and provoke the anger of the impatient. The substitutions were not so much amiss, but in only one instance did the "happy family," or the public, derive any advantage from the change. For the rest, it was all hocus-pocus; you looked for the pea under one thimble, and it turned up under another! So much for the expected cabinet changes.

Slight as they, however, were, they gave rise not only to the amusing episode which enlivened the first night's debate in the House of Commons,

but to the catastrophe which has brought the Whig epic so suddenly to an end.

In the recriminatory "explanations" which took place between the then premier and his ex-foreign secretary, it was broadly laid down by the former, that a properly-organised cabinet resembled nothing so much as Mr. Albany Brown's new Marionette Theatre, in which the actors—no matter how smart and independent they seemed—were utterly incapable of performing a single function till set in motion by a power over their heads, and that any puppet venturing to act upon its own responsibility, was doomed to an inevitable *fiasco* and its attendant disgrace. It was argued, on the other hand, by the ejected minister, that so far from being, as people supposed, a universal firebrand, he had clearly established his incontestible right to the title of a wet-blanket,—no brisk lucifer-match, but a quiet, sedate extinguisher; and he showed, in the most convincing manner, that—like the famous Monsieur Jourdain—he had, after all, the right to say: "Par ma foi, il y a plus de quarante ans que je fais du brouhaha sans que j'en susse; et je vous suis le plus obligé du monde de m'avoir appris cela."

The discussion was, on the whole, not so much a question of principles as of politeness, for both sides seemed bent upon proving that they had repudiated all their antecedents; and the only fact of any consequence elicited by it was, that statemanship and courtesy do not always go hand-in-hand:

"Non bene conveniunt, nec in unâ sede morantur."

After the men came the measures.

We will take the most notable amongst them—the new Reform Bill—a *réchauffé* of the old hash, converted into an *olla podrida*.

It was brought smoking to the table by the chief cook, and the wondering guests, who had somehow got an inkling that there was something in the dish to suit every palate, began to lick their lips, like Sancho at the wedding-feast of Camacho the Rich; but, though each got something, they also—like the hungry squire—were doomed to disappointment. The *chef*, after saying grace, took off the lid of the *olla*, and poured forth the contents.

First came the five-pound franchise, into which the Manchester men incontinently thrust their forks, as they no less eagerly did into the occupation franchise, and the forty-shilling tax-payer; but there was nothing else to their taste, and in vain they looked for universal suffrage and the ballot.

Then followed a bevy of newly-conglomerated boroughs, that came rolling out like dumplings, for which both Whigs and Tories immediately began to scramble; some burnt their mouths, others complained that what they got was cold; and the Conservatives found that *their* dumplings had nothing in them, and that all the plums were in the Cabinet pudding.

The majority of the Irish, and a few of the English gentlemen, whose appetites were keener than their tastes were delicate, made a rush at the "no-property qualification;" the friends of the Jews congratulated themselves on the oath-abolishing clause; Mr. Hume, and the out-and-out Reformers, with maws capacious enough to swallow anything, bolted the little borough of St. Alban's, and "ope'd their ponderous jaws" to take in

Harwich, Ipswich, and heaven knows how many more of the disfranchised by anticipation; but instead of crunching this agreeable food, they got nothing but the refuse of the *olla*, the warmed-up legs, wings, livers, and gizzards of all the obscene birds that were strangled by Schedule A, and tossed into the caldron of 1832, to be again fished out in the present year of grace, just twenty years afterwards.

And all the while the little man-cook kept rubbing his chin, and smiling as complacently as if he had turned out a dinner, irreproachable in every particular.

Such as it was, however, the various guests prepared to discuss the viands, when, like *Ariel* in the Enchanted Island, "enter Palmerston, like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table, and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes;" that is to say, the little man-cook disappears, with all his *marmitons*, leaving to others the task of ministering to the feast.

But before we let them go, let us give a God-speed to one of the party, with the earnest hope that he, at least, may never come back to have a finger in the Ministerial pie.

It was said of an eminent statesman that he possessed the art of so softening the pain of a refusal, as to make the disappointed applicant feel, when he withdrew, that he had received a boon. No man living, we will venture to say, ever fell into such a mistake who was a suitor at the Colonial-office while its destinies were swayed by the mild and conciliating nobleman, whom nothing but sheer force could ever remove from that department. The rule with him was, to confer a favour as if he were giving physic; you took it because you wanted it: but the way the dose was made up deprived the patient of all the benefit he might have derived from the medicine. The only wonder was, how, under such circumstances, men could be reduced to such a strait of misery as to seek for colonial appointments. What was your fate when you were nominated? Hampered with a load of instructions, as heavy and multifarious as the contents of the basket carried by Amine's porter in the Arabian Nights —you staggered under your burden, and damaged everybody who came in contact with them.

First you snubbed your colonists, and, having done so, found you had "exceeded your authority;" then you administered soft-sawder, and were told, in the next despatch, that "the dignity of her Majesty's government was compromised by inappropriate concessions;" then you took "a medium course," and were reproached with "indecision;" till, like the unlucky drummer in the story, *qui avait la main malheureuse*, you got bewildered altogether, struck right and left, now hard, now soft, without method or consideration, and then, perchance, you earned the approval of your chief —a fool's Paradise, which you enjoyed till your dream was broken by an ignominious recal.

This was the fate of the civil governor.

If you chanced to be a military man, trained in the best school of arms, and wearing the well-earned laurels of half a century of honourable and distinguished service, you were belaboured with military criticism by one

> That never set a squadron in the field,
> Nor the division of a battle knows
> More than a spinster.

And worse than this—though the cudgelling of "plumed ignorance" is

hard enough to bear—misrepresentation was added to censure, and every fault of home misgovernment was saddled upon the faithful but friendless servant.

But let us change this theme, which grows too sad,

and turn to something livelier.

Before we take leave of Parliament, a word must be given to its domestic arrangement. The "*restauration*" of the House (a word very much objected to by one of her Majesty's judges, who prefers the truly British expression, "a cook's shop," as more expressive) furnishes matter for a new version of the feud between "the belly and the members;" only in this case it is not the Members who quarrel with the belly, but with what they put into it, and the price they pay for the attempt to satisfy their appetites.

One honourable gentleman, who has probably gone as near the wind in the qualification-clause as it was possible to do, objects vehemently to the quality of his wine. It is neither dry nor mellow, neither nutty nor fruity, neither light nor full-bodied. It won't inspire him with eloquence, like the port Mr. Pitt used to drink. When he gets upon his legs after dinner, he finds he has nothing to say; and the only thing he recollects is, that what he drinks costs him six shillings a bottle, and isn't really worth half the money. Another honourable member makes "prandial orthodoxy" the theme of his discourse, and complains of most heterodox bills of fare on Fridays, suggesting that a certain "beef-and-mutton man" should be struck off the committee, and a well-known lover of stewed eels and *soupe-maigre* take his place, in order to prevent a Roman Catholic fast from too literally accomplishing that Church's intention. Finally, a noble lord, who appears to add the office of caterer to his other numerous employments, rises in his place, and instead of moving for leave to bring in a bill for providing for some legislative necessity, produces a bill of fare, the charges in which he gravely contrasts with those made at the Blue Posts, the Rainbow, the Coal Hole, and other polite places of post-prandial resort in London, proving to a demonstration that "two chops—one to follow," can be had "in that House" for the reasonable sum of one shilling; that eightpence covers the damage, there as elsewhere, of "one sassage, one mashed 'tater, one bread;" and that there really is nothing "infamous" in charging a fourpenny-bit for a "go" of gin.

These gastronomic difficulties discussed, the House addresses itself to other social questions. Light and heat, ventilation and decoration, come successively on the *tapis*. The intentions of Dr. Reid are held to be "wicked or charitable" according to the bias of the speakers; and, like the *Ghost* in "Hamlet," it is a moot point whether he brings "airs from heaven or blasts from hell." Others assail Sir Charles Barry with praise as well as blame, one party extolling the beauty of the mediæval embellishments, and another consigning all middle-age ornaments to perdition. The objectors are the most numerous. One member sees no advantage in substituting old lamps for new; another thinks that the lights would be better inside the House than out of it; a third inquires if it was the architect's design to brick up "strangers" as the mummy was bricked up which they lately found in the Speaker's dining-room; and a fourth

suggests, that if ladies are admitted to hear the debate, they ought not to be concealed behind a grating, like professed nuns or odalisques, but give the House at least the light of *their* countenances, if no light can be obtained from any other quarter. The alarmists muster in great force. Gentlemen are warned against sitting under the lamps, because they leak; and though it may be very advisable to throw oil upon an angry discussion, it is not quite so agreeable to have it poured over your best coat. The candelabra are described as worse than the sword of Damocles: that only threatened to drop; but these fall in real earnest, and find their way through the floor of the House, carrying with them any unfortunate member who may happen to be within their range. Mr. Hume is afraid of a heavy tumble if he ventures an incautious step—(we don't allude to his legislative efforts; they are past praying for)—on the polished marble and glazed tiles; and strangers have a great deal to say against the cold stone floors in Westminster Hall—the largest waiting-room in Europe, where forty or fifty "Saxons" are nightly compelled to stand for hours, "like so many felons in custody," till they can obtain admission into the gallery of that House from which all the members appear to be so desirous of escaping.

We have been long enough pent within the walls of St. Stephen's; let us change the air, and see what has taken place in other parts of the town.

And first, let us go to the Princess's Theatre, and see the Keans. Here, "King John" has been put on the stage in an admirable manner as regards costume and scenery, while John the King is better played by Charles Kean than he has been since King John Kemble quitted the stage.

One of the pleasantest things that has happened—except the downfal of the Whigs—has been the re-opening of the St. James's Theatre, with Mr. Mitchell's incomparable *troupe* of Parisian *artistes*. The French stage has produced many marvels of talent, even in our own time, but probably the most marvellous of all is that wondrous creature who is *still* called *Mademoiselle* Dejazet.

> Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
> Her infinite variety.

What she was a quarter of a century ago—all life, and fire, and wit, and sauciness—she still remains. Go to see her in the "Marquis de Lauzun," all ye who wish to know what it was that made society so entertaining in the reign of Louis XV. You have, in Dejazet's impersonation of the gay, reckless hero of the piece, a perfect transcript of a class with which, except at her hands, we are only familiar by tradition. How excellent, too, is the acting of Lafont! Would that our own stage could produce one like him!

But while we speak of those whose genius refuses to let them grow old, we must not forget that immortal evergreen, that tuneful laurel, the untiring Braham. Aged men were boys when he was in the zenith of his fame: when Nelson fell at Trafalgar, he sang the hero's monody; when our armies triumphed in the Peninsula, his voice rewarded those who could not share in the exploits of their fellow-countrymen; when, flushed with victory, the Duke at length returned, his were

the notes that loudest hailed the conqueror's return. And now—with the weight of fourscore years upon his shoulders—a feather-weight for him—"the veteran," as he is emphatically called, to distinguish him from other men, comes boldly forward, and—first assuring Mr. Stammers and the public that he is still "blessed with health and strength"—breaks forth in print to the tune of "The Soldier tired," as the prelude only to his more legitimate vocal exertions, and "dares again the field" at Exeter Hall; and so dares it, that those amongst his audience who hear him for the first time, inquire doubtingly who the young man is whose voice thrills them with so much pleasure; and when they are told that his name is Braham, go home under the agreeable impression that they have been listening to the wonderful tenor's great-grandson!

We can only account for the perpetual juvenility of Mademoiselle Dejazet and Mr. Braham by supposing that the lady has long been in the habit of wearing the Patent Cæstus—advertised, we believe, in the fly-leaves of this Magazine—which "preserves all the vital organs from pressure;" and that the gentleman refuses to indue his limbs in all other integuments save "Marshall's Idoneous trousers," which we are assured "can be worn without the aid of braces or straps," and have that "graceful flow over the boot," which, like peace of mind, a well-boiled potato, or a correct estimate, is "so seldom obtained, yet so much sought after."

It is, after all, to the daily advertisements we must turn for everything that is to bring either consolation or enjoyment. We have been threatened—by ourselves—with Invasion, for, to the best of our belief, the French have never given the subject a thought, beyond caricaturing the Panic in the *Charivari*—and, like the serpents' teeth sown by Cadmus, the numberless letters sent to the *Times*, are one and all redolent of armed men. Every hedgerow in Kent and Sussex bristles with belligerent hawbucks, cohorts of chaw-bacons encamp upon our commons, whole regiments of whapstraws lie in ambush in our chalkpits; the covers are alive with patriotic poachers! Woe to the French if once they expose themselves to our smockfrocked and gaitered Guerillas—if they come within range of the sharpshooters of Surrey, or oppose a front to the warriors of the Weald. There is nothing so easy as to convert a labouring and peace-loving population into a well-disciplined army; you have but to say the word, and the thing is done to your hand. If you doubt it, take up the first newspaper you meet with. What do you read there? "For seven guineas only"—the price is too ridiculously low to be worth a moment's consideration—you may equip yourself from top to toe in a bran-new rifle uniform, of visible or invisible green, *feuille morte*, or any sylvan shade you please; and for only "seven guineas" more, a weapon is put into your hands that will shoot round a corner, and with its conical—or comical—balls, hit everything you aim at, the safest objects to bring down being those entirely out of sight. There is, however, one piece of advice offered by the "Metropolitan Rifle Club" connected with these weapons, which we think somewhat superfluous. That body strongly impresses upon all other clubs throughout the kingdom the necessity for having only one *bore*. There was little need of this suggestion; the recommendation was a *fait accompli*—there is but "one bore" already, and that is the whole rifle-humbug itself.

Stock, lock, and barrel, it is as crying a nuisance as the converse of its own purpose, the peace-patter of Cobden. If we must have riflemen, let us organise them in true military fashion—let them be real soldiers, not amateur sportsmen—model them after the fashion of "the fighting division" in the Peninsula, and then we shall know how to give a good account of the enemy when it falls to our lot to deal with him.

Having settled the point about "consolation," let us see what the advertisements offer us in the way of "enjoyment."

Electro-biology is supposed by many not only to possess extraordinary virtues, but to exhibit vast attractions. Of its virtues, our opinion is about as exalted as Falstaff's idea of Dame Quickly's womanhood; and with respect to its attractions, when we can discover what pleasure there is in paralysing the functions of the weak, or in neutralising the faculties of those whose memory, will, and ordinary sensations have already been mpaired by disease, we shall be very happy to commend the new "science." Meanwhile we leave this "enjoyment" to that part of the community for whom Nature has no charms till she has first been exhausted and then galvanised.

We had hoped that the flea-bitten public had had enough of that kind of gratification, but it seems we were wrong. There is a certain individual, calling himself Herr Leirdersdorf, who announces the removal from one part of the town to another of "a cabinet" which, he says, "have gained for him so much renown." When these words first caught our eye, we paused admiringly. "Who is Herr Leirdersdorf?" we asked. "Is that a German designation—a *nom de guerre* of the penultimate Foreign Secretary?" He, we know, has just removed a Cabinet, and a good deal of what the world calls "renown" has accrued to him by the act; but Herr Leirdersdorf takes credit to himself—not for the removal, but the article removed, a thing quite out of the question. We must examine the matter a little closer. We do so, and then discover that the Cabinet he alludes to is a collection of "Russian fleas!" Every traveller north of the Vistula knows by fatal experience how easily such a collection may be made. The very first bed he sleeps in—no, not sleeps, that is impossible—lies down upon, in the dominions of the Czar, will convince him in less than five minutes that Russian fleas are no rarity, nor, unless he is strangely minded, will he count them among the paternal blessings diffused over that mighty empire. If questioned as to the legitimate uses of Siberia, the tortured traveller would unhesitatingly say that it was the proper place to which his midnight companions deserved to be banished; no hatred of his species could be strong enough to induce him to wish them further south. And yet the painstaking Leirdersdorf has actually taken the trouble to import a cargo of Russian fleas! How he accomplished his task we will not stop to inquire. Let us hope that when he did so, his motive was—to civilise them!

But in discussing the merits of this fashionable collection, we find ourselves on the threshold of that Emporium of Entertainment, "Saville House," in Leicester-square. We could scarcely have brought our homily more appropriately to a close than at a spot where the public can so readily forget what is not attractive elsewhere. Entrez donc, Messieurs et Dames. Happiness is cheap at a shilling!

THE

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AND

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THOMAS MOORE.

A spring now *he* is dead!—
Of what?—of thorns:
These may grow still, but, ah! what Spring beside!

The death of a great poet is felt as a national calamity; it sends a pang into every circle, and scarcely a family whose hearth does not seem for the time desolate. His name, cherished, loved, familiarly spoken, belonged to all, as that of a friend and brother. A thousand recollections are mixed up with his thoughts, which have been adopted, naturalised, repeated involuntarily by countless admirers, of whom, in his own secluded, peaceful retreat, the object of such fervent regard probably never dreamt. If this be the case with all the great authors whose fame is world-wide, how truly is it so with him whose death comes with the chilling winds of March.

As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or frost to flowers that their gay wardrobe wear
When first the white thorn blows—
Such, Lycidas, thy loss!

Moore the poet is dead! Why do we grieve so much to hear the knell, since it is merely a signal of peace after long suffering, a close of pain and sorrow—the last sound that ends a tale of lingering, wearing affliction? We should rather rejoice than mourn that the spirit which has, alas! too long hopelessly struggled to release itself from its earthly trammels, is free at last: but the word "Death" is so startling, so annihilating to Hope, that vainly we strive to suppress the painful sense of regret, but feel as if there had been no cause for mourning till now, although that eloquent tongue has long been mute—that melodious voice long silent, which, for more than half a century, breathed the very soul of music into the world we have lived in.

Yes—grief will have way.

We have paid his memory the tribute of our tears; let us endeavour now to do homage to his genius.

That genius shines forth under every possible aspect, changing its outward form with the varying impulses of the poet's career, but, in all its phases, ever true to itself. An outline of his life will assist us in carrying on our subject.

Thomas Moore was born on the 30th of May, 1780, in Aungier-street, Dublin, where his father carried on a small trade in spirits and grocery—a condition of life which the poet never thought to conceal or mystify, though he might have claimed the army as his progenitor's

profession, for his father, growing tired of a business which was not unremunerative, obtained a quartermaster's commission, and in that capacity "did the state some service." Of his parents, Moore always spoke in the most affectionate terms, and in the Preface to the "Collected Edition" of his works, he says: "At home, a most amiable father, and a mother such as in heart and head has rarely been equalled, furnished me with that purest stimulus to exertion—the desire to please those whom we, at once, both love and respect." Another record of his love for his mother—the holiest tie that links us to earth—is also to be found in those exquisite lines beginning, "They tell us of an Indian tree," which he wrote in a pocket-book in 1822. That he was not ashamed of his father's original calling, though he no doubt thought him above it, the following anecdote sufficiently testifies. When introduced by the Earl of Moira to the Prince of Wales, soon after the publication of his translation of "Anacreon," his royal highness inquired of the poet whether he were not the son of Dr. Moore, the author of "Zeluco?" "No, sir," replied Moore, without hesitation; "my father was a grocer in Dublin."

To the parents whom he thus loved and honoured, the poet was indebted for that inappreciable benefit, a good education. He was sent, in the first instance, to an excellent school, kept by a Mr. Whyte, who, thirty years before, had been the preceptor of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, —less advantageously to the pupil than in Moore's case—for after about a year's trial, the future "orator, dramatist, minstrel," was dismissed by his tutor as "an incorrigible dunce." Moore, however, was one of Mr. Whyte's favourite scholars—his "*show*-scholar," as he himself says; and the development of his poetic faculty received early encouragement from his master, who had a passion for private theatricals, and was a great writer of those happily exploded excrescences, called prologues and epilogues. Like Pope, Moore "lisped in numbers;" but he observes, "at what age I began to act, sing, and write, I am really unable to say." It must have been very soon, for he figures on the playbill of a private theatre, as an epilogue-writer, in the year 1790, and he tells us that he even thinks he had written something earlier than that. But he first appeared legitimately in print in the "Dublin Anthologia" of 1793, where he was welcomed as "our esteemed correspondent, T. M." In the following year he addressed a sonnet, in the same magazine, to Mr. Whyte, and — though these attempts are said to have promised no more than Byron's earliest efforts—thenceforward the poet's vocation was fixed.

From Mr. Whyte's school he was transferred to Trinity College, Dublin; the restrictions on the Roman Catholics, in whose faith the young poet was born, having been so far modified, in 1793, as to admit of his being "among the first of the young Helots of the land who hastened to avail themselves of the new privilege, of being educated in their country's university." Here he became an earnest student, but no less zealously did he worship the—not "thankless" muse, and after this guise: "It was, I think," he says, "a year or two after my entrance into college, that a masque, written by myself, and of which I had adapted one of the songs to the air of Haydn's Spirit-song, was acted, under our own humble roof in Aungier-street, by my elder sister, myself, and one or two other young

persons. The little drawing-room over the shop was our grand place of representation, and young ——, now an eminent professor of music in Dublin, enacted for us the part of orchestra at the pianoforte." But before he ventured on the "masque," he had trained himself to loftier flights than a tributary verse to his *quondam* schoolmaster; for the same year that witnessed the production of the sonnet to Mr. Whyte, saw also his first translation, or paraphrase, rather, of the Fifth Ode of Anacreon; and the praise which he received for this, and other versions of odes of the Bard of Téos, stimulated him to complete the translation, which gave the youthful poet his first *sobriquet*.

Moore remained at the university, diligently working at his labour of love, and, moreover, "hiving knowledge with each studious year," till 1799, when, at the age of nineteen, he left Ireland for the first time, and proceeded to London, "with the two not very congenial objects, of keeping my terms at the Middle Temple, and publishing, by subscription, my translation of Anacreon." Along these parallel, but widely dissimilar paths to fame, he could not have travelled far, as we hear no more of Themis, though much of the Muse; and the probability is, that he soon abandoned the law for the more "congenial" occupation of the poet, having succeeded, in 1800, in finding a publisher for the Anacreon. Moore's reputation was made at once by this production; scholars admired his learning and critical skill, and poets hailed another master of the lyre. *Il faisait fortune*, also, in society, where his sparkling wit and graceful verse made him an ever-welcome guest; and, befriended alike by Prince and Peer, he was soon *lancé* in the most brilliant circles. It was an intoxicating and dangerous world for one so young; and much, under the circumstances, may fairly be said in extenuation of the poems which he published, in 1802, under the assumed name of Thomas Little, the second *sobriquet* by which he was distinguished. In spite of the licence by which they were blemished, and for which no one, afterwards, was more sorry than himself—witness the alterations and omissions in the "Collected Edition"—there was so much of the real poetic fire in them, that his popularity, if not his fame, was greatly increased by their publication.

While it was in its zenith, the young poet, through the instrumentality of his kind friend, Lord Moira, received the appointment of registrar of prizes in the Bermudas; and for those beautiful islands he sailed in the *Phaeton* frigate, on the 25th of September, 1803. The memory of the shores

> Where Ariel has warbled, and Waller has stray'd,

has been embalmed by Moore in verse of exquisite sweetness, with all that fidelity which marks the hand of a master. Every poem that he has devoted to "the Summer Isles" is an absolute picture; the coral groves shine through the azure waves, the perfumed air breathes through the orange-bowers; the many-tinted birds people the lonely glades as vividly in the poet's lines as in Nature itself. We have Basil Hall's testimony to the exactness of Moore's descriptions of the scenery, and are ourselves in a position to vouch for their accuracy. For this, if for no other reason, the poet's visit to the Bermudas is ever freshly remembered there. There is one favourite haunt, where his name has been given to a fine old calabash-tree, which is the scene of more joyous *al fresco* meetings than any other spot in all the numerous cluster which make up the Summer Isles.

It lies on the eastern shore of the Bay of Walsingham, and imagination cannot picture a more delightful retreat when the sun is sinking in the west. High rocks, covered to the summit with thickets of fragrant cedar, and from whose interstices spring the graceful coffee-plant, make a barrier on that side; and beneath the rocks, groves of orange, and lemon, and pomegranate, interspersed with the broad-leafed banana, and the feathery palmetto, form a glowing border to the thick, elastic greensward, at one extremity of which rises "Moore's calabash-tree." At a short distance, the ripple of the sea breaks gently on the ear, and overhead is one expanse of purest blue. It is altogether a place

> For love to sigh in,
> For bards to live and saints to die in.

Of this tree Moore speaks in those exquisite lines to his friend Joseph Atkinson, beginning,

> 'Twas thus, in the shade of a calabash-tree,
> With a few who could feel and remember like me,
> The charm that, to sweeten my goblet, I threw,
> Was a sigh to the past, and a blessing on you.

In the preface to the second volume of the "Collected Edition," he adverts with much pleasure to the fact of his name being still a household word in "the remote Bermudas," and makes mention of one of the large shell-fruits of "the calabash-tree" which a young officer, quartered there some years ago, caused to be fashioned into a goblet, "tastefully mounted," with an appropriate inscription, and which he subsequently presented to the poet. But the bard has not added a fact which we happen to be aware of, his modesty preventing allusion to it, that on the brim of the goblet were engraved the well-known lines:

> Drink of this cup; you'll find there's a spell in
> Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality;

though, in a letter to the donor, he expressed his almost boyish delight at receiving this simple token of regard and respect, and earnestly invited his young friend to visit him at Sloperton, and "drink of this cup"—an invitation which, we suppose, was not neglected.

From Bermuda, after writing, amongst many others, those charming lines to Nea,

> Well, peace to thy heart, though another's it be,

which he embodied in his "Farewell," Moore proceeded to North America, leaving behind him a deputy, who, in after years, was doomed to "work him much annoy;" and, while on the St. Lawrence, gave to the world the celebrated "Canadian Boat-Song." There has been some controversy respecting the origin of this air; but, from a letter published in the *Times* a short time since, it would appear that the French have little right to claim it. The writer, Mr. Ellis, of Brighton, says: "I believe it is currently understood that the original of the music in question is Scottish; but I find it, in my copy of 'National Airs,' under the title of 'Canachon,' attributed to Avison, the Newcastle musician, who died in 1770. Probably Avison harmonised the ancient air, and hence it was affiliated upon him. The music of Avison's air possesses all the charm and character of the national melodies of Scotland."

On Moore's return to England, a storm of criticism on his "Odes and

Epistles" awaited him, headed by Francis Jeffery, with whom, in consequence, he fought the bloodless duel which Lord Byron afterwards satirised in his justly-provoked but indiscriminate onslaught. As a set-off to this criticism, Moore says he was also greeted by a letter from Stockholm, informing him that "the Princes, Nobles, and Gentlemen who composed the General Chapter of the most Illustrious, Equestrian, Secular, and Chapteral Order of St. Joachim" had elected him a knight of that Order. But he seems to have thought the honour of knighthood more damaging than the criticism, for he declined the one and defied the other; realising, in the end, two fast friends in his literary antagonist and noble satirist.

Having referred to Lord Byron, we shall slightly anticipate the period when their acquaintance began, to speak of the manner of it. It had its origin after a somewhat Irish fashion. On the 1st of January, 1810, Moore, finding himself aggrieved by an offensive passage in the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," addressed a letter to Lord Byron, demanding the retractation of an imputation under which no gentleman — and least of all an Irish one — permits himself to lie. Lord Byron had just left England for the shores which he immortalised in the two first cantos of "Childe Harold," and Moore's letter was entrusted for delivery to Mr. Hodgson; but it never reached the wandering bard until after it had been referred to in another phase of the correspondence between the two poets. A year and a half elapsed before Lord Byron returned to England, and, in the interim, Moore had taken upon himself "obligations, both as a husband and a father, which make most men—and especially those who have nothing to bequeath—less willing to expose themselves unnecessarily to danger." But he felt it due to himself to follow up his first request of an explanation, though, in doing so, he resolved upon adopting such a tone of conciliation as should not only prove his sincere desire for a pacific result, but show his entire freedom from any angry or resentful feeling in taking the step. The death of Lord Byron's mother delayed his purpose for a time; but as soon as decency permitted, he wrote, referring to his former letter, expressing some doubts of its having been forwarded, and re-stating the question in nearly the original words. Lord Byron, in his reply, disclaimed any intention of insulting Moore; and several letters passed between them, with a little more of the *aigre-doux* in them, on Lord Byron's part, than Moore altogether liked. However, he finally declared himself "satisfied;" and, upon this avowal, Lord Byron at once frankly reciprocated the advances made towards a more friendly understanding, and, through the medium of Mr. Rogers, a meeting was effected—in which Thomas Campbell participated—which established a friendship that was never broken. The narrative of this occurrence is told by Moore with the utmost impartiality and frankness, and the whole transaction reflects credit on both the parties concerned.

Although the "Irish Melodies," which placed Moore at the head of all modern lyrists, were commenced in 1807, it is not in that character that we purpose yet to speak of him, his earlier satirical effusions claiming precedence in the order of publication. He began, in 1808, with two short poems called "Corruption" and "Intolerance," and these were followed by "The Sceptic," all in "the stately, Juvenalian style of satire."

The vein was, however, too serious for one of Moore's lively temperament, and they met with little success; the poet, therefore, seized a lighter weapon, which he handled with a skill and efficiency that left him without a rival. "The Twopenny Post-bag," written under the pseudonyme of "Thomas Brown the Younger," was the first that appeared, to be followed at intervals by "The Memorial to Congress," and "The Fudge Family;" and never did satire more enliven "the town" than these productions.

Unrivalled in caricature, unapproached in lively sarcasm, unmatched in epigrammatic satire,—with wit, bright, sparkling, ready, and ceaseless, which sprang up at every moment when he turned towards the side of humour,—this part of his wondrous talent was always directed against meanness, injustice, untruth, and deceit, with an aim so unerring that every shaft told. Laughter irrepressible follows every phrase, every epithet, in these humorous poems, so well-placed, so telling, so comic, and so appropriate are his pictures; and it is little wonder that those who were galled by his arrows, should have tried to turn the tables against him by accusing him of ingratitude. But the charge was made in vain. In the days when "Punch" was not, Moore's pungent hits at "reigning" follies, delivered in brilliant verse, found an echo on every tongue, and did at the time what the pencil of Leech and the prose of his collaborators do now, showing at a glance the comic side of every event, and never failing to bring forth as vividly the ridicule appropriate to the subject. But against the accusation of ingratitude—as it relates to the then Prince Regent—Moore successfully defends himself. In what did the obligations consist which he owed to "Big Ben?" The acceptance of a dedication, two dinners at Carlton House, and an invitation to the great *fête* in 1811, where golden asses bore the salt, and fishes—before they were killed by late hours and claret—swam down the middle of the table. Moore admits that he was wrong in quizzing the absurdities which accompanied the prince's hospitality, but who shall accuse him of wrong in showing up the vices of one of the most sensual men who ever occupied a royal station?

Much of Moore's satire, however, though overflowing with wit, was harmless enough. Take, for instance, the portrait of the Mecænas of tailors, sung by a chorus of that long-suffering community:

> Some monarchs take roundabout ways into note,
> But His short cut to fame is—the cut of his coat;
> Philip's son thought the world was too small for his soul,
> While our Regent's finds room in a laced button-hole!

Moore hit the Regent harder than this, it is true, in "Tom Crib's Memorial," but then—the subject required it.

The leading characteristic of Moore's satire, after all, was fun. He revelled in it with all the keen sense of enjoyment which belongs to his country, and both the "Memorial" and "The Fudge Family" will long attest—the latter as long as fun is relished—the ludicrous aspect under which he presented his subject. Dynasties may change, revolutions subvert all previous forms of government, but the "race of Jack Sprats," as he facetiously calls the French, remains in all its essential absurdities unaltered. The "old counts sipping beer in the sun" are not, perhaps,

so numerous on the Boulevards of Paris at the present day as they were at the time Moore wrote, but even now there is no lack of them; and as for the Boulevards themselves, there they are, with their "houses of all architectures you please;" there is still the same

——— mixture of bonnets and bowers,
Of foliage and frippery, *fiacres* and flowers;

and "if one loves the romantic," one still

——————————— sees
Jew-clothesmen, like shepherds, reclin'd under trees.

The costume may vary a trifle, but the Parisians continue the same gay, frivolous, "half-savage—half-soft," people, as Moore painted them five-and-thirty years ago,—and his sketch will be true to the end of time.

As for their cooks, they, fortunately, can never change. Nor is the other side of the question only a picture of the past, a mere dissolving view. We go to Paris quicker than we did, and give ourselves airs as if we knew all about it; but the "parfait Anglais" very much resembles Bob Fudge, and as for the Miss Biddys, they are—by the latest accounts —as rife as ever.

If we want "fun" of another kind, we have only to turn to the "Satirical and Humorous Poems," which Moore every now and then launched in the *Times* and *Morning Chronicle*. Mr. Roger Dodsworth, "The Sleeper of Ages," and substitute for Lord Eldon; "The Three Doctors;" "Saint Butterworth;" "The Brunswick Club;" "The Boy Statesman;" "The Song of Old Puck;" and the "Grand Dinner of Type and Co.," are amongst the number that crowd on our recollection as we write; of these, each is as good as the other, and all are brimful of wit and "malice," as the French understand the term.

But however amusing the satirical verse of Moore, we must not suffer it to detain us any longer from his highest attributes as a poet.

As early as the year 1797, when Moore was only seventeen, the desire arose within him to wed the Melodies of his native land to words that should tell the stranger not only what was her hidden wealth of music, but what were her griefs, her sufferings, and her aspirations. Political feeling, kindled by the enslaved condition of Ireland, and fanned by the eloquence of Robert Emmet, and other enthusiastic young men of that day, influenced the poet's design even more fully than the desire to cultivate his art; for the first expression of the sentiments which he afterwards embodied in his undying verse was, he confesses, of a very different character.

"Though fully alive," he says, "to the feelings which such music could not but inspire, I had not yet undertaken the task of adapting words to any of the airs; and it was, I am ashamed to say, in dull and turgid prose that I made my first appearance in print as a champion of the popular cause."

But the thought once implanted in his mind, that he should one day be the minstrel of his country, the voice of her sorrow and her wrong, had taken too deep a root to be abandoned, and in about ten years from the period we have just spoken of, the intention assumed a real and practical form. It was in 1807 that Power, the music-publisher, who

earned his share of fame—and, we are glad to add, of fortune—by the transaction, put forth the announcement that Sir John Stevenson had undertaken the arrangement of the national airs of Ireland, and that, "in the poetical part," he (Power) had "promises of assistance from several distinguished Literary Characters, particularly from Mr. Moore, whose lyrical talent is so peculiarly suited to such a task."

Whoever the distinguished literary assistants might have been, whom Mr. Power did not mention, they appear to have wisely declined from competing with one who was now in his real element, and who showed in the first number of the publication that the "Irish Melodies" must henceforth be inseparably associated with the name of Moore. It has been asserted by a critic in a recent and, on the whole, an impartial notice of the poet's works, that the "Irish Melodies" are "declining in popular estimation," and that they are "not particularly Irish." We very much question the fact of there being any decline of "popular estimation," for the sale of the "Melodies" has, we believe, no jot abated of the steadiness which made them "Household Words" from their very outset; and, as to the quality of the verse, if it be not to all intents and purposes "Irish," we should be glad to know what it is? In what category are we to place "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls," "Though the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see," "Let Erin remember the days of old," "Like the bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane," "Though dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them," and twenty more that we could instance in a moment? True popularity is not to be measured by the public appetite for novelty. If the fashion of the hour were the sole test of poetic excellence, Mr. Bunn's last *libretto* would qualify that gentleman to take the *pas* of all the lyrists who ever lived, from Anacreon and Tyrtæus down to Burns and Béranger.

The critic whom we have alluded to, says further: "The strong probability is, that 'When Willie brewed' and 'Poor Tom Bowling' will be in the full tide of their popularity and every-day use, when 'Rich and rare' and 'Oh, breathe not his name' will be unsung and forgotten." We are not, for our own parts, in the habit of hearing either "Willie" or "Tom Bowling" made musical or unmusical in society or elsewhere, and think that as far as such illustrations are to the purpose, both Burns and Dibdin have had their day as well as Moore; but the real question is, What survives? Ask a lady to sing you a song, giving her free choice, and "the strong probability is," not that she will burst forth with "Scots wha ha'e," or "Remember thee! yes, while there's life in this heart," but that she will favour you instantaneously with "Trab, trab;" or, peradventure, an Ethiopian melody, because such things have their "full tide" of "popularity," as well as immortal verse. No! the voice of Song, when once it has been freed, can never again be mute, and the melodies of Moore have left an echoing chord in every breast that has once been awakened to their charm! How could it be otherwise with one, of whom an able writer in the *Athenæum* (No. 1272) has thus truly said: "The Irish melodist has his own place, his own pedestal, his own posterity—which will endure so long as any musicians in our land love eloquence and imagination, passion, and fancy." When these qualities are no longer appreciated, Moore—or Burns or Béranger, will be forgotten, but not till then!

Other poets may have shown greater power, greater correctness, greater sublimity in their more sustained flights, but to none was ever given so full a gift of sweetness, none ever possessed a fascination of numbers, able

——to take the charmed soul
And lap it in Elysium,

equal to the author of the "Irish Melodies."

Byron,

The grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme,

ruled the world of poetry in his day; but Moore charmed Byron, and there exists no true worshipper of Song—not one who is capable of feeling the miraculous and indefinable power of melody, who has not trembled

To his heart's core—nay, to his heart of hearts,

beneath the passionate emotions conjured by the winged words of the "Bard of Erin," sent forth from his own fervent soul—as a bird sings in early summer—because he cannot control the overflowing torrent of music within him.

When Moore sang his own songs—and we have often heard him in days now long gone by, though the memory of that time is still "green in our souls"—the effect he produced on his hearers was such as to realise the tales of minstrels in the days of old, whose power could stir the inmost recesses of the heart—inspire to war, to daring deeds, excite love, hatred, contempt, revenge, or tenderness, as the mood might be: now, like another Taillefer, urging to the fight, now wailing the woes of his country, and melting the coldest hearts to tears; now withering the treacherous and the proud with scornful words that stung like aspics; then, soft as summer dew, sighing of love as none beside could sigh or sing! Who does not remember the enchanting tenderness that won them in "I'd mourn the hopes that leave me;" the glow of friendship that was awakened when he sang, "And doth not a meeting like this make amends;" the passionate sorrow excited by "Remember thee! yes, while there's life in this heart;" the patriotism roused by "Erin, O Erin;" the sense of abasement caused by "Weep on, weep on, your hour is past;" or the shudder of contempt he could not repress in listening to the blighting words:

Go, go; 'tis vain to curse,
'Tis weakness to upbraid thee;
Hate cannot wish thee worse
Than guilt and shame have made thee!

who, too, has not wept when "Oh, breathe not his name!"—suggested by a passage in Robert Emmet's dying speech was heard, or failed to share the grief enshrined in the supposed "Appeal of the Irish peasant to his mistress"—in reality, the illustration of the Prince Regent's desertion of his political friends, which Byron told Moore was "one of the best things" he ever wrote?

We might multiply such questions till "the crack of doom."

The "Melodies" once begun, extended eventually far beyond the original limit, and to the "National Airs" of other countries besides Ireland; have been married to words that bring back the sweetest associa-

tions whenever they are breathed. Need we mention "All that's bright must fade," "Flow on, thou shining river," "Oft in the stilly night," "Peace be around thee!" "Take hence the bowl," or the "Farewell to Theresa"? These songs—save in the individual feeling which made the others Irish—are as popular as any of their predecessors.

But, while engaged on this "labour of love," the poet was not unmindful, that to acquire a right to that title in its most exalted sense, he must compose a work complete in itself, by the authorship of which alone posterity might have the right to judge him; and silently and assiduously he set about storing his mind with that lore, with whose illustration his own bright fancy and graceful imagery so readily allied themselves. "Impelled far more by the encouraging suggestions of friends than by any confident promptings of his own ambition," he chose, in 1812, an Oriental subject; and in "Lalla Rookh" produced a poem, which, for its truthfulness of description, its exquisite sweetness of versification, its tenderness and its fire, and—more than all—for its perfect identification with the tone and colour of Oriental poetry, has never been surpassed, even by those native bards of the East, who have left us their thrilling tales of Leila, of Zuleikha, and of Shireen. Twenty separate editions of "Lalla Rookh" attest alike the success of the poet and the well-placed confidence in his fame of the liberal purchasers of the poem. Moore says himself, that for this work he received "three thousand guineas;" but, it has been added, "conditionally—on a certain number of copies being sold within a given time." Moore appears to have forgotten the precise amount, and the qualifying clause is not true; the publishers of "Lalla Rookh," Messrs. Longman and Co., having written only the other day to the *Times*, to say that the sum paid was 3000*l.*, and that there were "no conditions." So thoroughly had Moore established his reputation as a poet of the first order by the "Melodies," that the world was fully prepared for that which should crown his fame; and, while "Lalla Rookh" was in progress,—it was not finished till towards the end of 1816—he received a tribute more flattering, if not more satisfactory, than the "thousands" of Messrs. Longman. It came from the poet who held, and still holds, the highest place amongst the modern bards of England, and was conveyed in the dedication of "The Corsair." With what right Byron predicted the success of "Lalla Rookh," its extraordinary sale rapidly justified; and not its sale only, but its reproduction in other languages besides that of the clime where the scene of the principal episode, "The Fire-worshippers," is laid; for it is no less strange than true, that the poem was—in part, if not wholly—translated into Persian!

Moore had been resident at Mayfield Cottage, near Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, during the years which he had given to the composition of the "Melodies" and "Lalla Rookh;" but, in 1817, he removed to Sloperton, near Devizes, where, a quarter of a century afterwards, he closed his earthly career. In that year, while in "the true holiday mood," which is one of the rewards of successful labour, he accepted the invitation of his friend, Mr. Rogers, to accompany him to Paris, to make acquaintance with that gay capital, and renew the friendship of earlier years, at Donnington, with the amiable and estimable head of the house of Orleans. The "professional" result of Moore's visit to Paris was the "Fudge Family," which proved so attractive to the English public, that

for some time, in the race of successive editions, it kept pace with "Lalla Rookh."

It was, as we have already seen, a characteristic of Moore to identify himself completely, in his poetry, with the places of which he wrote. Every inch of his own "green Erin" is hallowed by his verse; the cedar groves of Bermuda, and the surges of "Utawa's tide," live in the lines which he has devoted to them; and in like manner, the "Rhymes on the Road," which were written in 1819, on his way to Italy, freshly recal their respective localities, and no traveller in Switzerland, who has entered by the Jura pass above La Vattay, can ever forget his vividly-coloured sketch of the glorious Lake of Geneva, and the magnificent mountain scenery that lies beyond it. Still less can be forgotten the burst of indignation, while in the region of the fatally charming visions of Rousseau, which haunts the memory amongst the bowers of Julie, with a counteracting influence more salutary to English morals than complimentary to French taste. But Moore, "whate'er the frowning zealots say," was always true and loyal to morality; for his passion and his glowing thoughts were merely natural, if imprudent. Without vice or sophism, without hypocrisy or undermining semblance of purity, he was, in reality, the gay flower he seemed; of "the serpent under it" he was totally ignorant. The wild fancies of his early youth, expressed in words too warm and alluring, were soon calmed down, and all their beauty remained, without the first alloy which his boyish exuberance of feeling had failed to fine away.

Moore's journey to Italy was memorable in many respects; he was again housed with Byron, and gladdened by his closest intimacy—and the verses which he wrote had in them the "prophetic strain" of the true Vates. The lines which he addressed to Lord John Russell, and the anticipations which he indulged in with reference to the future course of the Duke of Wellington, as clearly foreshadow the future as any of the "Sortes Virgilianæ."

It was on his return from Rome, and while still in Italy, that Moore received the unwelcome intelligence that the defalcations of his deputy in Bermuda, who alone had reaped all the profits of the appointment, rendered him liable to a body of American claimants to the amount of six thousand pounds. It was necessary to negotiate the reduction of this almost impossible sum for a poet to pay; and, pending the arrangement, with that manliness and strong feeling of independence which always distinguished him, Moore set to work at once to raise the money by his own unaided exertions. Not that he wanted friends; on the contrary, assistance was generously proffered from several quarters; but with a particular exception, which he felt he could not refuse, he devoted himself to the task of satisfying his Transatlantic creditors. To accomplish this object with the greater facility, he fixed his abode near Paris; and, though he met with some disappointments, two literary projects on which he had calculated for raising money having been foiled, he finally struck a new chord of his lyre, and it elicited a golden sound. The negotiation had dragged, and it was not till the month of September, 1822, that the *ultimatum* as to the amount of payment was accepted; it was then found to be reduced to a thousand guineas, of which sum three hundred pounds was advanced by the uncle of the delinquent deputy and a friend of his, and the re-

mainder "a dear and distinguished friend" of the poet begged to be allowed to deposit. "The Loves for the Angels" and "The Fables for the Holy Alliance" enabled Moore promptly to repay the advance, and leave him with a handsome balance at his banker's.

With the exception of occasional verse, such as the political squibs which he sent to the papers—the songs which he strung together in "The Summer Fête" and the "Evenings in Greece," "The Fudges in England," and a few stray poetical fragments which forced their way like plants that *will* spring from the crevices of rocks—the poetical career of Moore offers nothing to his literary biographer. As the author of the "Life of Sheridan," of "The Epicurean," of Byron's "Life and Works," of "The Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion," of the "Memoirs of Captain Rock," of the "Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald," and of the "History of Ireland," he acquired a reputation more or less commensurate with his distinguished abilities.

Thus, then, our too-imperfect notice of Thomas Moore is ended. A century can produce but one such man, and few centuries have been rich as that which he adorned in glorious names fit to be his contemporaries. Of the dazzling trinity which shone the brightest, we have just seen and mourned the last.

THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

A TALE IN VERY FREE RHYME, TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF H. HEINE.*

By John Oxenford.

So far Mahâwasant's realm extends,
With Siam, half India it comprehends,
Twelve kings—and one's the Mogul call'd Great—
Pay tribute to this potentate.

Each year, to the sound of the trumpet and drum,
With tribute to Siam the caravans come;
Some thousands of camels, all high-backed,
Bring in the best produce, carefully pack'd.

And when the laden beasts he sees,
The sight his heart doth secretly please;
Though often in public he's heard to complain,
His rooms are too narrow such wealth to contain.

But yet his treas'ries are so wide,
Such monuments of royal pride,
That here reality exceeds
What in "Arabian Nights" one reads.

The "Castle of Indra" they name the hall,
And here the gods are station'd all;
Statues of gold—all chisel'd finely,
Inlaid with diamonds, most divinely.

* It is from his newest book, "Romanzero."

Their number is thirty thousand at least,
Their shape is a mixture of man and beast;
Their heads are many—their hands are many,
And uglier figures you never saw any.

All who've seen the "purple hall" have wonder'd,
With its coral-trees full thirteen hundred;
A scarlet forest here they rise
With twisted boughs, like palms in size.

The flooring is of crystal clear,
Wherein reflected the trees appear.
Gay-feather'd pheasants here are seen,
All hopping about with the gravest mien.

The fav'rite ape of the mighty king
Wears on his neck a silken string,
On which is hung the key to the door
Of the room where majesty loves to snore.

There—there are jewels of greatest worth,
Plenty as peas upon humble earth.
There piled-up diamonds meet the gaze,
Large as the eggs which a pullet lays.

On pearl-fill'd sacks, of canvas grey,
The king his limbs is wont to lay;
His fav'rite ape lies by his side,
And there they snore in all their pride.

But, oh, of all his royal treasures,
Of all the sources of his pleasures,
There's nought delights Mahâwasant
So much as his white elephant.

To build a palace was the least
He thought he could do for the stately beast;
The roof is inlaid with gold, and rests
On pillows topp'd with lotus-crests.

Three hundred troopers at his gate
Are posted, as his guard of state;
While at his feet a hundred blacks
Upon him wait, with well-bent backs.

To tempt his trunk sublime, they hold
The choicest bits on plates of gold;
Huge silver buckets then they take,
Fill'd with spiced wine, his thirst to slake.

They salve him with amber and otto of roses,
They deck his head with choicest posies;
The costliest Cashmere shawls are spread
As carpets, whereon his feet may tread.

A life of bliss he has surely got—
But, who's contented with his lot?
The noble beast—why, none can say—
To melancholy is a prey.

The white and interesting creature,
With sorrow written on each feature,
Stares on his wealth. Without avail
They try to cheer him—all means fail.

In vain the Bayaderes have sung
And danced—in vain the trumpet's tongue
Has spoken—the musicians can't
Please, any how, this elephant.

Daily the case gets to worse from bad;
Daily Mahâwasant grows more sad.
At last he calls before his throne
An astrologer—(the wisest one).

"Stargazer, off your head shall fly"—
Thus speaks his gracious majesty—
"Unless, by your wisdom, you can find
What weighs upon my fav'rite's mind."

Thrice falls the seer before the throne,
At last he says, in a solemn tone,
"O king, the truth I mean to speak,
So what you please upon me wreak.

"There dwells in the North a stately *she*,
With body white as white can be;
Your beast, I grant, is a treasure rare,
But with *her* in the North he can't compare.

"By *her*, he would seem but a mouse in size,
While *she* would strike the wond'ring eyes,
Like Bimha the Big (in the Ramayana),
Or Ephesus' idol, the great Diana.

"Her ample mass forms a noble frame
Of the finest build—she supports the same
On—oh, such legs!—each seems a pilaster
Of the very whitest alabaster.

"She's a cathedral most colossal,
Of which Dan Cupid's the apostle;
The lamp that lights this tabernacle
Is a heart that sin could never shackle.

"Poets seek images of brightness,
To illustrate her dazzling whiteness;
But none succeeds—do what he will,
Not even Gautier (Théophile).

"The Himalaya snows appear
Dark ashy grey, when she is near;
The envious lily, which she touches,
Turns yellow in her gentle clutches.

"Countess Bianca is the name
And title of this vast white dame:
She dwells in France—in a town call'd Paris—
Your elephant's heart she with her carries.

"'Twas through some wonderful affinity,
He saw, in dreams, this fair divinity;
In dreams this high ideal form
Took his unhappy heart by storm.

"One sense of longing his health destroys,
And *he*, who seem'd only born for joys,
Is turn'd to a Werter—poor quadruped —
With a northern Charlotte in his head.

" Though he ne'er has seen her, his passion's serious
(This sympathy is a thing mysterious!)—
And in the moonlight he's heard to sigh,
And sing, 'I'd be a butterfly!'

" In Siam we have his body alone,
His soul to Bianca, in France, is gone;
This parting of body and soul—no question—
Is a frightful cause of indigestion.

" For dainties he has no taste, I tell ye,
He lives upon Ossian and vermicelli;
His cough sounds ugly, his bones grow bare,
His grave is dug by his bosom's care.

" To save this wonder of mammalia,
Ev'ry attempt will prove a failure,
Unless to Paris, with all speed,
You send the noble invalid.

" When she, whom he loved as an ideality,
Shall stand before him in reality,
She whom in dreams he saw so often,
The anguish of his heart 'twill soften;

" When on him her eye shall dart its ray,
'Twill melt the care of his soul away,
Her lovely smiles will from their nest
Scare the shadows that haunt his troubled breast.

" Yes, her sweet voice, like a magic song,
Will stop that tumult now so strong;
He'll prick up his ears with sheer delight,
And seem another creature—quite.

" The folks are happy, gay, and witty,
On the banks of the Seine, in that Frankish city;
Your Elephant there will get civilisation,
Besides a world of gratification.

" But, above all, great king, be heedful
To fill his coffer with the needful;
And let him a letter take with it,
To Rothschild *frères*, in the Rue Lafitte.

" A letter of credit for—let me see,
Yes—a million of ducats it ought to be.
Then the baron will say, 'Deny it who can,
This Elephant is a gentleman.'"

Thus spake the seer, and, in a trice,
Fell down before his master thrice,
Who sent him off with abundant treasure,
Then stretch'd himself out to reflect at leisure.

He thought and he thought all sorts of things—
(This thinking is wondrous hard with kings!)—
The ape his usual station kept,
As he thought and thought till at last he slept.

Some other time I must end my tale—
There's something wrong with the Indian mail;
The last advice that came to hand,
Travell'd through Suez, overland.

PICTURES OF MY BARRACK LIFE.

BY A GERMAN SOLDIER.

CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER removing, by some very necessary ablutions, the Hottentottian integument of soil and exsudation in which I was enveloped, I donned a uniform of interdicted quality, there being no lurking colonel in the way, and sallied forth to seek my faithful Dose. Though I received no information as to his whereabouts, I felt pretty sure of my man, for he had of late been seized with a violent fit of poetical delirium, and I entertained no doubt that if I followed up his windings of the forest brook, I should ere long discover him stretched out at full length upon its bank, and invoking the aid of its soul-inspiring genii to the happy deliverance of his parturient brain; nor was I deceived. Under an oak at the bottom of a bosky dell, where the brook expanded into a miniature lake, lay the long and lanky figure of Mr. Sergeant Dose. His head was uncovered, and resting upon his outstretched arm, and in his hand he held *his* book. When I say *his* book, I mean his book *κατ' ἐξοχην*; not, indeed, one of his own production, but his everlasting *vade mecum*, a book which was as necessary to him on his rambles as his shako on parade. This favourite volume was entitled "The History of the fair Magellone; a Sentimental, Provençal, Mediæval Romance" (a name from which a pretty accurate estimate of its merits may be inferred), whose thrilling pages the poetical sergeant had often declared he would do into verse; an intention as yet, thank Heaven! unfulfilled, but still included among the items of that vast prospectus of literary labours which he had chalked out for himself, and which, if a moiety of it were ever completed, would have put him in a fair way of rivalling the amazing fecundity of the celebrated Meistersänger Hans Sachs, who, besides the innumerable *yards* of verses which, by the rules of the Meistersänger's corporation, he was obliged to furnish to the trade, found leisure, whilst cobbling shoes at Nuremberg, to compose upwards of six thousand poems of all sorts and sizes—from the slaughterous epic of a dozen books, to the simpering sonnet of as many lines. But Dose's productions were for the most part of a less tangible nature; and though he frequently talked of his future literary labours, the fruits of them existed only in the spacious fields of his imagination. Only once had the arms of the Printer's Devils been troubled by any of the workings of his brain; and that, his first and only finished lucubration, was in the shape of a charade, which the *General Advertiser* of Erfurt, in lack of better matter, gave to the world in all the magnificence of print.

Ever since that memorable day, when first he styled himself "an author" (by the way, he still keeps the paper in his pocket, and peruses it about once a week), he had a hankering after the society of *beaux esprits*, and loudly lamented the dearth of poetical and literary talent among those with whom he associated; but did not any the less for that cease in his laudable endeavours to improve our melancholy want of taste, by reading aloud any poetical fragment, however monstrous an abortion it might be, to which he had the happiness of giving birth.

He was now at his usual occupation, and, as I approached, I observed a melancholy cast about his features, from which I inferred that the weary Nine had turned a deaf ear to all his invocations, and had given him a positive "not at home."

After regarding me for a moment with a desponding look, in a low and dejected tone of voice he commenced a little hortatory expostulation.

"It is a very melancholy thing," he said, "that you do so little honour to my guardianship, or profit so little by all the care I bestow upon you. Instead of being a pattern of regularity, you are perpetually engaged in some scatter-brained exploit; and, instead of being a model of discipline, you are always getting into arrest, or coming so close upon its verge that your escape seems a miracle; or, to express myself more elegantly, it is a most deplorable circumstance that the sword of Damocles should be always suspended above your head."

"Yes, my dear Dose," said I, trying to cheer him up by the use of a figure of speech, "I am truly sorry that the steps to the Temple of Fame form so perilous an ascent, that my awkward feet are always making some false step. But I assure you that last night I was not to be blamed. What could we do? Surely we could not continue our watch, when all that we had been set to watch was taken away."

"Well, this time, perhaps, it is difficult to say anything. The sergeant of the watch must always walk upon the edge of an abyss, which is concealed from his view by gigantic thistles. It reminds me of a passage in one of my poems, which you will remember; it begins with——"

"For Heaven's sake, my dear Dose, no poetry! Tell me rather what has produced the sadness that sits upon your brow."

With a languid movement of the hand, he invited me to take a place beside him, and when I had stretched myself out upon the verdant moss, he thus began his verbose narration:

"You now find me sunk in thought upon the poetry of life; there is much that is poetical in every part of our career, but it is a mournful thing that there are so few persons able to discover and appreciate it, or how much happier would not the world be! I was just reflecting upon my own birth and baptism, which events, poetically enough, happened a few weeks after my parents' marriage. Now, why had I the misfortune to be born in North Germany, where, in certain provinces, the inhabitants have an unhappy rage for calling at least one out of ten children 'Friedrich Wilhelm,' while, of the remainder, five will be sure to be christened 'Friedrich,' and the other four 'Wilhelm,' either alone or coupled with another name? That is how I had the misfortune to get the unpoetical name of Friedrich Dose, which has lately been a source of infinite annoyance to me. Could they not just as well have called me Maximilian, or Emil, or, after the great general, Eugene? Only think, 'Eugene Dose'—how fine! I have often thought of changing this inharmonious name for another, but I was restrained by a fear lest vulgar minds might call it ridiculous and affected. However, the other day I hit upon a practicable plan. Though it might seem strange if I were to call myself Eugene Dose, or Leopold Dose, yet no exception can be taken to my changing Friedrich into its equivalent in another language. So I went, a day or two ago, to the garrison library, and there, with the help of the schoolmaster, I turned over a few dictionaries.

Now, the English is Frederick, but I won't have that, for it is too much like Friedrich; and the French Frédéric has become too common, by coming after the 'Œuvres Postumes' of our old Fritz. The Hebrew is Solomon, a sonorous name, but then people might take me for a Jew; so at last I fixed upon the Russian—Russian, my dear B., that is the tongue for me. I assure you that, in Russia, setting the knout aside, there is much that is highly poetical. Do you know how magnificent a sound Friedrich has in Russian? It is Feodor—not Fedor, remember, but Feodor. That is a name worthy of being assumed by me; so pray do me the favour to address me for the future as Feodor Dose."

I was excited beyond measure at such an exuberant display of poetical genius, but repressing the intensity of my feelings, which, if unrestrained, would have produced a convulsive explosion—the more appropriate accompaniment of a broad comedy than the elevated oration just delivered—I assumed a mock-heroic air, and, addressing him as Mr. Sergeant Feodor Dose, in as lofty and bombastical a style as I could, complimented him upon his admirable taste in the selection of a name, and hoped that the change, in all its sublimity, might be duly appreciated by the world at large. My speedy acquiescence in his new conceit rendered him even more loquacious and diffuse than before. But though he might have rivalled Queen Scheherazade in inexhaustibility, he by no means equalled her in her power of permanently retaining the attention of her auditor; and if he had ever been placed in a position similar to that of the Arabian queen, I am afraid he would have had but a poor chance of outliving the first or second night.

After listening for a while to his ambagatory galimatias, its wearisome tameness began to cloy my appetite; so, under colour of a wish to avoid interrupting his poetical incubations, I left him to proceed with his rhapsodical ruminations, whilst I sauntered down the bank of the rivulet. After meandering for a while down its many length, I lighted on a little rustic bridge, at the opposite side of which stood a gate leading into Graf Lieginditsch's park.

The refreshing verdure and shady trees within its pleasant precincts offered a striking contrast to the brown and sunburnt heath on which I stood, and naturally enough provoked a desire in my mind of deriving more gratification from its amenity than could be obtained by a mere outside peep. The gate, too, stood wide open, and I did not discover any menacing board denouncing the utmost rigour of the law against all trespassers, so I thought I could not be guilty of any serious misdemeanour if I were to enter and take mine ease for a while amidst its sylvan shades; at the worst, it could be but a venial offence, to be punished by receiving a speedy elimination at the hands of some ungentle gardener. Self-assured by arguments like these, I crossed the Rubicon, and stood within the count's demesne. With much content I lingered amidst the shadows of its wide-spreading elms, or strolled along its clean-swept walks, till I stumbled on a spot where an arm of the brook had been conducted into the park to fill a spacious marble basin, evidently intended to serve as a bath. It was effectually screened from the vulgar view by a dense circumvallation of yew, through the tangled interlacements of which not a ray of light could possibly permeate, the only entrance being through a little doorway cut out of this verdant wall. Whether it arose

from the oppressive sultriness of the summer air, or the placid sparkling of the water in its brilliant basin, or a combination of both these causes, I cannot tell, but I had no sooner entered within this fairy ring than I was seized with an irresistible desire to take a bath. Unfortunately, it was never in my nature to think twice over a tempting scheme, or accurately to balance the pro's and con's with some pleasant project to the fore; so I incontinently bolted the door, and, undressing in a trice, straightway began to disport myself amidst "the wavelet's silver foam." Luxuriating in the refreshing coolness of the water, and the fragrance of the air, which was redolent of roses, and entertained by the ariette of the nightingales, who were tuning their throats for the night's performance, I lingered long within the seductive circle, rolling about like a frolicsome porpoise, or, like the earth-shaker, Poseidon, annihilating and dispersing to every wind mighty armadas of fallen rose-leaves. All unexpectedly, my aquatic gambols were brought to an abrupt termination by the sound of voices outside my sanctum. I started out of the basin, and listened anxiously. Yes, by the powers! voices there were most indubitably, seemingly advancing upon me, and, *gerechter Himmel!* I recognised among them that of our adjutant—an austere and inexorable minion of De Foe's, rejoicing in the mellifluous name of Hönigthauicht (which may be Anglicised into Honeydewy). I hastily jumped into the most indispensable portions of my dress, that I might at any rate avoid making my *début* in *puris naturalibus* before the inmates of the Schloss; but the sinuosities of the walks, and the leisurely pace at which they were proceeding, gave me ample time to complete my toilette, and a moment for reflection into the bargain.

What should I do? escape was impossible. I should inevitably be recognised by the adjutant. Ah! I have it. I unbolted the door, and lying down upon the brink of the basin, feigned to be asleep. By this stratagem, I calculated upon avoiding the first irate glances which would probably follow my discovery, so that their edge would be taken off the acrimonious weapons I should have to encounter, and I should likewise gain a clearer insight into the state of affairs, and be enabled to shape my course accordingly. As they approached, I heard them conversing about the newly-constructed bath, and its various recommendatory conveniences; from a conversation on, they naturally proceeded to an inspection of, its merits, and, with uneasy bodements, I heard their steps draw near. The door was opened by an elderly gentleman of considerable obesity, with a rubicund face and a jovial look that corresponded well with his portly figure. He advanced a step or two into the intermediate space, and then halting, with a slight movement towards his rear, exclaimed, "Ah! what have we here?"

At this exclamation, uttered in a high tone, the rest of the company came forward, talking rather loudly, so that I was constrained, for appearance sake, to shake off my simulated slumber, and boldly face the enemy. As my evil genius would have it, I opened my eyes just at the very nick of time when another pair of eyes was popped inquiringly through the doorway—eyes which, lovely as they were, were hardly more pleasing to me at that particular conjuncture than a basilisk's would have been, and productive of not less tremor in my mind than if they had been the gaping muzzles of a pair of wide-mouthed mortars with fusees at their

touchholes. What did they mean by thus coming upon me at such unseasonable moments? For the second time on that same Sunday had they made me wish to shrivel up into the tiniest atomy, and lowered me several degrees in my own estimation. If it had been possible, I should have hated them for the unpardonable offence of thus surprising me. There they were, the same orbs which only twelve hours before had given me such a shock, again directed full into my face, and twinkling with ten-star brilliancy. After they had taken a deliberate survey of my person, and apparently satisfied themselves as to my identity, they suddenly retreated, and I heard a gentle titter, and a silver voice exclaiming, "Oh, aunt, there is a soldier there."

Lieutenant Hönigthauicht now approached, and after surveying me from top to toe with one of his would-be withering looks, he demanded, in a tone which was intended to strike all auditors with awe, how I came there, and what I was doing. Just at this moment I glanced through the open door, and perceived Fräulein Emilie saying a few words to the elderly lady whom she had just addressed as "aunt," at which the latter smiled most graciously, and cast a benignant look upon myself. Encouraged by this favourable symptom, though not knowing whence it arose, or what it might portend, I answered laconically, "I came over the bridge, and through the gate, and a moment ago I was napping."

This was by no means a satisfactory answer to the lieutenant, who was one of the class which believes that an officer and a soldier are made of totally different materials, and that no comparison can possibly be instituted between them; so, regarding me with a still sterner look, he replied, "Herr-r-r-r, how dare you venture into a garden where you can have no business whatever? You will repent it, sirrah!"

But, for once, Mein Herr Adjutant-Lieutenant Adolph Hönigthauicht had miscalculated his measures, and taken up an untenable position. I was not such a tyro in military affairs as not to know that trespassing on a count's domain was not included within the category of offences punishable by articles of war, and did not therefore come within his jurisdiction; so, without vouchsafing an answer to his last question, but merely tipping him a slight perfunctory salute as a recognition of his presence, I turned to the other gentleman, who, as I had rightly guessed, was Count Lieginditsch, and whom, on a closer inspection, I identified with the personage who had sat by Emilie's side in the carriage at Wilhelmstadt. I made a thousand apologies for the liberty I had taken in trespassing upon his park—the remarkable beauty of the grounds had proved too strong a temptation for me, and having been indiscreet enough to enter this charming circle, I had been seduced into taking a bath. The count accepted my excuses in a most polite and good-natured manner, and hoped that I should feel myself at perfect liberty to stroll about the park as long as I was quartered in the neighbourhood, and as often as I might feel so disposed. Affairs being thus satisfactorily adjusted with the *pater-familias*, despite the sour looks of the lieutenant, who would willingly have seen me ignominiously expelled as an impudent intruder, I turned towards the ladies to pay my devoirs, and then take leave. To my great surprise, the matronly lady, who, as my reader has probably surmised, was the Countess Lieginditsch, accosted me in a friendly tone, and said she had just heard that I was not totally unacquainted with her niece, who had

seen me once or twice for a short time, and had also heard a good deal of me at Machenheim. Of course I declared how infinitely flattered I was at being thus remembered by the gracious Fräulein, but at the same time I was mortally afraid lest she should take into it her head to entertain the company with an account of the Baron Stein affair; and it was almost a relief to me when the count, after considering me attentively for a minute, discovered that he too had met with me before, and rallied me most pertinaciously on the melancholy figure which I had cut in the morning. But as soon as he had exhausted his fund of pertinent witticisms, he made ample amends for all, by insisting that, on the strength of my previous acquaintance with his niece, I should stay and spend the evening with them—an invitation which of course I was by no means unwilling to accept.

My amazement at finding myself thus summarily and unceremoniously introduced into the family circle of Graf Lieginditsch, was unbounded. That, considering the dubious auspices under which I had made my appearance before them, I should now be on a footing of familiarity with the whole family, and with the fascinating Fräulein in particular, was a thing incredible. I could not help regarding it as a monstrous hallucination, or some tantalising phantasm of the brain, and was only convinced of its reality by the scowling looks with which the baulked lieutenant witnessed the loss of his expected prey.

But by this means my doubts were ultimately dispelled, and I attained the full fruition of my marvellous luck; though I must confess to feeling no slight flutter and palpitation in the regions of the heart as I sauntered through the park by the side of the stately aunt and her lovely niece. All the lofty aspirations I had previously indulged in, which had been somewhat stifled by my unlucky rencounters of the morning and afternoon, rose again more vehemently than before.

In spite of the abnormal and somewhat indecorous manner in which I had first introduced myself to her notice, Fräulein Emilie was all kindness and complaisance; so much so, that I was emboldened to throw out two or three enigmatical hints, too dark to be understood by any but ourselves, at the strange commencement of our acquaintance at Machenheim, and was flattered to find that they were by no means unpalatable. It was, perhaps, the first time that she had ever had a serious secret, and the reminiscence seemed to please her amazingly. The now chopfallen lieutenant walked a little in our rear, forming the compulsory audience of our loquacious host, who was enthusiastically exhibiting the various good points in the landscape, and dilating upon the beauties of his new English garden. But, notwithstanding the eloquent explanations of his cicerone, it was patent to all unprejudiced observers, that the lieutenant's thoughts were intent upon nothing less than the landscape and the garden. Whenever I threw a glance at his face, I plainly perceived that his mind, and sometimes even his eyes, by no means followed the index-finger of his companion, but were wandering uneasily towards myself and the Fräulein, to whom he was evidently burning to play the cicisbeo—a *rôle*, by-the-way, which he was certainly not qualified to act with much success, for he was incontestibly one of the most ill-favoured officers that could be found between the Rhine and the Vistula. The conformation of his head bore a striking resemblance to that of our terrestrial globe—viz., depressed

at the poles, but bulging in the centre. His face was rendered mightily truculent and bellicose by a furious moustache, plentifully greased, and turned up towards his eyes; while his hair strutted out horizontally from either side of his head, as if he had received some terrible fright in his infancy, and had never recovered from its effects. But his beard it was which gave the distinguishing characteristic to his face. It was the very *ne plus ultra* of eccentric beards—

> Una barba la piu singulare
> Che mai fosse discritta in versa o'n prosa.*

Every individual hair of this extraordinary beard seemed resolutely determined to assert its perfect selbständigkeit (substantiality), to use a term much in vogue at the present day, and stood out from its root as sturdily and stiffly as a porcupine's quill, thereby furnishing his chin with a natural *chevaux-de-frise*—not by any means a convenient appendage, one would imagine, for an inamorato. But *revenons à nos moutons.* He was, as I have said, kept in distressful durance by his verbose entertainer, whilst burning to display his gallantry to the Fräulein; and his spleen was still further aggravated by seeing the position he was longing for occupied by such an upstart youngster as myself.

By some strange fatality, Emilie managed to drop her parasol or handkerchief about half a dozen times during our promenade, which of course afforded me brilliant opportunities of showing my chivalric devotedness, by flying to her assistance, and restoring the fallen articles into her hands. The unfortunate lieutenant made a desperate plunge on each of these occasions to perform the like polite office; but in vain. The inexorable host would not on any account allow him to leave his side for an instant, but, grasping him tightly by the arm, detained him a close prisoner till such time as he should have finished his explanatory comments, so that the chagrined officer had the mortification of seeing himself forestalled by his impudent subordinate. After walking about for nearly an hour, we took tea in a large summer-house cut out of the compact foliage of a gigantic cedar, planted by some ancestor of the count's, I know not how many generations back. By means of some delicately-devised stratagems, I managed to get myself seated by the side of the Fraülein, who occupied the post of tea-maker; and, consequently, I had the inexpressible delight of paying her all the various little attentions which are customary on such occasions. At one time I handed her a cup, and then, "O, paradiesisch Fühlen!" our hands would come into contact, and the momentary touch shot a delightful sensation through my frame. At another time she would lean forward to get something, and as, of course, I could not allow her to do anything which it was possible for me to take upon myself, I leaned forward to anticipate her, so our heads came into such dangerous proximity, that I felt her breath, more sweet to me than all the gales of Araby the Blest, fanning my delighted cheek. With such enchanting trivialities the evening sped away; my *vis-à-vis*, Lieutenant Hönigthauicht, regarding me all the while with a sinister frown, curling his very beard with choler, and looking as though it would have given him most hearty pleasure to see me safely landed on the other side of the

* A beard the most singular
That ere has been described in prose or rhyme.

Styx—a feeling which, I am sorry to say, I could not swear to be unreciprocated. I would willingly have lengthened out the evening into a small eternity; for, after overleaping all such conventional formalities as recommendation, introduction, &c., and plunging at once like an epic poet in *medias res*, doubts began to arise in my mind lest my *finale* might be similar to that of the brain-spinning poetasters of to-day, who flit across the stage for an hour, and then are lost in the gulf of oblivion for ever and aye! But, alas! all my wishes for a protraction of the evening were of no avail. Phœbus Apollo seemed to drive his thirsty steeds down the steep descent with dangerous velocity, and my short term of happiness slipped away with accelerated rapidity.

> Doch gehen wir. Ergraut ist schon die Welt,
> Die Luft gekühlt, der Nebel fällt.

The Gräfinn rose to retire into the house with her niece, and I felt myself constrained to take my leave; which I did with a melancholy calculation of how many were the chances against my ever being so fortunate again, though somewhat revived by the benevolent urbanity of host and hostess, and exulting in the possession of a rose, which, I having chanced to express my admiration of it, had been plucked from a bush by Emilie's fingers, and bestowed upon myself.

ARTHUR HELPS.

FLORIAN had a passion, it is said, for playing Harlequin on the public stage; but his agility was paralysed the moment his mask was removed. Not a few authors, who have donned the mask of a pseudonym, appear to have entertained similar apprehensions as to the possible results of doffing it. Whether Florian would have perpetually broken down, had he persevered in trying the harlequinade without the vizor, we know not. But that the misgivings of sensitive authorship are, after a certain *status* is reached, causeless and imaginary, is evident from the records of literature in general. Junius, indeed, would have lost his power together with his *nominis umbra;* but Addison lost nothing by the identification of the short-faced Spectator; nor are we aware that Professor Wilson drooped when the *propria persona* of Christopher North was bruited abroad, or that Mr. Isaac Taylor was nonplussed by the detection of the "Author of the Natural History of Enthusiasm," or that the right hand of Mrs. Marsh lost its cunning when she was multiplied into "Two Old Men." The author of "Friends in Council" is now pretty generally known to be Mr. Arthur Helps; but the anonymous was, in his case, retained long after he had achieved a success, which rendered it, as a literary experiment, superfluous. We are not, however, of those who think it inexplicable, that when a man's venture has been recognised and applauded by "crowded houses," he should not be in a hurry to stand up in his private box, and bow and simper unutterable things in response to their most sweet voices. Restless inquirers and *quidnuncs* there are, who, measuring the brains of others by the metre of their own, exclaim, "Why, herein is

a marvellous thing!" whensoever a third edition still wants the author's name in the title-page, and his pedigree in the preface.

Mr. Helps has done much to burnish up that rusted thing, the Essay, and to ensure for it a sale in days when it was supposed to be a dead-weight on the book-shelves. His originality and grace have proved that even the Essay, if a thing of beauty, is a joy for ever.

In assailing moral prejudices and social anomalies he is outspoken, but with no offensive or irritating candour. Like Brutus in the rostrum, he may challenge complaint on this score—may "pause for a reply," and find that "none hath he offended." Years since, one of his friends pronounced him a man who could say the most audacious things with the least offence. Objections have been raised to the defect of tangible remedies in his discussion of current evils—a kind of reproach that will ever, he says, be made, with much or little justice, against all men who endeavour to reform or improve anything—the reproach that they are not ready with definite propositions, but are, like the chorus in a Greek play, making general remarks about nature and human affairs, without suggesting any clear and decided course to be taken. What he "essays" to do, is not to prescribe a course of action, but a habit of thought which will modify all actions within its scope. Not that he is an abstract thinker, with a scornful disregard of the practical; on the contrary, he is an essayist "in the intervals of business." Avowedly, he writes not as a hermit or a clergyman, but as a man conversant with the world. His writings evidence a considerable and close experience of life. Without that love of originality and paradox which predominates in some minds of a like order, prompting them to an affectation of antagonism to the vulgar, *in omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, he freely uses his privilege of private judgment, and peers with his own eyes into the shady side of a question. As Sydney Smith, when a hubbub was raised about a dog biting a bishop, remarked that, for *his* part, he should like to hear the dog's version of the story,—so this essayist (to illustrate his temperament by one instance) whispers his private suspicion that "some of those Roman emperors" have been maligned a little. He is no superficial observer—no "one idea'd" man. He manufactures no Procustes' bed, on which to gauge universal human nature. He keeps no hack dogma, licensed to be let out to all characters, on all services, and in all weathers; no ethical hobby, which he rides to death without remorse. His antidotes to moral ills are not compounded in the quack medicine style, or puffed as the infallible panacea, exclusive in saving virtue, unconditional in specific effect. If his mind is subtle enough to see closely into a subject, it is also broad enough, and plastic enough, to escape the penalties of one-sidedness. Fond as he is of reverie on his favourite topics, he carefully sets reason on the watch, and compels reverie to a summary exit at the challenge of that trusty sentinel: in his dreamiest mood we never find him

> Losing his fire and active might
> In a silent meditation,
> Falling into a still delight
> And luxury of contemplation.*

His philosophy is of the Coleridgean type; in spirit and manner some-

* Tennyson: "Elean or."

what akin to, but more expansive and practical than that of Archdeacon Hare and Professor Maurice. Moderate and conservative in his general views, he is no straitlaced partisan; and we know those who account him "unsafe," because he is not afraid to quote the quarantine pages of Shelley, Carlyle, and Emerson; nor does his churchmanship recoil from writing down doctrinal primnesses, clerical over-niceties, protracted litanies, and long sermons. His lines of thought are constructed on the broad, not the narrow gauge; and it is pleasant to watch the steady swiftness of the trains—the ease with which they touch at intermediate stations—the quiet triumph with which they issue from some long dark tunnel of speculation—and the methodical fidelity with which they keep time, and discharge their consignment at the terminus. Although it might seem that the accommodations are only for first-class passengers—scholars and men of culture—yet there is that lucid arrangement, forcible illustration, and attractive style about our author, which, with due attention on their parts, will be found available even by humble penny-a-milers. His style is polished, but not pedantic,—occasionally a little careless, but frequently rising into poetical beauty, and usually characterised by tranquil elegance. Nor may we omit to notice the religious spirit, the tone of mild, intelligent, benignant piety, which animates him with its prevailing presence, and colours his pages with a light as of setting suns.

His first work—so far, at least, as we are able to trace his anonymous career—was "Essays written in the Intervals of Business," published some ten years since. It treats on such subjects as Practical Wisdom, Self-Discipline, Aids to Contentment, Benevolence, Domestic Rule, Advice, Secrecy, the Education of a Man of Business, the Choice and Management of Agents, the Treatment of Suitors, Party-spirit, &c. The first eight of the fifteen pertain to mankind in general; the concluding seven to men of business. It is a man of business who writes, and who writes essays—essays of lofty moral tone, of large intellectual character, and of considerable imaginative power. And this man of business shows, what technical men of business so systematically ignore, that imagination and philosophy can be woven into practical wisdom,* and that the highest moral qualities may be translated into action. He shows how feasible it is, or may become, for a sound heart and a clear head to compass the material ends of a Benthamite by the unselfish means of a spiritualist—to unite the "not slothful in business" with the nobly "fervent in spirit." His view of practical wisdom is as far from so-called expediency as it is from impracticability itself. His doctrine is, that high moral resolves and great principles *are* for daily use, and that there *is* room for them in the affairs of this life; and, in fine, that the men who first introduce these principles are practical men, although the practices which such principles create may not come into being in the lifetime of their founders, being regarded at first as theories only, but eventually acknowledged and acted upon as common truths. The object of the Essay on Contentment is, to suggest some antidotes against the manifold ingenuity of self-tormenting; and most admirably does it expose the evils of oversensitiveness about what people may say of us,—many unhappy persons imagining

* Imagination, as he happily phrases it, if it be subject to reason, is its "slave of the lamp."

themselves always in an amphitheatre, with the assembled world as spectators, whereas all the while they are playing to empty benches; the evils, too, of habitual mistrust, of morbid craving for sympathy, and of unemployed intellect and affections. Another essay greatly to our mind, is that on Party-spirit—an evil against which the wisest require to be constantly on their guard, lest, as is well expressed, its insidious prejudices, like dirt and insects on the glasses of a telescope, blur the view, and make them see strange monsters where there are none; most salutary is the censure of the unfounded, but common notion, that party-dealings are different from anything else in the world, and are to be governed by looser laws,—for it is a very dangerous thing, we are here reminded, to acknowledge two sorts of truth, two kinds of charity. Of the whole of this small volume, we may safely and advisedly say, that it were difficult to name anything in contemporary prose of a more healthy and intelligent nature. The sale it enjoys tends, in some measure, to ratify this opinion.

In a later work, our author characterises "Friends in Council" as a book which the average reader will find a somewhat sober, not to say dull affair, embracing such questions as Slavery, Government, Management of the Poor, and such like; but in which the reader, who is *not* the average reader, may, perhaps, find something worth agreeing with or differing from. The "friends" are happily discriminated: Ellesmere, who views everything in a droll sarcastic way, a shrewd man of the world, who speaks out fearlessly; Dunsford, an amiable country rector, who pretends to be a simple, unworldly, retired man, content to receive his impression of men and things from his pupils, and to learn politics by watching his bees, but a man of practical acumen when he chooses to be so, and one who, as his pupils tell him, ought to conduct great law-cases and write essays, instead of leaving such things to Ellesmere and Milverton;—the latter, Milverton, an eloquent, thoughtful, gentle essayist, whose themes form the subject of the conciliar debates. Alike in these sententious though fluently written essays, and in the discussions to which they give rise between the members of the triumvirate, we find healthy sentiment, deliberate reflection, and refined taste. The topics reviewed are often trite enough. Ellesmere charges Milverton with his musty selections:

"There is no end to your audacity in the choice of hackneyed subjects. I think you take a pride in it."

"No, indeed," is the reply; "but they do not appear hackneyed to me."

Nor do they to the reader, thanks to the fresh, genial treatment of the writer. Among them we meet with History, Truth, Fiction, Education, Greatness, Slavery, Reading, Criticism, the Art of Living, the Condition of the Rural Poor. The Essay on History teems with evidences of conscientious and repeated study. It pronounces the main object of the historian to be, the securing an insight into the things which he tells us of, and then to tell them with the modesty of a man who is in the presence of great events, and must speak about them carefully, simply, and with but little of himself or his affections thrown into the narration. A canon, this, sadly calculated to damage many a popular historian—particularly those of the Lamartine school! The disquisition on Greatness is another very able section, explaining greatness, if it can be shut up in qualities,

to consist in courage and in openness of mind and soul. Upon the latter condition the author especially insists, showing that the education of a man of open mind is never ended, and that the capacity of a man, at least for understanding, may almost be said to vary according to his powers of sympathy, which is the universal solvent, and which alone can effectually counteract selfishness, encouraging man's nature to grow out and fix its tendrils upon foreign objects, and frustrating that defective moral system which has produced numbers of people walking up and down one narrow plank of self-restraint, and has succeeded only in the wholesale manufacture of splendid bigots and censorious small people. In a chapter on Reading, considerable stress is laid on the evils of desultory habits; and it is shown, that whatever may be a man's object in reading—whether amusement or instruction, or a wish to appear well in society, or a desire to pass away time—that object is facilitated by reading with method—the full pleasure of reading being, in fact, unknown to all but those who have felt that keenness of intellectual pursuit which takes away the sense of dulness in details. A man, it is argued, who knows one subject well, cannot, if he would, fail to have acquired much besides; and that man will not be likely to keep fewer pearls, who has a string to put them on, than he who picks them up and throws them together without method. Method would go far to cancel one of the dangers attributable to a life of study, viz., that purpose and decisiveness are worn away; for, pursued methodically, there must be some, and not a little, of the decision, resistance, and tenacity of pursuit which create or further greatness of character in action. As for ordinary readers, their custom is, as Ellesmere says in council, to read a clever article in a newspaper or review, and then wait for another, not bringing any study to bear on the subject meanwhile. The Essay on Criticism is lively and to the purpose, passing sentence in something of Mr. Landor's stringent fashion upon small critics, who, like ancient Parthians or modern Cossacks, hover on the rear of a great army, transfix a sentinel, surprise an outpost, and harass the army's march, but rarely determine the campaign. Criticism is charged, in general, with deficiencies of humility, of charity, and of imagination; it is reviewed under the several aspects of the needless, the intentionally unkind, the indiscreet or restless, the religious, the patiently studious, the loving. The chapter on the Art of Living is deservedly a favourite, and highly characteristic of its writer; it suggests many a practical thought on our social intercourse and its anomalies—ridiculing those private assemblies whither a man betakes himself from vain or interested motives, at most unseasonable hours, in very uncomfortable clothes, to sit or stand in a constrained position, inhaling tainted air, suffering from great heat, and his sole occupation or amusement being to talk—only to talk. Various hindrances to the profit and pleasure of society are stated: for instance, want of truth, that fruitful source of needless and painful ostentation; shyness, arising from a morbid egotism and self-consciousness, in so many cases; a foolish concern about trifles; the habit of ridicule, or light, jesting, flippant, unkind mode of talking about things and persons very common in society; and, again, the want of something to do besides talking, a hindrance traced to the Puritanism which forbids many innocent or indifferent amusements. The Art of Living with Inferiors (one of this writer's stock subjects, and always treated as amiably as judiciously) comes under con-

sideration in the same paper; and the council which ensues winds up the matter with spirit and pleasantry, a lady being for the nonce a member of the parliament; for, in preparing this "Series of Readings and Discourse thereon," Bacon's monition has been duly heeded, to vary and intermingle speech of the present occasion with arguments; tales with reasons; asking of questions with telling of opinions; and jest with earnest. Accordingly, the interlocutors are heard

> From trivial theme to general argument
> Passing, as accident or fancy leads,
> Or courtesy prescribes.*

Large space is given to the discussion of topics pertaining to statesmanship and official life: as Improvement of the Condition of the Rural Poor, Government, and Slavery. These are handled with a singular combination of worldly sagacity and unworldly elevation of sentiment. Ellesmere's lambent wit and skin-deep satire, together with Milverton's contemplative wisdom and Dunsford's gentle humanity, make up a fine synthesis. Many a weighty as well as neat aphorism might be culled from their debates. There is, indeed, a conscious air of superiority in this work, an indifference to popular verdicts, which may offend some persons; but then it is so clear that the writer *is* a superior man, and that his dicta are no superficial truisms, but the *experto crede* convictions of reflective genius, that one feels he has a right to the length of his tether, and that it is likely to be wiser and more profitable to examine him with respect than to judge him in haste. And after all, an author can afford to be a little ironical, not to say cynical, about popularity, when he himself is labelled as popular, and has received *carte blanche* to unbosom himself even of perilous stuff.

Something equivalent to a third series of "Friends in Council" appeared in 1851, under the title "Companions of my Solitude." The thirteen sections into which it is divided, deal with topics similar to those so agreeably discussed by that congress of choice spirits—matters social, political, literary, philosophical—and in the same effective style, the same picturesque language, the same illustrative power. By the "companions of his solitude," the author means his reveries—those thoughts which insist upon being with him as spiritual companions, and resolutely visit him in his solitary hours at home and abroad. They are the creations of his own brain, which, in spite of the filial love and respect they owe him, do eagerly, exclusively, anxiously intrude on his attention; and which he therefore resolves to describe, that so he may have more mastery over them, and that they may cease, he says, to haunt him as vague faces and half-fashioned resemblances—and may assume the form of distinct pictures, which he can give away or hang up in his room, turning them, if he pleases, with their faces to the wall. Many are the aspects these reveries take. Sometimes he describes them as formed of nebulous stuff, coming together with some method and set purpose, in the shape of a heavy cloud—when they will do for an essay or moral discourse; at other times he compares them to those sportive, disconnected forms of vapour which are streaked across the heavens, now like a feather, now like the outline of a camel, doubtless obeying some law and with some design, but such

* Wordsworth's "Excursion."

as mocks our observation; at other times, arranging themselves like those fleckered clouds where all the heavens are regularly broken up in small divisions, lying evenly over each other with light between each: a state of reverie best brought out in conversation, and we are accordingly re-introduced to our old friend Ellesmere, who comes forward to take part in educing its significance. Now our speculatist muses on law, and pronounces it a notable example of loss of time, of heart, of love, of leisure—pointing to the fact that many admirable and many high-minded men are to be found in all grades of the law, as a more curious instance of the power of the human being to maintain its structure unimpaired in the midst of a hostile element, than that a man should be able to abide in a heated oven. Now he contemplates those stern gigantic laws of Nature which crush everything down which comes in their way, which know no excuses, admit of no small errors, never send a man back to learn his lesson and try him again, but are as inexorable as Fate, and in the presence of which powers it seems as if the faculties of man were hardly as yet adequate to his situation here—a consideration which tends to charity and humility, as it also points to the existence of a future state. Now he meditates on the ambitious hopes and projects of youth—its reckless courage and elastic step—contrasted with subsequent stages of the journey of life, at each of which some hope has dropped off as too burdensome or too romantic, till at last it is enough for the man to carry himself at all upright in this troublesome world, and he sees that he has had not only the hardness, oiliness, and imperturbability of the world to contend with, but that he himself has generally been his worst antagonist: in this mood, our muser is tempted to cast himself under a tree, and utter many lamentations—but, more wisely, walks sedately by it, knowing that as we go on in life, we find we cannot afford excitement, and learn to be parsimonious in our emotions.* Now he dilates on the morbid phases of modern Puritanism—the secret belief among some men that God is displeased with men's happiness, in consequence of which they slink about creation, ashamed and afraid to enjoy anything—the cynicism which avoids some pleasure, and exhausts in injurious comment and attack upon other people any leisure and force of mind which it may have gained by its abstinence from the pleasure.† Now he dreams of moving for returns of the amount and

* Even thus Southey, in a letter to Chauncy Townsend, 1817, calls to remembrance the days when he declared, in the gush of youthful sentiment, that

> He who does not sometimes wake
> And weep at midnight, is an instrument
> Of Nature's common work;

but Southey, the middle-aged man, adds, "The less of this the better. We stand in need of all that fortitude can do for us in this changeful world; and the tears are running down my cheeks when I tell you so."

† We append a happy illustration of the writer's manner, in reference to this question:—"Moreover, this censoriousness is not only a sin, but the inventor of many sins. Indeed, the manufacture of sins is so easy a manufacture, that I am convinced men could easily be persuaded that it was wicked to use the left leg as much as the right; whole congregations would only permit themselves to hop; and, what is more to our present point, would consider that when they walked in the ordinary fashion, they were committing a deadly sin. Now, I should not think that the man who were to invent this sin, would be a benefactor to the human race."—*Companions of my Solitude*, p. 31 (2nd edition).

causes of human suffering in any one day—from miserable family quarrels to the discomfort caused by injudicious dress; and he contends that the latter, worn entirely in deference to the most foolish of mankind—the tyrannous majority, would outweigh many an evil that sounds very big; in fact, he classes the probable evil of women's stays with an occasional pestilence, as the cholera, and regards our every-day shaving,* severe shirt-collars, and other ridiculous garments, as equivalent to a great European war once in seven years. Anon he pictures to himself a distant descendant of his—a man of dilapidated fortune, but still owning *his* house and garden—and tracks out a hypothetical map of that descendant's outer and inner life—a sketch graced with many beautiful touches; as where the poor man is seen in the then damp and cheerless room, occupied, during his meagre supper, with listening to a list of the repairs that must be looked to, but in reality thinking all the while of his pale mother (quietly housed in the wooded churchyard), and of his wondering, as a child, why she never used to look up when horse or man went by, as she sat working at that bay-window, and getting his clothes ready for school. Then, again, we have a dialogue about the claims of literature, and its bearing on life in general—including a shrewd complaint of the way in which a man becomes twisted and deformed by surrendering himself to any one art, science, or calling, and ceasing to be a man, a wholesome man, fairly developed in all ways. The great sins of great cities—the provision of some small aids and consolations for various forms of unhappiness, arising from obloquy, neglect, injustice, and petty anxieties—the advantages and philosophy of travelling—the position and prospects of the Anglican Church—the art of coming to an end, *i. e.*, of curing the "fatal superabundance" which makes all human affairs tedious—of abating the lengthiness of visits, dinners, concerts, plays, speeches, pleadings, essays, sermons—these are among the manifold themes successively and successfully "vexed" by the discursive essayist.

We can only briefly allude to his other acknowledged writings. The "Claims of Labour" (1844) is a valuable treatise on the duties of employers to the employed, vigorous in exposition, kindly in tone, and a book which those most affrighted at political economy will not find heavy reading. As in his other publications, the author harmonises, in a manner as rare as it is agreeable, the characteristics of shrewdness and benevolence. He contends for an earnest and practical application, on the part of the employing class, of thought and labour for the welfare of those whom they employ. He points to the dark stream of profligacy which overflows and burns into those parts of the land where want and ignorance prevail; and stoutly does he battle with the thoughtless cruelty which says, "Why vex me with these things? Go to those whose business it is to redress grievances." Surely, he argues, the largeness of a calamity ought not to be so ready a shelter for those who have not heart enough to adventure any opposition to it: surely a man may find a sphere small enough, as well as large enough, for him to act in. "The foolish sluggard stares hopelessly into the intricacy of the

* In this particular he would find himself seconded by other hearty Englishmen—*e. g.*, Sir Francis Head, in his "Paris in 1851."

forest, and thinks that it can never be reclaimed. The wiser man, the labourer, begins at his corner of the wood, and makes out a task for himself each day. Think, that large as may appear the work to be done, so, too, the result of any endeavour, however small in itself, may be of infinite extent in the future. Nothing is lost." This book has done yeoman's service as a pioneer in the backwoods of social and sanitary reform, and has even exalted the literature of those questions to a place in our *belles lettres*.

In 1848 appeared the first volume of "The Conquerors of the New World and their Bondsmen," a narrative of the principal events which led to negro slavery in the West Indies and America. It treats the subject with learning and industry, with fine taste and generous feeling. The narrative is lucid and comprehensive,* the reflections are philosophical and humane.

Less successful are this writer's achievements in the "realms of poesie." He produced, in 1843, an historical drama, "King Henry the Second;" a too quiet and rather prosy representation of à Becket's stirring times, when priestly authority acted on the belief that,

> If St. Peter's sword had not leapt forth,
> And met King Henry boldly, never more
> Would it have been a terror to the nations.

Also a tragedy, "Catherine Douglas," the action of which centres in the death of the Scottish James I. This is a closet play, and formed much on the same model as the elaborate dramas of Mr. Henry Taylor. An able reviewer remarks, that it contains some capital snatches of conversation, glimpses of philosophical verity, specimens of antiquarian research; but that it is utterly wanting in the art essential to the conduct of a piece. Both plays want energy and dramatic enthusiasm; they do little to excite the feelings, little to interest the imagination. One gladly turns from the actors, and their eloquent blank verse, to the genial friends in council, who discourse so winningly in the orchard of the Parsonage, and in whose society we, as well as the author, feel at home. "John of Salisbury" is unrecognised where "Ellesmere" is a household familiar; and even "Catherine Douglas" has an entrance to seek in circles where "Lucy Daylmer" is an old favourite. In effect, we like better the poetry of our author's prose than the prose of his poetry; and, while oblivious of his plays, we desire to keep up a deep impression of his essays, the reading, marking, learning, and digesting of which we would commend to every one with a head to be enlightened and a heart to be improved.

* Fault has been found, however, with the author for giving a fragmentary view of the question, and writing of Negro slavery as if the Negroes were the first servile race, and the New World the first land loaded with the curse of helotry.

A NIGHT WITH ANTHONY PASQUIN, IN 1851.

"A BLOT, no blot until hit," is a truism which extends beyond the backgammon table; many a man undergoes and escapes dangers, upon which, when he looks back, it must be with wonder at the temerity and childish daring which led him into them. Had I read that chapter of "Whiteside's Italy," entitled "A Night Walk in Rome," *before* instead of *after* my visit to the "Eternal City," I more than doubt that I would ever have paid my respects to Anthony Pasquin, except in broad daylight.

Another little incident gives a startling interest to the escapade of a man who, having seen fifty winters, cannot plead youthful blood in excuse for an act of rashness. Our lodgings were in the Via di Condotti, at the corner of the street Santa Maria degli Fiori—a house cheerful enough in the daytime, but with one of those awful outer halls from a nook of which an assassin might any evening start forth upon his victim in the twilight with a desperate advantage. The *pian-terreno*, or ground-floor of the opposite house, was occupied by a baker, "Boulanger Ancien," as his door-sign styled him; and how well I remember his clean white apron and "mealy face," as he used to lounge in the sun at his door with that "*far niente*" air which is characteristic of the Roman shopkeeper; by association of ideas, he always recalled to me the stanza of Tennyson's "Miller's Daughter:"

I see the wealthy miller yet,
His double chin, his portly size;
And who that knew him could forget
The busy wrinkles round his eyes,
The slow wise smile that round about
His dusty forehead drily curled,
Seemed half within, and half without,
And full of dealings with the world.

Who would think that this picture of "one so jolly and so good" would, now and evermore, stand connected in my memory with violence and blood; yet so it is. We left Rome early in May, just as the Romans were beginning to hint their impatience of foreign occupation and *French fraternité*, by using their daggers against obnoxious individuals, and by night-encounters with patrols; some lives had already been lost before our departure, and it was, I think, at Milan that I first read a newspaper giving, among the "Roman news," the following startling incident as detailed in the journals of the day:

"A few evenings since, just as twilight was falling, an individual, with a loud cry, staggered wildly from the Via Santa Maria degli Fiori, across the Condotti, into the "Boulanger Ancien," and calling in frantic tones for a priest, sank on the floor of the botega, weltering in his blood. It chanced that a Franciscan was passing at the moment, who made his way through the crowd which immediately collected, and was soon at the side of the dying man, busied in offering him the last offices of religion, for which there was but scant time, for the sufferer breathed his last while attempting to pour his confession into the venerable man's ear. Rumours of all kinds as to the cause of his death were quickly spread, but the crowd was dispersed, without obtaining any certainty on the sub-

ject, by the approach of a French patrol from the Piazza di Spagna. Some whispered that the dead man had fallen a victim to political enmity; others, that he had been a citizen passing accidentally, and assassinated in mistake for some obnoxious individual; but a third and more probable rumour hinted that he was a young noble famous for his gallantries, and that he had met his fate in prosecuting or attempting some intrigue. The French patrol took possession of the shop, which they closed, and a secret investigation was carried on within, the result of which had not transpired; so that all is at present wrapped in mystery, and adds to the general alarm and disquiet pervading the city."

The poor baker! when I think of his clean, well-appointed shop, usually "made misty with the floating meal," now dabbled with blood, and disturbed by a murderer's victim gasping forth life on the floor,—then the crowd,—and the passing monk bending over the dying man,—and the crucifix,—all these form a vision mingling strangely with my reminiscences of Rome; and it becomes doubly interesting in the thought, that had I lingered there a few days longer, I should probably have been looking down from my window on the scene as it actually occurred.

But what has this to do with Anthony Pasquin? Much, gentle reader; because it enhances, on recollection, the sense of unsuspected dangers through which I achieved my nocturnal prank. Roman streets cannot be said to be *badly* lighted, simply because they are not lighted at all; pass from the "Corso" or the "Via Babuino," or one or two other streets, "where the *Inglese* most do congregate," and you are at once and completely in Cimmerian darkness. A *monsignore* gravely assured me that they had made an experiment in gas, but that the Roman ladies complained of it as *prejudicial to health!* and the ruling powers were only too ready to return to that "grateful shade," so essential to the double pursuits of love and murder; and although Mr. Whiteside does speak of the respectful terror with which the Romans regard an Englishman "keeping the crown of the causeway," armed with his national weapon—a stout oak-stick—still, had I bethought myself how easily an assassin might have sprung upon me from any of the many dark corners—oh, *how dark!*—which I passed to achieve my "pasquinade," assuredly I should never have ventured forth upon the chance of parrying a stiletto with a shillelagh; hence, I should never have had a nocturnal interview with the satirical tailor of the Piazza Navona, nor would this "true tale" ever have been written. So that you perceive, gentle reader, that the episode of the baker *has* somewhat to do with Anthony Pasquin.

We were driving slowly up the ascent of the Montè Mario, to one of the finest points of view in or about Rome, when A—— said to me,

"You are not admiring—you are not looking——"

"Yes," I replied, "I *am* looking—for a rhyme, and cannot find it. I want to finish an Italian stanza." At this bravade, from a man who could scarcely ask his way in Italian, and could as soon read an Ogham inscription as a stanza of Ariosto, my lady friends all burst into loud and most disrespectful laughter. I looked half affronted and half entreating. "You should help me, and not laugh at me," said I; "I must have this couplet completed, in order to an adventure I mean to achieve this very night."

In whatever other qualities the ladies, bless their little hearts! may be deficient, they are seldom found wanting in curiosity; at the word "adventure," they were instantly all attention and interest, and willingness to assist; so that with their contributions of appropriate words, my couplet was speedily fashioned into the doggerel I desired. But what was the composition? simply a few lines I wished to affix to Pasquin's statue. I had already the sense, or nonsense, I wanted, in good Latin and tolerable English verse; but as I was anxious to give the Italians the benefit of John Bull's opinion of some late doings of their "liege lord the Pope" in their vernacular tongue, I determined, however rudely, to hammer out a version in Italian, in order to complete my *triglot* on the following subject.

It need scarce be told, that when we left England in the early spring of 1851, to seek health and warm weather in the sunny south, the whole country was in its fiercest paroxysm of anger and alarm at the papal demonstration of an intention to take England once again under the formal rule and government of "his Holiness." "The papal aggression fever" was at its height, and among the symptoms not least remarkable was this, that publications whose aim and object lay far apart from political or theological discussion, were seen occupied with the engrossing topic of the day. Among others, that most amusing miscellany, "Notes and Queries," gave, in its number for December, 1850, among its various odds and ends of philology, chronology, folk-lore, and etymology, the following epigram:

Cum Sapiente, Pius nostras juravit in aras;
Impius heu Sapiens, desipiensque Pius.

The following rather *heavy* rendering of the above was added:

The Wiseman and the Pious have laid us under ban;
Oh, Pious man, unwise—oh, impious Wiseman.

This couplet took my fancy amazingly, and as I had then my journey to Rome in contemplation, I made a kind of vow or engagement with myself, that if I ever saw the "seven-hill'd city," I would affix it to the great *affiché* of stray wit—Pasquin's statue. I thought the English version might be better; and, finally, that an Italian one, if it could be accomplished, would bring the point of the epigram more home to the natives; hence the brain-cudgelling process on Monte Mario, which resulted in my producing the following in the form in which it finally saw the light in Rome:

Cum Sapiente Pius, nostras juravit in aras,
Impius heu Sapiens, desipiensque Pius.

When a league 'gainst our faith Pope with Cardinal tries,
Neither *Wiseman* is pious, nor *Pius* is wise.

Quando Papa? o cardinale,
Chiesa Inglese, tratta male
Che chiamo quella gente?
Pio? no, no—ne Sapiente.

The point of the Italian is derived from a half-defaced inscription, which, in spite of police erasure, can even yet be deciphered at Rovigo, in the Lombardo-Venetian states, where the Pope's title and family-name are,

by means of punctuation, turned into a sly satire upon his unchanged and not admired character:

Pio? no, no—ma-stai Feretti,
Pius, not at all, but still Feretti.

Great was the laughter of my female critics at the violation of concords and disregard of idiom in my Italian; they told me, over and over, that the keen-witted natives would make sport of my grammatical blunders; but I was bent on playing out my play, and as I could do no better, I insisted that "it would do very well." One young lady, who had given me considerable help in putting it together, was, or pretended to be, alarmed, when I told her that I meant to affix it to Pasquin's statue that night; and that if the Pope's police should catch me in the fact, I would certainly name her as my accomplice in "murdering la lingua Toscana."

I could make my way through Rome tolerably well in broad daylight; we had already driven several times to the Piazza Navona, a favourite resort of ladies, curious in those showy silk scarfs—the solitary manufacture of Rome in the way of textile fabric; but I knew it was quite a different affair to make my way thither in the dark. No fear of the stiletto ever crossed my thoughts, but I did dread somewhat the losing my way, as soon as I had left the beaten track for the defiles of the bye streets of Rome; however, I took my bearings and objects as well as I could, while we drove about in the daylight. My last landmark was the great Palazzo Borghese, and turning down to the left hand from that, I was to go forth with "Providence my guide;" but whether in the whole affair I was tempting or trusting Providence, (?) truly this is a question which I do not much care to look in the face.

There were sundry jokes among the young people when I made known my intention at the dinner-table; they one and all declared that they expected to hear of me from the Castle of St. Angelo next morning, and amused themselves by speculating which of our Roman friends should be applied to to "bail me out." One young lady, more "learned in the law" than the rest, gravely asked me, "What kind of Habeas Corpus Act they had at Rome?" to whom I as gravely replied, that "The Roman Habeas Corpus had no force save in the Roman province of Limbo;" at least, that I never heard that they pretended to liberate the oppressed from any other part of the papal territories. The evening wore on, the short twilight of the south deepened into darkness, and by nine o'clock all was quiet as the grave. I sallied forth for my expedition, armed with my epigram in legible print hand in one pocket, a gum-bottle (!) in the other, and a stout stick in my hand.

Pasquin's statue is generally said to stand in the Piazza Navona, but this is not quite correct: it stands at the corner of the Palazzo Braschi, in a street leading into the Piazza, and at a point where several streets converge. It is now—whatever it may have been—a mere clumsy Torso—a block of stone, "*sans* head, *sans* arms, *sans* feet." Report says that more than one Pope has attempted to remove this foundling hospital for stray and often stinging satires, but that the owner of the adjacent palace has always claimed property in the fragment, and refused to allow it to be taken away; it is said that the pontiffs acknowledged the rights of property, but that, acting on the celebrated maxim that "property has its

duties as well as rights," the princely owner was informed that he should stand responsible for every waggery or witticism fathered upon his statue: from the date of this "responsibility," the wit of Pasquin is said to have waned and faded considerably. I was ignorant of all these particulars when I determined to make the Italian tailor speak my triglot epigram to the public.

Leaving the Borghese Palace on the right, I dived down a long street running parallel to the Corso, at the bottom of which I had previously marked a church by which I was to turn, and a few paces down a dark lane brought me to the near corner of the Piazza Navona. Pasquin stood at the opposite end of the same side of the square, and I had nothing to do but to follow the line of houses to arrive at the scene of action. This was quickly done. I retired under a dark archway nearly opposite the statue, and prepared my placard as well as I could; I am sure I wasted my gum "pretty considerably," and what between haste, darkness, and trepidation, I made but a clumsy bill-sticker after all.

At length all was ready; but though there was scarce a soul passing, I could not get the streets perfectly free of passengers. There I stood, like a spider in his web-hole, ready to dart across the way the moment I could get a clear stage, but whenever I prepared to rush forth, I was sure to hear the echo of approaching footsteps, and was obliged to wait again until they died away in the distance; all this while I had ample leisure to consider the following pleasant questions: Suppose a French patrol, or some of the Roman police, should come by and perceive me in my lurking-place; should require me to give an account of myself, or to explain my business there; what could I say in such a case? What probable or satisfactory account could I offer for my silly undertaking, which would be intelligible to them, or, if intelligible, would not compromise me the more? In short, I was becoming nervous; I began to think my pretended apprehensions might turn out sad realities, and that it was quite within possibilities that morning might dawn upon me in the Castle of St. Angelo.

At length the coast seemed really clear; not a sound broke the silence of the street; I darted across, hastily stuckmy gummed paper on the side of the statue, and then took to my heels as fast as I could run.

Conscience makes cowards of us all—

yes, and fools as well as cowards. Had I reflected for a moment, I should have seen that I was doing the very thing to make myself an object of suspicion and remark; as it happened, I met no patrol; but had I done so, any soldier or sbirro of the commonest intelligence must have suspected something wrong, in meeting an elderly gentleman, "fat, and scant of breath," posting along at my rate of going: as it was, I met no one; but after a minute or two of hard running, my breath failed, and I was obliged to pull up, and look about me.

Conceive my dismay. I found that I had not the remotest idea where I was; in my headlong haste I had run away at the wrong side of the statue, and instead of being on the open piazza, I found myself in some street, where the tall houses nodded over head in a horrible proximity, threatening me with many of Juvenal's "mille pericula sævæ urbis;" nor did I know the moment when some window gaping over head would dis-

charge its missile to dint the pavement, or my head, as the case might be; and I began to think myself in a fair way to furnish a living, or, perhaps, dying comment on a passage I had been reading some days before:

> Improvidus ad cœnam si
> Intestatus eas, adeo tot fata, quot illa
> Nocte patent vigiles, te pretereunte fenestræ.

I have already said, my Italian was of a very mediocre kind, but even though I had the "bocca Romana," with the "lingua Toscana," at my tongue-tip, there was not a soul upon whom to exercise my eloquence. Every ground-floor around me showed those grinning chevaux-de-frize of hard rusty iron bars with which the great houses of Rome fortify their cellarage. You might as well ask guidance in the vaults of a church as at the lowest tier of a Roman dwelling; then, to attempt any of the entrances, grope through the halls, mount the dreary staircases, and on ringing out some inhabitant, to stutter out my request for guidance to — the Corso! which was the only point for which I could pretend to make—I feared to attempt anything of the kind, and yet I saw no other resource.

Such were the pleasant thoughts revolving in my mind as I slowly retraced my steps on the street in which I had paused. I passed dark and barred *entrées* more than one; a few were either yet unclosed for the night, or remained so all night long; and it was from one of these that my ear, in passing, caught the low but distinct *hiss* with which an Italian invites attention, and which always unpleasantly reminded me of the hiss of a serpent. I paused at the sound, for the voice in the darkness sounded very close at my ear, and a stifled female voice called again,

"Hist, Jeronymo."

I stood still, but made no reply; and again the same voice, subdued, but intensely hurried, repeated,

"Jeronymo—subito, subito."

Not being Jeronymo, I thought it best not to acknowledge the invitation in any way, but to get out of the way as quickly as I could. I was the more decided on this when I saw shine, down the well-like interior of the house, a faint light, and heard a hoarse voice muttering something, of which the only word intelligible to me was "Diavolo." Anger was certainly in the tone, but what description of anger—whether of angry father, jealous husband, irate brother, or surly concierge—it was impossible to distinguish.

In honest old England's capital, in its worst purlieu, at the door of its worst den, a man might have stood "over the way" to see the end, pretty sure that, if the worst came to the worst, and that he found himself in a "row," A 46 or Z 24, or some intermediate member of the blue-coated, glazed-hatted fraternity, who, "with little bits of stick in their hand," keep the peace of our huge metropolis, would be sure to make his appearance sooner or later; but in "Imperial Papal Rome"—"*Orbis terrarum Domina et Caput*"—they disdain such vulgar appliances for the protection of the peaceable, and you might be stabbed, robbed, dead, and flung into the Tiber, at any point of the city, at any hour from sunset to sunrise, without either a detective or ordinary policeman asking, "What's the row?" or desiring a loitering marauder to "move on." This being

notoriously the case, I thought it better to "move on" of my own accord, although whither I had not the least notion; but the thought that I might be standing in the way of an appointment, or come to be mistaken for an object of jealousy, caused me to hasten my steps from this dangerous neighbourhood.

A few paces brought me to a point where a street (in more northern regions we should call it a lane) debouched upon that down which I was hastening; it yawned literally as "dark as a wolf's mouth," and although my anxious ear caught the sound of footsteps coming hastily towards me, I was absolutely unable to see the individual who approached from it, until, in his speed, he rushed against me.

Even then I could distinguish neither shape nor person, but I felt that he must have been a man of much slighter make and less bulk than myself, otherwise, with the momentum of his motion, and standing still as I was, I must have been nearly flung down; as it happened, it was he who staggered back from the shock, but at once recovering, proceeded to pass me, with "permesso, signor." The voice was that of a gentleman, and I was getting together my miserable vocabulary to ask pardon for interrupting him, and to inquire my way, when, quite out in the street, and no longer in the cavern-like entrance of the house, with an intensified sharpness—bespeaking agony, mingled with fear of being overheard—the words came hissing along the walls,

"*Jeronymo, Jeronymo, per Amor di Dio.*"

"*Santissima Madre siamo perduti,*" cried the man, as, with a push which turned me round, he rushed past. At the same moment a light gleamed from the cavity of the entrance; I caught a glimpse, for a moment, of something white; I heard a piercing shriek, a scuffle, a stamping of feet. I waited for no more, but hap-hazard ran away as fast as my legs could carry me, considering that "any port" was preferable to weathering the tornado of an Italian quarrel.

In a very few minutes I found myself in an open space—not a square, but a junction of streets somewhat resembling the Seven Dials, in London, and most gladly did I acknowledge and execrate my stupidity, when at the corner of one of the streets I recognised Old Pasquin!—my paper stuck on the stump of his left arm; in short, nothing but my own precipitation and headlong haste could have carried me so very far astray as I had run. I soon took the right turn to the Piazza, thence, after some stumbling about, I found myself in the beaten track to the Borghese Palace, whence a few minutes' walk brought me home. I had been more than two hours absent, and found the young folks, though half-laughing, yet beginning to be uneasy at my delay, forgetting that it is a very different thing to find your way with eyes open, and blindfolded. . . .

In the course of our morning's drive next day, my girls had, of course, something to do at "the shawl merchant's," living, as I before said, in the Piazzo Navona; and while they employed themselves in a "shopping," I took the opportunity to saunter towards the corner, "quite promiscuously" as one might say. Contrary to my expectation, I found the paper I had put up the night before still unremoved, and two or three people trying to spell out its meaning. Of course I passed on as innocently as if I knew nothing about it, and tried to recognise which of the streets I had run up in error the night before. While I stood in doubt as to which

of two or three streets might be that particular one, I saw, about half way up one of them, about a dozen people loitering; it could not be called a crowd, and yet they were evidently not moving on. It occurred to me that this might have been the scene of my nocturnal adventure, and I walked towards them.

On arriving, I found them all silently observing the same object, which told me that my conjecture was just. On the stones in front, and on the wall, beside a large doorway opening into a house of ample size, were thick plashes of blood, evidently spilled in some recent and deadly struggle. The dogs, the only active scavengers in Rome, had not been at the spot yet, and though there was a gushing fountain not many yards off, no human hand had yet done the office of decency in removing the marks of murder. Men loitered, and pointed, and spoke in whispers. Women occasionally stood still for a moment, shuddered, crossed themselves, and passed on. I approached one man, and asked him, "What is that?"

"Who knows, signor?" he replied, coldly, and passed on.

Yes, truly—who knows? Who will ever know? The spot, as I afterwards found, was not very far from the grand and now desolate Farnese Palace; the yellow Tiber rushed by, near and rapidly, and on its waters, probably, the chief ghastly evidence, like Lara's victims, "was rolling undiscovered to ocean." But who the victim was—whether the whispering female, the tardy Jeronymo, or the angry disturber of their assignation—whether one or more of these, no one will ever know. So they order matters of police at Rome.

THEY DECK'D HER BROW WITH FLOWERS.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

THEY deck'd her brow with flowers,
'Twas a day in early spring,
They brought them from the bowers,
Where the violets love to cling;
The blossoms on her features
Seemed to envy her her pride,
Though the fairest gift of nature's
Was the fittest for a bride.

The bridal flowers soon faded,
Though the bride seem'd fair and gay,
Her brow, no sorrow shaded,
When the wreath had died away:
But all earth's human flowers
Must fade as Heav'n decrees,
And the fairest gem of ours
Fell beneath the autumn breeze.

They bore her gently, lightly,
The snow was on the ground,
Its feather'd flakes fell brightly
Upon the little mound:
But when the woodland bowers
With early blooms were spread,
They sought the same wild flowers,
And strew'd them o'er her bed.

SOURCES AND PROSPECTS OF SCIENCE,

PSYCHOLOGICALLY CONSIDERED.

THE aim of all science is to accumulate facts; the end, to unravel the truths of the world, and by this means to gratify the curiosity of man, and promote his good. The process of disentangling these many truths, and admitting them to close inspection;—of contributing their many features, each in itself a law, to the commonwealth of philosophy, is the labour of many hands and of many minds. Some are content to follow the lesser though not less honourable aim—the accumulation of facts; and to pass the day, the year, the allotted term of life itself, in experimental inquiry, or passionless observation. These men have a character suited to their work; they are patient and self-denying, while industry and intelligence give a useful and praiseworthy direction to their career. Their province is limited to the material world; they bring no new principles to light; they discover no new law: they constitute the working classes of science; for science, like literature and mechanics, has her working classes as well as her aristocracy; her skilled labourers amounting to many, her original intellects in number few.

The working men of science are essentially an industrious class;—the numerous chemists, for example, are engaged as regularly at the furnace as is the blacksmith at the forge; the many geologists walk over the countries of the world, making use of their skilled intellects in the selection of fossil and mineral from the rude and worthless mass; and they know how to classify what they collect, and to note the peculiarities which each specimen offers.

To be a scientific man, as in all other branches of industry, a certain amount only of education is really necessary, though high acquirements are both desirable and common; for the scientific man of the class we are considering seldom employs himself on more subjects than one, and his subject is not unfrequently of a kind requiring no previous preparation in order to acquire excellence in its pursuit. To become a great anatomist, or chemist, it is not absolutely necessary to be able to read or write; all that is required is to know how to work and to observe.

But the scientific man and the philosopher, though allied, are not one; the latter is scientific, but he is educated too; he is acquainted with every branch of human knowledge. But whilst with his one mind he absorbs the labours of all, repeats and improves on them, he is not on that account, only, a philosopher. He has deep powers of thought, associated with a peculiar sensibility of mind, which enables him at a glance to see the relations of things, however remote from each other. The position which the inventor occupies in relation to the artisan, the architect to the builder, the poet to the grammarian, is in some degree that which the philosopher bears to the scientific man.

The philosopher, in a word, is a man of genius.

Those who have witnessed the scientific man at his work, whether in the metropolis of this country or in the other capitals of Europe, must have been struck by the resemblance they bear to the other working classes; to the optician, the engineer, the mechanic generally. They

have their workshop like these, which by many is called by that name, though in politer language known as the laboratory, the dissecting-room, and the museum. In these workshops the chemist, the physiologist, the naturalist is to be seen, not dressed like, or bearing any outward resemblance to the gentleman, but in the attire of labour, making analyses, dissecting animals, stuffing birds, or comparing recent and fossil shells or bones. These are the daily labours of scientific men; their task to add new facts to the sum of human knowledge.

But to detect principles through the separate and disembodied consideration of these facts of science, is the work of another class of men, who belong to, though they are but thinly scattered among, the mere working classes of the scientific world. This elevated class comprehends the philosophical minds of the age; men who see the bearings of every fact that comes within their view. The philosopher is a scientific man; but while the strictly scientific class plod unremittingly at one subject, and are in a degree ignorant of every other, the philosopher feels the necessity of keeping himself acquainted with science in general. The difference between the two characters is great: the mineralogist goes on mastering and discovering facts in his branch of geology; the palæontologist perseveres in collecting fossil organisations and in studying their identities; the botanist with each fresh summer renews his walks at home, or goes to distant lands to gather plants. If these different characters meet and converse, they discover that want of sympathy which results from different pursuits—hence has arisen class societies, such as the geological, the botanical; and many more, all encouraging the division of labour.

But the philosopher must know all the sciences, must be skilled in all before he enters on his pursuits, before he makes an attempt at generalisation, the most difficult of labours, and for the performance of which knowledge alone, or genius, cannot qualify. The illustrious Humboldt, the Okens, the Aragos, the Faradays, the Herschells, the Lyells, the Owens, and others, all great and gifted, are not men of a single science; they are acquainted with, and have a rare facility of acquiring every branch of knowledge, or, failing so to do, find their successes more limited than their powers. Such minds as these, in one phenomenon perceive a system;—to Newton, the fall of a heavy body betrayed a law of universal gravitation; to Adams and Leverrier, the perturbations of Uranus revealed the existence of a planet beyond. The working astronomer, among the most noble of working men, points his telescope into space to discover whatever shines on his practised eye, just as the fisherman casts his net and draws forth all that has entered; but Adams and Leverrier saw, as others had done before, that the planet since called Neptune had an existence, and by means of calculations which others had attempted and failed in, they were able to tell the working astronomer where to look for a new star. It was there; and like that which dawned at religion's birth that new star dawned on science!

There is something historically curious in the character of the working man, whether in science or the mechanical arts, for it is much the same in both, as well as in that of the philosopher; and it is with a view to elucidate it that these preliminary remarks are made. Men have always worked, but not all men; the working classes have always been a peculiar

race, though intermixed with other nations. The Jews are not a working people; a proximate and concurrent cause of their flight from Egypt was, probably, that they were there forced to work with their hands. The Gipsies are not a working people; nor are the Irish, Welsh, and Highland Celts. All of them are living among us in these islands—among us the workers of the world—and one and all are doing no more work than necessity compels them to perform. Of these people, the first live by their extraordinary skill in finance; the second, by palmistry and other canning; the others by the sword in preference to the plough. And there is another race among us not yet mentioned—the Norman, whose people were skilled from the earliest times in the arts of organisation and government; not in handicraft; and of these many have lived from the Conquest down to the present times without working; they have retained the lands which they acquired by conquest, and, as the nobility and squirearchy of this country, represent the chivalry of England to this day. These Normans, as well as the other races enumerated, are gentlemen by nature, some distinguished by their fine blandishing manners, others by their cold reserve.

But among us the Anglo-Saxon is the working man; Manchester is his metropolis. In ancient times,—when forced, as a matter of business, to fight against his will,—he no doubt made a good old baron; but his place, however rich he be—is not the House of Peers: he is the cotton-lord, the chief of mechanical labours. In the Lower House he is at home; he can there work: among the lords he is an anomaly greater than would be the Jew in Parliament, for the Jews are the greatest financiers on earth, and, once admitted to the Legislature, we should have the Rothschilds our hereditary Chancellors of Exchequer.

In all ages there have existed working men and philosophers, as well as men possessed of the other characteristics alluded to; but the working man has not at all periods supplied from among his numbers a class called scientific; nor have philosophers been men of science until within modern times, though they have influenced human society by their opinions and speculations since the beginning of history. On these points depend the explanation of whence that modern thing called science comes.

In order to understand the subject clearly, it is necessary to remember that the race of mankind is divisible into varieties, of which some are pure, and others mixed. The pure varieties are never lost by admixture, but reappear after a few generations; while the mixed give rise perpetually to new forms of mind and body among the human family, especially to everything great, such as the epochs of Greece, Carthage, and Rome, formerly, and of Great Britain and America in these times. On this principle, whatever has been may occur again, though it will not necessarily recur; and what has never before been, may happen in any age. As respects the scientific epoch, that was never known until within the last two or three centuries, though glimpses of its future dawn were perceivable long before. No pure race could have originated or sustained a scientific epoch: the pure races present the fine rough materials for improvement; in them the different sorts of cleverness and selfishness are pre-eminent, but not the union of high and universal faculties, with a sense of virtue in its grander and more elaborate forms; a union due only to a large fusion of select races into one.

The Saxon-English is essentially a man of work and thrift; left to himself in his own country, he would remain so for ever. The Danish-English has other qualities; he has imagination; and this acting in concert with his high intellectual powers, gives him the philosophical element of his nature. The Danish-English boasts of Gothic blood in his veins, and this gives the slow but accurate conception—the depth, penetration, and acuteness of the true Teuton—qualities which, added to the industry and love of labour which belong to the Anglo-Saxon, make the philosopher and man of science one character. And if to the above elements of Anglo-Saxon and Danish-English mind be superadded the quickness of perception, and great powers of combination which distinguish the Celtic race, we have a union of elements capable of creating genius of the highest kind. It is not, however, to be supposed that simultaneously and co-extensively with the blending of these Anglo-Saxon, Danish, Gothic, Celtic, and, I may mention, Jutian races, philosophical genius must come into being; far from it. This comes rarely out, and is due to proportions—definite, but indefinable—unknown, and therefore seemingly accidental.

Admitting the correctness of this view, we are able to explain, psychologically, the sources of science. The wonderful system known by that name is due to modern times—due to the union, whether in Britain or Western Europe generally, within the limits of which it is almost confined—to a blending of races, of which the chief constituents are the working and the philosophical, and of which neither, separately, could have built the temple of science. The result of this union is the scientific epoch—a thing of yesterday.

But is this great epoch a thing also of to-morrow? This question involves another: what are the Prospects of Science? When Bacon came into existence, the world saw for the first time those elements of race which constitute labour, whether mechanical or scientific, whichever would pay best (or Anglo-Saxon); quickness of perception with great powers of combination and application (or Celtic); slowness and accuracy in perceiving, acuteness, depth, and penetration of mind (or Scandinavian-Teutonic), so blended and nicely balanced in one mind as to create the genius of practical philosophy. Before the time of Francis Bacon these elements were verging to a focus; since his time their results have multiplied in an ever-increasing ratio, as instanced in the Newtons, the Herschells, the Cavendishes, the Davys, the Wollastons, the Hunters, and many more in the past as well as present day. But is this great epoch of yesterday a thing also of to-morrow? Let us examine this question briefly, but philosophically, by a comparison of what has been the fate of other great epochs—of the greatest of all, that of Greece.

When the aborigines of Greece were a pure race, they were distinguished only for mechanical talent, a quality still belonging to the Sclavonic race, which, under the designation of Pelasgian, early occupied Greece. But by degrees their frontier was crossed by a Teutonic people, whence the Greeks derived those features of beauty which, by their mechanical talents, they have fixed imperishably in marble. Who has not heard of the fair-haired Menelaus, of the ox-eyed Juno, and the blue-eyed Minerva? Straight-legged, too, is a term used by Homer as descriptive of his heroes; and all these features are Teutonic: they exist in

England to this day, though no longer in Greece. There were other elements, and among them a Celtic, whose conjunction gave birth to the men with whose name all that is great in literature, eloquence, philosophy, and the arts of both peace and war, is associated. Nature herself knows no *beau-ideal:* time and circumstance alone can develop beauty and human virtue from the materials which nature supplies; and these materials were at a particular moment associated in Greece. The limbs and intellect of the Teuton, the mechanical skill and power of speech of the Sclave, the warlike qualities of the Celt, together with other elements, gave rise to a perfection of form never attained by man before—to that form which is our *beau-ideal*, and to a perfection of genius, for every purpose then known, no less singular. Philosophy reached its highest development in that epoch, for Plato has not since been approached; but it was abstract, not natural philosophy.

What became of this epoch? The elements of race died out, and with their disappearance vanished the greatest marvels of intellect and form that the world had witnessed.

We have not time here to trace into their joint decay the various migrations of this evanescent but ever-glorious people. In Italy, as elsewhere, the Pelasgo-Grecian did the work of greatness; but the soil was, after a due lapse of time, the home once more of the surviving aborigines —of the Italic—Tuscan—Oscan—Siculian,—and which, from an inundation of new races, erroneously called barbarians, gave birth, in the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries inclusive, from Dante to Michael Angelo, to an epoch of literature and painting; and which, in its turn, perished.

In England, as in all lands, we have had our epochs, which have died or are dying out. For example, the literary epoch, which, however, was never popular; for Shakspeare and Milton died unknown, and those who acquire fame in England before they die lose it when they are dead.

If the great epochs, then, have had the psychological origin, and shared the fates thus described, what is the Prospect of Science? Its intellectual resources are at present confined within the limits of Europe. They may spring up elsewhere, or may emigrate. Science, by such means, may be sustained in America, and even in the Polynesia—that is, by relays from Europe—but must ultimately fail there, or take some new development from the novel combination of elements entering into the human race in those distinct regions.

Much that is new to Europe has to be added from East as well as West, which will one day give America and Australasia their epochs,—such, perhaps, as the world has not yet beheld,—and better suited to an advanced than an early or mediæval period of human society.

As long as the present fusion of races endures in Europe, the scientific epoch must stand its ground and advance boldly, but no longer. The Sources and Prospects of Science belong to one and the same mixed race, now but a few centuries old; and with it, however distant the term, they will in all probability have an end.

HESTER SOMERSET.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XVII.

HESTER MAKES HER DEBUT AS A SINGER.

FROM what we know of the character of Hester, we shall not doubt that she studied very diligently under the musical professor. The more brief the term of her tuition, or initiation into the mysteries of the art of song, the more speedily would her object be accomplished, or, at least, her fate decided. Mr. Kellerman, himself, was surprised at the progress which she made. He felt assured of her ability, and of the excellence of the voice with which Nature had endowed her; but knowing how fluctuating a thing is public taste, and how fashion, the whim of the hour, sweeps all before it, he could not guarantee for her that triumph which others, far less gifted, have achieved.

At the earnest request of Mr. Somerset, Hester was to assume another name; hence her identity, when she might appear before the public, would not be discovered. She had resolved, too, never to sing on the stage, but to confine herself to the concert-room.

Time passed. Week after week, and month after month, did Hester practise and toil. She spent hours daily with the venerable professor; and when by herself, the poor songstress would shut herself in her room, warbling those notes which she hoped, ere long, might avail to melt away the iron bonds of her father's captivity.

The chorister of the greenwood sings to amuse himself, and give vent to the exuberant joy of his swelling heart. The *cantatrice* of the Opera burns for fame, or her every note is a sordid one, exchanged for a coin—money that is to minister perhaps to her own gratification and luxuries. But neither for amusement, fame, nor self-aggrandisement, did the young pupil of Kellerman pour from her dulcet throat the magic of sweet sounds. She dreaded notoriety, shrank from popular applause, and the thoughts of her approaching *début* filled her heart with a fear little short of an agony. Yet Hester felt, that having entered upon the undertaking, the terrible trial must be gone through.

It came at last—the day on which she was to make her appearance—the day when she should be rewarded for her long and unremitted studies, or, meeting with no success, be thrown back again on her own resources, her time lost, and farther than ever from the goal of her hopes and wishes.

The occasion was a grand concert of sacred music, to be held at Willis's Rooms. The projector was the veteran Kellerman, and one of the pieces to be performed was Handel's "Messiah." It being the height of the London season, the concert, it was expected, would be very fully and fashionably attended. Hester proceeded in a carriage from Brompton, accompanied by Mr. Kellerman and his three daughters. Pale she was and agitated; but very different were her feelings from those she expe-

rienced two years previously, when, entrapped by the snares of Pike and the hunchback, Flemming, she was to be carried to a concert which existed only in the imaginations of those men.

The company was assembling. There was a rapid whirling of carriages into King-street, a great letting-down of steps, and slamming of carriage-doors; there was a mighty rushing to and fro of powdered footmen with gilt staffs, and as confusion was caused by the darkness, vehicle jostling against vehicle, coachmen were heard to swear on their broad hammercloths, while the pushing and shouting of policemen, who were very zealous in endeavouring to restore order, had only the effect of increasing the excitement and hubbub in a tenfold degree.

Within the building, there were chandeliers casting a brilliant light on plumes, turbans, and an indescribable variety of jewels. Men were there, critics, connoisseurs, the Aristarchs of music, and men who, pretending to be no judges, could judge the best. Old dowagers and young beauties —chaperons and *protégées*—the rich plain heiress, the penniless beautiful maiden—the lord mayor's lady, and the lady whose family had been noble since the Conquest—these formed the staple of the assembly, and all considered themselves the chief of England's "gay select," very refined, very much to be envied, and withal very happy.

Stealing in through the throng, and placing himself as near the performers as possible, one gentleman might have been observed whose claims to aristocratic birth were very questionable, inasmuch as no one there seemed to know him. He was a little active man, with red hair, and remarkably brilliant eyes; his black coat and pantaloons were rather worn, but, if the truth must be told, they had received that day an ample wash of "black reviver;" his little white neckerchief was freshly starched, and he had on—borrowed probably for the occasion—a pair of white kid gloves. He sat quietly taking snuff, and looked very profound and knowing, so that people at length considered him some great critic.

The musicians had taken their places, and flutes, bassoons, trumpets, drums, and not-to-be-counted violins, were ready to commence the full crash of harmony—the thunder of sublime sounds. There, elevated above the band, like Prospero surrounded by his subject spirits, sat the leader, old Mr. Kellerman, and his ministers anxiously awaited the first wave of his magical wand.

It commenced—the "Messiah" was performed, and with that applause which usually awaits Handel's masterpiece. But Hester took no part in the oratorio. The young *débutante* was to make trial of her powers in an original composition—that composition was an anthem by the professor himself, and it contained a long solo part designed expressly for Hester. Oh, how often had she practised it!—each bar, each note, had she studied, day after day; anxious, too, was she to do justice to the genius of her benevolent master, who had bestowed much pains on the composition. Everything that Kellerman produced was sure to command attention; and the fact that the weight of his new performance devolved on a lady entirely unknown, was a proof that he, at least, entertained a high opinion of her capabilities.

"Hush! Kellerman's new anthem!" was whispered through the room. "Who is this lady? and how will she get on with it?" were questions asked by one of the other.

Hester appeared; her modesty, her timidity, her unadorned classic beauty, immediately raised a feeling in her favour. But she advanced with difficulty, for her heart palpitated, and her limbs trembled with that agitation almost inseparable from a first appearance before a public audience. A kind encouraging whisper from the old professor, and an anxious, smiling glance from Julie, who sat near, failed to reassure her; and now, too, that little man with the red hair and stiff white neckerchief was observed to lean forward, and fix upon the *débutante* his black glittering eyes; they had an evil and fascinating glare, like the eyes of the rattlesnake. Whoever he might be, it was evident that Hester saw him, for her cheek grew ashy pale, while a shiver ran through her frame.

"Even here—driven as she is to her last resource—is he come, stealthy demon! to bar her from success, and blight her hopes!—bitter, unrelenting persecutor!" Such were the thoughts which passed through Hester's mind; but a re-action will sometimes take place when our spirits are most depressed. Though paralysed for the moment, pride and courage awoke in the breast of Somerset's daughter; and, strange to say, the very knowledge of her enemy's presence bore her up, and gave vigour to her nerves. The weak girl was resolved to defy him, and to triumph in spite of his foul endeavours to crush her.

And now the young singer commenced the solo in Kellerman's original piece; but, alas! after the first few warbled notes, the woman's nature returned, and, shrinking into herself before that large assembly, her voice shook and quivered, and was fast dying away into a mere thread. The professor, who endeavoured to catch her eye, was nervous and uneasy; not only did he consider that the success of his anthem entirely depended upon Hester, but he felt extreme interest in her individually. She was his esteemed pupil; he had persuaded her to embrace the profession, and had filled her heart with the brightest hopes. And must the concert which was to crown her with fame, bring only defeat and ruin?

Up sprang Mr. Pike, and, in his assumed critical capacity, looked an appeal to those around. It was not a theatre, so he dared not hiss, but he ventured to whisper to those nearest him, "Gentlemen, we are insulted—this is not the young lady who was to make her *début;* I know her—she's an impostor—she can't sing. I tell you, we are insulted!"

"Hush!" said several voices at once. Mr. Pike, careful not to proceed too far, again seated himself.

Hester, at this critical juncture, gained her self-possession. She thought no more of Pike, but the idea of him gave place to the image of her father; she saw the latter in prison, and felt how his future lot, his liberty, his happiness, hung, as it were, on that moment. Holy as powerful was the feeling that now sustained her; her voice was no longer uncertain; every note was distinct and perfect, from the lowest that died away like the scarcely audible murmur of the harp of Æolus, to the highest that filled the room.

The solo was but half completed when Hester thus obtained the full command of her voice. The audience was now convinced that Kellerman's pupil was worthy to undertake the arduous task assigned her. There was a continuous stream of under melody, each bird-like note gushing full as the nightingale's, yet rich as the tones of the flute. Anon, where the anthem required, the voice broke forth with solemn cadence

and sublime power; and it was truly wonderful that a frame so small could send forth such a volume of sound. A note of thrilling power, sustained for an entire minute, took the audience by surprise; and few present, except some of the elder ones who remembered Catalani, had ever heard it equalled.

How glowed the eye now of the white-headed Kellerman, as he looked around him with an air of triumph! "I said she could sing, and I knew it!" were the words expressed by his meaning looks. But hushed was the assembly; not a whisper was breathed; for each seemed wrapped in admiration of the anthem, and to hang spell-bound on the lips of the young singer.

Hester finished her part at length, and stepped modestly back. Then feelings, long repressed, gave themselves vent, and, like a pent-up whirlwind, the applause burst forth—not a few decorous rounds, but shout upon shout, each person vying with the other who should applaud the loudest. One voice only was heard in dissent; it proceeded from the critic with red hair.

"She is no singer—she can't sing!" vociferated Mr. Pike; "she is an impostor—I tell you her voice is execrable!"

But a gentleman who was near seized him by the "black-revived" coat, which, from its rottenness, threatened to part in his hands.

"You are no critic, but an enemy, I perceive now," said the gentleman; "I command you to be silent, if you would not be choked!"

Then the applause was renewed. Three cheers also were given for the composer, Kellerman, whose well-earned fame was thus enhanced by the successful efforts of his pupil. Hester retired, followed by the good wishes and admiration of all; but, flattered as she could not help feeling, one thought was uppermost in her bosom, and, in her excitement, covering her face with her hands, she murmured,

"Kind fortune, I thank you! Now, perhaps, the task will no longer be impossible—now I may, indeed, be enabled to gain the sum that shall set my father at liberty."

Chapter XVIII.

THE SINGER'S SUCCESS—THE EQUANIMITY OF MR. PIKE IS DISTURBED.

Mr. Kellerman, as well as being a proficient in his art, was acquainted with the world and human nature. He had promptly judged of Hester's capabilities, and judged correctly; he had prophesied, and his prophecy had begun to be fulfilled. In England, as elsewhere, he knew that success obtained one day, usually ensures success the next; that fashion is the great lever which moves the mass of society; and that people will open their purses whenever any distinguished neighbour leads the example. He had calculated, that his pupil, once considered a "star," would be offered large sums to sing both in London and the provinces; and thus Kellerman, receiving one-half of the proceeds, as agreed, would be trebly paid for his previous outlay.

The professor was right. Hester, under the name she had assumed, weekly, almost daily, increased her celebrity. She was eagerly sought after by the projectors of concerts, and the town being full, large audiences were generally ensured. The young singer became the rage, and

not to admire her was considered bad taste. The result may be anticipated; at the end of four months, when the London season closed, the delighted Hester found her portion of the receipts to amount to no less a sum than five hundred and twenty pounds.

Oh, blissful realisation of the fond daughter's far-stretching dreams! After all her toils, her privations, her disappointments, her persecutions, is the prize won—is the triumph achieved at last?

But we must direct attention to another character in our history. Mr. Pike was walking to and fro in his office; his manner was greatly disturbed; a scowl sat on his brow, and every now and then he muttered an oath.

"What! the girl found—recognised—proved to be his daughter? would I had sent its tiny spirit to Heaven, instead of dropping the child at the prison-gate! Hartley is incensed—I know he is; he blames me for want of precaution, and I may lose my annuity—yes, my annuity—my three hundred a year—ten thousand furies!"

The miser, in anticipation of this falling off of his annual stipend, which hitherto had been punctually paid him by Mr. Hartley, grew furious; he groaned, and struck his forehead with his clenched hand.

"Then, too, this persevering, obstinate, and miserable girl—is not her conduct enough to exasperate the mildest spirit? but that rascally music-master has been her chief assistant in the business; he first brought her into notice, and raised a current too strong for me to oppose. Ha, the villain!" cried Pike, grinding his teeth; "what would I give to see him dangling at a rope's end in the Old Bailey! They are all getting the better of Hartley and me—Hartley, I tremble to meet him—I dread to hear him say, 'Pike, I must now stop your salary.' Oh, my three hundred a year! what will become of me in my old age? Pshaw! that fifteen thousand which I have in Consols, I won't think of it—'tis nothing; I shall lose my annuity—I shall be a beggar, ruined—undone!"

In the paroxysm of his distress, he struck his bony hands together, and tore his red hair. He then cast his empty purse upon the ground, type of himself and his dreaded expected poverty.

Mr. Pike was standing gazing on the purse, and ruefully shaking his head, when Hartley, dispensing with the usual ceremony of knocking, opened the door and walked in. The Templar was not in a passion—as far as the features may be considered the index of the mind, he was calm; but there is a thoughtful, quiet bitterness, a subdued anger, as fearful in their effects as the choler which breaks forth like the unruly tempest. Hartley fixed his eyes on the little attorney without speaking; the latter quailed and shrank, instinctively looking up, while his knees knocked each other.

"No bad news—no worse intelligence, I hope, Mr. Hartley?" said Pike, stooping still lower.

"Yes," was the monosyllable.

"Why, they surely have not discovered that we were the purloiners of that child, now a woman? Oh, no, it is impossible!"

"Let that matter rest; it is a bad affair, and your doing."

"My doing, good Mr. Hartley?"

"Yes, sir; you have been outwitted. You played the fool, instead of transacting my business properly."

"Say not so, dear sir," whispered Mr. Pike, in a tremulous tone. "My whole study has been—and still shall be—to serve you, and carry out your wishes."

"That young woman ought never to have been restored to her family; you should have found her in the Fleet, and lured her away, anywhere—even to her grave—rather than have suffered such a discovery to take place. But let the matter rest, I repeat. The greatest triumph of our enemies is in reserve. Fool! what hast thou been doing? how hast thou tamely permitted this miserable child of Somerset's to collect such a sum? Why, six months have not elapsed since she commenced singer. I thought you were to attend all the concerts at which she was engaged, in order to prevent her success?"

"And so I have, Mr. Hartley," expostulated Pike. "Every concert and musical party, to which I could gain admittance, have I attended—thanks to you for defraying the expense of the tickets; I have spoken, I have insinuated, and I have hissed; but somehow, the stupid people have not been disposed to listen to my opinions. In fact, the party got up by that rascally Kellerman to applaud the girl, has been too strong for me."

"Wretched imbecile! knave without brains!"

"Don't blame me—don't be severe, good Mr. Hartley," cried the cringing miser. "I'll do anything to serve you yet."

"It is too late, fool." As Hartley spoke, he drew a letter from his pocket. "Here, read this; I received it to-day; and then confess how well you have served me."

The letter was addressed to Hartley by Mr. Somerset's attorney, and, couched in legal phrase, gave him notice that his client was now prepared to meet and discharge the bill of exchange, or promissory note, held by Roland Hartley, and bearing the signature of Hugh Somerset, in default of payment of which the said Hugh Somerset had so long been detained in prison. The said bill would be duly honoured on its presentation at the banking-house of Messrs. Cundy, Sparks, and Co., London. If, after this notice, the bill was not presented for payment, he, the attorney, would have the pleasure of waiting with the money at Mr. Hartley's chambers, demanding the delivery of the said promissory note, so that Mr. Somerset might forthwith be released from prison.

Mr. Pike's face assumed a most melancholy and blank expression. "This is, indeed, bad—very bad," he said. "Who should have expected it? The girl, I well know, a few months since, through my assiduity in defeating her projects, did not possess forty pounds. Ah! 'tis all owing to this villain—this music-master, Kellerman."

"Rather say it is owing to yourself, Mr. Pike; you have been remiss and inactive."

"I remiss! I inactive!" cried the little attorney, raising his hands and eyes, astounded by the charge. "Do not say so, good sir, after all my long and faithful services."

"Look you, the money has been gained by the daughter—my enemy will be free, and triumph over me—I have allowed you three hundred a year."

"Yes, generous Mr. Hartley—three hundred a year—I thank you."

"For what purpose?—to obtain the imprisonment of my enemy, and

when in prison to keep him there. You succeeded in the first—you have failed in the last. In a few days, Somerset will be at large."

"Confusion!" cried Pike. "Oh, that the girl, Hester, could be burnt for a witch!"

"These are idle words; our connexion must cease. Your annuity——"

"My annuity—yes—what?" gasped Pike.

"Must be suspended."

"Heaven forbid!" cried the miser, in an agony. "Believe me, I can still serve you. You can't do without me—no, no, you can't do without me!"

Hartley cast on the man crouching before him a look of withering contempt.

"I tell thee thou art mistaken. Nothing now can prevent Somerset from obtaining his freedom; so I have no further use of thee. But surely, man, thou dost not covet thy annuity any longer, for thou art rich enough."

Rich enough! Oh! when did a miser ever feel he was rich enough?

"No, I am poor, good Mr. Hartley, very poor, I assure you. I only want to make a little provision for my old age. Oh! it is a horrible thing, the idea of starving when one is old and infirm. If you take away my annuity, I shall soon want a crust—a bed to lie on; but you will not be so unjust and cruel."

"I can see no injustice or cruelty in the matter; I am resolved on doing it; say no more."

"Ha!" cried Pike, in a sharp accent, looking askance at Hartley, his manner throwing off its usual abject servility, and his face assuming an expression of viperous malignity—"I *will* have my annuity—I dare you to stop the payment."

Hartley was astonished at the boldness of the man whom he had made his tool.

"I do not understand you, Mr. Pike."

"I mean, I will have my three hundred a year—so long, at least, as you live. Think me very moderate that I do not demand of you double that sum."

"Insolent rascal! what mean you by this? Are you mad? Not a penny more shall you receive from me."

"But I *will* have it," said Pike, firmly. "There's a building not a hundred miles off, called Newgate; there's a gallows there—gentlemen have suffered before now—I tell you, I will have my money."

Hartley changed visibly. His cheek, that lately burned with indignation, turned deadly white, and a tremor came upon him. Pike intently watched his emotions.

"Madman!" exclaimed Hartley, recovering himself, "your insults are without meaning."

"Then I will speak plainly, and at once. Roland Hartley, you have rendered yourself amenable to the criminal law of this country. You made away with the hunchback Flemming—you murdered your own illegitimate son. I know this to be a fact, however ignorant the world may be respecting the matter."

Pike could say no more, for he felt himself suddenly seized by the

throat. Hartley dashed him back against the wall, and held him there, until the latter, struggling in vain, grew black in the face.

"Foul-mouthed liar! swear never to repeat this calumny. Thou canst not prove what thou dost assert, and thou wilt lose all by a false accusation."

"Unhand me—I will swear never to allude to your deed, if—my annuity is continued."

Hartley seemed suddenly to awake to the impolitic nature of his conduct, for, unloosing his grasp, he flung Pike from him, and turned away with a laugh of contempt. Mr. Pike had only one end in view—his own aggrandisement. The two men knew each other, and their respective positions.

"Mr. Hartley," said Pike, gradually resuming the cringing address natural to him, "I have no wish to pain you, far less to offer you an insult. You are rich, and I am poor—very poor; I entreat you not to withdraw your bounty. You err greatly in supposing that I cannot serve you even now. Your earnest desire is that Mr. Somerset should be detained in prison. I think," continued Pike, with a hopeful smile, "that the case is not so desperate; something strikes me that the money which the attorney speaks of in the bank of Cundy, Sparks, and Co., designed to discharge Mr. Somerset's debt, may, by some means or other, be withdrawn, and then seized upon."

"Ha!" cried Hartley, "true: or if these people could be made bankrupts——"

"That would be a circuitous and tedious way. Before I could spread reports which might cause a 'run' upon them, Miss Somerset's money would be forthcoming, and her father's discharge obtained. No: I have a plan in my head, but it will require some hours thinking over. Yet, believe me, I will act with zeal, and, if needs be, with daring; for I am convinced nothing short of a bold deed will serve us now."

"Pike," said Mr. Hartley, apparently much pleased, "you are an excellent man; forgive me my late hasty act, and for doubting your sincerity or industry in my cause. Listen to me: as a spur to your performance of this important business, I agree that if you can by any means extract the money from the hands of these bankers, the entire sum shall be yours: in addition to which, I promise that your annuity shall be continued."

The heart of the miser leaped up within him, and his lean face was covered with smiles. Happy, happy, Mr. Pike! a singular compound thou wert of avarice and cunning, of meanness and self-delusion, of grovelling servility yet acuteness and daring. Man of the tender conscience! excuser and glosser-over of flagrant iniquity! But the annuity is still to be thine; the guineas are still to be raked together, swelling the great whole—the provision for thy declining years—happy, happy, Mr. Pike!

CURIOSITIES OF ARCTIC TRAVEL.*

We have already given a general idea of what was accomplished by the Arctic expeditions under the orders of Captain Austin and Captain Penny, in their adventurous search for Sir John Franklin and his gallant companions. The two great features of these expeditions were the travelling parties sent out by Captain Austin in search of the missing expedition, over ice-clad waters and snow-bound lands, exposed to an unparalleled amount of cold, and great privations; and the boat and sledge exploration and discovery of the prolongation of Wellington Channel, by Captain Penny and his party. The details of these particular expeditions having been now presented to both houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty, we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity of conveying to our readers some further idea of the character of these exploratory travels, of the labour and privations undergone, the discoveries effected, and the new experiences of Arctic life presented to us in these truly remarkable exploits.

The preliminary labours of Lieutenants Aldrich and M'Clintock, in advancing depôts, in September, 1850, in order to aid the parties which were to start in the spring on more extended journeys, are not of sufficient interest to merit more than cursory mention. It was even found advisable to have these depôts examined and increased, and, in the instance of that on the north-west point of Somerville Island, advanced to the south-west point of Lowther Island, before the spring travelling parties set out. This was not without reason; for at the latter depôt the greater part of the provisions were found to have been destroyed by bears and foxes. Even the iron potato cases had been crushed, and, in several instances, literally torn. Mr. Geo. F. M'Dougall's party fell in with some of these bears, which, after keeping them company some time, passed ahead, faced round, and advanced towards them, apparently with the intention of attack. The sledges were accordingly stopped, and the party armed with pikes to receive their Arctic assailants. Mr. M'Dougall having, however, shot one of the younger animals, they all judged it prudent to retreat. Before doing this, however, a large old bear placed himself in such a position as to enable the young wounded animal to grasp her hinder quarters with her fore paws, and then trotted off with her burden faster than they could walk, turning occasionally to watch their proceedings. "Never before," says Mr. M'Dougall, "had I witnessed such an instance of devoted affection in an animal, which, though wounded severely by Corporal Beer and myself in the back and foot, continued at the post of danger until we had closed within fifty yards, when, maddened with rage and pain, she advanced rapidly towards us. At this somewhat critical

* Report of the Committee appointed by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to inquire into and report on the recent Arctic Expeditions in Search of Sir John Franklin; together with the Minutes of Evidence taken before the Committee, and Papers connected with the Subject. (Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of her Majesty.)

Additional Papers relative to the Arctic Expedition under the Orders of Captain Austin and Captain Penny. (Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of her Majesty.)

moment I fired, and struck the bear in the head; and, rubbing the wounded side occasionally in the snow, she made off, and left the young bear to her fate, which was soon decided by a bullet." The flesh was found, however, to be in very bad condition, and the party obtained only about twenty pounds of fat, which answered admirably for fuel, when mixed with tallow.

So much for a bear story. The notes of occurrences are throughout full of characteristic episode, the more *naïve* and original according to the character of the narrator. Thus, Mr. M'Dougall records that on the 16th, "during the evening, Richard Ellis complained of snow blindness: dropped some opiate of wine into each eye, which caused almost immediate relief. Held a musical festival this evening, which lasted till past midnight." A musical festival amid ice and snow, with little or no covering, the temperature so low that the bottles of water kept close to the body became solid, and kept up to midnight, does not convey the idea of exceeding enjoyment. One only wonders that the sounds did not, as in a well-known apocryphal instance, freeze in the air, only to melt and produce mysterious music in the height of summer, to the astonishment of some wandering Bruin or lonely walrus.

The experience obtained in these preliminary excursions was of use to those subsequently undertaken at greater length. It was found that the cooking apparatus was not strong enough to stand the wear and tear; that the allowance of tallow or spirits of wine for fuel was not sufficient to cook their provisions with comfort; that the substitution of more bread for less pemmican was desirable; and that chocolate was preferred for breakfast, tea making but a light meal to travel on.

We now turn, then, to the more important sledge expeditions, beginning with that of Captain Ommanney as first in rank, and whose instructions were, we find, distinctly to search to the southward and westward, between Cape Walker and Banks' Land, in such directions as might appear likely for the missing expedition to have taken; should the coast be found to present bays or inlets, one party was to examine those, whilst the other was advancing to the westward. It is obvious, from these instructions of Captain Austin's, that he had a westerly prolongation of the research in view towards Banks' Land, which we find Captain Henry Kellett considers may be one with Melville Island (a very doubtful circumstance), and that he never contemplated that southerly trending of the coast followed by Captain Ommanney and Lieutenant Osborn, which kept the party so far to the eastward as to leave a space of *eleven* degrees of longitude between the coast explored by them and the said Banks' Land, at least as far as the latter is known; and thus the whole question as to whether Sir John Franklin's ships sailed through any portion of these eleven degrees to the south-westward, or upwards, by Wellington Channel, is as much in doubt as ever.

The sufferings undergone at the very onset by Captain Ommanney's party, from frost-bites and snow-blindness, were so severe, that before they had been out a fortnight, many of the men were disabled, and a sledge had to be sent back, thus reducing the division to four sledges. By the 29th of April (the party started on the 15th) Lieutenant Osborn was perfectly blind. The sun proved, indeed, throughout as great an obstacle to progress as the frost. It obliged them always to travel by night only. On the 4th of May, it was found necessary to send back

another sledge with invalids. Out of sixty days that Captain Ommanney's party were out, ten were most painfully passed within the narrow limits of a tent, during violent gales, with heavy snow-drifts, rendering travelling impossible; five more were delayed by casualties, and in examination of the land. The party encamped, during this long period, but eight times on dry land.

At first starting, as may be easily imagined, the travellers did not sleep, from the novelty of their situation; but they soon got over that. A specimen of one day's travel at the onset will give a general idea of the system pursued. The hour for breakfast will read strange to the uninitiated:

Wednesday, 16th of April.—The strength of wind, with falling snow in our faces, the weight of the sledges, together with the uneven, hard ridges of snow, rendered the work of dragging very laborious. Two, A.M., division encamped near broken, hummocky ice; wind S.S.E.; thick weather, with snow. After partaking of some tea, got into blanket-bags by four, A.M. Did not sleep, owing to novelty of situation. Throughout the day the gale continued to blow with squalls, with drift and snow. The same weather continued through the journey. At three, P.M., aroused the cook to prepare breakfast; gale moderating; heard the floe crack several times. Five—read prayers, and breakfasted on tea and cold pemmican. Received the medical officer's report, "All well," and a satisfactory one from each officer of the efficiency of each party; none appear to have slept sound.

The thermometer at this time was + 14, that is to say, 18° below freezing point. The order of proceeding was in one line, each sledge following in the wake of the next a-head. A "spell O" was made every half hour, when the leader was changed—a precaution to prevent the eyes being overstrained, the leader having nothing to relieve the glare of the surrounding floe; two officers half a mile in advance to lead the way. They had not been out four days' marches before they found out that they were quite out of place in the Arctic regions, and that human beings had indeed no right there whatsoever. "The scene around us," says the report, "was one of peculiar solitude and gloom; nothing but a snowy desert encircled by the horizon, without a speck for the eye to rest on; human life appears intrusive and unwelcome in such a region of desolation." Luncheon usually consisted of cold salt pork, biscuit, and half allowance of grog; water was procured by dissolving snow or ice in the cooking apparatus. Pipes were enjoyed at every meal, and the men were in general cheerful and willing at their work. At times they were enabled to make sail on the sledges with floor-cloths, which answered admirably, and relieved the men, some requiring but two men to drag.

Kites were tried, but found useless, the speed of the sledges slacking the line, which caused them to fall. When it blew hard, the sledges scudding along before the wind, with their sails set, looked like a fleet of junks.

One of the earliest inconveniences experienced after frost-bites, snow-blindness, and painfully cold winds, was from the shrinking of the canvas boots. The cold also began to penetrate through the blanket-bags, preventing sleep at day. This was when the wind blew from the north, and the thermometer fell to + 5, or 27° below freezing point. On the 22nd of April, the thermometer fell to — 15°, or 47° below freezing point, a temperature which, combined with wind, appears to have put a stop to all work. The men were glad to get into their bags, but several

were severely frostbitten. The cold was intense, the canvas of the tents not thick enough to keep out the wind, and that, with the tents themselves rattling about their ears, put sleep out of the question. Hot soup, at such crises as these, was found particularly refreshing. "But," says one of the reporters, "let it not be supposed that our hardships and privations were not attended with concomitant comforts—comforts whose extent can never be felt by those who are accustomed to the luxury of beds, or even to the bare ground in less rigorous climes. Not the tired soldier, when, after a long march, he wraps himself in his cloak, and lays him down by the watch-fire,—not the South-American horseman, to whom sleep has been a stranger for thirty hours, when, overpowered by drowsiness, and with his bridle twisted round his arm, he drops from his saddle and falls into a delightful slumber,—not the labourer who, after a heavy day's work, returns to his humble dwelling to refresh himself in sleep,—none of these can imagine the enchanting dreams and delicious repose experienced by the Arctic traveller, when, with his pemmican stowed comfortably away, he ensconces himself for the night in his blanket-bag. The agreeable passages of the past, and all that imagination can prompt as delightful for the future, pass across the dreamer's mind, and banqueting halls, with tables groaning under a profusion of luxuries, are laid out before him. This latter image is more vivid if the day's meal has happened to be more meagre than usual."

On the 23rd of April, Captain Ommanney describes himself as taking formal possession of the land, in the name of our gracious Sovereign, and planting the "British flag" in the ground, with three cheers. This was the happy land, in which "human life appears intrusive and unwelcome." The acquisition of so desirable a piece of territory will, no doubt, add considerably to the power and prosperity of Great Britain, and the dignity of the Sovereign. It is but fair to say, however, that some hares and snow-buntings were seen; and traces of Eskimos were also observed upon this desolate land. By the eighth day, the strength of the men was becoming affected by the severity of the weather, and confinement to tent. Mock suns were very common, and the more brilliant as the cold was the more intense; or, as one of the men had it, "When them ere sun-dogs shows themselves, we always gets double allowance from Jack Frost." At such times, the thermometer fell to — 39, or 71 degrees below freezing point. The poor fellows, under these circumstances, bagged as warm as they could, but being unable to sleep, singing was commenced after grog, and kept up till breakfast and prayer time. Hot coffee was very naturally found to be the most enjoyable and warming drink under such circumstances. On the 12th and 13th days of March the sky cleared, and the sun's rays are described as "scorching;" this with a temperature in the shade of from 34 to 62 degrees below freezing point! The consequence of the glare was increased snow-blindness, and Lieutenant Osborn was once more totally blind for some time. The treatment adopted was dropping wine of opium into the eye—the pain of which was excruciating.

At this time, traces of foxes and ptarmigan were observed. On the 15th day of March, a real live hare was actually seen, and, on the 19th, a dark-coloured fox—the only one met with. Prints of rein-deers' feet were also observed. On the 25th day of March, they saw a covey of nine

white grouse. This nine-grouse land was also immediately taken possession of in the name of Queen Victoria. By the 28th of March, several men were ill, and all were complaining of weakness, and pains in the shoulders. When the men were "particularly miserable," Captain Ommanney says he issued an extra allowance of grog at luncheon. Some very vain attempts were made under the circumstances to try and kill time by an odd number or two of "Chambers's Journal," and smoking; but even the two opiates combined had little effect upon cold, and cramps, and pains, arrayed on the other side in a tight little phalanx of evils. On the thirty-third march they winged a ptarmigan, but could not catch it; hares were also more numerous; but although the party, on their side, failed in getting any fresh provisions, a fox succeeded, on his, in getting a meal off a gun cover. At length, on the thirty-fifth day of travel, they turned their backs on what Captain Ommanney justly calls "this miserable gulf—probably the first and last Europeans ever destined to sight its dreary shores."

On their return, the temperature began to rise considerably. The thermometer was at times above freezing point. The heat in the tent is described as "quite oppressive;" grass and moss began to appear, and with it traces of deer. On the fortieth march they shot their first ptarmigan, and on the forty-first two were killed. The same man, Campbell, shot two more on the forty-fourth march, and a bear was seen the same day. This was off Cape Walker, where gulls are described as breeding in great numbers on the cliffs. On the 9th of June, summer suddenly burst on the travellers, and seals and ducks were seen, in addition to bears, deer, foxes, hares, ptarmigan, and gulls. On Thursday, the 12th of June, they were awoke at three P.M. by a dog barking, which proved to be at a bear close to the tent, and they soon heard his growl; all roused up in confusion on finding such an unwelcome visitor so near—the gun went off by accident; Bruin then poked his nose against the tent poles, which brought the tent down upon the top of the whole party, and left them at the mercy of the beast. As they emerged, they got a view of him—an enormous ugly brute, whose curiosity was drawn to a blanket, bag, and knapsack; in the mean time, Campbell got the other gun, and wounded him in the fore-leg, above the paw, when he retreated, to their great relief. Captain Ommanney then followed him up with Campbell, and after a chase of a mile (the bear on three legs), he made a stand, under a hammock, at twenty yards, and the last of Bruin is thus narrated: "Put a ball through his shoulder and chest, and left him to die." In the evening they went out and skinned it.

On the 14th of June, Captain Ommanney regained the ships, after an absence of sixty days, "deeply grateful to the Almighty Disposer of all events for numerous mercies vouchsafed." His mind, he further says, firmly convinced of the impracticability of any ships navigating along the coast that had been explored, because shoals extend along the greater portion of it. This is so far true; but when the gallant captain afterwards adds, he can entertain no hope of ships ever reaching the continent of America south-west of Cape Walker, we are bound to say, that however likely such a state of things may really be, we do not see that either Captain Ommanney's or Lieutenant Osborn's explorations have in any way settled that point. They have left, as before stated, an extent of

eleven degrees of ice, land, or water, unexplored between Cape Walker and Banks' Land; and it does not exactly follow that, even suppose no ships could navigate the coasts explored by these gallant officers, there might not be, at certain times and seasons, navigable waters to the south-west throughout any part of the before-mentioned unexplored space.

The journals of the other sledge parties present so many features in common one with the other, that we shall not repeat details, but content ourselves with selecting points of novelty in Arctic travel. In the journal of her Majesty's sledge *Succour*, Lieutenant Mecham, we find it noticed that one William Tullett had brought with him a pair of boots made of blue cloth, with leather soles, and lined with blanket, and that with these he did not complain of cold feet, and found no difficulty in getting them off; whereas the shrinking of the canvas boots was one of the chief grievances the men had to complain of. Lieutenant Mecham also advocates, as do others, the use of robes made of buffalo-skins; and most of the officers agreed in condemning the tents, as too small, and wanting more cloth.

On Lieutenant Browne's expedition with the sledge *Enterprise*, and which travelled for some distance along the eastern shores of the land explored on the western side by Captain Ommanney and Lieutenant Osborn, one of the first discoveries was a poor little snow-bunting, frozen to death. Lieutenant Browne very wisely set the men to work at once enlarging the obnoxious canvas boots across the instep, so as to enable the men to wear more wrappers on their feet, as also to facilitate pulling the boots on when hard, and taking them off when shrunk. On the 26th of April, there is no record of the temperature on this journey, for the very satisfactory reason that the mercury was frozen in the neck of the instrument. The chronometer also stopped, apparently from excessive cold. On the 13th of May, a wolf came up to the tent, and was wounded, but made his escape. On their way back, we find the following entry: "Eleven P.M. (May 24). Observed some dark objects on the floe, a long distance off, which were at first supposed to be seals, but which proved to be a travelling party, under command of Mr. Krabbe, from her Majesty's ship *Assistance*, having some provisions, and for this party among the rest." What a difference! and how we can enter into the feelings of the tired wanderers, revelling in all the luxury of preserved milk and extra tea! Lieutenant Browne is, like the rest, an advocate of Liebig's doctrines for keeping up animal heat in the Arctic regions. He says less pemmican is wanted, but more fat, tallow, spirits, and tea. The strait explored by Lieutenant Browne, and which extends between North Somerset and the newly-explored lands, he thinks is rarely, if ever, sufficiently open for the purposes of navigation. We should be inclined to suppose so too, and think it a pity that his party and sledge were not sent to the westward of Cape Walker, instead of south-eastward.

The first day that Lieutenant Osborn parted company with Captain Ommanney, to proceed further westward (March 17th), his journey lay across long projecting spits of shingle, with grounded ice, amidst which his party killed a fox. On the 26th, having made sail on the sledge, it went on so fast, rising and pitching over the snow ridges, that the men had to run to keep up with it. It merely required to be steered by a drag-rope; and occasionally a man was obliged to sit on it, to retard its

progress. The canvas boots were on this occasion found useful, after the summer thaw had set in. At this time saddle-back seals were abundant, and geese, phalaropes, and dovekies, were wending their way northwards. Gulls of various kinds, burgomasters, and boatswain birds, were also flying about. Traces of bears were exceedingly numerous. In June, the country around Cape Walker appears to be redolent with animal life.

In a second account of the same journey, by Mr. R. Vesey Hamilton, the crop of a ptarmigan is described as having been opened, and the contents found to consist of willow buds, "very good indeed." Mr. Hamilton added to previous explorations an examination of Young and Lowther Islands.

Lieutenant Aldrich explored part of the coast of Cornwallis Island, Bathurst Island, the Straits and Island of Byam Martin, and the coast north-westward of Bathurst Island, to beyond the 76th deg. of north latitude. This party, having made holes in their tent for ventilation, suffered less from condensation inside. They complained of the "perfect nothingness" for the eye to rest upon, as more trying than the brightest sun. On the 26th of April, the twelfth day of travelling, they saw two deer—this, it is to be observed, considerably to the northward of the journeys we have been hitherto describing. On the 27th, the thermometer being 68 degrees below freezing point, the hot grog was frozen inside the tent, if not soon drunk. This day they saw four deer grazing. On the 7th of May, the first two birds passed them. On the 17th, herbage was abundant, but the weather of that dark and dismal nature, that Lieutenant Aldrich says, although a coloured object was visible, his head and face came in contact with a ridge of rough ice ere he saw it. At length, fuel failing, they were obliged to return, the men heartily surrendering their grog for fuel, to continue their search after their missing countrymen. The weather, during the greater part of this expedition, was very boisterous and hazy, and all the party suffered much from frost-bites and snow-blindness. Lieutenant Aldrich describes himself as walking alongside the sledge, keeping his eyes intently engaged in looking at it, to relieve them. "It is impossible," he says, "to describe the pain and feeling which the complete absence of light and shade creates." On the 3rd of June, they stumbled, to their great delight, upon fresh water running down the hills. While they were filling their cans, a flight of ducks, no doubt intending to alight there, flew past close overhead, but were, unfortunately, out of shot before the guns could be got at. After this, the weather continuing to get warmer, they saw plenty of deer, but too wild to be got at. They succeeded, however, in killing a bear. Lieutenant Aldrich appears to have been pleased with everything—tents, canvas boots, and wolf-skins; and reports himself always as especially enjoying "supper, prayer, and rest." He had just the frame of mind to meet the privations, and to contend against the difficulties of an Arctic sledge journey.

We now come to that which, next to Mr. Penny's discovery of Queen's Channel, was the crowning exploratory journey of the whole expedition—that is, Lieutenant M'Clintock's sledge journey to Melville Island. This expedition was assisted, the first day of starting, by the wind, sail and kites having been set. The weather, however, was cold and gloomy, with snow. On the 22nd of April, the party came up with the ruins of an Eskimo encampment, around which were many whalebones and footprints

of reindeer, glutton, lemming, bear, and foxes. The next day the wind was so cold that frost-bites were constantly playing about the men's faces. Scarcely was one cheek restored, when the other would be caught. It was too cold to lunch, and many were also severely frostbitten in their feet. On the 24th, the interior of the tent was so cold, that the steam of cooking, mixed with the moisture of the breath, condensed in such quantities that each flap caused a shower of fine snow to fall over the men, penetrating and wetting their blanket-bags. The 25th, Lieutenant M'Clintock describes himself as much struck with the beauty and luxuriance of a bright red lichen, on sandstone rocks. On the 27th, they passed the tracks of thirty or forty reindeer, almost all of them going northwards; and on the 28th they saw deer and tracks of musk oxen. On the 29th, Mr. Shellabear returned to the ships, in charge of a number of men disabled by frost-bites and sickness. "It was with sincere regret," Lieutenant M'Clintock records, "that I bade farewell to those poor fellows, whom it had become necessary to send back. Unconscious of the danger of neglecting their injured extremities, and despising the pain which labour occasioned, they still desired to go; and their sad countenances betrayed the bitter disappointment felt at being unable to proceed further on our humane mission."

The cold was so intense at this time, that the bottles of water, carried by the men in their breasts, were generally frozen after an hour or two; the fat of salt pork broke like suet, and the rum became thick. It required considerable precaution to drink out of a pannikin, without leaving the skin of the lips attached to it.

On the 30th, Cape Cockburn bearing W.N.W., ten miles, they crossed upwards of forty bear-tracks, and shortly after pitching their tents, one of this numerous tribe paid them a visit:

The guns were prepared (says Lieut. M'Clintock), men called in, and perfect silence maintained in our little camp. The animal approached rapidly from to leeward, taking advantage of every hummock to cover his advance, until within seventy yards; then, putting himself in a sitting posture, he pushed forward with his hinder legs, steadying his body with his fore-legs outstretched. In this manner he advanced for about ten yards further; stopped a minute or two intently eyeing our encampment, and snuffing the air in evident doubt; then he commenced a retrograde movement, by pushing himself backward with his fore-legs, as he had previously advanced with the hinder ones. As soon as he presented his shoulder to us, Mr. Bradford and I fired, breaking a leg, and otherwise wounding him severely; but it was not until he had got 300 yards off, and received six bullets, that we succeeded in killing him. It proved to be a large male, extremely thin. All the fat and blubber, amounting only to 50lbs., was taken; also some choice steaks. The stomach contained portions of seal.

How patient in the pursuit of his prey must these furry denizens of the icy regions be, to catch so wary an animal as a seal—an animal that the sledge parties never succeeded in capturing or shooting! How long a period must they go sometimes between meal and meal!

The first thing the party found, on reaching Byam Martin Island, was the dung of deer and oxen. The beach was a mixture of gravel and mud. On some of the very few patches of land, bare of snow, there was a good deal of short grass, moss, and saxifrage. Mr. Bradford having shot two large hares, they had stewed hare for breakfast. There were also ptarmigan on the island. Another party of invalids was sent back from hence to the ships.

On Sunday, the 11th of May, they celebrated their arrival at Melville Island by an extra issue of grog. Here the parties separated, Lieutenant M'Clintock continuing his way to the westward, Mr. Bradford following the eastern coast. Melville Island was found, at the onset, to abound, as Sir Edward Parry ascertained to be the case, in animal life more than most of the Polar lands situated in more southerly parallels. Traces of bears, foxes, and ptarmigan and snow-buntings, were seen on the second day. Traces of oxen were seen on the 13th. On the 14th, Lieutenant M'Clintock shot two large hares and a ptarmigan. These, he says, as well as the hares subsequently seen, were beautifully white, and of large size, and they were as tame as any one most anxious to procure game could wish. On the 18th, they shot a bear, which added a little blubber and fat to their fuel. With such abundance, they were enabled to breakfast off a mixture of pemmican and ptarmigan, followed by bear-steaks, fried in pork fat, and chocolate. The science of gastronomy appears to have been wofully neglected by the expedition, and Lieutenant M'Clintock speaks very disparagingly of the culinary practices of his followers. "My party," he says, "do not discriminate between the various kinds of meat, but zealously fill the kettle; and, as we have all pretty keen appetites, there is never any difficulty in disposing of its contents."

On the 19th, they saw a herd of ten musk-oxen, and soon afterwards a more distant herd of five. They approached the large herd cautiously, but not without being observed by the only one standing up, and which seemed to be on the look-out. Having got to within 100 yards, they shot the watchman—a bull, the largest and most formidable of the whole herd. The remainder continuing to gaze stupidly (poor things! unaccustomed to the sight of human beings), a cow was also shot. The same day, they saw four reindeer; three of them were perfectly white, the fourth had dark-coloured sides. Certainly Melville Island seems, from some reason hitherto not accounted for, to be the great central station of animal life in those particular regions. This may be owing, in some degree, to the geological structure of the island, which may be favourable to the melting of snow and ice, and the production of vegetation.

Lieutenant M'Clintock describes the slope of the hill where the first hares were shot, as partially cleared of snow, and clad with mosses, saxifrage drabæ, and tufts of short grass. This was on the 14th of May. But it is probably more particularly connected with the position of the land in reference to desolate southern regions, an open sea, and warmer temperature northward, and to connexions and relations with other lands or seas to the westward which are as yet an enigma. Sincerely do we hope that Sir John Franklin's expedition may have been detained near some lands half so well provided with animal life, and we should have little to fear for them.

It is impossible to record the quantity of hares and ptarmigan shot by the party, and the number of animals seen. At one time we have a description of bears snuffing the air, and hunting for seals; at another, of new droves of musk-oxen. Thus, on the 22nd:

Made out a herd of musk-oxen with the spy-glass. They were more than two miles off, but the prospect of getting more beef, and of thus being enabled to increase our daily allowance, and also lengthen our journey, induced me to set off with a rifle. The herd consisted of eight full-grown animals. They did

not see me until within 200 yards of them, and then they suddenly galloped away for a few yards, halted, and formed for defence in a semicircle, close together, with their heads down, their strangely curved horns resembling a row of hooks in a butcher's shop. When within 100 yards, I waited for several minutes until the largest one, which was on the left flank, moved so as to present his shoulder, and then shot him. Those nearest him moved out of the way as he reeled and fell, but otherwise they were not in the least disturbed, continuing in the same defensive posture until I had retired to a considerable distance, and then, without noticing their fallen companion, renewed their search for pasture, by scraping away the snow with their hoofs. Had it been my object to do so, I think I might easily have shot two-thirds of the oxen we have yet seen.

The next day a party went to cut up the ox. The herd was grazing near, and actually took no more notice of their proceedings than so many tame cows!

Lieutenant M'Clintock disturbed, on the 24th of May, no less than eleven hares at the base of one hill. Their feeding-ground was covered with grass, not in tufts as before met with, but as in pasture land in milder climates. On subsequent days they were seen in flocks of from twenty to thirty, feeding on the slopes of the hills. This abundance of fresh meat, with an unlimited allowance of excellent beef, soon made itself apparent in the increased strength and improved appearance of the party.

On the 28th of May, Banks' Land was seen. It appeared to be very lofty, with steep cliffs, and large ravines. The same day, being at the extreme westerly point of Melville Island, the coast was seen trending for the first time away to the north-east, towards a distant bluff, which formed a noble headland. Beyond this again, Lieutenant M'Clintock distinguished very high and distant land. The gallant explorer was induced, from all he saw from this advanced point of observation, to believe that the channel continues to the westward.

Lieutenant M'Clintock adds, however, that this discovery of land, extending from Cape Beechey to the westward for at least seventy-five miles, destroyed the ardent hope of finding their missing countrymen which had hitherto sustained them. There only remained the possibility of their ships having wintered on the northern shores of Melville Island, and of some of their parties having visited Bushnan Cove, described in such glowing terms by Sir Edward Parry, either for the purpose of procuring game (of which he says the north shore is utterly destitute), or as a short cut to Banks' Land and the continent. He accordingly determined to visit it, and return overland to Winter Harbour, for which excursion he had just enough provisions remaining. They had now traced the coast round from Point Hearne to Liddon's Gulf, in eight and a half forced marches; and the fatigue consequent on this, and the anxiety of the last few days, were beginning to tell upon all of them, but still they determined not to have a day's rest till they reached Winter Harbour.

They reached the cove—described as a dark, steep, rugged ravine, with a grand but rather forbidding appearance—on Sunday, the 1st of June, and there they found the remains of Sir Edward Parry's encampment of the 11th of June, 1820; no Arctic explorer having since that time got so far to the west. The details are sufficiently curious to deserve extracting:

Leaving two men to prepare supper, for which purpose they were to collect the withered stems of willows, which are numerous here, I took the sledge and the other four men up the cove, in search of Sir Edward Parry's encampment of the 11th of June, 1820. On reaching the ravine leading into the cove, we spread across and walked up, and easily found the encampment, although the pole had fallen down. The very accurate account published of his journey saved us much labour in finding the tin cylinder and ammunition. The crevices between the stones piled over them were filled with ice and snow, the powder completely destroyed, and cylinder eaten through with rust and filled with ice. From the extreme difficulty of descending into such a ravine with any vehicle, I supposed that the most direct route, where all seemed equally bad, was selected; therefore sent the men directly up its north bank in search of the wheels, which were left where the cart broke down. They fortunately found them at once. Erected a cairn about the remains of the wall built to shelter the tent; placed a record in it, in one tin case within another. We then collected a few relics of our predecessors, and returned with the remains of the cart to our encampment. An excellent fire had been made with willow stems, and upon this a kettle containing Parry's cylinder was placed. As soon as the ice was thawed out of it, the record it contained was carefully taken out. I could only just distinguish the date. Had it been in a better state of preservation, I would have restored it to its lonely position. Some tin canteens or water-bottles were found. They were bright on the outside, but wet had lodged within, and rust had eaten small holes through all of them. The ammunition consisted of musket and pistol ball cartridge, packed in a preserved meat-tin, which fell to pieces as we attempted to lift it. The water had lodged about it, and the powder was reduced to a dark paste. In his account of this journey, Sir Edward Parry mentions a "sumptuous meal of ptarmigan" which his party enjoyed at this place. Their bones were still strewed about the encampment, and I was astonished at their fresh appearance; they were not decayed, but merely bleached, and snapped like the bones of a bird recently killed.

Found water along the beach at the head of Bushnan Cove, but it was too salt to drink. There appeared to be but little vegetation; the most common plant was the willow, and it bore no sign of returning spring. Found growing here the plant "*tetragona andromeda*," the same, I believe, that Mr. Rae used as fuel during his winter at Repulse Bay. It is somewhat remarkable that we have not met with it elsewhere since entering Lancaster Sound. A few ptarmigan were seen, and a dead lemming picked up, but no other indications of animals were met with, except the track of a fox.

The portions of the cart, which they brought away with them, furnished them with a sufficiency of fuel for four days. One of the tin vessels was also found to contain a mixture of tallow and linseed oil, and this supply of fuel was the more welcome, as, their tallow and blubber being all expended, they had had only one spirit-lamp to cook with for some days past.

On the 2nd of June they started back across Liddon's Gulf, visiting Hooper's Island on the way. Heard foxes imitating the cry of wild geese, to seduce them into their clutches. The same day they shot a young deer, one of several. He was nearly white, with horns two inches in length: the hair came out on being touched. When the young one was shot, it lay quietly down, and the others seemed unconscious of danger. As they advanced, he made an effort to escape, and whilst the men were employed skinning and cutting him up, the others trotted round them two or three times before they finally deserted their fallen companion. Just on getting into Winter Harbour, on the 5th of the same month, they shot two musk-oxen out of a herd of thirteen, and the next day, one more.

The low land surrounding Winter Harbour (where an inscription, on

a remarkable mass of sandstone, commemorates that the *Hecla* and *Griper* wintered in 1819-20) and the harbour ice were so completely covered with snow, that it was with difficulty the one could be distinguished from the other. The men were quite at a loss, and when told they were in Winter Harbour, drily remarked that "it well deserved the name."

The representatives of the Arctic fauna were, however, both numerous and various here. There were musk-oxen, deer, ducks, plover, ptarmigan (three of which were shot close to the tent), and sandpipers. A hare, that was disturbed on their first approach from beneath the monumental sandstone-rock, came towards them, sat down quietly within twenty yards for some time, and then retired back again to her home. As they rested here a day, Lieutenant M'Clintock relates that they got on most friendly terms with puss. She regarded them with the utmost confidence, hopped about the tent all day, and would almost allow the men to touch her. Not wishing to repay such affecting confidence by ill-treatment, the Lieutenant was obliged to reason some of the men out of their desire to carry her back to the ship as a "pet from Winter Harbour." "I have never seen," he adds, "any animal in its natural state so perfectly fearless of man; and there can scarcely be a more convincing proof that our missing countrymen have not been there. A ptarmigan alighted on the rock, and was shot, without in the least disturbing puss as she sat beneath it." Here are new experiences for the naturalist: hares and musk-oxen, that have not seen men before, are not afraid of them. Perhaps, indeed, only rapacious animals, and most of the feline tribe are so by instinct, as in the case recorded of the bear, and only attack men when extremely pressed by hunger. The party gathered enough willow at this place to last two or three days.

At Fife Harbour they drew a record out of a bottle left by the *Hecla* and *Griper*, in 1819, and which was in a state of perfect preservation. At Bounty Island, in addition to the other birds previously noticed, they saw silvery gulls and dotterels, and brent-geese. Turf might be cut here in quantity; and sorrel, an admirable anti-scorbutic, was found at every place they landed. They also saw some seals of immense size, and strangely mottled. Beyond this they found the remains of Eskimo habitations. Shells were also picked up in abundance, showing the existence of shell-fish even in these seas, which are only free of ice a few weeks in the year.

On the 11th of June, progress was impeded by the bursting out of water from the ravines, the flooding of the level grounded ice, snowy quagmires, and bare mud-banks. The sea ice between Melville and Byam Martin Islands was also found to be covered with wet, adhesive snow. On the 15th, they had stewed goose and ducks for breakfast, cooked with strips of gutta-percha, which burned well. On the 16th, they reached Byam Martin Island. Proceeding from hence, the snow being so soft that both men and sledge sank in it, the progress became still more laborious. On the 18th, they only made four miles, after nine and a quarter hours' toil. On reaching Bathurst Island they had the good fortune to find hard snow along the land; and on the 4th of July, after having overtaken Mr. Bradford's sledge party, they arrived safely at the ships.

In the journal of the proceedings of her Majesty's sledge *Dasher*, Mr. W. B. Shellabear commanding limited party attached to the Melville

Island branch, we find some account of how the bears get at the seals. This was on the 1st of May, when returning with invalids:

4 h. P.M. Observed two bears ahead; lowered sails, and hid behind the sledges.

The bears then slowly came to within a hundred yards, and then began smelling round the hummocks. At last, the bigger of the two, having, we supposed, smelt a seal, commenced making a hole through the ice, close to a hummock, which he did by rising on his hind legs, and falling with the whole weight of his body on his fore-legs, and then scraping away the snow with his fore-paws. This he repeated until he had made his hole, and he then put his head and shoulders into it, and waited in that position for some time, the small one all the while watching the sledges attentively.

As there was no chance of his coming nearer under present circumstances, and we were getting cold and tired of waiting, we thought it better to creep towards them, and get a shot where they were. I, therefore, having duck clothes on, crept out towards them, followed by one of Mr. Pearse's men at a short distance, Mr. Pearse keeping his gun as a reserve. Having got to within about fifty yards, and they appearing inclined for a start, I fired, but either missed him altogether, or only wounded him slightly; for he made a run at me, and I retreated towards the sledge for my second gun, and the man behind me fired, and hit the small one. The men suddenly appearing from behind the sledges at that moment, they turned tail and ran. My second gun missed fire. Mr. Pearse and myself followed them to a short distance, but they were soon out of sight.

The regions explored by Surgeon A. R. Bradford, of the sledge *Resolute*, comprising, as they did, the coasts of Bathurst Island, Byam Martin Island, and the east coast of Melville Island, to 76 deg. 15 min. north latitude, presented much that was new and curious; and yet the details, excepting that they found few or no live animals or birds, the only musk-ox seen having been found starved to death, and that Mr. Bradford hurt his leg, and had to travel by sledge, contain nothing worth extracting. Mr. May, of the *Excellent*, who accompanied Surgeon Bradford, is a clever draughtsman; and he gives some capital sketches of himself and sledge party, of the coast of Cornwallis Island, Cape Cockburn, and Allison's Bay—all interesting points in Arctic scenery. We feel a wish that so serviceable a draughtsman had been one of Lieutenant M'Clintock's or Captain Penny's parties.

The party of the sledge *Grinnell*, which went, under Mr. R. C. Allen's command, to search Lowther, Davy, and Garrett Islands, out in mid-channel, shot two bears when only four days' journey from the ships, experienced the usual hardships and sufferings, failed in getting to Davy Island, but otherwise met with no novel incidents. There were also several limited parties despatched with articles to refresh the extended parties on their return, examine depôts, make observations, and fix positions; but, excepting killing a few bears, and a tolerable number of birds, these limited excursions present few features of interest.

Lieutenant John B. Cator's account of the critical position of the *Intrepid* steam-ship, on the 27th of August, 1851, is interesting, as showing the peculiar dangers that attend upon Arctic navigation; but we pass on to the report of proceedings of the travelling parties from the Aberdeen expedition, under Captain Penny. The first expedition was separated into two divisions—one to search the east side of Wellington Strait, under Captain Stewart, commanding the *Sophia*; the other the west side, under Captain Penny. The arrangement made for these parties being, except that there were dog sledges as well as hauling sledges, pretty similar to

those sent out by Captain Austin's expedition, the details and incidents of travel are nearly the same, and would only entail repetition. The dogs, useful to draw, were a nuisance at night, when they would sometimes make a dreadful noise, and were obliged to be watched, to prevent their committing depredations among the sledges. None of the party having been out on such expeditions before, some delay occurred in having to return to the ships to get the cooking apparatus and bedding and clothing put in better order. There were bears, hares, and ptarmigan on these coasts, but in very small numbers. On the 30th of May, Captain Stewart arrived at the North Channel, on the passage between the mainland and Baillie Hamilton Island, leading out of Wellington into Queen's Channel. Here, to his surprise, he found an open sea, and, to his mortification, had no boat to search further. A great many ducks were swimming in the water, sea-fowl of various sorts were abundant, numbers of seals were sporting in the water, and a bear was seen looking out for the seals on the edge of the fast ice. What a change of scene, from the monotony of ice and snow to an open sea, redolent of animal life! Fresh birds, enough to make a mess for all hands, were shot, as well as a fat seal—a great boon, as it gave them a great increase of fuel. In the evening a bear came up to the hummocks, and they sallied out to meet him, and "get some fun;" but, tumbling about among the deep cracks, they had a good fright as well as fun, for the guns got full of water, and they had nothing to defend themselves with. They got, however, several shots at bears during their stay at the edge of the ice; but never being able to kill them at the first shot, they all escaped either to the water or the ice. Lots of snipe were flying about the beech. There were ruins of old Eskimo dwellings along shore, and many old whale-bones lying about, some of them deeply imbedded in the ground, a long way above the sea-level. When Captain Stewart returned to his ship, on the 1st of July, Barrow Strait was all open water. Captain Stewart ends his report with the following opinion, full of sound common sense, without any bias for his friend Captain Penny's discoveries, or the failure of the government sledge parties:

That Sir John Franklin may have gone up Wellington Strait is not at all impossible. I would (after having seen it), myself, if seeking a passage to the north-westward, seek for it in that channel. But the circumstance of Wellington Channel and the shores and islands of the more intricate channels to the N.W. of it having been thoroughly searched, without finding any trace of them, goes a great way to refute the idea of his having gone in that direction. But these circumstances, together with the late period at which the ice breaks up in the Wellington Strait, on one side, and the early period at which open water was found to the northward, and Sir John's first winter quarters, at the mouth of the channel, on the other side, leaves the question in the same doubt and uncertainty as ever.

Dr. Sutherland, in his report of the same journey, complains much, as did others, of excessive perspiration, and consequent sufferings of all from thirst. That which had been observed by others was also the dark and sooty appearance induced by cooking in the tent. May not this account for the dark appearance of the Eskimo, which has so much puzzled ethnologists? The doctor gives the preference to blanket squares, stockings, boot-hose, and mocassins, or carpet-boots, to canvas; as to leather, its use was almost invariably followed by frost-bites. One man had his nose frostbitten from persevering in keeping it outside of his flannel-bag at night. On the 11th of May, a small amphipodous crustacean was picked

up, and puzzled the doctor not a little to explain how it found its way to the surface of the floe.

The life they were all leading, with the track-belt over their shoulders, and a heavy sledge to drag along, the doctor says, seemed to agree with all of them, if sound sleep and keen appetites are signs of good health. Indeed, when the weather began to improve, the insatiable thirst, experienced at first, to diminish, and the men could get a satisfactory wash with soap and snow, they all felt so comfortable and cheerful, that they began to think nothing of Arctic travelling. It would appear, from the doctor's report, that all the more common Arctic animals and birds frequent the eastern coasts of Wellington Channel, although, perhaps, not in such abundance as in Melville Island. One day three bears swept furiously close by the sledge, showing off their ivory to a degree that rather intimidated the men, who were unarmed. A fox was seen at the same time. "Can the fox," inquires the doctor, "be to the bear what the jackall is to the lion?" In such a country we should say it was extremely likely.

Mr. Goodsir was the most joyous of all the travellers. His interest in the cause he was engaged in was deep, for his brother is one of the missing expedition. Everything, at least at starting, was *couleur de rose*, rather than snow-white. He liked his men; the hard work only gave the pork and biscuit a relish unknown to them for months back. Cape Hotham, standing out in bold relief against the clear blue sky beyond, was a "beautiful" scene. We do not remember the adjective in any other report. At night the snow formed "a most inviting soft bed," and the sounds of flute and accordion lulled them off to their slumbers. It is pleasant to travel in such company, even in the Arctic regions. This joyousness, it may be imagined, however, did not last long; first came craving thirst, then fatigue, then snow-blindness and sore suffering, then frost-bites; the flute and accordion were heard no longer, and the sternness of the Arctic regions stamped their verdict against any trifling with the reality of the thing.

On the 15th of May they fell in with a post-office on their way—a letter left by Captain Penny on a high hummock of ice. On the 18th they shot a bear, with the blubber of a seal newly killed in his maw; so that he yielded altogether twenty or thirty pounds of fat. Plentyof ravens were attracted by the carrion. The next day they got into bad ice, full of holes. Mr. Goodsir was picking his way across this, leaping from hummock to hummock, amongst a number of small pools of water, when he was, he says, almost thrown off his balance by a loud noise, and the sudden appearance, within a yard of his feet, of a hideous face, with bright eyes and long protruding tusks. The poor walrus (for such it was) seemed nearly as startled as the doctor at their close proximity, and he at once made an unwieldy plunge out of sight. Within the next two or three minutes, three large seals were noticed at these holes, and another walrus. Mr. Goodsir's journal breaks off abruptly; but this is of less importance, as the main facts are contained in the evidence taken before the committee.

Captain Penny, being commanding officer, did not, it would appear, keep any very detailed journal; and the accounts published in the Blue Books of his exploration of Queen's Channel, contain little that has not been before given to the public. On the ticklish question of the navigation of

Wellington Strait, Captain Penny and Dr. Sutherland gave it as their opinion—the latter having examined the point in question—that there was in that strait, in 1850, a breadth of fifteen miles of old ice—ice that had not been melted in 1849-50. Captain Penny did not think the navigation of Wellington Strait to be open more than once in two years; but as, in 1851, the strait was as open, by the 25th of July, as it had been by the 8th of September, in 1850, it is possible that it may have been open last year. Such an opening might indeed, he says, have been effected in forty-eight hours by a favourable wind.

Upon the subject of the letter written by Captain Penny to Captain Austin, stating that Wellington Channel was thoroughly searched, and that nothing more could be done, Captain Penny said that he confined himself to Wellington Channel.* He had asked, he said, for a steamer, with which he would have waited for a month, till the ice cleared away, but was refused. He expected to have to traverse 500 miles before meeting with further traces of the missing expedition. The last thing he said to Captain Austin was, "Go up into the Wellington Channel, and you will do good service to the cause."† Captain Penny further added, that wood and foreign substances had been met with in Queen's Channel, thirty-four white Polar bears in all, a great many seals, several walruses, fourteen deer, and abundance of birds, especially on Baillie Hamilton Island. There were also a few crawfish, and a few small trout in a lake near Assistance Bay.

Captain Stewart, in his examination, admitted that there was a chance of the mouth of Wellington Strait being cleared last year. He said he could have gone anywhere to the westward, with a ship, from the edge of the ice—the ice remaining in Wellington Channel in 1850, and that did not come out, was twenty to thirty miles in extent. He did not think it possible for any person, not having the means of subsistence, to supply themselves from the natural resources of the country; but they could make up something to increase their stores. He thought that there would have been time last year, after the ice had cleared away, to have passed up the straits. He thought Sir John Franklin had gone by Queen's Channel; he did not think he could have gone by the south-west. He heard Captain Penny ask Captain Austin for a steamer to go up the channel with.

Dr. Sutherland, in his evidence, also thought that, taking advantage of the late opening of the ice, with steam power, they might have been able to navigate through the Wellington Channel in the season of 1850. The next evidence had better be quoted:

* This explanation, it is to be observed, was not admitted by the committee, who, having most carefully considered the whole question, were of opinion that Captain Austin could only put one construction on Captain Penny's two letters; and that, having been assured by him that the open water found above Wellington Straits was (to use his own expression), from the fearful rate at which the tide runs (not less than six knots) through the sounds that divide the channel, dangerous even for a boat, much more to a ship, unless clear of ice (which, from its present appearance, would not be so that season), impracticable for navigation at that time, and that the shores and islands on both sides had been thoroughly examined by the exploring parties, without any traces of the missing ships being discoverable, they did not think that Captain Austin would have been justified in commencing a fresh search in a direction concerning which he naturally considered himself to have received such authentic information.

† Captain Austin, in his evidence, contradicted this statement.

274. *Chairman.*—Did you see any leads or lanes through the ice in Wellington Strait at that time, that a steamer might have gone through?

Dr. Sutherland.—We saw sufficient to induce us to leave Wellington Channel, and we saw sufficient to induce us to remain there had we had steam power.

275. *Chairman.*—I asked you whether you saw any opening in the ice, or leads or lanes in Wellington Strait at that time, that a steamer might have gone through?

Dr. Sutherland.—I must answer that in the negative. But at the same time, I think it is not doing justice. The fact of the strait being navigable by a steamer——

276. *Sir E. Parry.*—We want a distinct answer to a distinct question.

Dr. Sutherland.—Then my answer is no.

Now, what Dr. Sutherland meant to say is obvious: that the ice was breaking up at the time they left it; that there were no leads or lanes large enough for a steamer at that moment, but that such might very soon be expected. It was Dr. Sutherland's opinion that Sir John Franklin pursued the route through the Wellington Channel. The south-west passage by Cape Walker breaks up two months sooner than the north-west passage by Wellington Channel; but in the first, the ice breaks up into loose packs that would oppose progress, whereas, in Wellington Channel, it breaks up in large floes, that would permit of hasty and rapid progress close along the eastern shore.

Sir John Ross did not think that Captain Penny had urged Captain Austin to persevere in an endeavour to go up through Wellington Strait. It was quite evident that there was no probability of a steamer, or anything else, getting up the channel. Sir John Ross did not think it probable that Sir John Franklin, or any portion of the crews composing his expedition, still survive. He did not think that British-born officers and men could withstand the effect of six winters, even if they had plenty of food.

Dr. William Scoresby, on the contrary, argues "that Sir John Franklin, or some portion of his associates, may still survive, is a position which cannot be controverted." With regard to the ships having been wrecked, he also thinks there is only one special case, and that he thinks not in the least degree probable in respect to the Franklin expedition, in which such summary catastrophe could, he believes, be rationally contemplated; and that is, the case of the ships being drifted out to seaward after the manner of Sir James Ross and Captain de Haven, and on approaching the seaward edge of a pack of ponderous ices being overturned by a heavy gale at sea—a contingency that has never yet happened. Dr. Scoresby believes that the Franklin expedition must, on the strongest probabilities, have proceeded by the Wellington Channel, and from thence north-westward into some remote position, or into some position of inextricable embarrassment among the ices of the north-west Polar sea.

Captain Austin does not, after having most carefully and most anxiously given the question his fullest consideration, believe, nor suppose it probable, that Sir John Franklin, or any portion of the crews composing his expedition, still survive. He considered that any search up Wellington Channel would be fruitless. He did not think that Sir John Franklin would, on his second season, and with only some twenty months of provisions, have gone up that channel, and that if he had, he would have left marks of taking possession on some parts of the coasts or islands of Queen's Channel; and he further adds, that the general feeling was in

favour of the south-west passage, as Sir John Ross, Captain Ommanney, Captain de Haven, and Captain Penny, all left the Wellington Channel and proceeded towards the south-west. Lady Franklin, on his departure, expressed her anxiety that particular search should be directed to the south-west of Cape Walker; but not one word of Wellington Channel. Captain Austin's opinion is, further, that Sir John Franklin did not prosecute his researches beyond Beechey Island; but that, leaving his winter quarters, he was either beset on that occasion, or as he was attempting to return to England.

Captain Kellett considers that there is no evidence of Sir John Franklin's expedition having been wrecked; on the contrary, he thinks that there is evidence that they have not been wrecked; nor does he feel that it is in the power of man to say that they are dead, nor does he consider it right to do so, when we hear the evidence of the experienced traveller, Dr. Rae, as to the small quantity of food and fuel that will support vigorous life in those regions; as well as Captain Penny's and Lieutenant M'Clintock's account as to the number of animals that may be procured in a higher northern latitude. Giving Sir John Franklin credit for pursuing the object of his expedition, Captain Kellett thinks, also, that the ships will be found a long way to the westward of any point reached by the parties from the late expeditions.

Captain Ommanney is of opinion, that neither Sir John Franklin, or any portion of the expedition, can now be alive. This opinion is mainly based upon the fact, that when the expedition left Beechey Island in 1846, it had then less than two years' provisions remaining, and that the supply of birds and animals could not be depended upon for more than eight weeks out of the whole year. Captain Ommanney adds, that which appears to be corroborated by most of the exploring parties, that there are numerous old Eskimo settlements along the shores, and which, having been long untenanted, lead to a belief that a change has taken place in these seas, which, becoming blocked up with ice for a longer period of the year, has caused them to abandon the neighbourhood. Captain Ommanney also believes that the expedition did not prosecute the north-west passage after leaving Beechey Island. Three of their young men died the first year, from which we may infer they were not enjoying perfect health. *It is supposed that their preserved meats were of an inferior quality.* No records being left, does not look like advancing; as Sir John Franklin and Captain Crozier, the latter of whom had served in four expeditions, were alive to the importance of depositing records. (It has been said upon this point, though we do not know upon what authority, that the records were missed at Beechey Island, by the searchers looking at the foot of the finger-post, instead of, as had been arranged by Sir John Franklin, at a certain distance from the post in the direction indicated by the finger.)

Dr. Sir John Richardson thinks it probable that part of the crews may still survive to the north or north-west of Melville Island. Many facts, he says, may be adduced to prove that life may be supported for a number of years on animals inhabiting the land and waters of the most northern known islands:

> The existence of Eskimos up to the 77th parallel, and perhaps still higher in Baffin's Bay, is in itself sufficient evidence of the means of subsistence being produced in these latitudes. Except practical skill in hunting seals, and the

art of building snow-houses, that people have no qualifications that may not be surpassed by the intelligence, providence, and appliances of Europeans. The islands lying to the north of Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Straits were once frequented by Eskimos, and the remains of their winter huts, though perhaps two centuries old, are still numerous along the coasts. Why these islands have been abandoned by them in recent times is unknown; but that the tribes that once resorted thither were not cut off by any sudden pestilence or famine, is apparent from the absence of human skeletons in the vicinity of the deserted dwellings; while the much-decayed bones of whales, walruses, seals, deer, musk-oxen, birds, and other animals, are abundant, and the small fireplaces built near the huts still contain morsels of charred wood, hidden beneath the moss which has overgrown them in the lapse of years. The absence of the natives is favourable, inasmuch as the animals, whether marine or terrestrial, not being hunted, will be more easily accessible.

Musk-oxen frequent Melville Island, and with ordinary caution a whole herd may be secured by moderately skilful hunters; since it is the habit of the animals to throw themselves into a circle on the approach of danger, and to remain in that position, with their heads facing outwards, though individuals of their number are falling from their ranks under the fire of their assailants. Lieutenant M'Clintock, on his recent admirable pedestrian journey, shot a musk-bull, and having gone to his sledges for assistance, to carry down the meat, on his return with a party of men, found the herd still grazing beside their slaughtered leader. Reindeer also pass over from the continent to the islands in numbers, in the months of May and June; and though they are shy animals if they be allowed to get scent of man, they may be readily approached on their lee side by a hunter who possesses the requisite stock of patience.

The nature of the country in the vicinity of the ships will necessarily influence its productiveness in animal life, and in the absence of information respecting it, our conclusions cannot but be in great measure conjectural. A flat limestone tract, whereon the surface-stone is continually splitting into thin slates under the action of frost, and from which the mud is annually washed into the sea by floods of melting snow, or a low, shingly, barren flat, such as that coasted by Captain Ommanney, produces few grasses and little vegetation of any kind; hence it is shunned by herbivorous animals, or, if they must necessarily cross it in their migrations, they do so at speed. But in the sheltered ravines of a sandstone or trap country, or in the narrow valleys which occur among granite or gneiss rocks, there are grassy meadows, to which deer and musk-oxen resort; the latter also frequent lichen-producing acclivities, which are generally denuded of snow by high winds. Mr. Rae saw the reindeer migrating over the ice of Dolphin and Union Straits in the spring, and passing in great haste into the interior of Wollaston Land. There seems to be no reason why these herds should not range beyond the 80th parallel, if the islands reach so high; since the same kind of deer travel annually from the continent of Europe to Spitzbergen, over a wider expanse of sea-ice. Polar hares are also numerous on Wollaston and Melville Islands, and as they are very tame, and, consequently, easily shot, they add to the means of support. In the neighbourhood of open water, the Polar bear is frequent, and being bold in its approaches, falls a ready sacrifice to a party armed with fowling-pieces. The simplicity of the Arctic fox renders its capture a very easy affair. Fish of various kinds are by no means scarce in the Arctic seas, and the fresh-water lakes abound in trout. Sir John Franklin was well acquainted with the methods of taking these by hooks, or in nets set under the ice in spring.

Brent geese, eider and king ducks, gulls, and many other water-fowl, resort in the breeding season in vast flocks to the most remote islands; and it may be necessary to state here, that these birds reach their breeding stations in the high latitudes only in July; hence officers travelling a month or two earlier, when the ground is still covered with snow, are not aware of the manner in which the most barren islets teem with life later in the summer.

Walruses and seals of several species were observed by Captain Penny and his officers to be numerous in Victoria Channel, and *beluge* and black whales may be looked for wherever open water of considerable extent exists. Both kinds abound in the sea that washes Cape Bathurst.

Captain Penny thinks it possible that Sir John Franklin and his crews, or a portion of them, may still survive, and he is firmly of opinion that the expedition pursued its course by Queen's Channel, and has got far advanced towards Behring's Straits. Such, then, is the discordancy in the opinions of a few competent persons, that while some think that the ill-fated expedition has succumbed to peril or exposure, few venture to speculate upon the safety of more than a portion of the gallant, though unfortunate officers and crews. We are still inclined to be more hopeful. The opinions of such men as Captains Austin and Ommanney are deserving of the highest consideration, but it is impossible not to feel that they speak with the bias of men who have failed in their best endeavours, and, therefore, despair of everything. Sir John Ross acknowledges a bias in favour of the testimony of Adam Beck, designated by others as one of the worst kind of civilised savages. The opinions of Dr. Scoresby and of Sir John Richardson are of the highest importance. They are the result of deep consideration, and of a learned and enlightened view of all the circumstances of the case, and are in favour of our countrymen's still holding out. Sufficient stress was, indeed, laid by very few upon the fact of the new resources opened to the navigators by the almost determined existence of a Polynia, or open Polar Sea. The existence of such a sea had long been premised, and in the instructions given to the American expedition, we find it distinctly stated, that

The point of maximum cold is said to be in the vicinity of Parry Islands; to the north and west of these, there is probably a comparatively open sea in summer, and, therefore, a milder climate.

This opinion seems to be sustained by the fact that beasts and fowls are seen migrating over the ice from the mouth of Mackenzie River and its neighbouring shores, to the north. These dumb creatures are, probably, led by their wise instincts to seek a more genial climate in that direction, and upon the borders of the supposed more open water.

There are other facts elicited by Lieutenant Maury, in the course of his investigations, touching the winds and currents of the ocean, which go, also, to confirm the opinion that beyond the icy barrier that is generally met with in the Arctic Ocean, there is a Polynia, or sea free of ice.

In a paper on the distribution of animals available as food in the Arctic regions, lately read by Mr. A. Petermann before the Royal Geographical Society, the author points out, that it has long been a common but erroneous supposition, that animal life within the Arctic regions decreases more and more as the Pole is approached. Many of the Polar animals are so thoroughly adapted to the intense cold, and other features of those regions, that they could not even exist in any other clime. Consequently, animal life is found as much in the Polar as in the Tropical regions, and though the number of species is decidedly inferior to the number in the latter, yet, on the other hand, the immense multitudes of individuals compensate for the deficiency in the former respect. Mr. Petermann also argues, from the prolificness of animal life described by Wrangell as belonging to the Kolynia district of Siberia, that the nearer Sir John Franklin's expedition may have approached the north-eastern portion of Asia, the more he may have found the animals to increase in number.

As the Polynia, or its shores, is probably entirely uninhabited by man, the animals would be less timid and wary, and less thinned by the destruction that takes place in other countries for food, furs, or teeth. Under the circumstances of a Polynia abounding in animal life, Franklin's party could exist as well as other inhabitants of the Polar regions; and we must not forget that, in addition to the natural resources at their command, they would possess, in their vessels, more comfortable and substantial houses than any native inhabitants of the same regions.

Let us still indulge, backed as we are by all the hopeful circumstances of the case, in the existence of, at least, some of our countrymen; and while our greatest hopes are, at the present moment, centred in the progress of Commander M'Clure and his party, in her Majesty's ship *Investigator*, now frozen in somewhere between Behring's Straits and Melville Island, still we cannot but feel that the very greatest interest will attach itself, now that a channel to the open Polar sea has been discovered, to the expedition that will possibly have started by the time these pages appear, under the command of so able and so distinguished an officer as Captain Sir Edward Belcher. We at the same time cannot help expressing our regret that the services of Captain Penny should be entirely overlooked, and another person appointed to carry out his discovery. There is no doubt that Captain Penny allowed his temper to get the better of his discretion, in his final intercourse with Captain Austin, after the discovery of Queen's Channel; but it is difficult to say how far he was driven to such extremes by the tone too often assumed by persons in office, or what latent jealousy may not have been manifested at his and Captain Stewart's success. There are some points in Captain Penny's conduct decidedly open to censure; but they fade away into insignificance before the magnitude of his services. Sir Robert Inglis happily remarked, upon the paltry denial by official etiquette to the gallant mariner of his hard-earned title and reputation of captain, that gentlemen of the present day were apt to forget we had a Captain Cook. The case of John and Sebastian Cabot might have been quoted still more to the purpose. Although there is every reason to believe that these men, of Venetian origin, but long established in Bristol, anticipated Columbus in the discovery of the New World, and that Sebastian had earned, perhaps, the highest name in Europe for naval skill and enterprise; still, when application was made to Henry VIII. to fit out a new expedition, the command thereof was entrusted, not to Cabot himself, the early and able leader of such expeditions, but to Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Pert, who turned out to be destitute of every quality requisite for so arduous a field of enterprise; and the consequence was, signal failure and discomfiture. The fact is, that without wishing to disparage the services of our "right arm," we must say it ill becomes them to treat their "left" with contempt; for the annals of discovery, of more real value than many a naval victory, have been more illustrated by the enterprise and skill of private than of titled mariners.

Lastly, we must not omit to point out, that as the mass of opinions are in favour of the view we originally held out, of Franklin's party having got far away to the westward, the proposed attempt to reach the open Polar seas by forcing a way through Wrangell's Land, north of Behring's Straits, is highly deserving of encouragement and pecuniary aid.

A SURVEY OF DANISH LITERATURE, FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT TIME.*

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

PART I.

IT is only very recently that the popular literature of Denmark has become at all known to the generality of English readers; that the names of Danish authors have been heard on the shores of this island, where, 800 years ago, Canute, a Danish monarch, reigned. Perhaps this is partly traceable to the fact, that there has been no direct communication between Great Britain and Denmark, but that Hamburgh, and the north-west portion of Germany, have formed the pathway between the two countries, and the usual medium of intercourse. Even during the late Schleswig-Holstein hostilities, the principal accounts from the theatre of war were received through the Hamburgh newspapers; and the information of almost all that is known to the community at large in Great Britain, of the political events in Denmark, is derived from German papers. No wonder, then, that the Danish works which have appeared in this country have, with a few exceptions, been all re-translations from German versions; and that some of the Danish authors themselves have been classed as Germans.

The limited influence which Denmark has exercised over the destinies and international relations of the greater part of the European governments, the influx of travellers to the sunny south rather than to the bleak north, have tended, and united to prevent that intimate acquaintance with the language and literature of Denmark, which has taken place in regard to those of countries within more easy reach, and which are brought more prominently into contact with England. Although every one is supposed to understand French, translations from that language are to be seen in every penny magazine. The treasures of German lore have found numerous interpreters; Spanish and Portuguese writers have not been without translators; and the best Italian authors, from the difficult Dante to Manzoni's "Promessi Sposi," have been rendered into English, for the benefit of those who cannot read the beautiful originals. But, except to the *élite* of the learned and literary world, those native authors, who have instructed or amused the inhabitants of Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, have remained almost as much unknown as if these countries had been situated at the base of the Mountains of the Moon—shut in by swamps and deserts, guarded by tribes of savages, and the scarcely more ferocious wild beasts of nearly impervious forests.

But a new taste seems springing up; translators, having well-nigh exhausted the south, are turning their attention to the north; and it is

* In this short survey of the literature of Denmark, Danish works alone have been referred to as authorities; not a line has been borrowed from any English, French, or German writer, and the specimens given are original translations from the Danish authors themselves.

probable that during the latter half of the nineteenth century the literature of Scandinavia may become familiar to the English descendants of the Anglo-Saxons, and the mythology of the north may become as well known as the mythology of ancient Greece and Pagan Rome—that Scandinavian mythology in which Odin was the Jove, Freya the Venus, and Thor the Mars, of the Norsemen; in which Niflheim—the dark and cold spirit-world, with its frozen rivers and gloomy vapours, situated in the extreme north—was deemed the abode of terrors; Muspelheim, situated in the extreme south, the world of fire; and the Valhalla, with its five hundred and forty gates, the resort of those warriors who had died in battle, or distinguished themselves by valiant deeds.

The strange wild tales of the Scandinavian mythology have been, and are still, frequently introduced into Danish poetry and romance.* They were sung of in the poems or historic tales of the Skalds, who, though of Icelandic origin, spread their productions over Sweden, Denmark, and Norway; and they were often alluded to in the Sagas,† or narrations, which were so much valued in these rude ages. A good specimen of the old Skaldic poems is the "Quida, or Death Song of Regnar Lodbrok," one of the earliest poets of Denmark, son of Sigurd Ring, king of that and the adjacent countries. Regnar was, at first, King of the Isles; afterwards, a celebrated sea-king, and for a long time the terror of the coasts of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Flanders, as well as of those of Norway and Sweden. But his exploits at Norwich and Lindisfarn eventually were the cause of his being taken prisoner by Ella, king of Northumberland, and put to death in a cruel manner, by being shut up with vipers, worms, and other loathsome reptiles. His wife, or rather one of his wives—for Regnar's matrimonial code was not unlike that of the Turks—was also famed for her poetical talents, as well as her beauty; and had Regnar listened to her prophetic warnings, he would not have fallen a victim to the barbarous revenge of the Northumbrian chief. There is a fanciful and pretty Norwegian tradition respecting this wife of Regnar Lodbrok, which is related by Torfæus, the learned Icelandic antiquary and historian, who was educated principally at Copenhagen, passed most of his life in Norway, and died about the beginning of the present century.

The legend says, that at Spangereid, an isthmus in Norway, a golden harp was one day cast, by the waves, on the shore of a small sheltered bay; and that in this gift of the ocean there was found a little girl of surpassing beauty. She was brought up to keep sheep by the peasants who found her; but the report of her loveliness having reached the ears of Regnar Lodbrok, then king of the Danish islands, he sought the place of her abode, and married her. She had two names—Aslauga and Kraaka. A hill near the home of her childhood is called Aslauga's hill—a stream there, Kraaksbecker, the rivulet of Kraaka—and the bay goes by the name of Gull-Siken, or Golden Bay. But in Möinichen's "Danish Dictionary of the Gods, Heroes, Fables, and Traditions of the North," Aslauga's history is somewhat differently given. She is there said to

* These are principally collected in the two Eddas, and the Voluspa, or oracle of the prophetess or sybil, Vola.

† Saga, in the northern mythology, was the name of a goddess who presided over History. She was a favourite of Odin, and was admitted to the honour of drinking with him from a golden cup.

have been the daughter of a Swede, called Sigurd, who died when she was three years old; she was then taken charge of by one Heimer, and removed to Norway. He was murdered by a man and woman called Ake and Grima, who took Aslauga with them to Spangereid, and made her keep their sheep. Regnar Lodbrok, sailing past with his fleet on some piratical expedition, put into the little harbour, and sent a few of his men on shore to bake bread; but these rovers were so much struck with Aslauga's beauty, and so much occupied in admiring her, that they forgot the bread, which was accordingly burned. When they returned on board, Regnar was enraged at their carelessness; but his wrath was mollified when he heard the cause of the disaster, and, although he had a very handsome wife, named Thora, he determined to see the beauty who had caused the damage to his bread. He therefore sent his royal order for Aslauga to come on board his ship, and alone.

She promised to obey, and next day made her appearance alongside his vessel in a little fishing-boat, accompanied only by a very fierce dog. Nothing, however, would induce her to ascend the side of the sea-king's ship; and as Regnar, failing in his persuasions, was probably about to try some more active means of getting her there, her dog bit him in the hand. The dog was immediately killed, and the damsel returned to the shore. But in the short interview she had won the susceptible heart of the warrior-king, and she made her own terms. She was to be his queen, or he was never to see her more. She further stipulated that he was to leave her then, and if his love continued, he was to return again in a year, when she would marry him.

At the expiration of the year Regnar returned "upon wings," as the Danish version has it. They were married, great festivities were held at his court, and she became his queen. Morals and manners must have both been very defective at that period, else Aslauga could not well have stepped into the living Thora's place. She maintained her influence over the sea-king for the rest of his life; and after his murder, by the English chief Ella, she composed a poem to his memory, which was called "The Lay, or Lament of Kraaka." This royal couple were among the earliest poets of Denmark, though it is a disputed point whether Regnar Lodbrok's "Death Song" was his own composition, that of some Skald, or the production of the widowed Aslauga.

The kings and chieftains of Scandinavia were not, however, generally themselves poets or historians, but they frequently had some bard among their retainers, for as books and manuscripts were rare, as there were no newspapers or periodicals in those days to chronicle passing events, the land and sea kings, and the warriors of note, were glad to have their deeds blazoned abroad, and handed down to posterity, in the songs and Sagas of the Skalds, and other bards, who were equally welcome guests in the halls of the Jarl's castle, in the substantial abodes of the thriving burghers, and in the rude hut of the peasant.

These northern poets and historians, whose recitations, doubtless, blended many fables with some truths, were not unlike the minnesingers, the troubadours, and wandering minstrels of southern lands. One of the earliest of the *court* Skalds, mentioned in Danish history, was Thorbiorn Hornklofe, the poet-laureate of Harald Haarfager, a king equally famous

for his achievements in war and his adventures in love, and who was also remarkable for the beauty of his hair, which, says an old Danish writer, "could only be compared to silk and gold, and was so long that he tied it in knots, and confined it under his belt."

The earliest geographer known in the north, lived in the time of Harald Haarfager, and was called "Other." He was born in Heligoland.

The Kæmpeviser, or heroic songs, continued for a long time to be the popular poetry of the north; and ballads were also much esteemed. In the reign of Christian IV. of Denmark, between the years 1588 and 1648, the Kæmpeviser, and old Danish ballads, were collected by a professor and clergyman, named Anders Sörensen Vedel.

Snorro Sturleson, who was born in the year 1178, may be named as one of the earliest of the Scandinavian authors; he was an Icelander of a high family, and is said, by the Danish historian, Sneedorff, to have been the grandson of Sæmund Frode, surnamed the Wise. The prose "Edda" is ascribed to him. He was the author of the "Heimskringla," a history, partly fabulous, commencing with Odin, and ending with the reign of King Magnus Erlingson, 1176.

In the twelfth century there flourished a trio of learned and remarkable men in Denmark: the Archbishop Absalon, of Lund; his secretary, Saxo-Grammaticus; and Svend or Sweyn Aagesen,—all of whom were historians. These authors lived during the reigns of Waldemar I., and his son Knud, or Canute VI. From the period of the brilliant reigns of the Waldemars, there occurred a long interregnum in the literary history of Denmark. This dark age continued until the advent to the throne of Christian I., who, in 1478, founded the university of Copenhagen; but there were no Danish authors of any note until the sixteenth century. There then appeared Lyschander, who was historiographer to Christian IV., Petreius, Arild Hvitfelt, Niels Krag, Olaus Wormius, Caspar Bartholin and his three sons, Stephanius, Arngrim Jonsen, a learned Icelander, Anders Arreboe, the father of Danish poetry, who died in 1637, and the celebrated mathematician and astronomer, Tycho Brahe, who was born in 1546, and was descended from an illustrious family in Scania.

Tycho Brahe was brought up by an uncle, George Brahe, who paid much attention to his education, which was commenced at such an early age, that when he was only seven years old he wrote Latin verses. At thirteen years of age he was sent to the Copenhagen university, where his love of astronomical studies soon developed itself; and the manuscripts which contain his observations, when a boy of sixteen, on eclipses, lightning, &c., are still preserved. When quite a youth he went to Leipsic, whither he was accompanied by a young gentleman of the Danish court, the Anders Sörensen Vedel, before mentioned as the collector of the old Kæmpeviser, and who became subsequently the royal historiographer. At Leipsic, Tycho Brahe devoted himself assiduously to the study of astronomy, chemistry, mathematics, astrology, and casting of nativities.

That a clever and rational being should have wasted his time in the two last-mentioned fanciful pursuits, may provoke a smile of derision in our enlightened days; but it must be remembered that the Danish astronomer lived at a period when there existed a sort of second chaos in the

world of knowledge; when the sun of truth was struggling to break forth from the heavy clouds of superstition, error, and barbarism; and even the brightest intellects were obscured by the darkness that prevailed around.

Whole nights were passed by the youthful astronomer in the open air, observing the stars; and on his return to Copenhagen, he proposed continuing the study of his favourite sciences. But these were, at that period, so little known and valued in Denmark, that his family thought he demeaned himself by his occupations; and he had, in consequence, so many disagreeables to encounter, that he determined on going back to Germany. At Rostock, he met by chance a Danish nobleman, named Manderup Parsbierg, at a wedding-feast; unluckily they quarrelled; and, having met again shortly after at a Christmas entertainment, the quarrel was renewed. Parsbierg drew his sword, and Tycho Brahe followed his example; but he was probably less skilled in the use of that weapon than in the use of his mathematical instruments, for he had the worst of the fray, and was severely wounded in the face, a part of his nose having been chopped off by a sword-cut from his adversary. After that, he travelled through Germany and Italy, and wherever he went his acquirements in science were much admired.

In 1570 he returned to Denmark, and, about three years afterwards, married a girl in a station of life much beneath his own. This gave great umbrage to his aristocratic family, and the reigning monarch, Frederick II., was obliged to interfere on his behalf. The same royal benefactor settled a pension on the astronomer, and presented him with the island of Hveen, in the Sound, where an observatory was built for him. But he was not destined to end his days in this peaceful retreat. Frederick II. died in 1588; and his son, Christian IV., who ascended the throne as a mere child, was influenced against Tycho by the enemies whom he had at court; for when were ever superior genius and talent without enemies and detractors?

Among the illustrious individuals who visited Tycho Brahe in his island-home, was James VI. of Scotland and I. of England, when he went to Denmark on the occasion of his betrothal to the Princess Anne, second daughter of Frederick II. King James stayed eight days with the great astronomer or astrologer, and on leaving him, asked what gifts he would receive. Tycho would accept of nothing but two English dogs, and some Latin lines. The king thereupon wrote with his own hands:

> Est nobilis ira leonis,
> Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.
>
> JACOBUS REX.

The lines bestowed by the learned monarch on the sage of Hveen did no harm; not so the dogs—for they proved an unlucky gift. The young King Christian took it into his head to follow his Scottish brother-in-law's example, and pay a visit to his distinguished subject at Hveen. He was attended by a numerous suite, among whom was the *Hofmester*, or lord-steward of the palace, Christopher Walkendorf, who was not at all well disposed towards the renowned astronomer. One morning, when this Walkendorf was about to enter Tycho Brahe's apartment, he found the English dogs lying near the door; they barked on his approach, and he

kicked them—an affront which their master resented by speaking angrily to him. The Hofmester did not give vent at once to his indignation, but he never forgave Tycho Brahe, and did all he could to poison Christian's mind against him. The court physicians also hated Tycho, on account of his discoveries in chemistry, which interfered with their pharmacopœia; and so powerful became the cabal against him, that he had to leave Denmark, and to spend the remainder of his days in exile. He died at Prague, in 1601.

It is a curious fact, that Tycho Brahe held thirty-two days in the year as unlucky. He considered that it was unwise to commence a journey on any of these days—that a marriage celebrated on one of them would not turn out well—and that if any one became ill on one of those days, he would not recover. He also believed that if, on first going out, one encountered *an old woman*, it was a sign of evil! There is not, however, any record of his belief in witchcraft.

Christian Longomontanus, the pupil of Tycho Brahe, also became much distinguished, and published many works on mathematics and astronomy. The Danish drama takes its date from the time of Christian IV., who was partial to theatrical representations—a taste he probably acquired during his visits to England, where he had become acquainted with the works of Shakspeare. Though harsh and unjust towards Tycho Brahe—who, however, was not sufficiently respectful towards his sovereign—Christian was the patron of science and literature, and did much to promote their cultivation in his dominions. He was the founder of the royal library of Copenhagen, which deservedly ranks as one of the best in Europe.

Two centuries ago, the progress of literature everywhere depended more on the patronage of the great than on the voice of the people; and, therefore, as the immediate successors of Christian IV. cared little for literary pursuits or intellectual pleasures, and as the court circle took their tone from the king, there was no encouragement to any class of authors. The intolerance of the clergy at that period, also, helped to keep down the spirit of improvement; so that during the reigns of Frederick III. and Christian V., the only authors who at all deserve to be mentioned were Peter Syv, a clergyman, who published the *first* Danish grammar that ever existed, and a bishop called Kingo, a poet, whose chief undertakings were a poetical version of the Psalms, and some odes in praise of the naval battles of Christian V.

During the reign of Frederick III., the Danes were much occupied with their internal politics; for it was about the year 1660 that the old constitution was abolished, and, by the will of the people, that Denmark was created an absolute monarchy. Towards the end of the seventeenth century lived Ole or Olæus Roemer, distinguished for his knowledge in astronomy, mathematics, and mechanics; and whose discoveries in regard to the velocity of light are noticed in the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia." He died in 1710.

The beginning of the eighteenth century has been called by the Danes "the age of Holberg." He was a writer of whom they are very proud, and not without good reason, for with him commenced a new era in Danish literature. The celebrated Oehlenschlæger said of him, "that he had

rough planed the taste of the nation." He certainly gave an impulse to its literary taste, and laboured hard to improve and amuse his countrymen.

Ludvig Holberg was born at Bergen, in Norway, in 1684. Though well connected by his mother's side—his maternal grandfather having been a bishop—his father, who was a military man, had risen from the ranks; but he died a colonel, which proved, says his gifted son, "that he was not a nobleman by birth, but by deeds." He adds, that his father "was ever known to be an upright, valiant, and pious man, who gained the approbation of all who knew him." On the death of his widowed mother, when he was only ten years of age, Holberg was left an almost destitute orphan. He was at first intended for the army, but after he had quitted the grammar-school, an uncle (his mother's brother) sent him to the University of Copenhagen, where he studied divinity, and also French and Italian. His poverty compelled him afterwards to take the situation of a tutor in a private family in Norway, whither he had returned.

When he had saved *sixty dollars*, he determined to go forth to see the world, and embarked for Amsterdam. Not, however, finding any encouragement to remain in Holland, and his slender finances being exhausted, he returned to Norway, where he set up, on the strength of his travels, as a teacher of modern languages. Here, at Christiansand, he was reaping quite a golden harvest, when a bankrupt Dutch merchant arrived to divide his honours and emoluments. However, he succeeded in scraping up a little money, and then betook himself to England. On landing at Gravesend, Holberg walked to London, and from thence proceeded to Oxford; he subsisted there by teaching French and music, and his wit and information brought him much into notice. He read a great deal while at Oxford; and on his return to the north, went to Copenhagen, where his talents attracted the attention of the reigning king (Frederick IV.), by whom, in 1714, he was appointed a professor at the university. His wandering disposition, however, soon led him abroad again; but after having travelled through Holland, France, and Italy, he returned to Denmark, and resumed his functions at the university. In 1747 he was created a baron; and by that time he had amassed a good deal of money—partly by strict economy, and partly by the sale of his works. Holberg disposed of his fortune in rather a singular manner. He presented the greater part of it to the aristocratic academy of Soroe, and bequeathed a considerable sum to create a fund, the interest of which was to be given as dowries to young ladies. He died unmarried, in the seventieth year of his age, in January, 1754.

Ludwig Holberg has been called "the Molière of the North;" he wrote between thirty and forty comedies, which abound in wit and humour, and ridicule the foibles of society in his day and country; but the humour, it must be confessed, is frequently low, and not exactly suitable to the refinement of modern taste. His historical writings were also numerous: among these were an "Introduction to the General History of Europe;" "A Description of Denmark and Norway;" "A History of Denmark;" "A General History of the Church;" "A History of Celebrated Characters;" "A History of the Jews," &c. He also published "Moral Fables" and "Moral Reflections." But the two works which most con-

tributed to his fame, were his "Peder Paars," a mock heroic poem, somewhat in the style of "Hudibras;" and "Niels Klim's Subterranean Journey," designated by a Danish writer as "a philosophical romance," a satirical work, which has been translated into most of the languages of Europe. To him could not be applied one of his own remarks in his "Moral Reflections," viz., "A portion of the lives of mankind is spent in doing evil—a still larger portion in doing nothing at all—and often a whole life in useless employments." The truth of another paragraph in his "Reflections," may excuse its being translated and quoted here. "One often finds," says the acute observer, "that those folks who make the greatest fuss about their occupations, *do the least;* just as those cocks crow most, who crow worst—those hens cackle most, who produce fewest eggs—and those cats mew the most, who are the laziest mousers." Assuredly cats, poultry, and human beings, are much the same now as they were in Holberg's days.

A contemporary and fellow-collegian of Holberg, Hans Gram, distinguished himself much by his researches into the history of the North; a study for which he had good opportunities, being Royal Historiographer and Keeper of the Public Records. But his merits as an historian were surpassed by those of his successor in office, Jacob Langebek. Aalborg was his native place, and at thirteen years of age he went to reside with Gram, whose private secretary he became. Thus early trained to study, Langebek acquired vast stores of historical information, which were given to the Danish world in some Latin works, and also in *The Danish Magazine*, one of the earliest periodicals that appeared in Denmark. He was frequently employed in travelling to remote parts of the country, to examine the libraries, archives, and manuscripts, which had been collected in the old monasteries and other institutions. Langebek died in 1775. Another writer of that period, whose works are valued by his countrymen, was Erik Pontoppidan, Bishop of Bergen. His subjects were theological discussions, history, and natural history; and he wrote in Latin, German, and Danish. He also published a Danish Atlas.

Andreas Höjer, a historian and writer on jurisprudence; Kofod Anker, the able reviser of the laws; Jens Kraft, one of the most learned men that Denmark ever produced, whose works were chiefly on mechanics, logic, and metaphysics; the elder Sneedorff; Guldberg; Adolph Carstens; Gerhard Schöning; and Peter Frederick Suhm, the latter of whom died in 1798, were all persons of literary fame in the north of Europe, and flourished about the middle of the eighteenth century. Langebek, Schöning, and Suhm—historians of note—were intimate friends and coadjutors. The "Orkneyinga Saga," "Landnama Saga," "Hervarar Saga," and many others, were printed at the expense of Chamberlain Suhm. This gentleman was possessed of a large fortune, which he principally applied to the promotion of literature, and the advancement of science. His library, which had cost about 20,000*l.*, passed at his death to the royal library of Copenhagen.

In 1785, a monthly publication, entitled *The Minerva*, was started in Copenhagen by Professor Rahbek, who published, early in this present century, his "Useful Compendium of Danish Authors," in two volumes. He was assisted in establishing *The Minerva* by Mr. Pram, a poet and

writer of essays, who, when somewhat advanced in life, accepted an appointment in the Danish West India colony of St. Thomas, which he held until his death, about the year 1818.

Captain Abrahamson, an officer of artillery, who devoted himself much to the service of the Muses, and was a clever writer on many subjects, became a contributor to this periodical; and it was well supported both by authors and the public for a number of years. *The Minerva* was made the receptacle of political, as well as of literary articles; it became the champion of freedom; and one of those who wrote for it, the Rev. Mr. Birckner, at length ventured to publish a separate work on the liberty of the press. This was so favourably received by the nation at large, that the author escaped the censure of the government; not so, however, the reviewer of his book, Mr. Collet. Perhaps *he* expressed his sentiments too freely; but at any rate he gave so much offence to the higher powers, that he was dismissed from his office—that of a judge in Copenhagen. Upon this he went to the West Indies; and in the Danish island of St. Croix obtained a lucrative legal situation, which the home government was not so vindictive as to take from him.

But *his* disgrace in Copenhagen did not prove a sufficient warning to others; for the elder Heiberg, a popular dramatist, and one of the wittiest men of the day, introduced such satirical political allusions on the stage, as well as giving his sentiments so freely through the medium of the press, that he made himself liable to a prosecution; and the result was his banishment, in 1800, from Denmark. Another distinguished Danish writer was banished from a similar cause, about the same time. This was Malthe Conrad Bruun, who, under the name of Malte Brun, has acquired European celebrity as an eminent geographer. The little work of his which gave such umbrage as to decide his doom, was entitled, "The Catechism of the Aristocrats," and was probably written in consequence of his having adopted too warmly the republican principles which, emanating from France during the first French revolution, spread rapidly among the *têtes exaltées* of other and more sober countries.

Bruun and Heiberg both repaired to Paris, where the latter speedily obtained a situation in the Foreign Office, in consequence of his being an admirable linguist; and the former also won his way to employment and to fame. It is odd that Denmark should thus have discarded her greatest astronomer, Tycho Brahe; and, at a later period, her greatest geographer, Malte Brun. Malte Brun died in 1826, at the age of fifty-one; Heiberg did not die till 1841, and was then in his eighty-fourth year.

Frederick Hugh Guldberg, son of the Guldberg before mentioned, and a contemporary of Malte Brun, was a poet of some reputation; but, being a professor, and a tutor in the royal family, he did not deal in seditious pamphlets. His poetry was of a serious cast, as will be seen by the following specimen, which is an extract from an ode written in a churchyard:

> Home of the happy dead, all hail! In thee
> A refuge for each rank, sex, age, we see.
> The sun awakes them to no tearful morrow,
> Nor gleams the moon on nights of sleepless sorrow.

Peace be with all who rest in thy embrace!—
From him, the offspring of a noble race,
Whose name and deeds far generations prize—
To him, whose humble dust forgotten lies!
Calmed are the living, too, by thy repose;
And through the solemn gloom thy shadow throws.
The trembler seeks, while Fate's dark thunders roar,
A distant glimpse of Hope's enchanting shore.
Each wand'rer from the world that hither strays,
Upon thy mounds and hillocks green to gaze,
May feel his passions stilled, and gain that peace
Which has alone the power to bid earth's sorrows cease.
He whom disease hath marked with pallid cheek,
May here behold the rest he soon must seek;
From grave to grave, whilst leaning on his crutch,
He moves—and learns the lesson needed much.
How many come to seek a loved, lost friend!
With bitter grief over his tomb they bend,
Till something whispers that their grief is vain,
And bids them dream of meeting once again.

Yes; hail to thee, garden of death! For here,
'Midst quiet graves, their heads sweet flow'rets rear;
The trees we plant ourselves shall one day bloom
In careless beauty o'er our lowly tomb.
That which to us but deep repose appears,
Where human dust is gathered years on years—
Ah! is, in truth, eternity's dark gate!
Over these tombs may angel-forms await!
Then tell thy soul—these seeming sleepers rise
From death to endless life, above yon distant skies!

These are rather melancholy lines; therefore we shall not follow Guldberg further in his meditations among the tombs, but take one or two trifles from a Norwegian author, Claus Fastning, of Bergen, who lived between the years 1746 and 1791, and was somewhat celebrated for his epigrams.

TO THE REJECTED SUITOR OF A YOUNG LADY.

"I came, I saw, I conquered," we are told
Was mighty Cæsar's boast in days of old.
Like him, you came, you saw, indeed—but hold!
The third you failed in, though you *were* so bold.

TO A FOOL, WHO WAS ABOUT TO TRAVEL INTO FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

O thou, ridiculous and rich,
Who fain a traveller would be,
Hearken, I pray, to this distich:
Learn all, see all that thou canst see—
But take good care that *none know thee!*

YOUNG TOM HALL'S HEART-ACHES AND HORSES.

Chapter XXII.

The betrothed ones now take a ride together; Tom on his hundred-and-twenty guinea horse, Angelena on the redoubtable Rumtouch, now called Lily-of-the-Valley. Miss Sophia Ferguson—the Sophy Fergy of Angelena's approbation—had established a violent flirtation with Captain Mattyfat, of the Heavysteeds; and old Ferguson, a most respectable J. P., but not at all a "war's alarms or spear and shield"-ish sort of man—indeed, a man with rather a horror of the military than otherwise—had what he called "put his foot upon it." As, however, there is a difference between scotching and killing, the worthy man had only driven Matty, as they called him, from the house to seek out-door relief; and Angelena, ever anxious to promote sport—on the reciprocity principle, of course—was relieving-officer to the couple. Many people can manage poor-law unions better than they can their own houses. Angelena could afford the generous sympathies; for, independently of Mattyfat being one of many, and therefore quite unsuitable for her, Sophy was short and dumpy, and neither in looks, style, manner, nor vivacity, anything of a rival for her.

Mattyfat was anything but fat, being more like a pair of tongs on a horse, than a man; and Smothergoose, the poulterer, seeing the fair ladies with their respective beaus riding out together, observed that they were "paired like rabbits—a good 'un and a bad 'un." But we anticipate.

Each board of guardian's day, Sophy availed herself of her father's absence to ride towards Fleecyborough; and somehow or other, almost at the same spot, she met her darling Angelena, with her own beloved captain and Jug, or (on this occasion) Hall, riding on either side of her. How surprised and delighted they always were!—Well, who *would* have thought it? So nice! so unexpected! Why it was only last week that they met there, and then, riding four abreast till they met a coal cart, they fell into double line. Angelena and our Tom contemplating the wasp-waisted captain and the *embonpoint* of the fair Sophy from behind.

Angelena was in full feather. On the strength of the great match she was about to make, she had treated herself—or rather, for the present, Downeyfelt, the hatter, had treated her—to a smart brown Garibaldi, with a rich black plume, while her London-made riding-habit set off her smart figure in advantageous contrast to the country-made thing of her companion's.

Lily-of-the-Valley had been most carefully groomed, and shone forth beautifully sleek. Indeed, as she was destined this day to make an impression, she had been exercised over the very ground they were now going, and regaled with a feed of corn and chopped carrots at the miller's, of which she evidently entertained a lively recollection; for, instead of stopping, and starting, and trying to bolt down Endive-lane, or up Brocoli-bank, she stepped placidly on, playing merrily with the bit of the fine fancy packthread reined, pink silk fronted bridle, while

Angelena patted her, and coaxed her, and entwined her light whip in her flowing silvery mane.

"Isn't this a charming creature?" asked Angelena, leaning forward, and patting her mare's arch neck. "I do think she's the most perfect creature that ever wore a bridle."

"Yes," said Tom, regarding both rider and mare with an eye of ownership.

"Will you ride me a race," asked Angelena, gathering her reins for a start, "to the white house on the hill, there?" nodding to one about half a mile off.

"Not this morning, I think," replied Tom; "not this morning. The fact is, I've no seat in these things," alluding to his wide-patterned woollen trousers.

"Nor in any other, I should think," thought Angelena, looking at his rolling seat.

Just then, Lily-of-the-Valley cocked her neat ears, and a gold-laced cap was seen bobbing above the irregular fence on the left.

"Good mornin', fair lady! Good mornin', Mithter Hall!" lisped Major Fibs, saluting each with a military salute, as he emerged from the narrow intricacies of Lavender-lane. "This is, indeed, an unexpected pleasure," continued he, sidling his horse up to them. "I had just gone out for a tholitary thaunter, little expectin' the gratificathion that awaited me."

"Indeed!" smiled Angelena, struck with his fine natural talent for lying.

"Hope I don't intrude," observed the major, with a knowing look at the lady, and a bend of his head towards Tom.

"Oh, not at all," replied Angelena; "most happy to see you. I was just asking Mr. Hall to ride me a race."

"What a beautiful animal that is!" observed the major, eyeing Lily-of-the-Valley stepping easily along.

"Isn't she?" exclaimed Angelena, leaning forward, and patting her again.

"Goes nearer and thafer than any orth I ever thaw in my life," observed the major; "thows that lofty, break-my-knee-against-my-tooth action's not eththenthal to thafety."

"She never makes a mistake," replied Angelena, "though you can scarcely put a sixpence between her foot and the ground."

"What a tharmin' cover 'ack she would make!" observed he to Tom.

"She would look well with a red coat on her," replied Tom.

The sound of a strange voice attracting the foremost lover's attention, they now reined in their steeds, to exchange compliments with the new comer as he advanced. The party were just on the entrance of Heather-blow Heath; and, by a dexterous cavalry manœuvre, the major drew into line next Sophy, with Tom outside on his left. Mattyfat was thus placed between his lady-love and Angelena, who occupied the same position on the right that Tom did on the left. Having further separated Tom, so as to get him out of ear-shot of Angelena, after a few complimentary observations on his horse, and remarks on the state of the weather for hunting, he asked Tom, in a mysterious under tone, if he knew whether the colonel had heard from the Dook.

"The what?" asked Tom, who was not quick of comprehension.

"The Dook—old Wellington," replied the major, as Tom still kept staring.

"No," replied Tom. "I didn't know that he had written to him."

"Didn't you!" exclaimed the major, with well-feigned surprise. "Haven't you heard that the colonel's written to ask the Dook to the wedding—to give Miss Angelena away, in fact?"

"No," replied Tom, staring with astonishment at the idea of such an honour, and wondering what his mother would say.

"Oh, yes; the Dook and the colonel are very thick, you know," observed the major—"doothed thick, I may say—and I've no doubt the gallant F.M. will come down most handsomely with the necklaces and things. A thousand's about his mark, but I shouldn't be at all thurprithed if he was to make it two in your case."

"Indeed!" gasped Tom, with astonishment.

"You'd better not menthon the letter, p'r'aps," observed the major, "as the colonel hasn't told you of it himself."

"No," said Tom, as all people do say, whether they intend to keep their promises or not.

The confab was interrupted by the ladies challenging the gentlemen to a brush over the heath, whose springy sward seemed to have imparted elasticity to their horses' legs. Sophy's mealy-legged bay and Lily-of-the-Valley were off in a canter before the gentlemen had gathered their reins, and Tom's brown, starting forward to follow their example, nearly unshipped our friend.

"Near go!" exclaimed the major, as Tom, after sundry uncertain efforts, at length got shuffled back into the saddle.

"'Deed, was it," replied our friend; adding, "I have no seat in these nasty 'slacks,'" alluding to his conspicuous-patterned trousers.

"Well, let us put on," said the major, settling himself into a charging seat, and riding as if he had swallowed the poker.

Tom prepared to obey; but although his horse was generally as dull and tractable as a circus horse, it found that it had a rider who might be disposed of, and with a sideway sort of prance began ducking its head and dashing out its fore legs, it went bounding and hopping among the gorse bushes, sometimes bounding when Tom expected it to hop, sometimes hopping when he expected it to bound, and sometimes walking in preference to either; causing our Tom to show much daylight, to the infinite amusement of the party, and repeated exhortations from Angelena, to "stick to the shopboard whatever he did!"

"Ah," observed the major, as Tom at last got the animal reined in, and his own equilibrium re-established, "he's not used to hacking, that orth; he's a nithe animal—a very nithe animal, but hunting's his forte, not hacking."

"Exactly so," replied Tom, glad of an excuse for his inglorious display.

"That palfrey of Miss Angelena's is the model of a hack," observed the major, nodding towards it.

"So it seems," said Tom; "very quiet—very easy, too, I should think. This animal is rather rough—stots me off the saddle, and when I pull the curb, he stops so short that he's like to shoot me over his head."

"Ah, that's merely from confined space for action. If you had that orth once fairly away with 'ounds, there'd be no further occathon for pulling or holding; you might give him his head, and sit as if you were in an arm-chair."

"Indeed," said Tom, thinking that hunting must be much easier work than hacking. He then took a richly-flowered bandana out of his queer little coat-pocket, and proceeded to mop his profusely perspiring brow.

"Mither Hall covets your beautiful cream-colour, Mith Angelena," observed the major, sidling up to her.

"Well, he must have her, I suppose," replied she, resignedly, after a pause, fearing she had offended her fat friend by laughing at him.

"Not until after Wednesday, though, Tom," continued she, addressing him direct as he now came up; "not until after Wednesday," repeated she.

"Oh, thank you," replied Tom; "but I mustn't rob you of your pet."

"Oh, after Wednesday you shall be welcome to her;" adding, in an under tone, "I couldn't refuse *you* anything."

"You're going to see the hounds on Wednesday, then, I thuppose?" observed the major. "Where are they Wednesday—Merryfield?"

"No—Merryfield, Monday," replied Angelena; "Silverspring Firs, Wednesday."

"Ah, Thilverspring Firs, Wednesday, so it is; not a bad country—best about here by far. Do you hunt Wednesday?" asked he of our friend.

"Oh, yes," replied Tom, with a matter-of-course sort of air; adding, "Do you?"

"Why, no, I think not," replied the major—"I think not. The fact is, I don't much fancy old Cheer."

The fact was, old Cheer didn't much fancy him; and these sort of likings and dislikings are generally reciprocal.

"I don't like your stiff-necked, overbearing, private ethablithments. Cheer may be a very good feller, but he's not one of my thort."

"Nor mine," assented Tom, who liked to give an opinion, though he knew nothing at all about his lordship.

"All private packs are objectionable," continued the major; "nothin' like a thubscripthon for keeping masters of hounds in order. Why, this old buffer rides as if the country was made for him, and no one else—won't let a man come near a fence till he's over."

"The old sinner!" muttered Tom.

"Keeps a fine gentleman—a sort of master of the orth, in scarlet, to ride after him, and ery 'Room! room!' when anybody comes near him."

"And does he cram along?" asked Tom.

"Oh, he'll ride," replied the major—"he'll ride; but where's the merit of riding such horses as he has? He began life as a rider; and though he's so old that he ought to be ashamed to be seen out of his grave, he thinks he has a character to keep up, and is just as jealous as a beginner."

"You don't say so!" said Tom, who only knew jealousy of another

sort. That observation put Tom upon the tack. "He's a great man among the ladies, isn't he?" asked Tom.

"Oh, the old fool, he's always philandering with some one—thinks himself captivating—forgets that he's near a hundred," lisped the major.

"But he's a fine-looking old man," observed Angelena, who was lenient where age—gentlemen's age, at least—was concerned.

"The man's well enough," sneered the major, "if he wasn't such a confounded disagreeable old jackass, so jealous of his riding, so conceited of his looks; he's as jealous as a woman, and as vain as a girl," added the major, spurring his horse incontinently at the recollections of the snubbing the noble lord had given him on the opening-day of the season.

The start the major's horse gave set them all a-going, and Tom was presently stotting, and bumping, and crying "Who-ay, who-ay," to his horse, and jagging its mouth, while Angelena's light hand guided her fractious brute, as if the characters of the animals were changed.

This enabled the major to expatiate afresh on Rumtouch's beauty, her merits, her action, and powers of endurance; and though Tom was pretty much of George the Third's opinion, who used to say, "Hang all presents that eat," he began to think she might be cheap—at all events, not dear—in a gift. As yet, Tom had not compassed the fact that a horse was not like a carriage, that only requires washing, greasing, and certain little attentions of that sort, to make it go from year's end to year's end; and he didn't see the use of keeping two horses where one would do. Still, as the major insisted that he must have a cover-hack, and that, of all colours, cream-colour was the most becoming for a red coat, he was not indisposed to submit; particularly as, in the *Times* City article of the day before, he had read the old stereotyped line, "Corn ruled dull, with the turn in favour of the buyer."

During the remainder of the ride he regarded the mare with an eye of ownership, and we are almost ashamed to say, bethought him of dismounting Angelena, and riding the cream-colour to the meet on the Silverspring Firs day. That, however, he saw required a little diplomacy; and before he had time to broach the subject, the gift horse assumed a new aspect.

Arrived at the barracks, after separating from Sophy at the place where they so accidentally met, and Tom having resigned his horse to the care of the soldier-groom who came to take Angelena's, he followed the fair one up-stairs to the drawing-room, where they found the colonel and Adjutant Collop hard at work at a game of dominoes. Collop, though too good a judge to think of beating the colonel, more especially as they were only playing for sixpences, nevertheless run him pretty hard, which elated the colonel as he closed the game and clutched the cash, when Angelena, taking advantage of his exultation, proceeded, with due exhortations "not to be angry," to tell him what she had done with her valuable—or rather invaluable—mare.

"Ah, well," said the colonel; "well," considered he, shaking the sixpences up in his hand, to see that they were all good, "very kind of you, my dear—very kind—just like you, though—always say you're the kindest-hearted creature that ever lived—would give your last sixpence

away. You've given Mr. Hall a most excellent animal—very kind of you—very good of you—very pretty of you. She's an excellent animal, Hall; you'll say so when you've ridden her—never saw a finer-actioned, finer-tempered animal. Isn't she, Collywobbles?"

"Wonderful animal," replied the adjutant, who had had the pleasure of a slide over her tail, in a rear.

"But I thought you were going to see the hounds throw off at the Firs upon her," observed the colonel, after a pause.

"So I am," replied Angelena—"so I am; Mr. Hall is not to have her till after that."

"Ah, well," said the colonel, "that may do—that may do. I don't know, either," continued he, after a pause, and a dry shave of his great double chin—"better have no obligation, perhaps—better have no obligation. I'll tell you how we'll manage it. Obligations are disagreeable to gentlemen—should always be avoided. There shall be no obligation in this matter. You," addressing Tom, "shall give Angelena a cheque—for, say, a hundred—just for form's sake, you know. It will be returned to you afterwards—and then mare and money will be both yours."

"Oh," exclaimed Tom, who was by no means keen about it, and knew that both his father and Trueboy would say he had better learn to ride one horse before he got two—besides having no authority to draw on the bank—"oh," exclaimed he, "I—I—I wouldn't rob Angelena of her mare for the world. I—I—I ——"

"My dear fellow," interposed the colonel, "you're most welcome to the mare, I'm sure—most welcome. I wouldn't be any obstacle to carrying out my daughter's wishes for the world; all I mean to say is, that obligations are disagreeable, and, where possible, ought to be avoided. Now, you know, of course, whatever is Anglena's in due time becomes yours, and what I propose is a mere temporary arrangement, so that there may be no obligation in the mean time—you understand—eh?" looking earnestly at him.

Tom didn't understand, but he said "yes" all the same, which sealed the fate of the transaction.

"Just you, then," said the colonel to Collop, "write out a cheque on Hall and Co. for a hundred—a hundred guineas say—guineas sounds better than punds—and Mr. Hall will sign it. You haven't a blank cheque on you, I s'pose?" added he, turning to Tom.

"No," replied Tom.

"No matter," rejoined the colonel—"no matter; a bit of letter-paper will do quite as well. You'll find some inside 'Fistiana' there," nodding at a little book-shelf against the wall—"obliged to hide it, to keep it from the servants. There," added he, as the paper fell out, "now take a pen and write a cheque on Hall and Co.—great man that Co.—is in partnership with almost everybody—haw, haw, haw!—ho, ho, ho!—he, he, he!"

"He, he, he!—haw, haw, haw!—ho, ho, ho!" chuckled the obsequious adjutant, as he took a pen and did as directed.

"Now, Tom, sign that," said the colonel, as Collop ceased writing, "and give it to Angelena. When she's Mrs. Hall, you'll get it back; meanwhile. there'll be no obligation, you know."

And Tom complied with the matter of form.

Chapter XXIII.

LORD HEARTYCHEER AT SILVERSPRING FIRS.

"Shall have a large field to-day, I'm thinkin', my lord," observed Dicky Thorndyke, replacing his cap on his grizzly head, after the sky-scraping he gave it as his lordship cantered up on his way to cover with the hounds.

"What makes you think so?" asked his lordship, riding gently in among the glad pack.

"Several horses on," replied Dicky, pointing with his whip to the imprints on the side of the road; "and I was in Fleecyborough yesterday, and heard there were a good many elegant extracts going from there."

"Indeed!" mused his lordship, who didn't like the townspeople.

"The colonel's daughter—Miss what-d'ye-call-her's—comin'," observed Dicky, rising corkily in his stirrups, as he always did when he had anything particular to communicate.

"Indeed!" said his lordship, seeing Dicky was making one of his usual casts. "Is she as fat as her father?" asked he.

"Fat! bless you, no," replied Dicky, his eyes sparkling as he spoke—"fat, no; nice, slim, spicy lass as ever you seed."

"Indeed!" smiled his lordship, brightening up as Dicky's object began to disclose itself.

"Rides like a fairy," added Dicky, shooting his right arm forward, as if using a sling.

"You don't say so!" observed his lordship, who liked anything game.

"Fact, I assure you," said Dicky, with a knowing jerk of his head. "They say they'll back her to beat most any man in our hunt."

"The deuce they do!" exclaimed his lordship; "I should like to see her take the shine out of some of them uncommonly——"

"That saucy Mr. Healey, for instance," suggested Dicky, with a touch of his cap.

"Ay, or that Mr. Beale; he's as bumptious a beggar as any we have," observed his lordship.

"So he is," said Dicky, with another touch of his cap; "Brassey too's a beggar," added he.

"Head-and-shoulders Brown's as bd as any of them," observed his lordship, admiring his own pink tops, and thinking of the mahogany ones of his horror.

"So he is," said Dicky, tartly; "pity he has no neck that he might break it."

His lordship then reverted to Angelena.

"Is Miss Blunt pretty?" asked he.

"Nice lookin'," replied Dicky—"nice lookin'; not zactly what you call a beauty, but a smart, well-set-up gal," Dicky holding himself up, and sticking in his back, as he spoke; "much such a gal as little Lucy Larkspur, in fact."

"Indeed!" replied his lordship, who had patronised Lucy extensively at one time.

"They say Miss—what-d'ye-call-her—Blunt's goin' to marry the fat boy at Fleecyborough," observed Dicky.

"What, the banker's cub?" asked his lordship.

"The same," observed Dicky, with a rap of his forefinger against his cap-peak.

"Well, there'll be plenty of means," said his lordship.

"Plenty," said Dicky, "plenty; but the lad's a lout."

"She'll lick him into shape, p'r'aps," replied his lordship.

"Here she is," whispered Dicky, as the brown Garibaldi now appeared above the hedge on the left, as Lily-of-the-Valley slightly reared on being reined in to let the hounds pass ere Tom and the wearer emerged from Rushworth-lane into the high-road the hounds were travelling.

Although his lordship, as we said before, made it a rule never to speak to any sportsman who was not properly introduced, he relaxed it in favour of the ladies—if they were good-looking, at least—and introduced himself, or let Dicky introduce them, if that useful functionary had established a previous acquaintance. His lordship, having known the colonel as the corpulent Captain, who had re-introduced himself in the free-and-easy way described in a previous chapter, was at no loss on this occasion; and seeing at a glance that Angelena answered very accurately to Dicky's description, he cleared himself of the hounds, and putting his horse on a few paces up Rushworth-lane, with loftily-raised hat and lowlily-bent head, proceeded deferentially to greet her.

The unexpected and gratifying compliment, coupled with the excitement of the scene and the bracy freshness of the morning air, imparted a glow to the fair one's cheeks, and made her look quite lovely.

"I was *very* sorry, Miss Blunt, to hear of your father, the colonel's, accident, when he was good enough to come to see my hounds the other day. I hope he is quite recovered?"

"Oh, thank you, he's a great deal better, my lord," replied Angelena, with a sweet smile, that disclosed a beautiful set of pearly teeth, with playful dimples hovering on either cheek. "He's a great deal better, I thank you, my lord," repeated she.

"I'm afraid he would think me very rude—very unfeeling indeed," observed his lordship, having now turned his horse round, and, with Angelena, regained the hounds, who had rather hung back for him, "never sending to inquire after him; but the fact is, I never heard of the accident until this morning, and that by the merest chance in the world."

"Indeed!" smiled Angelena; "I thought everybody had heard of our roll."

"Well, one would have thought so," replied his lordship, raising his white eyebrows, with a shrug of his shoulders—"one would have thought so. I suppose everybody had heard of it except your humble servant. I was just rating Mister Thorndyke for not telling me of it," added he, raising his voice at Dicky's back, to get him to help him on with his story.

"Yes," my lord, yes," replied Dicky, looking round, and weaving away at his cap. "The fact is, my lord, if you recollect, you were going to dine at my Lord Loftychin's, and left us as soon as we broke up our fox; and I never saw your lordship again till the Thursday, when I concluded, in course, your lordship know'd all about it."

"Ah! exactly so," said Lord Heartycheer; "that was the way of it,

I believe. However, Miss Blunt," added he, turning again to the fair one, "you'll perhaps have the kindness to explain to the colonel how it was, and say I should have made a *point* of coming over personally if I had known, which I shall now take the earliest opportunity of doing."

"Most happy to see you, I'm sure," smiled Angelena, more delighted than ever at the turn things were taking. Who knew but Lilla might be a lady?

"Won't you introduce me to your brother?" asked his lordship, glancing at our fat friend, sitting mouth open, like a sack on his horse, lost in astonishment at the greatness of his intended's acquaintance. "Won't you introduce me to your brother?" repeated his lordship.

"Oh, my brother!" he's not my *brother!*" laughed the fair flirt; "he's my—he-he-he!" (going off again in a giggle). "Mr. Hall, Lord Heartycheer wants to know you," observed she, touching Tom slightly with her light riding-whip; whereupon, off went his lordship's hat, which Tom imitated with as much grace as could be expected from the lessons of a cheap dancing-master.

"Fond of hunting, Mr. Hall?" asked his lordship, in a sort of lofty-actioned tone of supercilious condescension.

"Very, my lord," replied Tom, thinking that would be the ticket.

"Hope you'll not have the usual luck of a new coat," observed his lordship, eyeing Tom's country-made thing, and wondering at his impudence in mounting his button.

"Hope not," muttered Tom, wondering that they should "nip for new" out hunting. He now wished he had taken Padder's advice, and steeped the laps in water.

While all this was going on, the crowd was increasing behind; and ere the hounds reached Silverspring Firs—a clump of trees on a perennially green mound on a gently rising hill on the outskirts of a fine country—the field had swelled into more than usual Heartycheer-hound dimensions; gentlemen were still coming up on hacks and in dog-carts, the latter discarding their dingy-coloured wraps, and joining the scarlet-coated throng who encircled the pack, while the usual "Good mornings!" "Where are you from?" "Who's got a cigar to spare?" "Where shall we send the hacks to?" "Who's seen my horse?" passed current in the outer circle.

At length, all things being adjusted, and his lordship having exchanged his hundred-guinea chestnut-hack for a three-hundred-guinea black hunter, and spoken to such of the field as he deigned to recognise, gave the signal to Dicky Dyke, who forthwith whistled his hounds together, and, preceded by the first whip, wormed his way politely through the crowd, "by your leav"-ing to gentlemen, and exchanging civilities with farmers and others who were not exactly adapted for capping. "Good morning, Mr. Heathfield—and how are you, sir?" "Allow me the pleasure of shaking hands with you, Mr. Lightbody," tendering an ungloved right hand; "hope Mrs. Lightbody, and all the little Lightbodys, are well" (this to a man who generally sent him a goose). "Well, Mr. Barlow, have you got your gate mended?" (this to a man who had been kicking up a row about a gate the second whip had broken). "Now, Mr. Hubbard, you've got the kicker out again" (this to a man who wouldn't like to buy Dicky at his own price).

Dicky, we may here observe, was an aristocrat in his way. He didn't

take tips—sovereigns or small coin tips, at least. "Oh, thank you, sir, no," he would say, bowing with the greatest blandness—"thank you, sir, no; you are very kind—very good, and I fully appreciate the compliment intended by the offer; but my lord is very gracious, and his salary is abundantly adequate to my limited wants—no occasion for anything of the sort," he would add, as the yellow boys went back to the offerer's pocket. Five-pound notes he treated differently—perhaps he didn't look upon them as the current coin of the realm, and Dicky just bowed as he crumpled them up in his hand and stowed them away in his waistcoat-pocket, as if he meant to light his pipe with them at his leisure.

A quick eye, coupled with long experience in the field, had enabled Dicky to discriminate between the metallic and paper currency-men, and we believe there is no instance on record of his mistaking one for the other.

Fish, game, poultry, sucking-pigs, fruit, wine, cheese, we may add, were acceptable from any one—Mrs. Dyke was open to groceries, and things of that sort; flattery didn't come amiss to her—she had been a beauty, and hadn't forgotten it. But to our sport.

The head of the cavalcade being thus formed by the pack, his lordship, after leaving a liberal space between the second whip and himself, bowed affably to the fair equestrian, and, motioning her to advance, reined his horse up beside her and proceeded; while the hatted groom in scarlet and the dark-clad second horseman interposed a barrier between the giggling, nudging, winking, well-done-old-boy-ing crowd behind and them. Thus they turned up Lovecastle-lane, the field lengthening like the sea-serpent as it proceeded.

"It's a fine day," observed his lordship, looking up at the now sun-bright sky.

"Very," replied Angelena; adding, "when I first looked out this morning, I thought it was going to rine."

"What, you were up early, were you?" asked his lordship; adding, "are you fond of hunting?"

"Oh, I don't *hunt!*—I don't hunt, I only go to see them throw off," replied Angelena, who rather reproached herself with having lost Tom Softly, of Nettleworth, in consequence of beating him across country.

"I'd go till I came to a difficulty, at all events," observed his lordship, who wanted to test Dicky Thorndyke's report—"I'd go till I came to a difficulty, at all events; the country's easy, and my lad can ride you through it, if you are afraid of jumping."

"Oh, of course I'll go till I'm stopt," replied Angelena, recovering her courage; adding, "I'd rather ride over than open a gate, any day."

"Well done you," said his lordship to himself, looking back to see where he had the "crammers" of his country; and in the line he saw the caps of Jacky Nalder, and Billy Dent, and Major Ryle, bobbing up and down, and the knowing "shallow" of Mr. Woodcock stealing a march on the soft inside the adjoining field. Brassey, too, he thought he saw; and further back, the frog-on-a-washing-block figure of the detested head-and-shoulders Brown. "I'd give a guinea—I'd give a five-pound note—I'd give fifty pounds to have the conceit taken out of some of you fellows by a woman," thought his lordship, eyeing the cavalcade.

He then resumed his attentions to Angelena, complimenting her graceful seat, her quiet way of handling her lovely horse, and the becoming

plume in her brown Garibaldi. He said he felt greatly flattered by her coming out, and he pulled up his gills, and fingered his frill, and flourished, and simpered, and smirked, just as he simpered and smirked at the close of the last century. Angelena, on her part, was all eyes and vivacity. Thus in the full glow and excitement of newly-formed acquaintance they arrived at the cover, a well-fenced gorse of some two or three acres in extent, with cross-rides, situated in the middle of a large undulating pasture, surrounded by others of similar extent.

"Now, gentlemen," cried Mr. Thorndykes, rising in his stirrups, and facing the approaching field,—"now, gentlemen, my lord will take it as a 'tickler favour if you'll all stand at the high corner of the cover," pointing to it with his whip.

"I s'pose you mean to say you'll give us a tickler if we do," observed Mr. Bowman.

"I'll do my best, sir," replied Dicky, with a slight bow and a touch of his cap; for Mr. Bowman occasionally complimented him with a brace of pheasants or a hare.

"And you fut people," continued Dicky, addressing the panting pedestrians, "you do the same, and don't holloa the fox, whatever you do, or you may head him back into the mouth of the hounds." So saying, Dicky passed through the bridle-gate into the cover, and, cap in hand, was presently "Yoicking" and cheering the hounds. "Yoicks, wind him! yoicks, rout him out! Have at him, all of ye!" with a loud reverberating crack of his whip, enough to awaken a fox in a trance.

All hands clustered at the appointed corner, at a respectful distance from my lord; some watching the hounds trying for the fox inside, others watching the "old fox," as they called his lordship, "trying it on" outside.

"Do you know the country, Mr. Hall?" asked his lordship of our fat friend, who, having emancipated himself from the crowd, where he had heard some unpleasant jokes cut on the fair Angelena and her prospects, now appeared to join his prize.

"No, I don't," replied Tom, pouting at this repeated poaching of the aristocracy on his preserves—Jug to wit.

"Ah, well," replied his lordship, chuckling at his bearishness; "that spire you see in the distance is Heyday Church; those hills on the left are Fairmead Downs; that wood—found, by Jove!" exclaimed he, taking off his hat, as a great banging bright-brown fox darted across the junction of the rides, and dived into the green gorse beyond.

Hoop! hoop! hoop! Screech—screech—screech went many voices; Tweet—tweet—tweet went the shrill horn, and in an instant there was such a charge of impetuous hounds to the spot, as left no doubt in Tom's mind that the fox would instantly be torn to pieces.

The joys and fears that found expression in other men's faces, therefore, were not reflected in his dull one; and while others were buttoning their coats, anchoring their hats, adjusting their caps, disposing of cigar-ends, prophesying points, and gathering their reins, Tom sat with an angry expression of vacant stupidity strangely at variance with the features of all around. There was no great fun in hunting, he thought,—further than wearing a red coat, at least.

Angelena, on the other hand, was all joy and excitement—all agog at the sight of the fox, all delight at his lordship's affability, all dread lest

Lily-of-the-Valley should play any of her rum-touch-ish fantastic tricks, and bring her headlong into grief.

Hopes, doubts, and fears were speedily dispelled by the appearance of a cap in the air at the low end of the cover, and in another instant a gallant fox was seen going stealthily away over the grass, his ears well laid back, listening to the confused din and uproar behind. Twang—twang—twang went the shrill horn, as Dicky blew his way to the place. An avalanche of hounds instantly answered.

"One moment," cried his lordship, who always saw his hounds well settled to the scent before he began to ride. "One moment," repeated he, eyeing the line the fox was taking. "Ah, he's away for Vickenford Glen, and we shall have a rare gallop," added he, settling himself into his saddle, and getting his horse short by the head. "Follow me, my dear," said he to Angelena.

His lordship's being a well-regulated hunt—none of your equality scrambles, where might makes right—not a soul moved until he set the example; when Paxton, the head groom, having fenced Angelena and his noble master off from the field, his lordship stuck spurs to his horse, and, with Angelena following him, reached the low end of the cover, just as the last hounds crashed over the fence, responsive to Sam, the second whip's melodious cheer and hurried cry of "On, on—on, on!"

"Come, Tom, come!" cried Angelena, seeing our plump youth fighting with his horse, with every probability of being overwhelmed by the now pressing crowd, who were little inclined to listen to Paxton's exclamations of "Room! room! room!" for any one but his master. "Come, Tom! Tom!" repeated she, as an outburst of melody from the now clustering pack drowned all voices but their own. Away they swept like the wind. The ground was in capital order for riding, as well as for holding a scent, and the hounds settled to it with a closeness and energy that bespoke mischief. The long pasture which the fox traversed diagonally, as if to give our friends as much of it as possible, opened upon another of nearly equal extent; and his lordship, bearing a little to the right, to avail himself of the well-accustomed bridle-gate, left a fine ragged fence open to those who never miss a leap. First to go at it, full grin, was head-and-shoulders Brown, who, getting his great raking chestnut well by the head, dropped the Latchfords freely into him, and giving him a rib-roasting refresher with his flail of a whip, was presently up in the air and over.

"Curse that Brown," grinned his lordship, as Paxton held back the gate, and Brassey, and Beale, and Billy Dent, all appeared in line, ready to follow Brown. "Curse that Brown," repeated his lordship, as Brassey bounded over the bullfinch, adding, as he saw his late flying laps subsiding, "I believe you'd ride into a red-hot fiery furnace, if Brown went first. Forrard on!" screeched he, pointing to the still flying pack with his whip, as if the hunting alone occupied his attention. "Forrard on!" repeated he, muttering to himself; "we'll take the conceit out of some of you before we're done." He then smiled on his fair friend, whose horse lay close on his quarter.

So they passed through Everley-fields, over Wick-common, and sunk the hill at the back of Mr. Beanland's farm, at Wilford. The enclosures now gradually became less, and Dicky Dyke got Billy Brick, the first.

whip, to the front, as he said, because Brick was handy at opening gates; but, in reality, because the vale fences were bad to break.

"Now," said Lord Heartycheer to our fair friend, who still kept gallantly beside him, much to Hall's horror, who was lobbing behind, endangering his features by the throwing up of his horse's head to escape his heavy hand—"now," said his lordship, "if you are afraid of crossing the vale, my man," alluding to Paxton, "shall ride you by Wetherfield Mill, and so past Stubwick to Corsham, which seems his point."

"Oh, no," replied Angelena, bending forward on her horse, and adjusting her much-splashed habit, "I think I can manage it, if there's nothing very frightful."

"There's the Liffey," said his lordship, "and it's rather full; otherwise the fencing is practicable enough."

"Well, I must just go till I'm stopped," replied she, thinking it wouldn't do to part company with his lordship if she could help it.

"You're a game one!" exclaimed he, spurring on to the now slightly pace-slackening pack.

"Angelena! (puff) Angelena! (gasp) Angelena!" (wheeze) cried Tom, now running down with perspiration, "let's go ho—ho—ho—home. This brute of mine's pu—pu—pulling my very ar—ar—arms off."

"Oh, never say die!" cried Angelena; "give him his head—give him his head—he'll go quiet enough."

"I dare s—s—s—say," replied Tom, still hauling away, "and then he'll run off with me."

"Not a bit of it," exclaimed she, reining in her steed, obedient to Dicky Dyke's upraised hand, the hounds having overrun the scent on the Donnington-road, and come to a momentary check. Then head-and-shoulders Brown, and Brassey, and Beale, and Billy Dent, all the ramming, cramming cocks, cluster behind Paxton, mopping their brows and relating their feats. A hat in the air, from a man on a corn-stack, quickly breaks up the council, and clapping spurs to his horse, with a slight twang of his horn, Dicky gallops off to the spot—his activity being great when the "eyes of England" were upon him. Before the hounds reach the stack, the galvanic battery of scent arrests their progress, and dropping their sterns, they perfectly fly up the adjoining hedge-row.

"Across the vale, for a hundred!" is the cry, followed by certain observations about water, and brandy-and-water being pleasanter.

"Told you so," said his lordship to Angelena, as he gathered up his reins.

"Room! room!" cries Paxton, flourishing his whip, as the over-eager ones, forgetful of their allegiance, press too closely upon the lordly one, and reluctant Tom is again impelled forward by the rude impetuosity of his horse.

"Drop your hand, Tom! drop your hand!" cries Angelena, eyeing the lathered, half-frantic steed, fighting and tearing to free itself from the unwonted oppression of the curb.

"Your *friend* is not much of a horseman, I think," observed his lordship, quietly, as they galloped on together.

"Not much," replied Angelena, laughing at the figure Tom was cutting, his horse's legs going one way and his head another.

"Bot this hunting!" growled Tom to himself, thinking what a licking he would give the horse if he only had him quietly tied up by the head in a stable.

He then became a figure of fun for the field, particularly to those whose "paper" was not in great repute at old sivin-and-four's bank—parties whom it would not be prudent for us to name.

"He's well called Hall," whispered Bowman to Brassey, "for he does nothing but haul at his horse."

Away they all go up Crowfield-lane, and again brave the enclosures at Marygate, the fox now giving most unequivocal symptoms of crossing the Vale, with little hopes of any alleviation from a heading.

At the end of five minutes' pretty easy fencing, "Crash! war horse! war horse! Vigilant!" is heard at the narrow corner of a field, where flattering hope led the anxious ones to expect there would be a gate, and Dicky Dyke is seen hovering from a high bank into the adjoining enclosure.

"Jump wide!" cries he, looking back at the great bullrushy ditch included in the performance.

His lordship gathers the black well together, and lands him beautifully on the top. Another instant, and he far outspans the treacherous ground beyond.

"Hold hard!" exclaims he, pulling his horse round to stop the fair Angelena; but ere the words are out of his mouth, she is coming clean off the bank, too. "Well done you," shouts he; adding to himself, as he scans her bright eye and unruffled composure, "Dash it, old Dicky was right."

A brown horse's head, with a whipt strawberry-cream mouth, is now seen bobbing above the bank; presently a pair of black legs are added to the view, and voices are heard exhorting the rider to get on, while others are imprecating him for stopping the way. It is Tom and his horse, at variance still; the horse wanting to be over, Tom wanting to be back. The horse, however, has it. With a deep grunt, for he is nearly pumped out, he lands on the bank, and, as Tom keeps tight hold of his head, both Angelena and Lord Heartycheer, who are looking back, expect to see him down, with Paxton, or head-and-shoulders Brown, or some of the field a-top of him: somehow or other, the horse sees the ditch, and with another desperate effort, lands in a clumsy, floundering, sidelong sort of way just beyond it; but Tom, whose seat at best is very uncertain, loses his balance, and, after an ineffectual hug of the neck, drops, sack-like, upon the ground.

"I must go back!" exclaimed Angelena, turning pale on seeing that her fat man didn't move.

"Oh, no!" shouted his lordship, vehemently: "my groom will set him upright. See, he's at him already," continued he, looking back at Paxton throwing himself off his horse and clutching Tom up in his arms.

Sam, the second whip, having caught the horse, joined the group at the same instant; and Paxton, having done all that was needful, left Tom to the attention of Woodcock, and Bowman, and Ryle, and others, who had had enough to awaken their sympathies, and make them glad of an excuse to pull up, especially now that water seemed inevitable. Paxton then remounted his horse, and galloped on to his lordship, whom he as-

sured that Tom was "nothin' the worse—only a little shook—more frightened nor hurt," he thought. And Angelena thought that was very likely the case.

The field was now much reduced; but among those that remained, his lordship distinctly recognised the unwelcome features of Brassey and head-and-shoulders Brown.

"For-rard on!" was still the cry; and, looking back, he thought he saw evidence that the pace had told in the diminished stride of their horses. He would give, he didn't know what, for Angelena to beat them. Her horse seemed equal to doing it, too.

"Yonder he goes!" cried his lordship, who had a wonderful knack at viewing foxes—"yonder he goes!" continued he, riding with his hat in the air, showing his venerable white head—an exhilarating sight to gentlemen beginning to flag, though his keen-eyed lordship's "yonder" might be in the next field, or on the next farm, or rounding the base of the distant hill, or even rolling over the summit of it.

On this occasion, the "yonder" was on the bright-green margin of the swiftly-flowing Liffey, on whose banks Reynard was shaking himself after his swim, preparatory to setting his head for the main earths at Thornbury Scar, still distant some three or four miles—nothing on paper, but a good way to ride, taking the rough and smooth of the way, and the distance our friends had come, into consideration.

"I fear you'll get wet," observed his lordship to Angelena, as he eyed Billy Brick dropping from the rugged bank into the smoothly-eddying current, and raising his legs like shafts on either side of his horse's neck.

"Oh, never mind," replied Angelena, preparing to tuck up her habit and follow.

"Stop!" cried Dicky Dyke, pulling up to listen, with his hand in the air—"stop! There's a bridge just above, and they are running that way."

So saying, he wheeled about, and scuttled away as hard as ever his horse could lay legs to the ground; for he rode like a trump when he knew there was nothing in the way.

All the rest had made for the bridge at starting, preferring that the fox should save his life by field, than that they should lose theirs by flood; and Paxton had some difficulty in getting them to make way as our line riders came up.

The shirkers looked savage at Angelena. Head-and-shoulders Brown thought she would be much better at home; Brassey hated to see women out hunting; while Jacky Nalder observed, it was "pretty clear what she was after." Altogether, they were not complimentary. It is fortunate that people do not hear all the kind things that are said of them in this world.

Just as our party reached the bridge, the hounds came bristling out of the fields on to the road, and, from the way old Flourisher feathered down the hedge-row, it almost looked as if the fox had recrossed the water by the bridge. The pause that a highway generally occasions was shortened by Billy Brick's unmistakable view-hollos, which drew Dicky's horn from its case, and sent him blowing and hurrying, with the pack at his horse's heels. Brick had met the fox full in the face, and nearly

stared him out of countenance, and now stood, cap in hand, sweeping it in the direction he had gone. The still stout-running pack dashed at the place, and, taking up the scent, went off nearly mute.

Lord Heartycheer, who had got his second horse in capital order at the bridge, furnished an excuse for Jakey Nalder and another to sit still and say, that "when second horses appeared, it was time for one-horse men to shut up." It was not a case admitting of delay, for at the pace the hounds were going—all over grass also—if a man didn't buckle to at once, he was hopelessly left in the lurch. Head-and-shoulders Brown and Brassey would feign have declined too, particularly Brassey, whose horse's shabby tail was shaking like a pepper-box, had it not been for the "hussy in the habit," as he called Angelena. A hammer-and-pincers trot, however, was all they could raise, and most gratefully the noise fell on Lord Heartycheer's ear. They'll soon be *hors de combat*, thought he.

"*For*-rard on!" cheered his lordship, rising in his stirrups, and pointing to the still racing pack, as Angelena again stole up beside him; "*for*-rard on!" repeated he, adding as he looked at the now white embossed cream colour, "that's a gallant little mare, to be sure."

"Isn't she?" smiled Angelena, patting Lily-of-the-Valley's thin neck.

"And a gallant little rider," added his lordship, squeezing Angelena's arm.

He then set himself back in his saddle, and charged a dark bullfinch as if he meant to carry it into the next county. The mare, lying close on his quarter, got Angelena through before it shut up like a rat-trap.

"That's good!" cried his lordship, seeing she was safe, without missing the plume from her hat, which the invidious hedge had retained. "That's good," repeated he, hustling and spurring his fresh horse over the springy turf;" adding to himself, "it *is* a satisfaction, after being persecuted by those bragging beggars, and their bragging fathers before them, to see them beat—*dis-re*-putably beat—by a woman!" added he, again looking back to where Brown was hitting and holding, and Brassey vociferating, "Get out of the way!—*get* out of the way! and (something) let me try!"

"Try, ay!" sneered his lordship, "you may try;" adding, as he saw Paxton's scarlet coat coming up behind them, "I hope he'll not be fool enough to help them."

Paxton wasn't fool enough; for, knowing that he was taken out hunting, which he didn't like, solely for the purpose of keeping these people off his lordship, he thought he couldn't do better than let them stay where they were, especially as he would have to take the leap in turn; so dropping his whip-thong as he advanced, he proceeded to pitch into the head-and-shoulders horse, whose master had now dismounted, in hopes of getting him to lead.

While this was going on behind, Billy Brick, who had again appeared in the extraordinary way that whippers-in sometimes do, was suddenly seen capping the now thrown-up hounds in a contrary direction to what they had just been running; and looking out, his lordship saw the fox threading the hedge-row of the next field.

"Here he is," cried his lordship, pointing him out to Angelena; and a sod-coped wall being all that intervened between the fox and them, they over it together, just as Frolicsome turned him; and the whole pack, breaking from scent to view, rolled him up amongst them in the middle

of a large pasture. "Who-hoop!" shrieked his lordship, throwing himself off his gallant grey, and diving into the thick of the pack for the prize. "Who-hoop!" screeched he, in wilder tone, fighting the pack for possession. "Whip off his brush, and give him them before those beggars come up," cried he to Billy Brick, who now came to the rescue; which Billy having done, and his lordship having plentifully smeared his delicate white cords with blood, up went the fox, and in an instant his head, now flourished triumphantly by Sorcerer, was all that remained to be seen.

"*That's grand!*" exclaimed his lordship, jumping round in ecstasies to Angelena; "that's *grand!*" repeated he, seeing the coast was still clear.

"By Jove!" added he, "you've lost your fine feather; what a pity! However, never mind; we'll put in the brush instead." So saying, his lordship dived into his fine shirt frill—for he was a dandy of the old school—and producing a splendid diamond pin, such as a jeweller would ask at least a hundred for, and perhaps allow five-and-twenty as a favour, and running the brush into the Garibaldi band, pinned it up to the crown with the lustrous trinket.

"Now," said he, squeezing her ungloved hand affectionately, "you are yourself again; that matches your hat beautifully—wear it on your way home, and keep the pin for my sake." So saying, his lordship kissed her little hand, and remounting his horse, proceeded to parade her back through the country.

A FEUILLETON.

FREDERICK LEMAITRE AND CHARLES KEAN.

"Voulez-vous voir Paillasse? Entrez, messieurs et dames. V'là l' gran'-z-artiste!"

We are in King-street, St. James's, reading the playbill of the French Theatre, which announces the first appearance in London of M. Frédérick Lemaitre as *Belphégor*, in MM. Dennery and Marc Fournier's drama of "Paillasse," a part which, we find, he played in Paris for upwards of one hundred and fifty consecutive nights. We have had twenty years' experience of the genius of "the great artiste," and all who go to the French plays in London are familiar with *Robert Macaire* and *Don Cæsar de Bazan;* but *Belphégor*—that is something yet unknown to us; let us follow the advice of the *saltimbanque*, and secure a stall—if it is to be had—for this very evening. We are successful, and, by one of the caprices of fortune, have got a good place, which we occupy in the midst of a crowded house. Now, then, for "Paillasse."

N' saut' point-z-à demi,
Paillass' mon ami:
Saute pour tout le monde!

Good advice, friend Béranger, for the multitude of common clowns, but altogether unnecessary in the case of Frédérick Lemaître.

Who is this "Belphégor" we ask ourselves? Is he one of the three dæmons who, according to Asmodeus, occupy the first rank in the in-

fernal regions—court-spirits, who enter into the councils of princes, animate their ministers, form leagues, stir up insurrections in states, and light the torches of war? Nothing half so important, nor—*par parenthèse*—one-tenth part so disagreeable. Is he that unlucky devil who, for his sins, made such an unfortunate marriage on earth, and was only too glad to take refuge in Hell, to escape the pains and penalties of wedlock? Indeed, no; it appears by the sequel that those are the very things our *Belphégor* did *not* wish to fly from. Who and what is he, then, if neither of these? Listen, and you shall hear!

"Belphégor" is the name of a renowned mountebank, whose family has been distinguished for three generations. Here is his pedigree, related by himself:

"Mon aïeul se nommait Belphégor I^er^, il avalait canifs, couteaux, ciseaux et rasoirs! mon père absorbait épées, sabres et baïonettes! moi, Belphégor III., j'ingurgite des carabines et des tromblons!"

You see, then, that our *Belphégor a fait ses preuves;* his letters-patent are incontestible as the quarterings of a count of the Holy Roman Empire, or any other count in Christendom—even a self-created French one, of which class we have known one or two!

It is the fête of St. Boniface, on the 5th of June, 1814, and the villagers of Courgemont are assembled to celebrate it. But what is a country fête without a *saltimbanque?* At the moment when he is most wanted, *Belphégor* makes his appearance in his travelling car, his wife and youngest child by his side, and his eldest boy *Henri* bestriding the white horse that draws the whole *troupe*, including the big drum, cymbals, and all the properties of the establishment. *Belphégor* descends from his car, and amid the joyous interruptions of his orchestra, proclaims his calling, and develops its attractions.

He is thus fairly launched before the public, and his story begins. But it is not our intention to give a prosaic narrative of the shifting fortunes of our poor *Belphégor;* there is too much of comedy on the light side of his character, too much of tragic feeling in its darker aspect, to be marred by dull details. A few words, then, on this point, will suffice. *Belphégor* has, as we have said, a wife and two children; he loves them dearly, and his *ménage* is as happy as affection and the philosophy that smiles at the accidental evils of life can make it. *Madeleine,* he says, is "la joie de la maison—si nous avions une maison, nous autres;" and their wandering existence would scarcely be clouded by a single care, if the health of his little girl were not so frail.

"Le soir, quand la recette a été bonne, on soupe gaiement en remerciant le bon Dieu de ce qui est venu aujourd'hui; et quand la recette est mauvaise, on remercie le bon Dieu de celle qui viendra demain." The "pauvre Paillasse," who acknowledges this creed, establishes other claims on our interest than those that are merely professional. We learn to love him for his trusting, generous heart, as well as for the cheerfulness of his disposition. But there is a cloud rising. It is discovered that *Madeleine* is the *rejeton* of a noble family, who claim her from her ignoble position as the wife of a mountebank, through the medium of an agent, vainly tempting *Belphégor* to part with her by the offer of uncounted gold. *Belphégor* and his family fly, are followed and traced to their retreat. The maternal anxieties of *Madeleine*, trembling for the fate of her sickly

child, whose life hangs in the balance between the privations of poverty and the restoratives of affluence, cause her to yield to the solicitations of the agent; and, for the sake of her infant, whom she takes with her, leaving the eldest behind, after many struggles, she abandons her husband. He, miserable, desolate man, still doomed, with smiles on his face and anguish in his bosom, to amuse the public, that he may give bread to his son, makes it the purpose of his life to seek out and recover the wife thus snatched from him. Upon these incidents the story of *Belphégor* is founded; and it is in the alternations between the grotesque and the pathetic, between the broad comedy of the mountebank and the deep suffering of the broken-hearted husband, that the interest of the drama depends. How securely it rests upon the genius of Frédérick Lemaitre, must be witnessed, not described. We can only point to isolated passages. The spectator of his art—say, rather, of his nature—may follow his parti-colored career throughout, with argument in every phase for laughter or for tears. What, on the one hand, can be more irresistibly comic than the profound air with which he teaches his assistant, *Grain d'Amour*, the true way to scrape a carrot? What, on the other, more agonising than the simple words in which he tells how his child is dying of hunger? What can be more ridiculously entertaining than the scene in which he counterfeits the manners of a nobleman of the old school, with the swagger of the mountebank breaking through the *politesse* of the man of birth, when, forgetting his assumed character, he shouts in the ears of his noble listeners, as to an admiring crowd, "Je porte quinze cents à bras tendu, et j'enlève à la force des dents le plus lourd de la société"? —the same scene in which he describes the battle of Biberach, where "nous étions soixante mille hommes, rangés en deux cerceaux, et l'on fait avancer soixante mille bouches à feu;" and gets out of the *embarras* of too much artillery by saying, "autant de bouches que d'hommes, c'est naturel;" winding up with such a charge of infantry upon cavalry, and of "*rattillerie*" upon infantry, as never was heard of since the memorable military gymnastics of the Sieur Tripet, whose evolutions so justly provoked the common-sense criticism of my Uncle Toby? Contrast this flourishing rhodomontade, which is instinct with the whole soul of the *Paillasse*, with the bitterness of his mirth when he accuses himself before his wife of conduct which she knows to be repugnant to his nature, and foreign to his character; or with the burst of anger that makes him, when he reveals himself, exclaim, "Oui, Belphégor le Paillasse, Belphégor le misérable, le butor, la brute; mais cette brute a une femme, cette brute a des petits, et je viens vous redemander tout cela, entendez-vous, voleurs!" Nor can the force of tragedy go further than when, in the last stage of his despair, *Belphégor* is hurried to the verge of suicide, and is only saved from it by the timely avowal of *Madeleine* that she, too, claims the children of the *Paillasse* for her own. To suffer them to enjoy the future which had been offered to his wife, to love them for their sakes and not for his own, is the point on which the drama turns. To part with his children is still a hard task for *Belphégor*, though he preaches a philosophy which his heart refuses to acknowledge: "Ah! vous le voyez bien, il faut que la mère et les enfans (not a word about himself) s'y habituent. . . . Un peu de patience, et laissez encore unie pour quelque temps la famille du Paillasse."

May they live as long together as they can find representatives like Frédérick Lemaitre and Mademoiselle Clarisse!

Our *feuilleton* might easily be filled by confining ourselves simply to the theatre which Mr. Mitchell contrives to render so permanently attractive; for, besides "Paillasse," M. Frédérick Lemaitre has appeared as *Ruy Blas*, and repeated his celebrated parts in the "Auberge des Adrets" and the "Dame de St. Tropez," in all of which he has been admirably supported by Mademoiselle Clarisse, who, for simple and natural acting, has scarcely a superior on any stage. But our own actors have claims upon our attention; and, with a single *coup de baguette*, we raise the curtain at the Princess's Theatre, and see what Mr. Charles Kean has provided there for the entertainment of the public.

"Fortune favours the bold," and the bold venture of "The Corsican Brothers" has, indeed, been fortunate. In the success of this piece we scarcely know which to admire most—the excellence of the acting, the illusions of the scene, or the daring nature of the attempt to represent a double action of the same event, which shall impress the spectators with the belief that it is simultaneous. We must show, however, how all these elements have been combined to produce the success of which we speak.

The first novelty of this drama is the personation by Mr. Kean of both the heroes of the story. It is effected in this manner. *Fabien* and *Louis dei Franchi* are twin-brothers, whose separate existences are so mysteriously united, that, however wide apart, whatever evil befals the one is instinctively felt at the same moment by the other. *Fabien* is at his family *château* in Corsica, *Louis* in the midst of the gay world of Paris, when the warning comes to the former of some accident that has happened to his brother. *Fabien* expresses this conviction to a French tourist, who has brought him a letter of introduction from Louis, though the traveller bears the assurance that he left him well. "You know not the nature of the tie that binds us," replies *Fabien;* "the accident has only just occurred; this afternoon, while out shooting, I felt a sudden pain in my breast, like the stab of a sword,—my brother has been wounded." And then he tells his new acquaintance a legend of his family, how a twin-brother, situated like himself, had received a similarly fatal warning, and, while writing to ascertain its truth, had been confirmed in it by the appearance of his brother's spectre, who caused a vision to pass before his eyes, showing the manner of his death. This is the precursor of what shortly afterwards happens to *Fabien*.

Tormented by fraternal anxiety, when at last he is left alone, he flings aside his coat and sits down to write to *Louis*, to learn if aught be ill with him. While thus engaged, his brother's ghost appears—like him, without his coat, and in all respects a double of himself, save that there is a spot of blood on the shirt of the apparition. Another novelty here marks this singular drama—the way in which the spectral visitation is managed. On the opposite side of the stage to where *Fabien* is sitting there rises a head, whose features closely resemble his own; by an almost imperceptible motion, the head advances, and, ascending in its progress, gradually displays the body to which it belongs, till, having seemingly cut through the air, the figure pauses close to *Fabien*, stretches out one hand, and the living brother becomes aware of the apparition of him deceased. At the same moment the side of the apartment disappears, and in its place we

have the *tableau* of a fatal duel, which has taken place in a forest, where another double of *Louis* lies mortally wounded; and the victor in the combat—a man of striking appearance—stands in an attitude of grim defiance, wiping his bloody sword with a white handkerchief. This vision reveals the whole truth, and we now see the *Vendetta* preparing by which *Fabien* is to avenge his brother's death.

The next act exhibits the supposed simultaneous action. *Louis*—whom Mr. Kean now represents—attends the *bal de l'opera* during the Carnival, his object in going there being to warn a married lady, whom he unfortunately but unselfishly loves, against the artifices of a certain *M. de Château Renaud*, who has contrived to get her into his power. This man is a heartless *roué*, who lays a wager with one of his acquaintance that he will bring the lady, *Madame de Lesparre*, to his friend's house at a given hour, in the midst of a party of gay companions, of more than doubtful character. Deceiving her as to his purpose, he wins his wager, but the lady claims the protection of *Louis*, who is a witness of *Château Renaud's* unworthy triumph, and a quarrel ensues, to be decided by a duel in the forest of Fontainebleau. The former *tableau* is now repeated, and here we recognise in the victor, *Château Renaud*. But, to connect the action of the piece, a glade in the forest opens, and beyond it appears another *tableau*, showing the interior of the Corsican *château*, with *Fabien* gazing upon the group, as we left him at the close of the first act.

Henceforward the drama has but a single development.

The third act opens in the forest of Fontainebleau, and we recognise the tree beneath which *Louis* was killed. *Château Renaud* and his second are flying from Paris, to avoid the consequences of the duel—five days being supposed to have elapsed—and their carriage breaks down near the place where it occurred. *Château Renaud* is haunted by a secret dread of some impending misfortune, and vainly strives to shake it off. The hand of fate is on him, and its minister appears in the person of *Fabien*, who, guided by supernatural prescience, has sought and found his enemy on the very spot where his brother's blood cries out for revenge. *Fabien* compels the reluctant *Château Renaud* to fight, and they meet in mortal arbitrement. *Château Renaud's* sword is broken, and the duel seems at an end. But no; *Fabien* immediately breaks his, and, armed with the points of their swords, now used like daggers, their hands being protected by handkerchiefs, the combat is renewed. The strife is deadly, and *Château Renaud* falls beneath the weapon of his fierce antagonist. The *Vendetta* is accomplished; and while *Fabien*, absorbed in the act, stands with his back to the house, the spectre of *Louis* rises in the same manner as before, its representative being Mr. Kean, who, by a rapid substitution of persons undetected by the audience, has passed round the stage to reappear from below. By the gestures of the apparition we gather that the brothers will finally meet in heaven.

We have been particular in detailing the incidents of this strange drama, because everything in it depends upon the scenic illusions. It is, indeed, one illusion from beginning to end, and so fastens on the spectators, that, while it passes before the eyes, not a breath is heard that might aid to dispel it. A rapt attention engrosses all; and it is only when the curtain falls that one awakens slowly, as from a powerful spell.

Mr. Kean's acting throughout is admirable—first, as the frank, hearty,

country gentleman, the composer of local feuds, and the free dispenser of Corsican hospitality; next, as the earnest, high-minded student, the victim of a settled grief, marked for an early doom; and, lastly, as the resolute, inflexible avenger of blood, whom nothing can cause to swerve from the one purpose of his life. Nor is the acting of Mr. Wigan, as *Château Renaud*, less excellent in its way than that of Mr. Kean. The duel between these two, whether for finished science on the part of *Fabien*, or for deadly ferocity on that of his opponent, is the finest thing of the kind we ever saw. Duels are rarer now in France than they used to be; but some of the audience at the Princess's Theatre may, perhaps, have witnessed a quarrel's issue in the Bois de Boulogne; and, if so, they will at once admit the reality with which the stage-combat is invested.

In giving everything connected with "The Corsican Brothers" its due meed of praise, we must not omit to notice the perfect representation of the Bal de l'Opéra, with Flexmore as an inimitable *Pierrot*, nor the matchless *chique* and hardihood of Miss Daly's *Celestine*.

But "The Corsican Brothers" is not the only attraction at the Princess's Theatre. We made a brief allusion, last month, to the reproduction of Shakspeare's historical play of "King John," and, having been again to see it, must give our experience in more detail.

If the royal effigy, which lies on the monument in Worcester Cathedral, could become instinct with life and appear upon the mimic scene, it could not more faithfully render the outward form of the giver of Magna Charta, than the personation of the monarch by Mr. Kean. The accuracy of costume, and the manner in which the play has been put upon the stage, are really wonderful: the most perfect antiquarian knowledge has been combined with the most consummate taste, and the result is an effect which, within our memory, has never been equalled. We have witnessed the transition from the utter absence of historical fidelity to the combinations which hardly approached it, and thence onward, through certain improvements, to the present time, and we may fairly congratulate Mr. Kean that he has finally realised the truth. There is nothing to alter, nothing to amend. From the king himself in his mailed armour and flowing robe, to the lowest serf in his hood and jerkin, all is correct; the cylindrical helmet, the long surcoat, the sharp-pointed shield, the embroidered baldrick, the damascened *masse d'armes*, the one-pricked spur, the arched crown, the turreted coronet, the jewelled glove, the heraldic knot—everything, in short, that pertains to the costume of court or camp is rendered with a care and attention which make the play a perfect archæological study. One thing, in particular, we must especially notice, as it shows the nicety which has presided over all the arrangements. In the French army, during the middle ages, there were two distinct standards—the Oriflamme, and the Royal Banner. The former, of crimson silk, was only borne when the King of France commanded in person; the latter—as Favine describes it—"of violet velvet blew celestiall, two ways semed with Floures de Luces, embrodered more full than sparing," was carried in chief in the king's absence. This distinction is observed in "King John," in the scenes where *Philip Augustus* and the *Dauphin Louis* respectively head the French forces.

We have insisted upon the question of costume, and spoken of it first,

because with the multitude a pageant is the first attraction; but "King John," as represented at the Princess's Theatre, has higher claims upon the attention of the intellectual observer.

Mr. Kean's *King John* is a grand and truthful embodiment of Shakspeare's conception, and we do not remember, in any former character of his, to have been so struck as in this with his resemblance to his gifted father; but the likeness did not destroy originality, for genius is always creative. The earlier scenes of the play exhibited the characteristics of the house of Anjou: prompt to leave everything to the issue of the sword, daring in personal valour, and little scrupulous in the conduct of affairs. Then came the darker features of the monarch's personal character, where by turns we saw the combined operation of fear and cruelty suggesting his nephew's murder,—the cautious choice of an agent to do the bloody deed,—the darkly-expressed hint,—the dread of disclosing his purpose too soon,—the mixture of doubt and hope while he sounded *Hubert*,—the eagerness with which he caught at the faintest shadow of assent,—the terrific whisper in which he at last fully declared his meaning,—and the hysterical joy with which he received the assurance that his bidding would be done.

The scene in which these varying passions are developed is one of the ordeals of a great actor, and most triumphantly did Mr. Kean pass through it. Equally fine in its degree was the burst of reproach hurled against *Hubert*, when the consequences of his supposed act were pressing on the guilty monarch,—and in the midst of his vacillations, his tears, his anxieties, remarkable was the tender pathos with which he apostrophised his mother's death. The closing scene of his death was as terrible as the closest adherence to nature could make it. There poison had surely done its work,—its agony was depicted with masterly force on the distorted lineaments of the dying king, and was present in every tone and gesture. So absolute was the truth of the catastrophe, that to witness it without a shudder was impossible.

But we must not forget that Mr. Kean had valuable assistance in obtaining for "King John" the success which the play has achieved. The *Constance* of Mrs. Kean was full of dignity and fire—of womanly passion and maternal love—of royal desolation, and of the grief that no remedy can cure; her invectives against the baseness of *Austria*—the irony with which she taunted his cowardice—her clamorous appeal for war—her heartbroken sorrow at the capture of *Arthur*—and the uncontrollable frenzy of her mind when she felt that all was lost—constituted a display of excellence which well asserted Mrs. Kean's right to the high place she holds in the opinion of the public. Very admirable, too, was Mr. Wigan's *Faulconbridge*, nor less so the *Hubert* of Mr. Ryder; and we should be guilty of the greatest injustice if we refrained from saying that we never yet saw so good an *Arthur* as that of Miss Kate Terry in all our theatrical experience.

THE MAN FROM PARADISE.*

A COMIC TALE.

FROM THE DANISH OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

By Mrs. Bushby.

There was a widow, once upon a time—
Yet stop—with *truth* we must commence our rhyme—
She *had* been such, but now another spouse
Had sought her love, and won the widow's vows.

One evening she was quite alone at home
(For the best husbands sometimes like to roam);
She sat, her cheek reposing on her hand,
The tea-things spread upon the table, and
The kettle singing by, or on the fire—
A sort of a monotonous steam lyre:
Her thoughts from this low world of fogs had flown
Up to the husband she first called her own;
She could not *quite* the dear, kind soul forget—
And ah! the other one was absent yet.
"But thou art happy now," she cried—"in case
In Abraham's bosom thou hast found a place:
Thou pitiest us, in these rooms close and old,
Where one so often gets a cough or cold."

Then into a brown study she did fall,
When suddenly some sounds her thoughts recal;
She hears a gentle knocking at the door;
She starts—looks at the roof, then at the floor—
Then peers into each corner, as she cries,
"Well—who is there?" To be right brave she tries,
But truth to tell, she almost shook with fear
To see some ghost, or corpse-like form appear.
Another knock—then in the doorway stood
No spectre, but a youth of flesh and blood.
'Twas an apprentice who had run away
From work, and chose from town to town to stray;
The rogue lived by his wits as best he might,
For naught he scrupled at—except to fight.

The quondam widow very soon perceived
The intruder was not what she had believed—
That he was mortal, not a form of air.
She questioned whence he came, and also where
He might be bound. "I'm on my way," said he,
"To Paris, madam, *viâ* Germany."
With joyous heart she listened to his tale,
And then she placed before him meat and ale,
Kindly inviting him to eat and drink;
While she exclaimed, "How very strange to think
That you to Paradise are journeying on!—
Why, that's the land where my first husband's gone!
Please give my love to him, our daughter's, too,
And—*his successor's compliments*, will you?"

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* Manden fra Paradiis. En komisk Fortælling.

Quickly the knave observed that the good dame
In her geography was rather lame—
That *Paradise* with *Paris* she confounded.
And though one moment he looked up astounded,
The next into her droll conceit he fell,
Saying, "Oh, yes! I know the good man well."
"What! have you really been already there?"
She cried. "Then say, how does the dear one fare?"
"Ah! very badly. 'Tis a tale of woe!
I was up there about a month ago.
A sort of a dog's life the poor thing led,
Early he had to rise—get late to bed;
Worked hard, and scarce a stitch of clothing had.
His shroud and grave-clothes from the first were bad;
They very soon wore out, and now he goes
Without a coat, and with bare legs and toes."
These words went like a dagger to her heart;
She shuddered—groaned—then, with a sudden start
She rose, and soon an ample bundle made
Of linen, coats, warm woollen socks; and said,
Whilst with big tear-drops both her eyes looked dim,
"This package, sir, I pray you take to him.
Tell the poor fellow I shall send him more
By the first opportunity—a store
I'll surely send. Oh dear! oh dear! 'tis sad
His fate in yonder place should be so bad!"

The rogue had stuffed quite to his heart's content,
So, taking up the bundle, off he went;
But first he thanked her for the food, and vowed
The clothes she sent should soon replace the shroud.
Long, long she sits, her eyes still full of tears:
The absent husband now at length appears
('Tis to the *second* one that I allude—
The *first*, as has been shown, was gone for good).

"Well, I have curious tidings for your ear—
A man from Paradise has just been here;
He knew poor *Thi—is* there." (Such was the name
Of him who was first husband to the dame.)
And thereupon, with a most serious face,
She told him all that had just taken place.
The husband, when he heard her, smelled a rat,
But only saying he would have a chat
Himself with the great traveller, he sent
For his best horse, and after him he went.

'Twas a sweet night, the moon was shining clearly—
Just such a night as poets love most dearly;
The nightingales were pouring forth their notes,
The owls were exercising, too, their throats;
But, what was better still, he found the track
The thief had ta'en, and hoped to bring him back.
Thieves, by the way, like the moon's silver rays
Far better than the sun's meridian blaze.
And now, how fared it with the thief himself,
Thus making off with his ill-gotten pelf?

He spied a man, who like old Nick was riding,
And felt that he was in for a good hiding;

Therefore into a neighbouring ditch he flung
The burden that across his back had slung,
Then casting himself down upon a bank,
Quite in a lounging attitude he sank,
And gazing on the clear calm skies above,
He sang some ditty about ladies' love.
Up comes the rider at a rapid trot—
The pace had made him and his steed both hot—
And asked abruptly, reining in his grey,
If he had seen a rascal pass that way,
Who on his shoulders a large bundle bore—
A horrid thief he was, the horseman swore.
"Why, yes," was the reply, "I have just seen
A fellow with long legs pass by—I ween
It is the same you seek; for he looked round
Soon as your horse's footfall on the ground
Was heard—and then, as quickly as he could,
He fled to hide himself in yonder wood.
If you make haste, you there will catch him soon."
The horseman thanked him much and craved a boon—
It was to hold his steed, while in pursuit
He went himself into the wood on foot.
'Twas granted, and the husband rushed among
The bushes tall—while the thief laughing sprung
Upon the horse; he took the bundle too,
And fast away he rode, or rather flew.

Angry, fatigued, and scratched till he was sore,
The husband came, his bootless errand o'er.
Fancy what was his grief, his rage, to find
The horse he thought he left so safe behind,
Gone too! He cried, "Hey! hey!" its name he called,
But all in vain he shouted and he bawled—
The clever thief the faster rode away.
There was no creature near on whom to lay
The blame; so the poor foolish dupe abused
The moon, for having thus her light misused.
Home on his weary legs he had to trudge;
His steed to the vile thief did he not grudge!

"Well, did you find him?" asked his smiling wife.
He answered, in a tone subdued, "My life,
I did. I found him, and—and—for *your* sake,
Our best, our swiftest horse I let him take,
That he with greater speed might find his way."
The dame smiled on him, and in accents gay
Exclaimed, "O best of husbands! who could find
Your equal—one so thoughtful, wise, and kind!"

MORAL.

The moral of this story shows,
Though knaves on women oft impose,
That men are sometimes quite *as green*,
But hold their tongues themselves to screen.

NINE NOVELS.

THE "Head of the Family,"* by the author of "Olive" and the "Ogilvies," is a work of superior character, both in general tone of morality, style, and tendency. Ninian Græme, the elder brother, at once guardian and schoolmaster to a family of six orphans, is not at first a winning character; an occasional, grave, quiet, affectionate smile is insufficient to gain those sympathies, which, as the hero of the story, he claims triumphantly in the end. "Our Sister," Lindsay, sweetly humble, neither clever nor beautiful, also wants character at starting, but we learn to love her in the end. But there is a greater variety of character in that old-fashioned house, "The Gowans." There is Reuben, a hard, mathematical-headed young Scot; Edmund, of great sensitiveness and susceptibility, a sweet nature, the poet of the family, but too easily led astray; twin girls, "sonsie, fresh, and fair;" Tinie, the youngest princess, a creature beautiful and blithe, as youngest princesses always happen to be; and lastly, there is a ward, too, Hope Ansted, very small and child-like looking, very fair, and "the shyest young lady that was ever known."

The stern, hard-working Ninian has, strange to say, among his acquaintances a worthless character, but a handsome, seductive man, who goes in Edinburgh by the name of Mr. Ulverston. He has also, among his professional acquaintances as a lawyer, a young woman of great beauty and extraordinary mental powers, always bordering on the verge of insanity, who is called, by good Mrs. Forsyth, Mrs. Rachel Armstrong, but who calls herself Mrs. Geoffrey Sabine, and who was, as the daughter of a Border farmer, the wife of Mr. Sabine, and—at that time, unknown to all parties—the same person as Ninian's friend, Mr. Ulverston. While Ninian is becoming daily more and more attached to his fair ward, Mrs. Forsyth has a son, John, brought up to the ministry—a "douce, quiet, saint-like young man"—who, as opposites sometimes so strangely meet, falls in love with the fiery and intellectual, but the deserted and broken-hearted Rachel. Need to say, that his suit meets with no success. So it is also with Ninian Græme. Much the senior of his young pupil, he inspired nothing but awe and respect, where he felt love; while Hope, restored to her father—a prodigal and a spendthrift—is induced to give her hand to Ulverston, already wedded to another, but who is described as "the perfect type of that Norman beauty still seen, though rarely, among the ancient gentry of England."

While Ninian remains at "The Gowans," with his much-enduring, disappointed, and hopeless affection, Edmund goes to London to try his chances as an author. The Clytemnestra of the story, Rachel, has at the same time attained to a first-rate reputation as a tragic actress. The old intimacy of young Græme and the actress is renewed: Edmund becomes a successful anthor, his society is sought by fashionable and unprincipled young men, and he is on the verge of ruin, when he is rescued by the timely arrival of Ninian. This arrival of Ninian's in London leads, by a long and devious course of events, to the unravelling of the history of Rachel, of Mr. Ulverston's marriage, and of pretty Hope Ansted

* The Head of the Family. A Novel. By the Author of "Olive" and the "Ogilvies." Chapman and Hall.

not being, after all, a wife, although a mother! The end to Ulverston is, as it ought to be, tragic; and Ninian, with a constancy and a truth which, as Lord Byron said, was only to be found in a man of cold climate, takes Hope and her fatherless child to his heart and home. The plot of this story gives, however, no idea of the peculiar merits and qualities of the work as a work of art. This lies in the slow, consistent, effectual working-out of a character that is as steady and unchangeable as rock—that is tried, sorely tried—even to the one whom he has loved so long, and so tenderly, having a child of sin and shame, and yet to be true to her and make a wife of her! No extract ever can give an idea of the close purpose and persistent talent with which such a character is worked out, and carried through all kinds of trials, sacrifices, labours of love and of sore grief, to arrive at one grand point, the saving of his beloved pupil. "The Head of the Family" requires, indeed, to be carefully read, and as carefully studied, to be thoroughly understood and appreciated.

Miss Crumpe is a clever well-known writer of Irish stories. Where there are so many in the field—and Ireland produces more novelists and story-tellers than the other two parts of the United Kingdom put together—it requires no small talent and acquirements to ensure success. Miss Crumpe possesses all the chief points essential to such a result: she is evidently intimate with the Irish character, she is versed in Irish history, and above all, she is thoroughly acquainted with, and has the gift to relish, the wildest Irish scenery. Add to all this, she tells her story with that spirit and quick succession of incident which are indispensable to the success of an Irish story.

The scene of the story of the "Death Flag"* (the name of a privateer or rather buccaneer ship) is laid in the barony of Bear and Bantry, one of the wildest in Ireland, and part, indeed, in what, if possible, is wilder still—the islanded, almost unapproachable and inaccessible Skelig rocks, a celebrated shrine of Irish superstition. The chief *dramatis personæ* are the Sullivans, at the head of which clan, at the time of the story—that is to say, the latter end of last century—was one Mortimer O'Sullivan, or Murty Oge O'Sullivan Beare, as he proudly but improperly wrote himself, always taking particular care to flourish the O' of six times greater size than the other letters, which his relative and namesake, Murty Tongue Arrigud, the schoolmaster at Kenmare, remarked, made Murty Oge's signature look for all the world like a turkey's egg in a wren's nest!

Murty Oge, a square-built little gentleman, with a curled periwig and a three-cocked hat edged round with gold lace, was a red, jolly-looking buccaneer of about fifty, with a weather-beaten, well-scarred face, only one eye, and a mouthful of formidable tusks, rather than teeth. This specimen of the Irish chieftain of not a century ago, kept up a kind of regal establishment at Ross MacOwen, where salmon were actually caught in the kitchen—a considerable stream of water running through the centre thereof—and where he maintained a body-guard of twelve stout followers, each of whom was provided with cutlass and pistols; and among whose other retainers are several well-sketched characters: Dan Connell, the O'Sullivan's foster-brother, and a trusty *valley-*

* The Death Flag. By Miss Crumpe. Author of "Geraldine of Desmond," &c., &c., &c. William Shoberl.

de-cham, as wicked as his master, with more low cunning; Piping Phil Sullivan, of rare social qualities; and Father Syl, "a priest of great zeal" —as Mr. Puxley, an Englishman, afterwards murdered by the O'Sullivan, designated him—"when he was drunk, and little sense when he was sober." But there was also a nephew, William O'Sullivan, a strong, dashing, unprincipled young Irishman, a worthy scion of a race of pirates, and who opens the story by the forcible abduction from a ball-room at Cork of a very beautiful and amiable young lady, Edith O'Moore. There is another heroine in the person of Eva Dillon, a bosom-friend of the unfortunate Edith's, and who, when beloved and engaged to Lord Ogilvie, is in a nearly similar manner abducted from France by the bold buccaneer Murty Oge, and carried off in the *Death Flag* to the coast of Ireland. Justice is done to the fair Eva, after the most extraordinary adventures and narrow escapes, Lord Ogilvie being in pursuit on the precipitous and cave-worn Skelligs, and after many fierce and well-told combats at sea. Not so, however, with poor Edith, in whom our interest remains painfully centred to the end, by her being made an irretrievable victim to the young Irishman's lust and vindictiveness; for in his wish to injure Lord Ogilvie, William O'Sullivan mistook Edith for Eva—a mistake which cost Edith her happiness and her life, but which was quite a trifle to an O'Sullivan, who would have done as much to Eva. Happily, the abductor and unscrupulous injurer of innocence perished on the scaffold, dying with a sneer that he was too fine a fellow to be gibbeted; while the O'Sullivan Beare, hunted down to his last hiding-place, the Old House of Quolagh, fell killed by his assailants at the feet of his clansmen.

These strange incidents, which belong to an old school of romance—the interest in which, notwithstanding the prognostics of utilitarians and zealous promoters of matter-of-fact knowledge, will probably never die—is interestingly interwoven with certain episodes in the life of Prince Charles Edward, commonly called the Pretender; and the whole, indeed, bears evidence of having been founded more or less on historical facts. This imparts, if possible, a still greater degree of interest to this stirring romance.

Two versions have appeared of M. Goldschmidt's remarkable Danish romance, "The Jew." One by Mrs. Bushby; the other by Mrs. Howitt. We give the decided preference to the former translation. Herself of Danish origin, Mrs. Bushby has rendered M. Goldschimdt's very powerful and very singular story so admirably into our own language, that all notion of its being a translation is lost.

We will endeavour to give some notion of this extraordinary tale, which is especially valuable as giving a perfect picture of modern Jewish manners, feelings, and religious customs—M. Goldschmidt, the author, being himself a Copenhagen Jew.

Jacob Bendixen, the type around whom the peculiarities and characteristics of the Jew are grouped, is the son of a quiet, peaceable tradesman of a little Funen town; but he is initiated, as a child, by an uncle of vast energy—Isaac Bamberger—into all kinds of warlike exercises —to trumpet and drum, to neigh like a horse, and to bark like a dog. Jacob grows up a solitary child, with strange ideas and poetic visions. Tutored by his uncle, when the Christian children derided him on the shore of his natal town, he knows how to vindicate his boyhood and his

faith; and when still a youth, on the occasion of an insurrection against the Jews, historically known as the Jews' feud of September, 1819, he nearly slays one of the Christian persecutors of his race. Sent to school at Copenhagen, Jacob is, as usual, reviled and beaten, till he retorts most severely upon one of his persecutors. Here he reads the poems of Oehlenschaläger, which open to him a new life. He lays aside his Tephilim and the accompanying silk-bag; he begins to question whether various kinds of food can be any breach of the divine law. He lays aside his Arbakamphoth—the token of the covenant between himself and the God of the Jews—and at last prays like the rector of his university. For this apostacy, Jacob is punished with a father's curse, and his uncle raises his arm against him. Jacob then leaves his home for ever, and devotes himself to the study of medicine; falls in love with the Christian sister of a fellow-student—Thora Fangel; has a jealous quarrel, and is forced to leave for Paris, where he becomes the friend of Leonie, a young French actress. To get rid of him, an old Baron Descamps, the protector of the gay young lady, procures him a commission in the army. Jacob next fights in Algeria, till he deserts with Jasinski, to fight for the cause of the Poles at Warsaw; and at length he returns wounded to Copenhagen, to find Thora married to his old rival and enemy, Lieutenant Engberg.

The "Last Peer"* is a tale of the 20th century—that is to say, the century that is to come; but the advent of which, as far as "a last peer" is concerned, is already threatened by the good people of Manchester, on the occasion of a Conservative ministry coming into power. The progress here is more gentle. The old nobility, with valueless estates, and encumbered with debt, had been long a mere cipher in the nation; and to relieve the country from the burden of an impoverished aristocracy, even a shadow of dignity has been denied to them. In such happy times, the Earl of Carrington remained the last representative of his race in England. His only son, Lord Ashby, was engaged in a noble dying struggle to live by farming. The factory race was dominant, agriculture broken up and divided; and all large landed properties, and all aristocracies were dispersed and prostrate before million-mouthed cotton-spinners and mechanics.

There was also the peer's only daughter, the Lady Julia—the last remnant of a race, beautiful, graceful, and refined by birth and blood; now subjected to the rude wooings of an uncouth *parvenu*, Ralph, the unprincipled son of a miser and miscreant; next, to those of Philip, the more worthy descendant of a man of honour and a merchant of wealth, but happily reserved for one of gentle blood and aristocratic feeling—Frank Trevor.

The "Last Peer" is, indeed, as far as story is concerned, a simple narrative of love, and plots, and machinations, in which some very disreputable characters play a prominent part. But that is nothing to what awaits our children in 1900 odd! A free-trading country has also become a free-thinking country. A fixed religion being an unjust tax upon those who differed from it, and a national religion being a troublesome opponent, it has been done away with. Parish churches remain, but those who attend them have to support them. Poverty and lack of em-

* The Last Peer. A Novel. T. C. Newby.

ployment have, at the same time, spread the amount of crime to a fearful extent. House-breaking is no longer a silent, stealthy operation, conducted by skilful hands, and shrouded in darkness; but desperate men league together and attack property in the broad daylight! Those who want to see whither free-trade will lead us, if uncurbed by a Conservative ministry, must, if inclined to a morbid, melancholic view of the matter, peruse the "Last Peer." It is a curious thing, that there is scarcely a political or even a religious change possible in this country, but that there is a novel ready timed to the event.

"Horace Grantham"* is the story, as its title indicates, of a "neglected son"—not a neglected son in the ordinary sense of the word, but in the "fashionable." Horace is a captain in the army, unattached, and who has even seen some service in Canada; he has been bereft of a fortune left to him by a Scotch grandfather, by the villany of one of the same firm—a Mr. Foster; his father, rolling in luxuries and selfishness, makes him no allowance; and thus left to his own resources, he goes to the continent, is victimised by a sharper of great plausibility, who designates himself as an "honourable," and by a French actress whom he has the imprudence to entertain a connexion with. The author traces all these errors, primarily, to a father's heartlessness and neglect—a theme he appears never weary of expatiating upon; but if, at Horace's age, and after his practical experience of life, he has not come to years of discretion, we wonder when the time of self-responsibility is to begin.

A good angel, however, comes to the rescue in the shape of Mr. Cecil—a genuine and a really good man—one who sets more value upon securing the respect and love of his children, than he did upon the fact of what his dinner consisted of, or what *people* might *think* of his establishment or mode of life. This excellent man and parent saves Horace from the harpies in whose clutches he had been till that time firmly held; and in return, the gallant (substantively as well as adjectively) young captain conceives an earnest and honourable attachment for Amy, the beautiful and amiable daughter of so worthy a father. By one of those strange and fortuitous incidents which constitute the gist of a novel, and the crowning position of a play, Mr. Cecil, once a man of fortune, had been so severe a sufferer by railroad speculations, as to be obliged to absent himself for a time on the continent, and this he had only been able to accomplish by a loan advanced to him by the very same Mr. Foster who had been a traitor to Horace, but this time with a superadded condition that Mr. James Foster, a reprobate son of a villanous father, should wed the fair Amy; this condition, agreed to by Miss Cecil under fear and compulsion, and in the anxiety to rescue her father from a threatened prosecution, was not known to her own parent. We need not betray here the gradual steps by which the Fosters were exposed, and poetical justice done to Horace and Amy. The work, however, we may say, is written with considerable nerve and spirit: there are some pleasant fishing excursions, and also two rather prolix episodes, one relating to religious topics, the other to life in Canada; but the scene in which the drunken James Foster betrays his engagement with Amy to the astonished and hitherto baffled Horace and Amy's brother, John Cecil, would carry any

* Horace Grantham; or, the Neglected Son. By Charles Horrocks, Esq., late Captain H.M. 15th Regiment. William Shoberl.

novel triumphantly through the ordeal of critical perusal, and leave a permanent impression of deep interest, wrought up with rare power and great dramatic skill.

Racy, life-like sketches of military existence, even though the theme be "Country Quarters,"* are always acceptable. There is something so off-hand, so light-hearted, and so reckless, in a soldier's life, that his very foibles, his *esprit-de-corps*, his overweening self-estimation, his jealousies, his inevitable grumblings, his inconstancies and inconsistencies—nay, his very slang—are all charitably passed over, and often even become contagious. Thus, for example, these very "Confessions" open in a manner which prejudices the reader at first against the confidant and his friends, and give no idea of the staid, sentimental, and almost common-place love-making that is to wind up a story which commences in so rollicking, so care-devil, and so supercilious a strain. The soldier's farewell, after the fashion of the British army, the last will and testament of James Hawkins, the charitable bequest to the corps that succeeds of the last of the "garrison hacks" (the lady-loves last in the list), with full details to the successor of the various qualifications of the same, unless it were retrieved by its military *insouciance* and pungency, would be a libel upon manhood, and a disgrace to a soldier. James Hawkins' epistle is, however, further, totally and entirely redeemed by his subsequent honourable conduct to the fair Ellen O'Reilly, whom he, at the outset, hands over so unceremoniously and so unscrupulously to the flash man of the 120th. One volume of fun, another of philosophy, and a third of sentiment, are alike wound up by the supercilious Hawkins and the sneering Cobb entering the holy state of matrimony at the same time, and which caused them to be compared, according to the taste (anatomical, mythological, horticultural, Biblical, or gastronomical) of individuals, to the Siamese twins, to Castor and Pollux, to twin-cherries on one stalk, to Saul and Jonathan, and to Bubble and Squeak. The latter we should think the most genuine comparison. The egotism of the man-militant, as depicted in these volumes, is, indeed, something supreme. It is scarcely relieved by a few occasional gleams of human sympathy, as in the illness of Ensign Waldgrave, the sorrows of Ellen O'Reilly, or by the sound sense shown in the views taken of Irish politics and Irish agitation and discontent. The best—indeed, the most genuine—things in the book are the characters. The cavalry officer, an incurable, irretrievable, hopeless snob, with a gigantic opinion of himself, and a maniacal self-idolatry (not uncommon, also, in the Foot) in his character of a wearer of spurs. Our hero, Cobb himself, alarmingly caressed in the fashionable circles of Ballymacrocodile, fancying every "tit, and gal, and filly, and heifer" (military slang for young ladies) in love with him, and giving good advice, in the logic of the barrack and the canteen, to the well-disposed, as yet uncorrupted Johnny Waldgrave. Major O'Flaherty, a shock-headed semi-savage, from far Connaught, a good soldier and story-teller, and by no means ferocious, though his ancestors were kings in the days of Allambdh Fodlahmb, and by no means bore that title meekly. Jenkins, a Welshman, and a sort of

* Confessions of Country Quarters; being some Passages in the Life of Somerset Cavendish Cobb, Esq., late Captain in the 120th Foot (Camberwell Rangers). By Captain Charles Knox, author of "Hardness," &c. Saunders and Otley.

a wag; Popkins, an adjective; Musgrave, a north-countryman and gentleman. Then there were also the booted Apollos of the garrison, among whom the most remarkable was Major Ducrow, the "hero of Waterloo," a theme upon which he never ceases to expatiate; Captain Waddilove, who considered "Don Juan" as merely a faint foreshadowing of the "coming man"—himself; also an engineer and two artillery officers, who held both the red-coated Columbuses and the horse-warriors alike in utter scorn and contempt, as men without mind, intellect, or mathematics—mere food for the powder they manufactured, or customers for the canteen, an institution from which the Ordnance derive a handsome rent by keeping the army drunk. Such were the conquering heroes that reigned over the Ballymacrocodilinas; and having introduced our readers to such a bevy of bold, immaculate, and irresistible men in red and blue, we may recommend, with greater chance of success, that their amusing confessions of progress should be duly perused and digested.

And now, from stories of modern young gentlemen who call themselves neglected because left without a few thousands a year—of red-coated heroes destroying the peace of mind of kind-hearted Irish girls—of Jews turned Algerine and Polish warriors—of Irish abductors, lineal descendants of Achy and Dermot M'Murchad, kings of Leinster, illustrious for similar proceedings—of hard-featured, grim Scotch moralists, who can just afford to love a little,—to a tale of the good old school—a tale of lovely damsels carried away by bold pirates—of prison-bars, of island-caves, and rock-girt castles—of chases breathless in interest, sea combats ship to ship, land combats hand to hand—and of maidens rescued from their captors, or living to share their gallant captors' fate. Such are the kind of incidents to be met with in the story of Zappa and his stranger bride, the chase of the *Sea Hawk*, the rescue of Ada Garden, the burning of the *Zoe* by Captain Rawson, and of Nina and the pirate chief, as related by our friend, W. H. G. Kingston, in the "Pirate of the Mediterranean,"* a work which abounds in stirring incidents and strange adventures, and which we strongly recommend to the lovers of excitement.

Judge Haliburton, the well-known editor of the "Traits of American Humour,"† insists upon the fact, that humour, in a country larger than England, France, and Prussia put together, has a character as different as are the climate, soil, and productions, the habits, tastes, and necessities, of a widely-diffused population. There is no gainsaying so self-evident a proposition. We have the Yankee, not descendants of plump, rosy-gilled Englishmen, but of a hard-faced, atrabilious race, "stiff from long wrestling with the Lord in prayer, and who had taught Satan to dread the new Puritan hug,"—a strange hybrid, according to Judge Haliburton, of mystic practicalism, niggard geniality, calculating fanaticism, cast-iron enthusiasm, unwilling humour, and close-fisted generosity. Then, we have the hoosiers of Indiana, the suckers of Illinois, the pukes of Missouri, the buck-eyes of Ohio, the red-horses of Kentucky, the mud-heads of Tenessee, the wolverines of Michigan, the eels of New England, and the corn-crackers of Virginia. But, admitting all this, the reader of these

* The Pirate of the Mediterranean. A Tale of the Sea. By William H. G. Kingston, Esq., author of "The Prime Minister," "The Circassian Chief," &c. T. C. Newby.

† Traits of American Humour, by Native Authors. Edited and adapted by the Author of "Sam Slick," &c., &c. Colburn and Co.

volumes will not fail to observe that there is a certain spirit of similarity that pervades all American humour; that, for example, at times sly and sarcastic, it is as fond of exposing a presumed simplicity or ignorance, as it is of dressing up an act of cleverness utterly regardless of principle—that it is almost always rude and semi-barbarous; and that, in the narrative line, it is especially prone to the exaggerated and the false. The popularity of the renowned Davy Crockett appears, for example, to be solely connected with Munchausen kind of exploits, couched in American dialect, and adapted to American habits and experiences. There is also a great deal of repetition in these humorous stories; the same joke is often made to tell several times—as we find, for example, the surreptitious kisses of lovers, made by the half-sleepy dame up-stairs, to undergo, in different stories, a variety of strange and humorous applications. If any one wants, however, to study or to make himself familiar with what American humour is, he cannot do better than consult these truly-characteristic and amusing pages. "My First and Last Speech in the General Court" is an irreproachable sketch, capitally told. The "Widow Rugby's Husband," on the contrary, is a Yankee trait of expediency, regardless of principle, scarcely redeemed by its humour.

Bar (bear) stories are, as may be imagined, particularly numerous, and constitute the great topic of the backwoodsman. "The Big Bear of Arkansas," by T. B. Thorpe, seems to be the most renowned; but the most amusing is, we think, Colonel Crockett's account of his falling down a hollow tree, head foremost, and being drawn out by a bear, holding fast to the stump of his tail with his teeth—an operation that cured him of the toothache. For a bear-story of the true Munchausen character, we need only refer to the feats of Mik-hoo-tah, who, having broken his leg in a bear encounter, gives battle, when well again, to an old grisly bear, and kills him with his bran-new wooden leg, detached for that purpose from the stump, and used as a weapon of bar-destruction.

Here is a brief specimen of American humour, entitled "Yankee Homespun:"

"When I lived in Maine," said Uncle Ezra, I helped to break up a new piece of ground; we got the wood off in the winter, and early in the spring we begun ploughing on't. It was so consarned rocky, that we had to get forty yoke of oxen to one plough—we did, faith—and I held that plough more'n a week; I thought I should die. It e'en a'most killed me, I vow. Why, one day I was hold'n, and the plough hit a stump, which measured just nine feet and a half through it—hard and sound white oak. The plough split it, and I was going straight through the stump, when I happened to think it might snap together again, so I threw my feet out, and had no sooner done this than it snapped together, taking a smart hold of the seat of my pantaloons. Of course I was tight, but I held on to the plough-handles; and though the teamsters did all they could, that team of eighty oxen could not tear my pantaloons, nor cause me to let go my grip. At last, though, after letting the cattle breathe, they gave another strong pull altogether, and the old stump came out about the quickest; it had monstrous long roots, too, let me tell you. My wife made the cloth for them pantaloons, and I haven't worn any other kind since."

The only reply made to this was:

"I should have thought it would have come hard upon your suspenders."
"Powerful hard."

Stories of rustic courtship are very numerous, and highly national:

"Lord!" exclaims Johnny Beedle, courting Sally Jones, on the occasion of his first embrace, "did ye ever see a hawk pounce upon a young robin? or a bumble bee on a clover top? I say nothing."

Consarn it, how a buss will crack of a still frosty night! Mrs. Jones was about half way between asleep and awake.

"There goes my yeast bottle," says she to herself, "burst into twenty hundred pieces, and my bread is all dough agin."

Billy Warwick relates also of his courtship with Miss Barb'ry Bass:

"She trimbl'd, and look'd so pretty, and sed nothin', I couldn't help kissin' her; and seein' she didn't say 'quit,' I kissed her nigh on seven or eight times; and as old Miss Bass had gone to bed, and Kurnel (Colonel) Hard was a snorin' away, I warn't perticllar, and I s'pose I kiss'd her too loud; for jist as I kissed her the last time, out hollered old Miss Bass: 'My Lord, Barb'ry! old Troup is in the milkpan; I heard him smackin' his lips a-lickin' of the milk. Git out, you old warmint—git out!'"

As a specimen of the extravagant in the same line, Colonel Crockett's admiration of a young lady, whose new gown was made of a whole bear's hide, the tail serving for a train, might be quoted. The said young lady could weave a rope of live rattlesnakes; and when giving her arm to Davy, put a fifty-pound stone into her pocket, to balance her on the other side. Davy, however, was outcourted here by a fellow with a pocket full of eyes, that had been gouged from people of his acquaintance!

Sketches like that of the "Decline and Fall of the City of Dogtown," are also very nationally characteristic, and have been introduced with success into our own literature. The "Way in which Billy Harris Drove the Drum-Fish to Market," is a bit of very original humour. So, also, of the father and son, both done at "thimble-rig;" and of twenty other stories, that might, many of them, be made the basis of good telling farces.

"Scenes and Adventures in Central America"* are said to be "based" upon the German works of Charles Sealsfield; but whencesoever derived, they are certainly admirably-depicted sketches of life and scenery. Mr. Hardman is a very clever writer—one of the best, in fact, of old *Maga's* contributors. The opening scene of a prairie on fire is as startling as anything of the kind in Cooper, and the horrors of the Cypress Swamp are accumulated till the reader feels his flesh creeping, and his very hair standing on end. The "Bloody Blockhouse" is a record of a gallant struggle on the part of a handful of American backwoodsmen against a host of Spaniards and French, or Acadians as they were called, when the latter held Louisiana. The main point in the "Scamper in the Prairie," and which lies in the lost man following his own track for hours together, ever travelling in a circle, is now an oft-repeated transatlantic joke; we have it in another shape, in the instance of the 'coon-hunt, or a fency country, in Sam Slick's "Traits of American Humour." "Bob Rock" is a capital sketch of what a backwoodsman once was, and the "Patriarch Oak" is admirably described. "Twenty to One" is a little bit of Americanism, as patent as the capture and cutting-up of the sea-serpent, to any one versed in that rollicking, go-a-head kind of literature, of the true Davy Crockett style—which runs its career as interestingly disregardful of all propriety or possibility, as it is of all facts or truth.

* Scenes and Adventures in Central America. Edited by Frederick Hardman, Esq. William Blackwood and Sons.

THE CONSERVATIVE MINISTRY AND THEIR OPPONENTS.

The ascendancy of the manufacturing classes in this country is becoming daily more and more threatening to the common welfare. Already they are intolerant of labour, except at their own prices; nor will they suffer those to be in power who are not of them or with them. Taken as a body, these classes are guided in their politics by cheap Radical Sunday papers, and minor local publications of a still more subversive character, as also by stirring demagogues, of various power and influence for evil, from the club-orator to the great impediment at St. Stephen's. Taken as a body, their tendencies are in religion to Dissent, or more frequently to Mammon worship; in morality, to self-interest, glossed and coloured over by a transparent affectation of partisanship; in politics, to the perpetual tumbling down of old and reverend institutions, in order to supplant them by new, untried, inexperienced, often vulgar or little refined, and most inadequate substitutes. Above all, they are intolerant of all and everything that is not of themselves.

Herein, we hold, lies the great error of an industrious, enterprising, hard-working, skilful race of men, and of those who guide them in their social opinions—who help to form their likes and dislikes. We are very far from disparaging the manufacturing classes. We regard them with the respect due to one of the most wondrous phenomena of the age. Although we doubt if they have conduced, only in a very indirect manner, to increase the happiness of any one individual in the country, we are ready to grant that they have brought about unexampled prosperity. They have, with the aid of the commercial classes, and the mariners of Old England—the sturdy, sinewy race of bold adventurers, whose interests, so deeply interwoven with that of the manufacturing classes, have been yet sacrificed at the same shrine—raised this country to the highest pinnacle of riches and power. But this does not, by any means, constitute a right to be the sole rulers of this great nation. That they should have voices, loud in proportion to their importance, and as numerous and influential as their own host, none will deny; but that they should prevent any other party from holding power, except those who are prepared to go along with them and do their behests, is a state of things which, if not firmly and energetically combated in time, will soon leave all other interests prostrate, and at the mercy of one particular class.

And are there not other interests in Great Britain besides the manufacturing? Without wishing to put one class against another, when, on the contrary, they are meant by nature to co-operate, are there not the agricultural classes? Are there not the colonial interests, which have been so grossly abused in the West Indies, in Kaffraria, and in almost every corner of the world, by the late incompetent ministry? Are there not the large class of rulers and their servants, customs, taxes, and all the other working departments of a national administration? Are there not the gallant defenders of the country—a body especially calumniated by the too often stunted and blighted artisan? Are there not, finally, all that concerns the education, the morality, the social well-being, the cultivation of taste, the intellectual progress, indeed, all the better and higher portions of our nature,—religion, science, art, literature, philosophy, and law? Is wealth the sole source of national prosperity? Is there no such thing as religious

worth, moral strength and integrity, and, above all, individual contentment, based on that very worth, to insure the happiness of the greater number? No true patriot will deny this. None will feel but that the interests of a great country like this cannot be entrusted to the domination of one class, and that class, while we admit it to be the great source of wealth, is, we aver, at the same time, the least well-disposed towards those institutions, monarchical, legislative, and religious, which tend most to the moral and material welfare and well-being of society at large, than any other class in this country.

It was not a matter of surprise to find the Whigs, so long in power, and so long accustomed to truckle to and bow before the clamour of a manufacturing plutocracy, proclaim themselves the only possible party in this country between the two interests. The Conservatives not being prepared to go so far as to repeal free-trade, or to protect the agricultural interests by a tax on corn, are at once denounced by them to be incapable of governing this great country. As to the manufacturing classes, their plan of campaign was characteristic—it was to bid defiance to an imaginary danger, to denounce the aristocracy as a body, and to reconstitute a league against a crisis that could not well take place. Soon finding out their usual error of domineering haste and precipitancy, they then had the unmanliness to goad the Conservatives to the commission of error, to demand from them pledges to a policy of which they were no longer upholders; and when the same patriotic party went so far as to say that they were at least open to take and listen to the sense of the country upon these great questions, they were then denounced by almost the entire Radical party, as men who were only abiding their time, when they were, in fact, only abiding that of the country.

With the Whigs the course of proceeding was different. They taxed the Conservatives, not with being a party, but with intrusion! Not having in view the repeal of any great public measures, they were not wanted at all! "They were not asked," said Lord John Russell, "to take office on any other ground but because they had made a successful opposition to the government." They were not wanted. As to any measures that they (the Conservatives) propose to carry through, they (the Whigs) had intended to do just the same thing. Lord John Russell did, however, in the irritation of defeat, acknowledge that he had not always found it in his power to carry, or precisely to mature—perchance, even to think of—all the good things that he had in store for an ungrateful people. "It is the duty," said Lord John, "of the prime minister of this country, to superintend the whole of the important questions that relate to foreign affairs, to the colonies, and to the domestic affairs of this country; and all questions with respect to the revenue, and other departments of the country that are of importance; but I felt it would be impossible for me, if I were to be liable to those continual attacks in this House, and if the government was to be degraded by those occasional defeats which must follow from the course adopted to take the House by surprise,—I felt, I say, it would be impossible for me to give that due attention to subjects of great concern to the public, which it was my duty to give. I felt, therefore, if I were not driven out of office, I should be worried out of it by gentlemen in opposition."

A minister who thus acknowledged himself to have been worried out

of office by the opposition, would, it might be supposed, have been the last to adopt tactics which he qualifies as ungenerous and unconstitutional. Lord Derby appealed to the forbearance of his opponents, upon the broad constitutional ground that "he had that confidence in the good sense, judgment, and patriotism of the other House, which induced him to believe that it would not unnecessarily introduce subjects of a controversial and party character, for the mere purpose of interrupting the course of sound and useful legislation, and of driving the government out of that moderate and temperate course which it had prescribed to itself." Yet, what has the Whig opposition done but impel the Conservatives, with every instrument in their power—persuasion, satire, and even invective—to act against their own convictions? and finding that to fail, they coalesced with all the extreme parties, including the manufacturing interests, to turn a party out of office, which it is doubtful if they themselves would ever replace—so rapidly, as we said at the onset, has been the progress of what was once an extreme, and what is still the most unpatriotic and the least constitutional party in this country.

As Sir John Tyrell observed in the House of Commons, Lord John Russell had, by such a coalition, only acted the part of the dog in the manger; "having found himself unable to administer the affairs of the government, he seemed determined to allow no other party to do so." And now that the ex-premier, finding he had fallen into a grave error in committing himself to a course of opposition which the country would not tolerate, that he had taken up a false position, and that neither the tone of society nor the public press would sanction such a factious opposition, he has, after breaking up the family-compact, withdrawn from his "broad-brimmed" allies,—what remains, but an opposition party founded at Chesham-place, of incongruous Whig and Radical interests, which must inevitably return, at the first serious discussion, to its original elements of family connexion and popularity-hunting metropolitism; of factory utopists, whom no one for a moment ever dreams that they can be really serious in their political views; and of a small but energetic little body of Irish members, representing the Roman Catholic interests; all separate and distinct factions, which never assume the dignified aspect of a party except in coalition, and can only, by such coalition, either impede or overthrow a Conservative government. Conservatism is, indeed, the first law of nature—it is the first principle of all men's actions; it should also be the basis of all national legislation. Even the Manchester utopists are Conservative; but it is in their own way, it is for a class, not for a country. Everything with them is to be made to work for the sole advantage of the manufacturing classes. For them, soldiers and sailors, farmers and professions, everything is to be sacrificed. This is not the kind of Conservatism represented by the existing ministry, and which is of the description best adapted to the real and most general interests of the United Kingdom.

It is, indeed, high time that the educated, the respectable, and the moral and intellectual classes should give in a more generous adhesion to a truly English and Conservative party. The errors of the cabal that proposed to strangle the new ministry at its birth; the signal failure of the Whigs in proving that no other government was possible than their own, have already been followed by the usual reaction, and the Conser-

vative party are, by those very rash and injudicious onslaughts, placed more firmly in power than at first; but still, the warning of so perilous a crisis as a Whig-Liberal party endeavouring to overthrow a Liberal-Conservative party, to the imminent danger of demagogism rising triumphant upon the disgrace of both, ought not to be lost upon the country. A nation like this cannot be sacrificed to the nepotism of cliques, and the interested motives of factions.

The Conservative party in this country have, there is little doubt, long ceased to believe in Protection (although they would not deny to the country the right to speak out upon the subject); but the party itself, it has been justly urged, know it to be a mere pretext which ignominiously prostrates the honour and intelligence of the country before a minority of Whigs, Dissenters, and Manchester-men. The Conservatives are the majority of the country; they know that there are no longer Protectionists enough in their ranks to block up a doorway in either House; they know Lord Derby has been true to their party, and has fought their battle, and carried the flag of Protection until every inch of the colours was shot away; and they surely will not stand by and let his enemies treat him, as they are so anxious to do, after the fashion of ancient tyrants, by chaining the living body of Conservatism to the dead corpse of Protection. This is the game of a desperate faction, fighting to effect the ruin of a party which they know to be opposed to them on far different grounds of general policy, morality, and religion, upon a mere wretched subterfuge and pretence. The sober-minded, far-seeing, sensible, and naturally and essentially Conservative Englishman, will now know how to estimate such an opposition at its true value.

NOTE TO THE "SHELLEY LETTERS." (p. 357.)

*** Our readers must be generally aware that the SHELLEY LETTERS, of which we gave a brief notice last month, are a detected forgery. It is one of the frailties incident to a Monthly Magazine to be occasionally more than a day—sometimes thrice ten days—behind the fair, in its power of making the *amende honorable* to its readers in a case of this kind. Into the details of the fraud—so heartless in more than one aspect—we need not enter. If we have been hoaxed, it is a consolation to recognise the names of so many literary sages as fellow-victims. Very clever the hoaxer has shown himself, and still more audacious. But that he has enjoyed anything like "laughing in his sleeve," we can never suppose: laughter is too honest and hearty a thing for a gratuitous forger of calumnies against fireside sanctities and female virtue. We forget—hyænas laugh! why not also the Thugs of literature?

WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.